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THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly

LAWRENCE
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Volume XLV: October, 1916, to March, 1917
(*Inclusive*)

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.
952 DORCHESTER AVENUE

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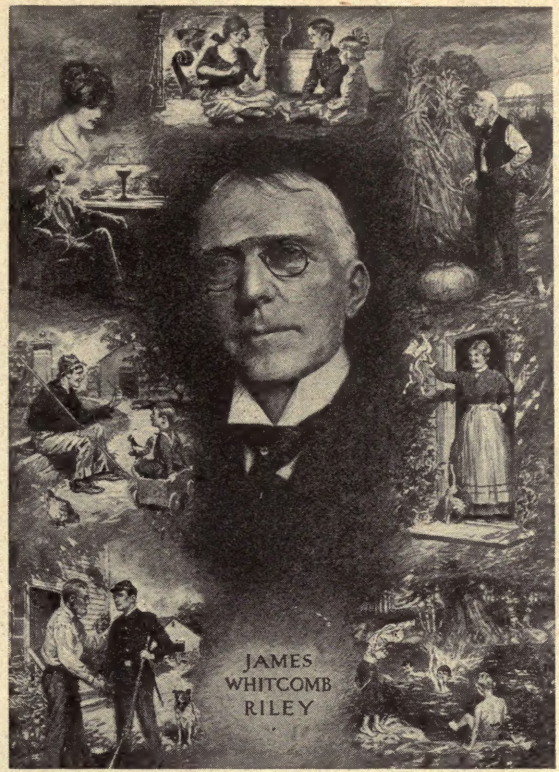

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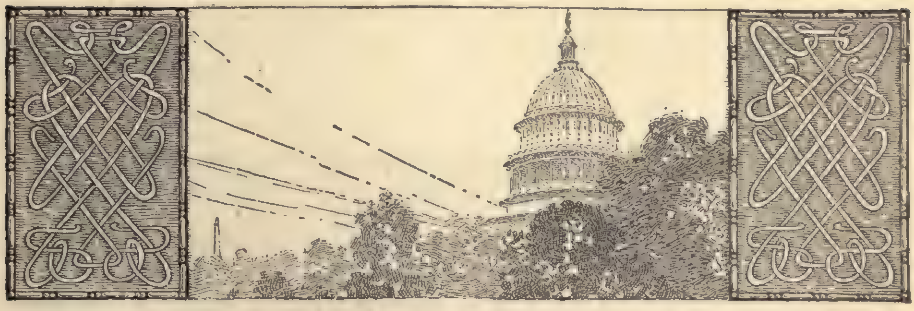

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THERE was a restfulness in Washington during the glorious autumn days that was refreshing. Busy scenes of Congress in session and strike conferences were only a summer memory. The capital and executive offices were removed to Shadow Lawn on the Jersey coast, and benign big-wigs of both parties were in the vote field campaigning for political life. Congressmen and Senators were away harvesting the rewards that will determine the complexion of the next legislative crop of commissions.

Washington was at peace with itself. The blaze of autumnal flowers—dahlia, golden glow, salvia, gladiolus (please pronounce that with the long "i" now, and bow to the latest fad)—made resplendent the dream city of L'Enfant. Even the State Department seemed tranquil—the bombardment of notes was over. The War Department was busy with plans for getting the boys home rather than rushing them to the border. An occasional dispatch indicated the whereabouts of Villa—and that constituted the Mexican news.

Embassies and legations were being renovated for the return of the Diplomatic Corps, and fashionable homes were occupied by paperhangers preparing for the winter flights of butterfly social activity. Even the tourist tide was ebbing, because a visitor who cannot see prominent people in Washington feels that he is only looking upon an empty stage.

DEPARTMENTS do their best work in these quiet days. Congressmen are not pouncing in with a sheaf of requests. Research men and investigators have time to add their columns. The Appropriation Committee clerks were busy trying to figure out, between gasps, the magnitude of a two-billion-dollar budget inherited from the present Congress. Boards and commissions were getting their offices in shape to commissionize, while others looked on with envious eyes to see if there was not another commission that could be organized.

There was an expectant exploration by some Republicans anticipating moving in and some Democrats determined to remain. A change of administration brings about a moving picture that is indeed realistic. And now even the movies have invaded the sacred precincts of the Capitol, for a moving picture has been made where Robert Warwick is shown addressing a multitude on the steps of the real Capitol, following the passage of his Bill, which passed Congress in the fanciful mazes of the moving picture film.

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MOVIES INVADE SACRED PRECINCTS OF UNITED STATES CAPITOL

For many years movies were barred from public buildings in Washington, but lately there has been a change. This scene is the climax of "The Man Who Forgot," a movie production of the novel by James Hay, Jr. Robert Warwick, the leading man, is shown addressing the multitude following the passage of his bill creating nation-wide prohibition

VACATION days bring their joys and their sorrows to Congressmen as well as to business men. Now there is the matter of substitute stenographers—and this is said in all respect to the vocation, but the confidence with which the young substitutes insist that they are proficient, and then proceed to mutilate the correspondence, has its humorous aspects. If some of the letters produced by alleged graduates could be preserved, it would make an interesting exhibit of the genius of guessing. Such a thing as knowing how to spell a word or construct a sentence so that it means something is merely incidental.

And the man signs the letter in despair, with the simple though eloquent notation—"new stenog." When his letters are handed him, the dictator finds himself saying the wildest and most incoherent things, and then looks at the calendar and counts the days until the end of that two weeks' vacation. In a letter received, one man was informed that "the delay was due to the fact that the office is exhausted." A jumbled assortment of "pi" would be intelligible beside some of the letters of substitute days. One friend dictated about forty or so letters to a rather promising looking substitute, and when she left at the noon hour, he never saw her again. When vacation days were over the little miss who had been handling the work without ever being properly appreciated, was welcomed back after the substitute cohorts had left without having been given farewell dinners.

One Congressman was congratulating himself that he had a wonderful substitute because she spelled "Tuileries" correctly the first time, thus appealing to his Napoleonic fancy. When he came to read the rest of the letter telling about "the bill is in redoubt," he thought it was written in sure-enough French—or something else.

THE social season in Washington centers more or less around its hotels. The New Shoreham, built originally by Hon. Levi P. Morton when he was Vice-President, and named in honor of the Vermont town in which he was born, has long been a rendezvous for the Diplomatic Corps. Always popular with the social set, since being rebuilt and remodeled by Mr. J. Maury Dove, the New Shoreham has enjoyed even more widespread favor.

It is ideally located a few squares from the White House, and is in close proximity to the Treasury building and the financial portion of the city. The general interior decorative scheme is Georgian, with dull blue, soft gray and old gold blending with the rich mahogany and harmonious colors of the draperies. The lobby is large and comfortable, decorated in white and gray. Full-length mirrors in gold frames give to the entering guest a glimpse of the Old Rose room, and the steel and marble circular stairway at the left, and at the right the inviting comfort of the "Lounge."

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MISS HOUSTON SCOTT

The fourteen-year-old daughter of Major-General Hugh L. Scott, chief of staff of the Army, gave five ounces of her blood to aid in preparation of a serum to be used against the infantile paralysis epidemic. Miss Scott had infantile paralysis several years ago. Her act was made public only at the request of public health officials who wanted her sacrifice to become known so that others might be induced to follow her lead

During the season the young people of the city gather for *the dansants*, and early in the afternoon the Shoreham furnishes a scene of Washington's social drama. Everything is tasteful, from the Heppelwhite chairs to the massive mirrors, and it is no wonder that Washington visitors feel it a privilege to be entertained at a hostelry so complete in every detail. While beautiful and exclusive, there is about the place a simple air of friendliness and democracy.

In the lobby, day after day, are seen people whose names are known nation-wide, and yet there is no pretentious snobbery. There is something about the Shoreham that appeals to one as a meeting place for guests and friends. It has a touch of the luxurious elegance of Europe which is given color by the large number of foreign guests, and yet is pervaded with the spirit of hearty and distinctively American hospitality.

BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Now housed in the Lincoln Farm and Lincoln Memorial Hall at Hodgenville, Kentucky, which was formally accepted by the United States Government on Labor Day. President Wilson, before a crowd of forty thousand people massed on the hillside about the Memorial, delivered the address of acceptance, in which he spoke of Lincoln as the embodiment of democracy. The movement for the preservation of Lincoln's birthplace was started by Mr. Robert J. Collier of *Collier's Weekly*, New York, who also delivered an address on the occasion

IN the Army and Navy Department the dominant subject of aeronautics asserts itself, and experienced observers declare that the weakest link in the chain of national defense is the lack of aero equipment. The necessity of arming at least twenty-four battleships with a catapult capable of throwing into the air a flying machine at flying speed; two observation aeroplanes, two fighting aeroplanes and one aeroplane carrying a torpedo, has been indicated by events of the present war. The consensus of opinion is that aero equipment is now as essential as armament. It is felt that an aeroplane armed with torpedoes would do much more destructive work than bombs. The function of the flying machine for observation in detecting squadrons of the enemy when far below the horizon of a lookout on a battleship, and for directing gun fire at much greater ranges than is possible with the usual range-finding appliances, has been satisfactorily demonstrated.

Aeronautics is no longer a theory, as experiments with a number of shots in recent target practice have proven the accuracy of fire under aerial control.

At Guantanamo, with guns less than ten inches in diameter, the score was better than the marksmanship shown by our naval vessels at Santiago during the Spanish War. All other things being equal, the fleet that has the advantage of aerial control can begin its work before the other side can get into action.

Congressmen are receiving letters from their constituents indicating that the people are becoming thoroughly posted on the necessities of aerial defense, and every day the skill of aviators in mastering the art of getting under way from a catapult, is encouraging the more general use of aeronautical appliances.

FOURTEEN years of continuous service as Congressman—years that have been filled with active work—is the record of Hon. Robert Newton Page, Congressman from North Carolina. He was elected to the fifty-eighth Congress, and is rounding out a term of unusual activity in the Sixty-fourth Congress. An active member of the Committee on Appropriations, he has had charge of all appropriations for the District of Columbia during the Wilson administration. He was born in North Carolina; educated at high school and at the Bingham Military Academy. For over twenty years he was actively engaged in the lumber business. He knows the forests and fields of the "Tar Heel" state. He was later treasurer of the Ashboro & Aberdeen Railroad, and his first public service was when he served in the state legislature in 1901.

Since that time he has taken an active part in public affairs.

Photo by Edmonston

HON. ROBERT N. PAGE
Who has served North Carolina as Congressman for fourteen consecutive years

A CRUSADE against whispering has been urged, and no less distinguished a person than George Wharton James has provided some interesting literature on the subject. In the Senate and the House of Representatives, for many years it has been a serious infraction of rules to be caught whispering in the galleries. When people attend public meetings and gatherings, it should be understood that whispering is still an offence against public weal. The sibilance of the whisper is offensive because it partakes of the nature of a hiss, and distracts attention from the purpose of the gathering. Even in a cultured audience at the Boston Symphony concerts, there are whisperers, as in all parts of the country. The time is coming, however, when such ill-bred people will be made the objects of public ridicule and may learn again the lesson that they learned as children at school, that whispering is forbidden.

An *Anti-Whispering Society* has been organized, with a simple pledge: "I hereby pledge myself that, so far as I possibly can, I will discountenance in myself as well as in others, the whispering or talking habit, during any religious service, concert, lecture, or other gathering where people are assembled to listen."

Although George Wharton James has appropriated all the offices, being president, secretary, doorkeeper, janitor and chief high cockalorum, he suggests that the foregoing pledge be silently taken without mental reservation—and whispering will fade away, becoming only a relic of barbaric days.

THE interest in making music more of a feature in our national life is in the minds of legislators in Washington. Fifty-eight years ago the first North German Lloyd steamer that crossed the Atlantic from Germany to America brought a young German lad who had made up his mind to seek his fortune in the new world. That lad was Dr. F. Ziegfeld, who has lived to enjoy his golden jubilee and have his name identified with the Chicago Musical College. He has made fifty-six visits to Europe since his arrival in 1858, traveling over a half million miles by ship.

It was as a pupil of Liszt that young Ziegfeld received the inspiration for his life work, and he delights in relating incidents of his student days. A few years after the establishment of the Chicago Musical College, of which he was founder, he took eleven of his own pupils from Chicago to visit Liszt at Weimar. He carried with him also a box of the finest cigars he could find. Handing them to Liszt, he remarked that he had brought them from America.

"I cannot smoke those," replied the maestro. "You Americans are extravagant. I am not. I always smoke my stogies."

Dr. Ziegfeld told him that he had brought the cigars for him, and he must accept them.

"Well," replied Liszt, "I will smoke one of the cigars, but the balance you must take back with you."

But after smoking one of "those extravagant American cigars," he needed no further urging and retained the box.

While they were sitting there a package was brought to Liszt from the post-office. It contained the manuscript of a trio for piano, violin and 'cello, by Anton Rubinstein. During that evening Liszt played it without missing a note, indicating his absolute mastery of even the well-nigh indecipherable score of his great contemporary.

After one of his visits to the Fatherland, Dr. Ziegfeld brought Richard Strauss to America. He wears the cross of the Legion of Honor, and is known in musical circles all over the world. With Theodore Thomas and the Thomas Orchestra, Dr. Ziegfeld has made a reputation for musical Chicago that is respected in all countries devoted to the art. The Chicago Musical College is now located in handsome new quarters on Michigan Avenue, and reflects the splendid spirit of the capital of the Middle West, not only in its material advantages, but in its cultural and musical advancement.

COINCIDENT with the erection of the White House in the time of John Adams, the noble red men and their descendants have seemed to feel at home in Washington. Scarcely a month passes that some delegation of Indians does not visit the President, whom they call the "Great White Father." It was Abraham Lincoln's delight to receive the feather and paint-bedecked red men, and he always listened to their wonderful orations, which he had interpreted. During recent years the Osage Indians have joined the capitalistic clan, for their rich oil lands have made them—as a class—the most wealthy of any single race in this country.

"WENONAH" AND "TO-WAM-PAH"

The Indian names of Mrs. Irene C. Beaulieu of the Sioux tribe and Mrs. Kathleen Woodward of the Osage tribe, respectively, who are the compilers of "Tributes to a Vanishing Race," which is a correction of erroneous statements that have been accepted as authority, copied, quoted and believed, forming an unfair basis for adverse opinion against the *real* Americans. These two loyal Indian women of Oklahoma are here pictured in native costume

A book which has attracted widespread attention in Washington, and has added much to the literature of the red man, is "Tributes to a Vanishing Race," compiled by Mesdames Beaulieu and Woodward, who are themselves full-blooded Indians.

Secretary Lane, of the Department of the Interior, has made a close study of the Indians and their interests, and has been energetic in providing for the health of these wards of Uncle Sam. The decrease in infant mortality in the past few years is such as to encourage the belief that the Indian may not become a "vanishing race," if the work in their behalf continues to be as vigorously prosecuted as under the direction of the present Secretary of the Interior.

DURING the trying days of the Mexican border situation, an executive official tells of the thrill which came over him when the messages arrived, describing the dash of Colonel Dodd's cavalry across the border, when the troops under our colors were actually on their campaign to meet the foe. He was so impressed that he kept the original copy of the message after it had been given out to the public, and in meeting a friend, thought he had something to show that would pass the thrill along. He drew forth the paper and repeated with dramatic accent the words which were to him of so much import—a straw, perhaps, that indicated an impending war cloud.

Then he observed that his friend was not paying strict attention—did not seem to be absorbed in the latest war news.

"You know," remarked the friend, enthusiastically, "I was over and saw that Brooklyn team, and I think they are playing good ball—"

"Good-night!" muttered the war-news carrier, as he passed on in disgust, to think that ball games could supplant brigades in popular interest at such a time.

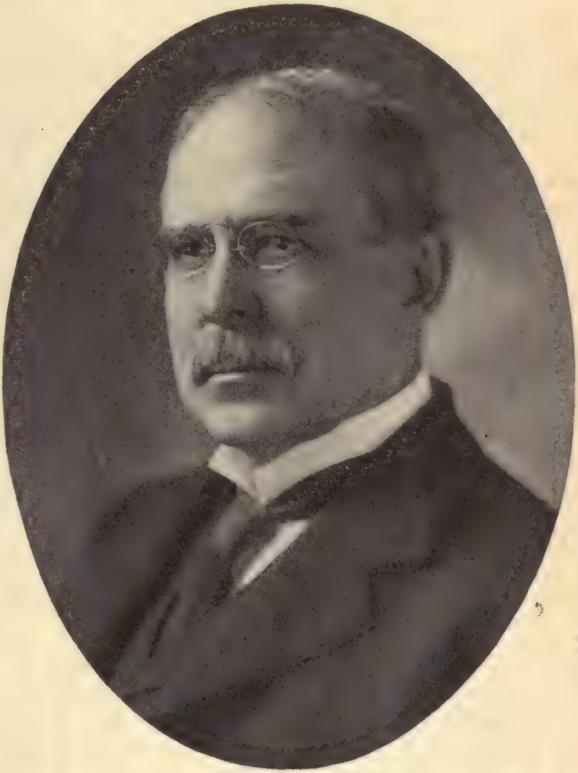
FOLLOWING the original form of legislation, as adopted by the Republic, delegates "in convention assembled" issue their decrees after the petitions from the people are submitted. Nowadays every organization, business and avocation has its national legislative body to formulate the edicts of the people. "In convention assembled," those interested in the Terpsichorean art have decreed that the "twinkle trot" is to be the thing for next year, and that the "fox trot" will henceforth be *passe*.

Now come the merchant tailors "in convention assembled," declaring that galluses, or suspenders, or braces, or whatever you want to call them, are as antiquated articles of masculine apparel as the ruffles of Elizabethan days. Every man will confess to a fear every time he stoops that the small button held by a slender thread may give way. The relegation of the suspender has brought apprehension to the fat man. Curfew has been rung on galluses, and the lone suspender button is now freed from its responsibility. Even belts are mere ornaments, and may be as useless in the future as the buttons on coat tails.

Tailors have found that they can provide fat men or lean men, men who have too large a waist or no waist at all, with a broad girdle of cloth to which the trousers are attached by good old buttons, in a manner which may be reminiscent of boyhood days. One thing is certain, "button, button, who's got the button?" holds sway whether with or without belts. The old-fashioned gallus which grandmother used to knit, and of which the small boy in the old swimming hole used to think only one was necessary, has gone its way, having served its day and generation.

IN his remarks on the Revenue bill, Senator George T. Oliver of Pennsylvania contended that the income tax should apply to incomes of as low as one thousand dollars a year, on the theory that if the average citizen paid his small proportion, whatever it might be, of the income tax, he would naturally take more interest in the processes of the federal government. He recommended an income tax of one per cent upon all incomes ranging from $1,000 to $4,000 a year, and the reason he gives for exempting those lower than $1,000 is because it would cost more to collect these small sums than the returns would justify.

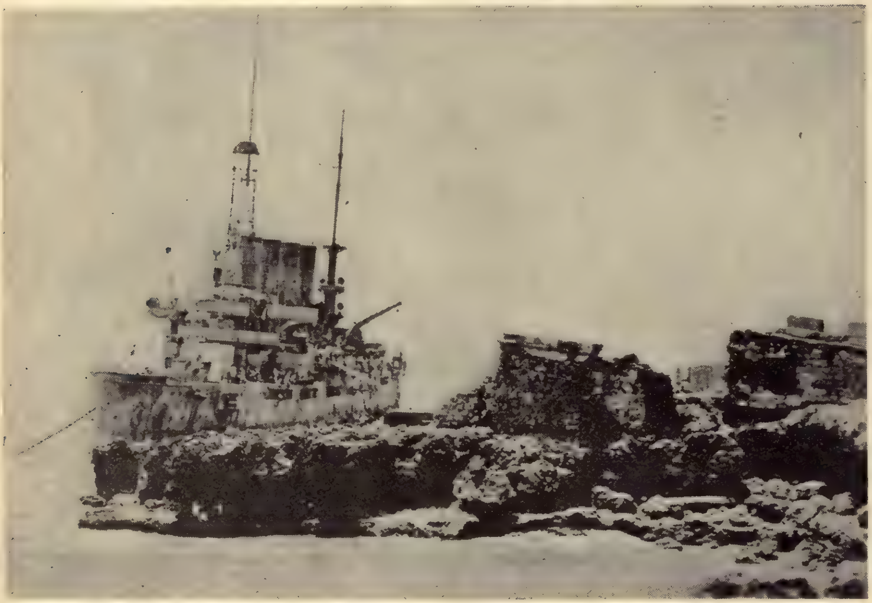
"The average citizen when relieved from bearing any share in the expenses of the government," said Senator Oliver, "will be far less likely to scrutinize the acts of his representatives than he would be if he were asked to bear some part of the burden, no matter how small. Few men are proof against the temptation to favor large expenditures if they think that the money comes from some other man's pocket. They are not far-sighted enough to perceive that, no matter who the direct taxpayer may be, the burden is eventually distributed upon the rank and file of the people. The effect, therefore, of this effort to collect the great bulk of our revenues from the smallest possible part of the voting population is to serve notice upon all those who are thus released from contribution that the burdens of government will hereafter be borne by others than themselves. It is a direct bid for their votes, and in its effect it is bribery just as clearly as if your campaign committee would openly start out to buy voters at so much per head."



HON. GEORGE T. OLIVER

United States Senator from Pennsylvania, who recommends an income tax of one per cent upon all incomes ranging from one thousand to four thousand dollars, because he believes that the average citizen will take more interest in the expenditures of the government if he shares in providing the necessary funds

He asserts that one of the greatest evils of our day is the accumulation of great fortunes in few hands and the passing on of these fortunes, constantly accumulating, from one generation to another; he, therefore, favors such legislation as will render inconvenient, if not impossible, the constant increase of these great estates.



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U. S. S. MEMPHIS ON THE CORAL REEFS IN SANTO DOMINGO BAY

Survivors of the wreck who have arrived in Washington in the U. S. S. Solace, told vivid tales of their experience when the ship was picked up like a plaything and dashed upon the coral reefs in Santo Domingo Bay. Inrushing water put out the fires and the ship was helpless. Those who were rescued were taken off by means of a breeches buoy. Rocks cut through the bottom like razor blades, and the survivors declare the ship cannot be salvaged. This photograph was taken after the storm

AMONG the railroad executives assembled at Washington during the strike controversy, were three who claim Logansport, Indiana, as their home during apprentice days. Young Mr. L. F. Loree was called to Johnstown at the time of the flood, and equal to the emergency, he soon straightened out the tangled situation. He is now at the head of the Delaware & Hudson, and was among those whose counsel was sought in adjusting the threatened railroad strike. Mr. George W. Stevens, president of the Chesapeake & Ohio was also from Logansport, and Mr. Edward F. Kearney of the Wabash, served his novitiate in the same training school of railroad executives.

It is at just such division points as Logansport, where opportunity is offered to prepare for emergencies, which boost ability when the man is equal to the occasion. Many men working for years in one position little realize that the opportunity may come at any moment that will thrust them to the front. Big jobs change in more rapid succession than the smaller ones. Men are older when they "arrive," and they wear out more quickly under the strain than the youngsters down the line.

THE contest for the United States Senatorship in West Virginia waxes warm. The Republican candidate is Congressman Howard Sutherland, who has served two terms as Congressman-at-large from that state. His record for straightforwardness and business efficiency has been a marked characteristic of his public career. He was born on a small farm and graduated from Westminster College in 1889. He went to Washington first as a clerk in the Census office and finally became chief of the population division. In 1893, he went to West Virginia in connection with the large coal and railroad interests of the Davis Elkins Companies, and has been instrumental in bringing new industries to the state; adding, year by year, to his reputation as a constructive citizen.

Broad and liberal in his views, he has devoted much of his time to public interests and has been an officer of the West Virginia Board of Trade since its organization. Eight years of legislative training, besides three years in the great departments of the government, would seem to especially qualify him for work in the Senate.

A close student of men and affairs, and one who commands the confidence of the people, it is no wonder that his majorities have increased every time he has run for public office in West Virginia; his record in the recent primaries having been especially gratifying.

HON. HOWARD SUTHERLAND
Republican candidate for United States Senator in West Virginia

As a member of various fraternal and benevolent associations, and the American Academy of Political and Social Science and the National Geographic Society, he has been active in keeping abreast with those interests that most vitally concern his state. He was chairman of the commission that framed the first laws for the permanent improvement of West Virginia roads, having introduced these bills in the state senate and succeeded in having them passed.

Mr. Sutherland counts among his enthusiastic friends many leading Republicans in Washington, as well as enterprising men of all parties in West Virginia. He enters the campaign with the strong and united support of his party, with that confidence that forecasts success.

IF one should feel that sympathetic arterio-sclerosis were upon him, let him come with me to the little red brick building on a corner of H Street in Washington, where is located the headquarters of the American Red Cross. There can be found every day letters and appeals that would wring the hearts of generous Americans if they but knew. The world has never endured so much human suffering as in the last two years, and the noble and heroic work the Red Cross is doing day and night unceasingly will make a record of which the nation may well be proud.

Former President Taft, as chairman of the Committee of the American Red Cross, in making his report to Secretary of State Lansing, stated that the Society was able to get supplies through to the Allies, and requested permission from Great Britain for the shipments of the Red Cross to the Central Powers. The supplies, as they accumulate, form an eloquent tribute to American generosity. Through the efforts of the State Department, the work of the Red Cross has been greatly facilitated. The American Red Cross has claimed its right that articles for the sick and wounded shipped to the Red Cross of any power, should not be held contraband, but given safe conduct. In fact, this was an essential article stipulated in the Geneva Convention of 1906. The British government withdrew its consent to the shipment of such supplies, but finally consented to permit safe passage to supplies sent to American Red Cross units of doctors and nurses to be used by them only. The unhindered carriage of such things as are necessary for the care of the wounded is not only a humanitarian duty, but a work of international utility, because all the wounded benefit from it, regardless of nationality.

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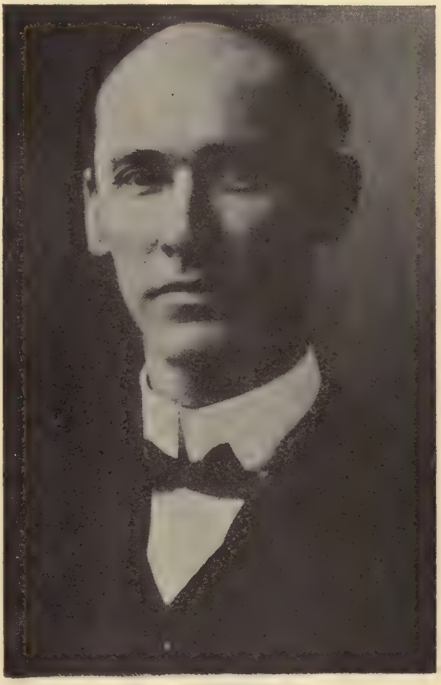
A MODERN HOBBY-HORSE

Little Mary Swann sitting on the shell which ploughed through her mother's house after penetrating heavy armor and a good-sized sandbank. The missile was fired from a 16-inch gun at Indian Head, Maryland, where tests on armor plate were being made by the United States Navy. The shell was so hot after its discharge from the gun that a rain, following close on the shot, cracked the missile, as shown in the picture. Both the child and her mother were in the house when the shell came through, their escape from injury being considered remarkable

The work of the Red Cross in these dark hours is quietly forging the unity of humanitarian purposes the world over, which augurs well for the future. In this work, Miss Mabel T. Boardman, who has devoted her life to the cause, has been gratified to see its activities cover nearly every nation of the earth. It seems as though some time or other, the American people will realize what an honor and distinction it is to belong to such an organization as the American Red Cross, and increase its membership, which is so pitifully small compared with other nations proportionate to population. The work of Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton has been multiplied a thousandfold in a quiet and unostentatious manner, through the energy and devotion of the officers of the Red Cross and thousands of unknown heroic men and women who respond so generously to the appeals of the suffering, under the banner of the Red Cross, which is the glorious emblem of the Crusaders of old.

IN the lobby of a Washington hotel during the strike conference, I had a chat with Mr. A. B. Garretson. He is a rugged sort of man; one that you would pick out of a crowd as a leader. In fact, I had recognized him as "Garretson" before he was pointed out to me. He talks in a strong, positive voice, and as the chief of the Order of Railroad Conductors had much to do in the strike negotiations. As representative of the conductors, he had come more in contact with people—punching their tickets and answering questions—than the engineers, firemen or trainmen.


A. B. GARRETSON
Chief of the Order of Railroad Conductors, who was influential in settling the agitation over the recently impending railroad strike

After chatting a few minutes, I began to wonder where I had seen him before, and recalled having met him in the early days in Iowa. A native of that state, born in Winterset in 1856, he insists that he first made up his mind to be a railroad man when he received a little tin train of cars in his Christmas stocking. As a boy he used to sniff the sulphurous smoke from the C. B. & Q. trains rushing across Iowa, little dreaming about rates and their regulation in those days, but eagerly watching the car numbers and noting the contrasts between various cars from far-off places.

Mr. Garretson has traveled all over the country, wherever conductors travel, settling disputes and adjusting wage scales in an organization that has paid out over $18,000,000 to its beneficiaries. Largely through his efforts the government has made it mandatory upon the railroads to put into effect many safety rules and appliances. He has a persistent manner of hammering away at a thing, and finally succeeded in convincing the railroad executives, against much opposition, that the conductor knew what he was talking about when he urged safety appliances to give patrons better service and employees more protection.

A DECIDED note of optimism, much needed in these disgruntled times, is sounded in an able article written by Thomas W. Lamont, and appearing in a recent issue of *Harper's Monthly.* Mr. Lamont is a recognized authority on matters of international finance. He points out some simple facts that serve to dissipate some hysterical predictions, and calls attention to the mental attitude of the world in the first part of 1914, when it was felt that war would not come because financial interests would be strong enough to prevent it, and that war could not last a year before bankrupting the nations involved.

THOMAS W. LAMONT

Financial powers had little or nothing to say about bringing on the war, in fact, were not consulted. He also shows that the conflict has continued two years, and has not yet bankrupted any one of the belligerents. And it looks as though it would go on still further, with the expenditures ever increasing. He makes calculations of intense popular interest in connection with foreign loans, and shows, conclusively, that the present debts of the leading belligerent nations, in proportion to population, accumulated wealth and earning capacity, are not nearly so large as they were at the close of the Napoleonic wars.

The century, Mr. Lamont declares, has brought about profound changes, not only in population and commerce, but in the manner of mobilizing national resources. With characteristic clear-headed, penetrating vision, Mr. Lamont discusses the question whether America is destined to become the leading financial power of the world. He believes that the only way this can possibly be brought about is by a well-directed, sympathetic appreciation of conditions. The belligerent nations have been going through an experience of scientific and intensive economy, and have learned a lesson in thrift, an "understanding" which this country might well emulate. This is an important economical factor—a prime factor—for the nations at war have contrived to save capital almost as fast as they have wasted it.

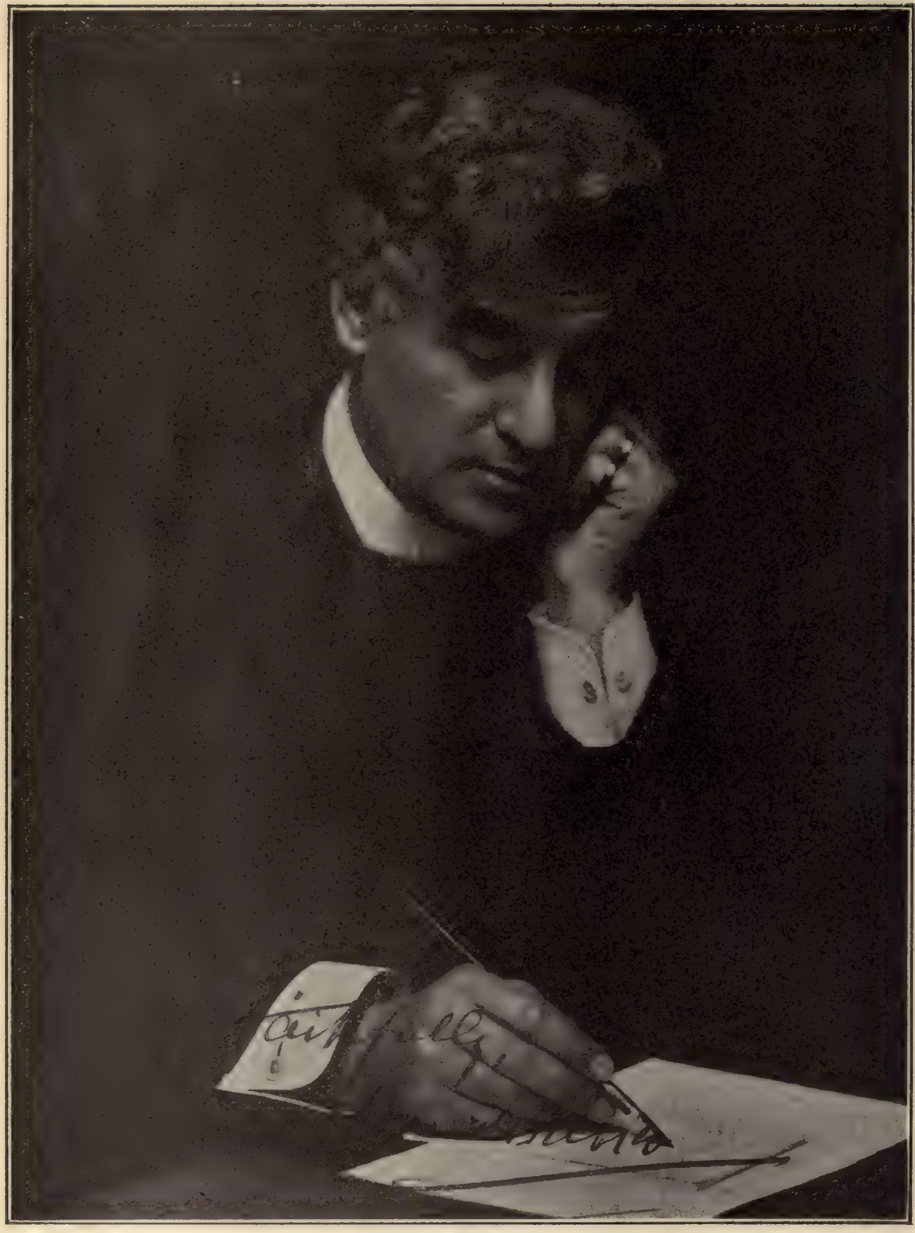
When peace comes, European nations will "go after" the markets of the world even better trained than we, because their lives and activities have been disciplined. A few pennies a day saved by all the people in the United States, or in any country, soon mount up to the millions. The one great lesson of this war, financially, is *thrift*.

SHORTHAND reporters soon discover the idiosyncrasies of various speakers and writers. They become familiar with the pet words and phrases of public men, and can follow a debate almost from memory. Every writer and speaker has favorite phrases and words that are repeated over and over again like an endless refrain. The vernacular of the average person is singularly proscribed. A man who uses unfamiliar words is looked upon as pedantic, and a close student of the dictionary.

In the Senate, the Hon. J. Hamilton Lewis of Illinois is difficult to follow because he has a way of saying things quite differently from anyone else and makes use of words usually omitted from modern dictionaries. His classical allusions and quotations are likely to be confusing in these prosaic days. Senator Martine of New Jersey has a penchant for the old-fashioned "Fourth of July" oratorical style. A stenographer would easily forecast the words and phrases he would be likely to use.

ON the President's desk during the strenuous days when the railroad strike was impending, in fact, in every one of the executive offices, were the radiant blossoms of the crepe myrtle. They gave a graceful and restful note on the hot days when men were striving to cool their tempers. The clusters of blossoms suggested quietude instead of strife. On the President's desk in the Cabinet room were arrayed the red-covered International Reports and the Congressional Directory, giving name, address and telephone number of each member of Congress. Directly opposite the President's chair at the head of the table, and above the mantel, is a portrait showing Lincoln in his most placid mood—the same Abraham Lincoln whose life Woodrow Wilson studied so exhaustively in preparation for his address of acceptance on behalf of the government of the Birthplace Memorial in Kentucky. The Lincoln Birthplace Commission has been successful in preserving this sacred shrine of American history, and deserves the gratitude of every American.

For two months, the summer White House is virtually removed to Shadow Lawn, near Long Branch in New Jersey State. The President's executive office was removed from Washington to Asbury Park and located in one of the pretentious skyscrapers on Fifth Street, overlooking the ocean. The thirty men on the executive staff at Washington were there to enjoy the autumn breezes with the President for their vacation days. The executive office in Washington is virtually deserted, and the live end of the Presidential wire was at Shadow Lawn during the early autumn when the crickets began to sing and the sultry days of 1916 were only a memory.



DAVID BELASCO
As author and producer he has contributed more to the art of the stage than any other man in America

David Belasco

by

Joe Mitchell Chapple

UP a winding stair illuminated by softly-shaded lights, I found myself in the studio retreat of David Belasco, under the artistic, sloping rafters of his New York theatre. Although recently constructed, there is an atmosphere of age about the place—the scenic wizardry of David Belasco is manifest even in the architecture of his playhouse. As the curtains of the reception room were drawn, the light revealed trophies associated with the career of the great Napoleon, recalling the days when the "Little Corporal" was the central figure of the world.

Wearing a picturesque, flowing robe of rich, dark material, David Belasco entered (without waiting for conventional attire as he had not desired to keep me waiting). The feeling came over me as he stood there that before me was the figure of a monk of medieval days. The prematurely gray hair, dark, heavy brows, the soft twinkling light of his eyes completed the picture.

The contents of the room convinced me that David Belasco tolerates only the genuine. No copies in these rooms; no replicas, nor things usually associated with the mimic life of the stage—but invariably things real; things true. Yonder stood a tall drum, relic of the days at Jena—not a duplicate—but a treasure far beyond intrinsic value in the inspiration of its association. Was it not this drum that awoke the echoes on the dawning of the "sun of Austerlitz"? A trifle this; yet a token also of the supreme moment when the eagle eye of the Emperor turned to watch the intrepid drummer-boy under fire, as his ear caught the long roll that held the lines in the impact of battle.

Here were medals sent from St. Helena to the veterans of the Old Guard, cast in bronze and inscribed, "To my companions in glory." Here the cocked hat of the hero of Marengo; a divan from Malmaison—mute witness of the one happiness Napoleon ever knew. It was Josephine's. Close by, the desk on which Dumas wrote the "Three Musketeers."

Passing on to other rooms, through winding passages, nooks and galleries—on every hand the essence of the dramatic and picturesque. Great windows hung with rich draperies reflected Orleans and Bourbon splendor. Yonder are shelves on which cups and saucers are displayed, and, lighted as only Belasco could light them, they seem to live—these cups from which Napoleon and Josephine once sipped their coffee in the breakfast room of the Tuilleries.

Everything, everywhere an invitation to expression. Here ambition; this, sorrow; here, triumph; that, despair. Here a dagger; there a crucifix. Here Cromwellian tankards and oaken banquet tables from baronial halls. This an ancient missal; that, the prayer book of an anchorite.

Perhaps these are the properties that reflect Belasco's genius. Emblems at least of the devotion of years in search and study; the real life-work of Belasco—representing his fortune, not valued in stocks or bonds, but priceless to the man who has so marvelously transformed our stage from mimicry to modernity. Yes, these treasures of his may be thought trifles, but, again, they are *true* trifles; the accessories of his art, which, as Dr. Johnson declared, "regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, see them as they are." Surrounded by their appeal, Belasco lives, thinks and produces the masterpieces of your day and mine.

* * *

In earliest youth he began the study of death in all its forms and phases. He is a mystic who has dared the very borderline of life in search of truth. In "The Girl of the Golden West," he literally gathered a ray of the sunshine of his native California, and with it preserved on the stage a scene as thrilling and as masterful as that portrayed by any painting that ever graced the galleries of the world.

The man and his work suggest a genius that outreaches personality and touches hands with truth. No blare of trumpets; no glare of tableau settings—his denouements are soft and subtle as a gleam of moonlight or a gathering twilight shadow caught from the long ago and given to the Now!

Wrapped in the solitude of his own originality, Belasco alone, with his all-pervasive genius, has experienced the defeats and triumphs of playwright, producer and actor; he has lived the life of his art. The very name "Belasco" has a peculiar winsomeness about it as suggesting a man of mystery. But it is not so. He is a man of the gentlest truth and in his mission in the dramatic world his achievement lies in the simple fact that he has found the magic key to outdoors; that key which unlocks the spirit and soul of his audiences; frees them, and makes them see through his eyes.

Like Maeterlinck, he has made even the contemplation of the passing Beyond seem "an adventure of life." He has bridged the dread chasm with the blossoms of life itself. He has shown how in life we may visualize ourselves projected into the beyond as well as the past—as though we were actors upon a stage—viewing ourselves as almost a reflected personality. This is the magic revealed by David Belasco when the curtain is drawn and presents the incidents of his remarkable career. His life activities comprehend all the high lights of dramatic progress in four decades—decades that have marked developments in the drama as startling as in other phases of modern evolution.

The natural process of his growth, without the sporadic flash of temperamental genius, makes the name of Belasco preeminent. He has always remained an individuality rather than a professional. He has done things in the most commonplace way; and while quivering with the dramatic impulse, has never drifted from the supreme purpose of making his art an expression—never a mere passing show of plot and picture.

* * *

He refers to himself as a boy as a somewhat mythical but well-remembered character of long ago whom he now sees as little "Davido." His mother and father were English born, of Portuguese parents. The family followed the tidal rush to California following the outbreak of the gold fever. His mother was the first white woman to cross the Isthmus of Panama.

With the memory of ancient folk-tales told him by his mother comes the story of Reina Martin, who, as a young girl felt the fascination of the theatre and parental edict was futile. Humphrey Abraham Velasco—with the original "V" changed to "B"—met Reina when at the height of his popularity in Pantomime. Later he became the most famous harlequin in London. They were married while young Humphrey was playing at the old Drury Lane and Haymarket Theatres.

Tales of river sands glistening with gold came to them, and they sailed for America, leaving behind a brother, David Belasco, who, under the name of David James, was a popular actor-manager in his day. Mr. Belasco whimsically remarked at this juncture:

"I might have been born in London had it not been for the gold fever following in the wake of '49ers."

In the spring after David's birth in San

EVERYTHING, EVERYWHERE IN BELASCO'S STUDIO IS AN INVITATION TO EXPRESSION

THE PREPARATION OF A PLAY

In writing his own plays, or preparing those of other authors for production, David Belasco exercises a care for truth that helps in large measure to the satisfying quality of a Belasco production

Francisco, the family removed to Victoria, British Columbia, as the young father was still fascinated with the eternal hope of the prospector—of striking gold. During these long days while the father was away, the romantic young mother centered her hopes in the first-born. He was sent to school, and Mr. Belasco remembers Teacher Bird with his black, curly hair and unnaturally white face; with always a rattan in hand to rap the knuckles of incorrigible youth. The rod was not spared in those days.

* * *

David's parents counseled long and earnestly over the boy's career. The father, an orthodox Jew, wanted him to be a rabbi, but the mother insisted that David was too much of a gypsy. "I know he is going to be an actor," she said. At the age of eight he attracted the attention of Father McGuire, a Catholic priest. He was adopted by this priest and lived with him in a monastery for five years.

One day, amidst services in the cathedral, little David caught the strains of garish music coming over the walls. Early that night a little figure stole away from the monastery and made its way to the great white tent of the Rio de Janeiro circus. So perished an archbishop, let us say—or mayhap a cardinal. I think cardinal would be better. When he asked for work, they set him to rolling barrels and sweeping out the ring. A bareback rider took an interest in him and taught him to turn hand springs. He was later billed as the boy prodigy of the bareback world.

Promoted to the dizzy distinction of clown, young Belasco entered into the spirit of fun-making with all the glorious enthusiasm of his nature. The rollicking life of the circus fascinated the boy. With it he traveled to South America, where he was taken seriously ill with a fever. He was left in a little out-of-the-way town, for, like in "Polly of the Circus," the show must go on. An elder clown, however, refused to leave the boy alone. Donning his motley garb and whitening his face, he went into the streets to obtain the pennies with which to buy things needed for the little sufferer. The boy recovered, but the heroic clown was stricken and died. David's father came for him and brought him home, with, no doubt, caustic comment. But the mother was well pleased, indeed a little proud of her son's reputation as a world-traveler, and so she it was who helped him prepare for his stage debut.

It was in "East Lynne" that David Belasco first appeared behind the kerosene footlights, playing the role of Little William. With this experience came his first love. Lulu Sweet, the winsome soubrette—somewhat older than he—was the object of the mad secret locked within his heart. What bliss when he found that he was cast as her brother in one of the comedies, and the playwright had ordained that she should kiss him.

To play "Hamlet" was the zenith of the boy's ambition, but he felt he was not tall enough. All of the great actors he had seen were towering giants, and he often stretched himself in an attempt to grow. It happened that at this time Keane visited Vancouver, and imagine the boy's delight when he found this famous actor was small in stature. Mrs. Keane had known his uncle David in London, and in her he found a sympathetic friend.

E. J. Buckley, afterward associated with Edwin Booth and Marcus Mayer, so well known later as an impresario and as manager of Sarah Bernhardt, were the two heroes of Belasco's boyhood days.

* * *

His father was urged to become a candidate for mayor of Victoria, but the town was then at so low an ebb that the Belascos decided to return to

DAVID BELASCO'S LIBRARY

The wonderfully complete library in David Belasco's studio is a means of ready reference. Doubtless there are many rare volumes here, picked up by Mr. Belasco at the auction sales, which he frequently attends. He spends much time poring over his books

California. The family had increased during the years—a baby brother had died in Victoria, but there were two sisters and a brother remaining.

San Francisco was young in those days, but with a cosmopolitan population. The playhouses, though primitive, were well patronized and commanded the very flower of American talent. Joseph Murphy, the Irish comedian, was playing there at the time; Lotta was singing and dancing before the enraptured miners, who showered her with gold.

Young Belasco was drawn to the theatre where Tom McGuire, a former hack driver, was manager. McGuire had booked engagements with Edwin Booth, Agnes Perry, the Charles Thornes, father and son, Edwin Adams, Mrs. Judah, Forrest and McCullough. Booth was the idol of the times—he had a mysterious face; didn't always know his lines, they say, but his marvelous talent reigned supreme.

At this needful period Belasco was attending the Lincoln school under the instruction of a teacher who believed in elocution. From the rostrum he recited "Eliza," "The Vagabonds," "The Maniac," and "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," in a way that won him fame at school. His teacher was Miss Nellie Holbrook, and he describes her large gray eyes, pale complexion and wealth of beautiful Titian hair. She sympathized with his ambition to go upon the stage, and long years afterward, when he returned to San Francisco, he visited her as she sat in an invalid's chair. "Didn't I prophesy it all?" she said, with a fond teacher's pride. His tribute to her sweet and wholesome influence is eloquent of the character of both.

* * *

His fame extended when, to add a more realistic effect while giving "The Maniac," he sprinkled straw in his hair, and worked so intensely that people thought he had burst a blood vessel when he squeezed the sponge of red ink secreted in the folds of his shirt. When Professor Hager came to the school with his allegory, "The Discovery of America," David was selected for the Indian runner and given a long speech of twenty pages. He wore a realistic costume, and streaked his face with green paint. He knew that he should have had black, but green had a fascination for him, then as always. The paint poisoned his face, and he suffered greatly, but throughout the week he insisted upon making up with the fatalistic green. This Mr. Belasco considers his first appearance under a professional manager, although he was only a school boy at the time.

As his parents were in financial straits he was determined to help them, and he wrote sketches for the various music halls, and earned money for the family fund by giving recitations at two dollars for a night's performance.

For a time he was assistant janitor at a cigar factory, but was discharged as an inefficient scrubber. Then he went to work in a book shop, where he was able to read the volumes he loved. In those trying early days in San Francisco, he was absorbing knowledge, as only youth can, for later need.

In those days all the famous actors and stage folk made tours through California. The stock company was in the heyday of its glory, and the nightly programs always contained the name of at least one famous star—the luminous

DAVID BELASCO LISTENING TO AN AUTHOR'S READING

WHERE PLAYS ARE FIRST HEARD
David Belasco reading a new play to a company in the rehearsal room under the auditorium of his theatre

light of the production. The successive engagements of these great stars form a constellation unequalled in theatrical records.

In such atmosphere Belasco made his first appearance as assistant stage manager and actor. On the road he even essayed to play "Hamlet." These strolling companies, suggesting a scene from Pagliacci, were confronted with many difficulties, but no matter what misfortune might befall, they always hoped for better things tomorrow.

To realize the versatility of actors in those days is no easy matter. Playing to audiences as varied as their roles was expected. And they all had one experience in common—all were "broke" at one time or another. David Belasco, also, found himself "on the road" at times penniless; then he would dress as a fancy peddler with cap and wig; stand on a barrel in the public street reciting his old school pieces, while crowds gathered and bought his wares. During the Grant campaign he sold Republican badges, and with the money purchased what was the envy of his theatrical friends—a red wig—at $37.50.

Now he became a member of the Amateur Club, and here it was that he conceived the idea of writing plays for the society. These first "Belasco productions" were vividly colored with the stories his father had related of experiences in the mining camps. It was from this same source that he heard the incident of the blood dropping from the ceiling onto the sheriff's handkerchief in the room below—which was used with such telling effect in "The Girl of the Golden West." And yet, when that play was produced, some nimble critics insisted that Mr. Belasco was not familiar with the times which he described.

Even in the pioneer days he was a student of that psychology that has later become almost—Belasco. His plays are revelations in the psychology of drama. Bewitching in deft touches, he makes the commonplace as fanciful as a fairy tale—yet true, always.

The palmy days at Piper's Theater in Virginia City before the fire, sounded, when he described them, like a Bret Harte story. The long list of names that, like butterflies, rose in ephemeral glitter and passed, is pictured by him in the story of the California Theatre, built by Ralston, in whose bank James J. Corbett, the heavyweight champion, was cashier in those days.

From vagabond obscurity as an ambitious young playwright and occasional actor, David Belasco marched into the realm of those artistic purposes which found an outlet at the Baldwin Theatre. It was here that he recited "Bernardo del Carpio" before John McCullough, and

HOW A PLAY IS STUDIED

David Belasco explaining the details of a scene to his staff by means of a scene in miniature

was told that he had a future—with the usual "but." This was not the end of Belasco's experiences with the great actor, for the young man went to him with his first serious play, "Legarde." Years passed, nothing was heard from McCullough. When the play was finally located, it was found unopened among his effects.

Imagine Belasco's delight when he was sent for by Barry Sullivan, who asked him to join his company to play Catesby in "Richard III" and Ratcliffe in "Richard II."

Then Belasco went to Virginia City, a town perched on a mountain-side. When they reached the Opera House, John Piper handed to him and his companion George Hinckley, three hundred dollars and bid them "have a good time." It was here that young Belasco met the elder Sothern and played Winterbottom to his Dundreary.

As I sat talking with him, it seemed hard to realize that this man in the glorious sunset of his career, could have been that self-same struggling actor-lad of the early days of clowns and bareback riding, street scenes and monasteries.

It was while in Virginia City that Belasco first met Mr. and Mrs. Kiskadden, the parents of Maude Adams. From that time on he saw much of them, and was instrumental in bringing them East.

One great door of opportunity was opened for the young dramatist when he was employed by Dion Boucicault as private secretary. It was Belasco who took down the first act of "Led Astray," as the mighty Boucicault sat propped on pillows, with a piping glass of hot whiskey on the table at his elbow. When the dialogue called for Irish brogue, the dictation flowed freely. One thing the young secretary noted, Boucicault always held a newspaper in his hand, glancing beneath it furtively from time to time, as if seeking to hide something within its folds.

Belasco's curiosity was aroused, and when the opportunity came, he discovered that a French book, "La Tentation," from which the entire plot of "Led Astray" was taken, was hidden behind the paper. Mr. Belasco insists that Boucicault was much more than an adapter; he was an indefatigable slave to work, resting neither night nor day, and always adding something of his own to the original; always leaving the part infinitely better than he found it.

"Led Astray," its author predicted at the time, would mark an epoch and make a career for Charles Thorne. This proved to be so, and the last time Belasco saw Boucicault, he said: "Well, Davie, my secretary, let me congratulate you. What a strange world it is! You are rapidly going up and I am going down. And to think of it—I, who have so little patience, have been put at the head of a school of acting. Think what it must mean to me to be as tame as a duck! Do you remember what I told you about Charlie Thorne? I was a prophet. In the genteel melodrama, we shall not look upon his like again. Ah, Davie, how time changes. All I want of you now is to carry away big memories of me!"

To the protests of his friends the American stage is indebted for saving the name "Belasco." He had already christened himself "Walter Kingsley" on the theatre programs, in honor of his early circus friend, the bareback rider. What could compensate our dramatic world today had it lost "Belasco"?

After his return to San Francisco from Virginia City he did some casual work for the Bush Street Theatre, and he tells of an usher there—a "little fellow with a luminous smile." Then Mr. Belasco whimsically remarks, "He is still small, and his smile is still luminous." The usher was David Warfield.

* * *

In those early days, Belasco had his fling at the desultory "minstrel show business," and recalls the time when Lydia Thompson's Blondes were the rage, also when Wilkie Collins' novel, "The New Magdalene," was dramatized and proved one of the greatest successes San Francisco ever knew.

Mr. Frank Gardner, now one of the richest men in the world, was one of Belasco's early theatrical comrades. Belasco wrote many plays replete with mysterious

BELASCO DIRECTING A PLAY
David Belasco at a rehearsal of "Seven Chances," the comedy success of the present season

happenings for the future Diamond King. A little later he played Armand Duval to the Camille of Mrs. F. M. Bates, whose daughter Blanche was later to become one of his famous stars. It was Mrs. Bates' ambition to have her little daughter educated for literary work, but she feared, even then, that Blanche's leaning toward the stage would result in the usual leap.

MISS FRANCES STARR

Thrown once more upon his own resources, David Belasco continued to give such recitations as "The Vagabonds," "The Madman," and Mrs. Hemans' "Bernardo del Carpio," intermingled with scenes from Shakespeare. During these recitals a young lady appeared every night in a front seat. Naturally interested, he learned her name—Cecelia Loverich, the belle of San Francisco—courted far and wide. Very soon the little god with his quiver of arrows had marked these two young people for his own.

As may well be imagined, the course of love did not "run smooth." Belasco was called again to Virginia City, and while there was confined to his bed for six months with an injured foot. It was feared that an operation would be necessary, and the young man whispered over and over to himself:

"She won't marry a one-legged fellow." Then it was that the plucky girl told him that she cared not how much the doctors cut him up—she cared for him, and him alone.

The operation was performed and proved successful. During his convalescence the news was brought to him that the richest man in San Francisco was paying attentions to his sweetheart. This information came to him through one of those "Job's-comforter" sort of friends, who seem to have a genius for saying just what should not be said in a sick room—that "Cecelia was going to a ball with his rival that very night." The strain was too great. Belasco jumped out of bed, snatched the crutches which he had never used before, went to the house where the ball was at its height, and waited outside until the guests were leaving.

As the fair Cecelia came out she saw David and gave a little cry. "Do you love me as much as that?" she asked. Soon they were married. It was a struggle to make both ends meet, even in honeymoon days; but the young wife had faith in her husband and his future.

* * *

The sudden death of Harry Montague on the stage while playing in "Diplomacy," gave young Belasco a glimpse of real tragedy. Modjeska reached San Francisco practically unknown; a refugee with her jewels in pawn. She pleaded with McCullough for a trial, and soon afterward San Francisco society took her into its arms, and America crowned her queen of tragedy.

In those days McCullough and Barrett were together at the California Theatre.

Barrett was a genius and loved McCullough as a son. Sometimes, his dignity offended, he would not speak to McCullough for days, then suddenly he'd turn about and pull his ear or slap him on the back and laugh away ill humor. The love between Booth and Barrett was an adoration which was almost divine. In these intimate glimpses of great actors behind the scenes, David Belasco has a treasure trove of memories replete with dramatic incident.

When the news of Lincoln's assassination reached San Francisco, David Belasco marched immediately behind the hearse in the mock funeral procession, and imagined he could see the face of the great good man in death. Although he had been a Confederate in his sympathies, Lincoln was the inspiration of his drama, "The Roll of the Drum," written at this time to commemorate the great tragedy. Lincoln was the central figure, and Belasco attempted to give his own interpretation of Wilkes Booth. Tempestuous fanaticism was portrayed, but the realism of one scene made it impossible to produce in San Francisco at the time, although it was played many times elsewhere.

David Belasco wrote a play for Tom Thumb, and assisted Commodore Nutt in winning his tiny bride—a Lilliputian romance of many acts.

Meeting Denman Thompson in San Francisco, young Belasco was asked to write a play for the famous "Joshua Whitcomb." Thompson's manager sent for Belasco to come to New York, offering him a retainer of a thousand dollars for his play. Upon his arrival, the young playwright found that Thompson wanted to make "The Lone Pine" a fine sprinkling of slang and curses. This Belasco absolutely refused to permit, and returning the retainer, went back to San Francisco.

Upon his return he rejoined James A. Herne at the Baldwin Theatre, and it was then that Katherine Corcoran—"little K. C.," as she was called—became the guiding star of the friends. Later she married James A. Herne, and Mr. Belasco pays this little woman a great tribute when he declares that her coming "shaped the future of our three lives." They decided to go on tour, and a benefit was given en route to young

FRANCES STARR
As Anne Churchill in "The Little Lady in Blue," which Mr. Belasco produced this season

Belasco, the popular idol. All the proceeds of this benefit Belasco spent on a dinner for his friends after the performance.

This concluded the tour in California of the "Three Guardsmen," as they called themselves. They then returned to San Francisco, and found O'Neill and Morrison, the old favorites, still at the Baldwin. The company was soon reorganized with "little K. C." as leading woman, and David Belasco as a fully-ordained stage director.

DAVID WARFIELD

One day he was approached by a man who had eked out a livelihood playing impecunious parts in the various touring companies, and sometimes doing the duties of usher. He asked Mr. Belasco to do something for him on account of his little daughter, whom he had brought with him to the theatre. The little one was Edna Wallace, one of the brightest stars in Mr. Belasco's firmament of 1893.

When Rose Coghlan came to the West, she was one of the most famous leading ladies of New York. "Imported" for the revival of old comedies, she commanded the then fabulous salary of five hundred dollars a week—"and expenses." When she first met young Belasco in his role of stage manager, she was indignant, and vowed she would resign rather than be directed by such a boy. In his tactful way Belasco won her friendship, and later she appeared in several plays which Mr. Belasco wrote for her. She also played in "La Belle Russe," one of Belasco's favorite plays—his first New York success.

Curiously enough, Bronson Howard's "The Banker's Daughter" was produced in New York just at the time when Belasco's "The Millionaire's Daughter" was in rehearsal. This resulted in litigation for infringement, but "Lucky" Baldwin's fighting spirit was aroused, and "The Millionaire's Daughter" appeared. The matter never came to trial, for the only similarity between the two plays were the title and a duel scene of little importance.

* * *

While David Belasco was working on the manuscript of "Chums" for James O'Neill, "little K. C." happened to see it and thought it was for her husband. It was presented with Mr. and Mrs. James A. Herne, Bishop, Annie Adams and little Maude Adams in the cast. It did not succeed in San Francisco, but "little K. C.," refusing to be discouraged, said: "The fact is, we've all been here too long. Let's strike out for the East."

They did, but misfortune seemed to follow them all the way. In Chicago they were refused an audience with McVicker, and Hooley was unwilling to spend money on the production. They stopped at the old Sherman Hotel, and the kind-hearted manager, after hearing the story of "Hearts of Oak," as they had re-christened the play, said:

"Well, I believe in you, and it's all O. K."

Across from the hotel was the Coliseum, which was used as a sort of beer garden.

There was a stage at one end, and the inspiration came to Belasco to try to produce their play right there. They sought out Hamlin, the manager, who was enthusiastic over the scheme, but was without funds to aid them. Scene painter, stage carpenter, lumber yards, paint shops and canvas people were visited and appealed to for assistance, and a forty-thousand-dollar production was made possible with a very small expenditure.

The best people in town were circularized, and the leading dramatic critics were visited. The production was an overwhelming success, and soon they received Eastern offers. In Philadelphia, they went to the Arch Street Theater, which was then managed by Mrs. John Drew; but in New York misfortune overtook them again. Business misunderstandings arose between Belasco and Herne, and Belasco disposed of his interest in "Hearts of Oak" for a few hundred dollars.

* * *

Back to San Francisco went Belasco, riding on day coaches and express trains—an eighteen-day trip—arriving in San Francisco without even the proverbial penny. Pocketing his pride, he repaired to the Baldwin Theatre and played minor parts in the stock company. He found a silver lining to the cloud, however, when he was called to his old post of stage-manager. At that time he began "The Curse of Cain," and strange to say, Cain was the hero. Realistic thunder storms and lightning effects were introduced in the production of this play, more vivid and natural than anything ever before attempted.

A halo of glory was cast around the Baldwin Theatre by the coming of Adelaide Neilson. Lucky Baldwin had insisted upon getting her, no matter what the price. Belasco was sent to Sacramento for the purpose of escorting her to San Francisco. This was her farewell tour, and on the last night there was profound sorrow and regret. Miss Neilson expressed a desire to give some memento to each member of the company.

She called Belasco into her dressing-room and said: "You are so weird and mysterious, and perhaps I may never see you again. Look over those things and

WARFIELD AS HERR ANTON VON BARWIG

In "The Music Master," which Mr. Belasco revived this season in response to a great demand. "The Music Master" is one of those wholesomely human, though pathetic plays, which were so popular a few years ago—and so rare nowadays—and proved to be the vehicle which added to Mr. Warfield's fame throughout the country choose something for yourself." On her dressing-table were piled her wonderful jewels, in dazzling array. He reached forward and picked up a small black pearl.

"I'll take this," he said. Miss Neilson turned pale and cried:

"Oh, David, why did you ask for that? I'm superstitious. My trunk is full of nails and horseshoes, but the luckiest thing of all is that little black pearl. I dislike to refuse you anything—but I know you will understand."

He hastily chose a small emerald instead, and later she tried to explain.

ELECTRICAL SWITCHBOARD IN THE BELASCO THEATRE

"If I gave up that pearl, I shouldn't live a month. Someone told me that, and I believe it."

That was the last time he ever saw Adelaide Neilson. She had gone no farther than Reno, Nevada, when she wrote him, sending him the black pearl. "I cannot get your voice out of my mind," she wrote. Six months afterward she died in a little French village. Belasco's mother, hearing of the incident, or coincidence, one might say, destroyed the black pearl, for fear that ill luck might pursue her David.

* * *

The production of the Passion Play in America proved almost a tragedy. Salmi Morse was the author and James O'Neill was enthusiastic over the role of Christus. It was he who inspired McGuire and Lucky Baldwin to finance the production. San Francisco was scoured for people for the cast; two hundred singers were engaged, and four hundred women, children and infants were marshalled for the ensembles. Belasco studied Biblical descriptions and devised color effects from canvases depicting the dance of Salome and the Lord's Supper.

On the opening night, the audience sat hushed and breathless; but a few fanatics who described the play as a desecration worked on the credulity of McGuire to such an extent that the theater was soon closed. Morse, the author, was in despair, and turned to the East to find production for his masterpiece, but was again balked by the authorities. Soon after, his body was found floating upon the water. So ended the story of the Passion Play in America.

For some time Belasco had been working on a play he called "Violette," when, on picking up a tobacco-stained scrap of paper which the wind had blown against his foot, the name "La Belle Russe" was suggested, and he re-christened the play. Judging that a French author would receive favorable comment from the critics, it was announced that the new play was from the French. The result was much praise for the faultless French technique, and the critics could not retract their opinions when they learned that the anonymous author was David Belasco.

A SECTION OF THE "LIGHT BRIDGE" OVER THE STAGE BEHIND THE PROSCENIUM ARCH

When "La Belle Russe" was taken to New York, John Stetson wanted it for Marie Prescott; Daly for Ada Rehan, and Palmer for Jeffreys Lewis, who had played it in San Francisco. At last Belasco was sent for by Wallack, and as it had been his dream all along that Wallack should have it, arrangements were made for its production. "La Belle Russe," with Rose Coghlan, succeeded a series of failures. The newspapers flayed the play vigorously because of its audacity in theme and treatment, but commended almost as ardently the perfect technique which inspired a prophecy and confidence in the ultimate success of the play. This prized product of Belasco's genius, destined to make fortunes by others, was sold by him for $1500. He had considered the matter carefully and thought it all out. "With this much money I can do much for my little girls at home."

Now came the sombre days attending the closing of the old Baldwin Theatre with its memories and achievements—another phase of the inner drama of theatrical life. Gustav Frohman first suggested that Belasco become stage manager of the Madison Square Theatre in New York. It was an opportune offer for Belasco, now that his old friend McGuire was compelled to give up the San Francisco Mecca.

Charles Frohman and Belasco met in San Francisco. They were never introduced; they just came to know each other—Topsy-like. Mr. Frohman toured the West at the head of Haverley's Minstrels. After seeing "American Born," which Belasco had written and was now producing, Frohman conceived the idea of forming a company and taking the play East. Events were moving rapidly now, and it became apparent that Belasco was finally to have a chance to win more Broadway laurels.

At that time Bronson Howard was the dean of American dramatists. David Belasco burned the manuscript of "American Born," which was making a success, because he felt it would interfere with his plans for greater things at the Madison Square. Here began the innovations that characterized the swift advancement of Belasco's fame. Agnes Booth was in the first play he managed at the Madison Square.

He had thought to be able to take up outside work to eke out enough to support his family, but he gave an option to his employers on what he was to write, with the princely royalty of ten dollars a night and five dollars for matinees. At this time David Belasco laid the foundation of the success that was to come to him later. He had an office near Mr. Frohman, or C. F., as he was called in those days, and it was there the close life friendship began.

Successes now came thick and fast. He understood his public—his personality was liberated, unshackled; like Napoleon of old, he was "in command." When his "May Blossom," the pioneer of the war dramas, was produced, the rumble of artillery and reverberation of cannon were suggested without the gruesomeness of realism. Leading critics praised Belasco, the playwright; among them William Winter, dean of the corps.

While associated with Frohman at the Lyceum, difficulty was found in providing a play for E. H. Sothern. Finally

"Lord Cholmondeley," or "Chumley," was evolved. Mr. Sothern objected most strenuously to the expression "silly ass"—the very thing that proved the hit. Augustus Thomas's first drama, "Editha's Burglar," and many other brilliant plays were produced by Belasco.

The story of Mrs. Leslie Carter is too recent to come within the glow of reminiscences. It was during his examination in a suit against N. K. Fairbank, the soap manufacturer, that the story of Belasco dragging stars about by the hair of their heads was circulated. Mr. Fairbank had agreed to deposit ten thousand dollars to defray the expenses of launching Mrs. Carter's theatrical career. When the support was withdrawn, some lively litigation followed.

It was for Mrs. Carter that Mr. Belasco wrote the play, "The Heart of Maryland," and with this venture Belasco became a producer. Then for the first time on the billboards appeared the magic words—"David Belasco presents." In quick succession followed "Zaza" and "du Barry," featuring Mrs. Carter.

Many times Mr. Belasco has insisted that he never cared to take a famous star under his wing—preferring rather to discover and develop genius. Names and addresses he keeps for years at a time, and when he finds the proper place, a comet-like career is launched. Long before he went to see her on the stage, he had met Frances Starr, but had no part for her. Her wonderful facial expression impressed him in the first interview. "It has always been my wish to be with you," she said, her deep blue eyes filling with tears and her earnest face paling, "even if it is but a small part." And she took the part of Helen in "The Music Master."

Dreaming of a play redolent with the atmosphere of southern California, for Miss Starr, Belasco negotiated with Richard Walton Tully for his "Juanita"—with the privilege of re-writing it. This play became the famous "Rose of the Rancho." Mr. Belasco later decided to write a new piece, "Jennie," for Miss Starr, but abandoned the idea for Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way." "Jennie" was again put aside for "The Case of Becky." During the successful run of this play, Mr. Belasco started once more to work on "Jennie," when he found that Charles Frohman had secured the American rights to one of Henri Bernstein's plays, "The Secret," and "Jennie" was put aside again. Then came "Marie-Odile"—and "Jennie" is still in storage.

"The Boomerang" has revealed the versatility of David Belasco as a magical producer. New Yorkers and strangers went night after night for more than a year to witness this strong and virile comedy which plays upon the thoughts and activities of the day, and which, under the hand of Belasco, reveals the foibles of humanity—especially love-sick humanity.

* * *

Up in the studio loft, before a sort of bulletin board on which are pasted the manuscript of various scenes and dialogue, David Belasco works from cue to cue, with all the zest of the earlier days.

It is a privilege to hear his soft, yet resonant voice, in the old lines he spoke in days gone by. Even now, when he meets Congressman Julius Kahn, a colleague of the California days, Shakespearean oratoricals are impending. The sonorous voice and charming cadence of his words reflect memories of the old interpretations of Shakespeare which are especially refreshing in this tercentennial year, when the actors of today are few indeed who can effectively render the lines of the Bard of Avon.

Belasco's stage is more than a mimic world. Under his touch, the most prosaic incident may become poetical, even fantastical. Rung by rung he has climbed, never swerving from the ideals implanted in the mind of the curly-headed boy dreaming dreams in golden California.

And the youth is still with us—for David Belasco holds always the buoyant enthusiasm of the old Virginia City days—the same subtlety and charm of personality; the same quiet, clear, indomitable Napoleonic energy to carry out his plans. New lights have been thrown by this master of light upon the eternal wellspring of human love, the first-born of creation—love in its tragedy; love in its blissful triumphs.

It is Belasco's work that has created a place for the American playwright in the world's history of the drama.

Activities of the Republican National Committee

by Myrle Wright

THE familiar campaign banner suspended across Fifth Avenue, New York, indicates the location of the National Republican headquarters, within a stone's throw of another streamer at the Democratic headquarters on Forty-second Street. With the Presidential campaign well under way, the Republican National Committee, located at "511"—and eleven is the famed lucky number of the Welsh—resembles a new business operation that has taken the field with a rush with an appeal to millions of voters, while Governor Hughes continues his campaign tour, meeting over a million voters face to face. The offices were located before the new skyscraper building was completed and the elevators were taxed to capacity to care for the streams of visitors coming in to offer suggestions as to how to win the election. The eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth floors were occupied by officers of the committee, with a troop of messengers on guard outside. In opening headquarters, water tanks, desks and typewriters first appear, and then the people.

One floor was devoted to the work of the Hughes Alliance, which also includes the Women's Hughes Alliance. There is always the doorkeeper to whom the card should be given and then certain ceremonies before it reaches the distinguished authority "whoever at any time he may happen to be" (recalling Rufus Choate's apostrophe to Roxbury), inside. As usual, everybody wants to see the same person at about the same time. The office of Chairman Willcox is located well back, with supplementary reception rooms, and here the visitors feel that they must go sometime to "see the chairman." Nearby is the office of Mr. George W. Perkins, former chairman of the Progressive National Committee, in close touch with the chairman.

During a campaign there are familiar faces around headquarters. Over 150 speakers are enlisted, and the blackboard indicated just where these speakers are to appear, with dates changing to meet conditions. Night after night, the Speakers' Bureau is at work arranging itineraries, for speaking has been an important part of the campaign.

The publicity bureau in charge of Mr. D. M. Barry is a most interesting phase of the work. Mats of the best cartoons in the country are furnished the newspapers, as well as veritable miles of plate matter and special articles. The letter of Dr. Wiley telling just why he, as a Democrat, is going to support Hughes, was widely circulated. A daily wire service from Washington, furnished by an able correspondent, is sent to six hundred dailies, and from 6,500 to 7,500 newspapers are furnished with the livest campaign material that can be secured.

In a corner room Secretary James B. Reynolds presides, keeping matters balanced, with the scars of many a hard-fought campaign. Visitors come and go, some distinguished and others not so distinguished, but the evident purpose is to see that everybody has a hearing sometime at headquarters. There are the usual number of ubiquitous and important personages inflated by the dignity of a short-lived job, but as a rule, the intent and purpose of the one in charge is carried out in seeing the people and conserving every minute of time for effective work.

Less literature has been distributed this year than ever before, but the checks continue to come in to Mr. Walter Arndt, director of Publicity of the Hughes Alliance. One paradoxical fact is that a very large per cent of these numerous contributions is coming from the South from many prominent people. This can be explained from the fact that they are not in sympathy with the local organizations, but feel that they ought to do something for the success of the National party representing their principles. As one southern lady wrote: "We are voting one way, but praying for Hughes' success, because of what it means to the country at large." So a distinction is drawn between the National Republican party and local organizations.

HON. JAMES B. REYNOLDS
Secretary of the Republican National Committee

There was a businesslike atmosphere in the Woman's Hughes Alliance in charge of Miss Frances A. Kellor. A bulletin is published, which is one of the best things gotten out as far as campaign information is concerned. It is called "Hughes Campaign Service," and contains articles on different phases of the campaign, written and edited with great care. An issue early in September was replete with pertinent matter in reference to the programs of the campaign work and showing the variance of primary elections. For instance, in Seattle, they use a system of second choice voting. When four or more candidates seek party nomination and no candidate receives forty per cent of the total party vote, the second choice votes are added to the first, and the candidate receiving the largest number is the nominee.

The Republican Woman's Campaign Committee financed the G. O. P. Woman's Special to visit twenty-eight states, viz.: Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey.

Acceptances on the National Train Committee were early received from Mrs. Arthur Capper, Topeka, Kansas; Mrs. George Sutherland, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Herbert C. Humphrey, Reno, Nevada; Mrs. Thruston Ballard, Louisville, Kentucky; Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, New York; Miss Maud Wetmore, Newport, Rhode Island; Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, New York; Mrs. Geo. H. Partridge, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Mrs. Walter Damrosch, New York; Mrs. Winslow Williams, Baltimore, Maryland; Mrs. Spencer Penrose, Colorado Springs, Colorado; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, California; Mrs. Charles M. Hoffman, Newport, Rhode Island, and Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

In each state, they were met by the state reception committees, who traveled with them through the state and held meetings for both men and women. The local speakers were chiefly men, and the meetings presided over by men; the discussions being on strictly national issues.

The women who are engaged in this work are active in social and industrial movements. The train served the purpose of bringing the women together in national solidarity on a national issue. It was financed by the women who believe in a practical operation of Mr. Hughes' slogan of "America first and America efficient." The tour will serve as an education for the increasing civic responsibilities coming to the women of America and will bring together the women of the East and the West.

The visitor at the National headquarters today is impressed with the increasing activity of women in the national political campaign, and it is the first time that they have ever worked together with men at national headquarters.

In addition to the work of the National Committees, the Congressional Committees are continuing their efforts from headquarters in Washington. Election of the Senators by direct vote has combined the work that was heretofore divided in Congressional and Senatorial campaigns. Aside from obtaining a majority of the electoral vote, the main point at issue is the control of the House of Representatives and the Senate, and electing Senators by direct vote enables a party to make a quicker change in the complexion of the Senate than in previous years when election of Senators was a function of state legislators, where hold-over members of the legislature decided results. Republicans will be able this year, in the direct election of Senators, to obtain the majority, which might not have been so easy under the old system.

There has been less regard for precedent in the operation and management of campaign committees this year than ever before. No one seems to care what was done four years or eight years ago, but concentrate on what is to be done today. The similarity between the campaign of 1896 and of 1916 marks the recurring cycle of twenty years in political history.

It all comes down to the basis of neighborhood gossip. This rumor and that rumor is started—this one says that and that one says this—the more prominent the man, the more aggravating the rumor. A political campaign might be called a nationalized talkfest, and every emotion or impulse that appears to be good, may be portrayed as pernicious and used to influence votes.

The small percentage of the voters carries the balance of power and the independent voter may still strut proudly down the walk and feel that he is the court of last resort. The loyal partisan is counted upon to stand by his convictions. In the meantime, the election wagers waver up and down, discounting the future on the theory that the deciding voter would rather be with the winning than the losing party.

Photo by Alman & Co.

HON. GEORGE W. PERKINS

Who is in close touch with the chairman of the Republican committee

While political campaigns are looked upon as detrimental to general business, in another way they are a tonic, a sort of inventory, as it were, of an alert electorate. Political campaigns with all the changes and modern methods introduced are basically just the same as in the early days of the republic when the honest differences of the citizens served to maintain national equilibrium in sailing safely through the shoals that beset the democracy.

Never in our political history has the public speaker been such a potential factor as in this Presidential campaign of 1916, which is peculiarly a campaign of education. Because of this the Speakers' Bureau of the Republican National Committee is of particular importance, and under the direction of Ralph D. Cole is a compelling force with the fire and spirit of a living personality. Recognized as one of the profound political thinkers of the time, and an effective campaigner, it was fitting that he should be selected for this important work. Mr. Cole is a lawyer, and exemplifies the old-fashioned definition of a lawyer: "A gentleman learned in the law." He maintains a law office in his home city, Findlay, Ohio, and is a member of one of the leading firms of Columbus.

HON. RALPH D. COLE
Chairman of the Speakers' Bureau, Republican National Committee

For six months immediately preceding the Chicago convention, Mr. Cole traversed the continent, making Republican speeches. He knows the sentiment of the American people. He understands the issues involved in this campaign. He knows that the people are demanding facts and information. He appreciates the great change that has taken place in political oratory in the last twenty-five years. He has thoroughly systematized his Bureau. He not only assigns speakers, but he keeps them abreast of the times politically.

The importance of keeping the speakers fully informed on the development of the campaign is keenly realized by Mr. Cole and his policy is to cover all points advantageously and then keep the great army of speakers advised. The strategy of this campaign has not escaped the watchfulness of Mr. Cole, as indicated by the care, born of keen foresight and long experience, with which he laid out the campaign in Maine.

In 1873 Mr. Cole was born in Biglick Township, Hancock County, Ohio. He attended the public schools and was graduated from Findlay College with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. He served six years in the National House of Representatives. He has had an unusual and interesting public career, but it is in his own home, over which a graceful and gracious wife presides and which treasures Ralph D., Jr., that Mr. Cole is at his best. This young chap bids fair to out-do even the record of his talented father, who began his political career as a deputy county clerk, for Ralph, Jr., at the age of two years made his entrance into the political field by welcoming the next president of the United States when he addressed the people of Findlay, Ohio, on Tuesday morning, September 26.

* * *

In the closing days of the campaign, the Republican National Committee is pushing every project that will help in making votes for Hughes. It seems less of a party organization than ever before. Literature is despatched and reading articles are scattered in the various publications, on the plan of an advertising campaign, seeking to impress upon the voters that upon this result hinge matters of economic importance, and that National honor is the great issue of the day.

Campaigning with Hughes in Maine

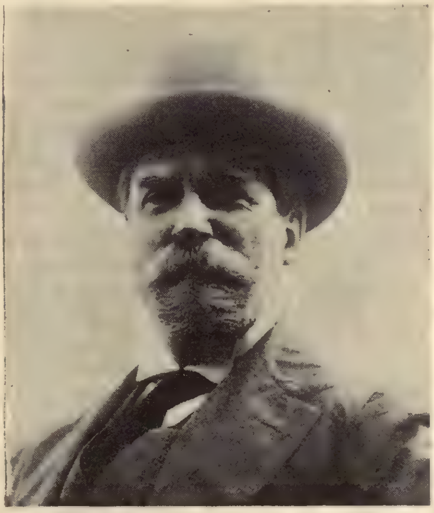
by The Editor

IT all seemed like a dream. There were only three days, according to the calendar, just three days of that whirlwind trip through Maine with Governor Hughes, but the activities of those three days I spent on the "Hughes Special" were like three weeks. Leaving Boston, there was the usual curiosity about the station to see the candidate. The Stars and Stripes on the rear of the Pullman car "Constitution" occupied by the Governor, were dusty, torn, and tattered from the tour across the continent.

At Beverly, our first stop out of Boston, the crowds were out early. In an automobile, between two flags, Hughes made his first speech in the heavy atmosphere of a foggy morning. At Hampton Beach, from a veranda overlooking the ocean, he was introduced by Governor Spalding of New Hampshire, the meeting having been arranged for by Committeeman F. W. Estabrook. Early in the speech the Democrats in the audience took occasion to interrupt. For a time it looked like another Nashville incident, but Governor Hughes, equal to the occasion, soon had everybody good-natured, and before they knew it, he was hammering away at his case.

On to historic Portsmouth in automobiles the flags and bunting appearing to increase as the trip progressed. After the rousing meeting in the Opera House at Portsmouth, the party journeyed on to York Harbor, Maine. Here was the first speech on the real battleground. The meeting was held in the open air, but buildings roundabout gave a canyon-like support and echo to his voice. It was a stirring affair. The enthusiasm seemed to intensify when the state line was crossed. Then followed an automobile trip of forty-five miles along the Atlantic coast in the heavy fog, with the automobile occupied by Governor and Mrs. Hughes in the lead. Just as the lights appeared we entered Portland over the new bridge, which is four thousand feet long.

Once in Portland, it was evident the campaign was in full swing. The streets were thronged. The new City Hall was



HON. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

ablaze with color. The opening speech was delivered by Mr. Raymond Robins, chairman of the Progressive National Convention last June. It was already evident that the firm stand taken by the Republican candidate against legislation before investigation or oppression of any kind was meeting with a hearty response. There was a quality of courage and conviction that added powerfully to the sledgehammer blows. Always enthusiastic, fair and good-natured, Mr. Hughes nevertheless pounded out his arguments as if by blows on an anvil, and they seemed to ring true in the estimation of his audience. You could see them nudging one another and nodding their heads as if to say "that's so," "there's a great point"—an unconscious approval that was not forced. The energetic clapping of hands without wild demonstration showed it. It went deeper than clamor. There was conviction. The monosyllabic words—and Hughes is a genius in the use of short words—held his hearers, and in the long sentences the throng ofttimes cheered before he reached the very last word. They understood. This was only one day's work.

MRS. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES
Wife of the Republican candidate. Snapshot taken immediately on arrival in Spokane

Bright and early the next morning the special train arrived at Lewiston, where the reception committees were on hand in full regalia. The bands played "Hail to the Chief" and the "Star Spangled Banner." After shaking hands, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes were whisked to the thronged City Hall. The introduction at Lewiston by Mr. Weber was especially fortunate; he alluded to the fact that the candidate was indeed a trustee, one worthy of the trusteeship of the executive office. This suggested to Mr. Hughes one of the happiest and strongest introductions that he had made to any of his speeches.

Mrs. Hughes was very popular with the crowds, who always insisted upon giving her a cheer as well as the candidate. She has that simple, unaffected way with a charm of its own. Having traveled nearly twelve thousand miles across the continent by rail, retiring late and up early, at the mines and over the mountains, she was indeed an ideal chum and companion. Even in the addresses, none were more ready to cheer when a good point was made than the loyal wife. And even though you had heard some of the points made over and over again, the very reiteration was fascinating, for the words and phrases were varied, and the points he made always drove home.

At Waterville, Governor Hughes had among his auditors Senator Johnson. In the athletic field of Colby College, in the hot sun, Governor Hughes spoke amid the shrieks of locomotives and clanging of bells. At Pittsfield, a general holiday was observed; they had had Senator Harding there, Senator Borah and Henry D. Estabrook, as well as Samuel Untermeyer, Secretary Daniels and Secretary Redfield —an array of oratorical talent such as has seldom appeared within the borders of a single state during a campaign.

Maine is the only state which has retained the September election, and it is an old saying that "as goes Maine, so goes the Union." This rule has had many exceptions, but there is usually enough of the spirit in a Maine campaign to indicate which way the wind is blowing.

At Pittsfield, the farmers had driven in from miles around, and everybody was in gala attire. At Bangor, in spite of a downpour of rain, the crowd gathered in the hall, where the music festival was held. Bands and parade made a fitting climax for the second day. The uniforms and torchlight processions suggested a revival of old-time political enthusiasm. The club from Oldtown cheered lustily and made a brave appearance in their overcoats of white. Mr. Satterlee, former Secretary of the Navy, stepped out on the platform, and the crowd, seeing his whiskers, cheered. When he turned around, they were sure it was Hughes, and cheered louder. Then the candidate appeared and began his address in an atmosphere of good-nature.

The special train consisted of three cars occupied by seventeen newspaper men and the four reporters. They took the speeches in relays, so that a copy was delivered intact ten minutes after the address was finished. The train was in charge of Colonel Charles W. Farnham of New York, who is a past master at handling political campaign tours. He knows just what to do and how to arrange every detail so that there is no friction. The party slept on the cars and were away bright and early in the morning for Augusta, the state capital. Here, in the square near the depot, great crowds gathered; the reception seeming to grow in intensity from town to town. Open-air speeches apparently did not affect the strong, vigorous voice of the candidate. Augusta was the home of James G. Blaine, and memories were awakened of the famous campaigns of years ago. There was a general feeling that the Republican tidal wave had started in Maine.

At Brunswick, where Bowdoin College is located, and where Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Governor Hughes was well received. A discussion of the Shipping Bill was particularly appropriate at Bath, famous for its shipbuilding plants. This series of addresses seemed to be all-comprehensive, embracing as it did a discussion of vital national issues.

From Bath on to Damariscotta, one of the historical old towns in Maine, where the people had gathered at the station with flags and bands. The climax of the three-days' tour occurred at Rockland, the old home of Congressman Charles Littlefield, where the meeting was held in a great tent, following one of the largest parades that had been witnessed in the city for many years. Even where the sides of the tent were down, crowds gathered outside, and the voice of the speaker was heard some distance away. The riveted and respectful attention of the audience indicated that some thinking was being done.

HON. BERT M. FERNALD

Who was elected United States Senator in the recent Maine Republican victory. Mr. Fernald won over his Democratic opponent by about 13,000 votes

It was evident that a reunited party would present a solid front at the polls, even before the fateful Monday. At Waterville, Senator Lodge had made an address that shook up the old-timers. Samuel Untermeyer's article in the New

York *Herald*, written after campaigning in Maine for Wilson, stirred up the home folks. He declared that the voters of Maine could not understand a discussion of national issues, and that they talked of "them darn Mexicans."

A modern campaign tour is thoroughly organized. Dr. Norman Dittman was on hand to care for the throat of the candidate, but his services were not required, for Governor Hughes was never in better physical condition.

COL. FREDERICK HALE
Elected United States Senator by the Republican party with a plurality of 10,000 over Senator Johnson, the Democratic nominee

One of the features of the candidate's "special" was taking the pictures en route. Mr. Carl Fasold of Pathe and J. L. Barrios of Underwood, never let an opportunity pass for an effective snapshot of speaker or parade. The correspondents en tour were recruited by a number of New England newspaper men on the trip through Maine, and the wires were kept tingling with the reports from town to town. There was a room in the car filled with flowers presented to Mrs. Hughes, which were later delivered to hospitals in various cities.

The brilliant lights of the evening meetings, with the national colors, bands playing, and the next morning at early hour the speaking, parade, and similar routine occurred at almost every hour of the live-long day from seven o'clock a. m. until twelve midnight. The mood of every hour was met by Governor Hughes in his coast-to-coast campaign.

Between stops the speaker would try to catch a little rest, but the throngs of reception committees getting on the train to bid welcome gave him but few moments alone. Sitting in his study on the "Constitution," there was an earnestness in his conversation that indicated that he felt he was making himself and his position clearly understood to his audiences—that was his concentrated purpose. Free from the bedlam of political methods, Charles Evans Hughes seemed a most distinctive and individualistic candidate. Everything was straightforward and to the point. Always maintaining his poise, yet full of the most quiet humor in private and on the platform. A little party was given by Mrs. Hughes for the passengers on the special train, and grape juice was served. Mr. Hughes insisted that the beverage was served in honor of Mr. Bryan.

The reports that were current in some of the newspapers that Hughes was not a success as a campaigner show how difficult it is sometimes to get the real truth of a situation from fragmentary reports. It was evident to keen observers from every point on the tour that whatever may have been the apathy of the voters of Maine toward national issues early in the campaign, it rapidly disappeared the moment the "spokesman" or leader of the Republican party appeared and in his masterful way clarified and simplified the issues without prejudice or passion. Many towns that he visited will date events from the time "when Hughes was there," for everywhere he was greeted as the next President of the United States.

Hughes and harmony are not only alliterative, but synonymous, for old political foes of four years ago appeared on the same platform and worked together with enthusiasm. Mr. Medill McCormick, candidate for Congressman-at-large in Illinois, former vice-chairman of the National Progressive Party, and publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, made a number of speeches through Maine and returned to Boston with the Presidential party.

No Presidential candidate has made a swing around the circle through Maine since the time of Blaine. There was harmony between the local committees and the National Committee. You could hear local committees expressing their appreciation of what was being done for them and giving those sent by the National Committee every consideration. Many times Republicans felt that in the candidacy of Charles Evans Hughes their party had had a new birth and a new vigor.

Hughes believes in preparedness. Proof? At Lewiston he was attacked by Mr. Samuel Gompers, of the Federation of Labor, and with a grim smile he read from the organ of organized labor an article which called him the greatest friend of labor that ever occupied the Governor's chair in New York or in any state, and that out of a total of one hundred and thirty-three labor laws passed by New York since it became a state, over one-third of them were enacted and signed by Charles Evans Hughes. This served to spike the guns in the charge that he was not and had not been a real and true friend to labor. The telling points on the Mexican policy, on the strike situation, and his trenchant and well-fortified argument for protection, served to give every voter who had the slightest virus of Republicanism in his veins a good chance to come right within the fold of his party.

Photo by J.E. Purdy & Co.

CARL E. MILLIKEN
Governor-elect of Maine

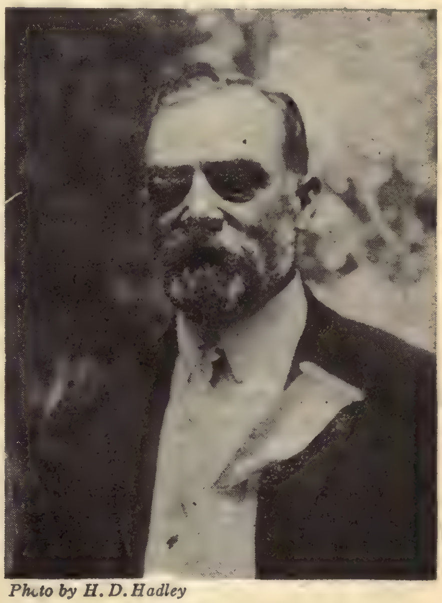


Photo by H. D. Hadley

SYLVESTER BRIERTON
The Brooklyn detective who has guarded Hughes in all his political campaigns

The campaign at Rockland closed on Saturday night, and the next morning found Governor and Mrs. Hughes at the Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston, enjoying a refreshing change in an apartment that was not on wheels. They went to church and spent a quiet and restful Sunday, then off again for the state fair at Syracuse, New York, on to Plattsburg to the military camp, where he heard the welcome news of the returns from Maine which gave the Republicans a clean sweep, indicating encouraging results from his arduous and memorable Maine campaign, adding another chapter to the political history of the country.

Mobilizing the Independents for Hughes

How the Hughes Alliance of 1908 Grew Into the National Hughes Alliance of 1916

by John M. Oskison

DO you believe that Hughes ought to be President? If you do, you are qualified for membership in the National Hughes Alliance, the distinctly new organization in this year's presidential campaign, which is working for the election of Charles E. Hughes, and is nominally, financially, and actually independent. Man or woman, male voter or suffragette, minor or woman citizen can join.

Join this Alliance, and no questions will be asked—whether you are habitually a Democrat, a Progressive, a Republican won't be important. You'll find plenty of your sort in the Alliance. Join and you will be set to work to help elect Hughes. You will get a neat bronze button and some surprisingly well-written literature. You will be turned loose to show your faith in the high purpose of Hughes. Give money if you can, but that isn't very important. What the Alliance desires is your personal support if you have made up your mind honestly that the country needs Hughes as President.

Like most good new things, the National Hughes Alliance is an outgrowth of an older movement.

After making a wonderful record as the public's attorney and friend in the New York City gas and insurance investigations, Hughes was named as the Republican candidate for Governor. The old party organization didn't want him, but took him as the most available man to beat the Democrats.

Hughes was elected, and went into office at the beginning of 1907. In 1908, when another election for Governor was impending, there seemed to be less eagerness to renominate him than there had been to name him in 1906. It appeared to a considerable group of the Governor's friends that it was time to act if his usefulness to the State was to be continued.

Their action was prompt. They organized a Hughes Alliance, inviting everybody to join who wanted to see the Governor re-elected. A former mayor of Brooklyn, Mr. Charles A. Scheiren, was chosen as head of the Alliance. Mr. Andrew Carnegie was an active member.

After Mr. Hughes became Governor for the second time, the Hughes Alliance went out of existence. It celebrated its demise with a dinner at the Hotel Astor in New York City. Four hundred "original Hughes men" attended, and while Mr. Carnegie was paying his tribute to the Governor, a nearby diner leaned over to whisper, "Our next President."

"Don't whisper that—say it out loud!" cried Mr. Carnegie. Thus with a boost toward the White House—the first recorded—the original Hughes Alliance ceased to be.

Just before his second term as Governor ended (in October, 1910), Mr. Hughes went to the Supreme Court. Apparently the usefulness of the Alliance was forever ended.

History repeated its old trick. As the Republican party of New York in 1906 couldn't find any other strong candidate except Hughes, the merciless investigator, so in 1916 the Republican party of the nation could name no stronger candidate for president than Justice Hughes.

He was named by the Chicago convention; he resigned from the Supreme Court bench; he accepted the nomination. On June 12 he arrived in New York with his secretary, Lawrence Green, and only a suitcase for baggage. He had no campaign manager, no office, no organization; and his two rooms at the Hotel Astor (where the dinner of 1908 was held) instantly became a chaos of visiting friends, messenger boys and an avalanche of mail.

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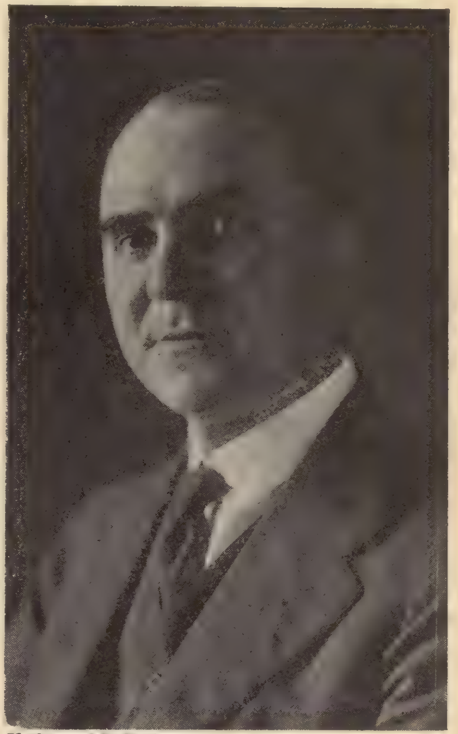
W. CAMERON FORBES
President of the National Hughes Alliance

Among the first callers were a few men of the old Hughes Alliance. They volunteered to help, and Mr. Hughes was glad to have them. They took rooms at the Astor, and organized temporarily the new National Hughes Alliance with Darwin R. James, Jr., as president and Walter T. Arndt, an active worker of the days of 1908, as secretary.

For a month, the Alliance was the only organization Hughes had actively at work. The Republican National Committee then made William R. Willcox chairman, and in July Philip J. McCook, speaking for the National Hughes Alliance, offered to Mr. Hughes and Mr. Willcox its support. He explained the purpose of the Alliance with great clearness:


Underwood & Underwood

PHILIP J. McCOOK
Vice-president of the National Hughes Alliance

"We have no aim except to aid in the election of Charles E. Hughes as President.

"We have no purpose except to help, in such ways as seem best to you and to us, in electing Mr. Hughes.

"We have no plan except to work with you and others for the election of Mr. Hughes.

"That is our sole test of membership; is a man willing to work for the election of Charles E. Hughes? That will be our sole test of what we do in this campaign—will it help the common cause of electing Charles E. Hughes?

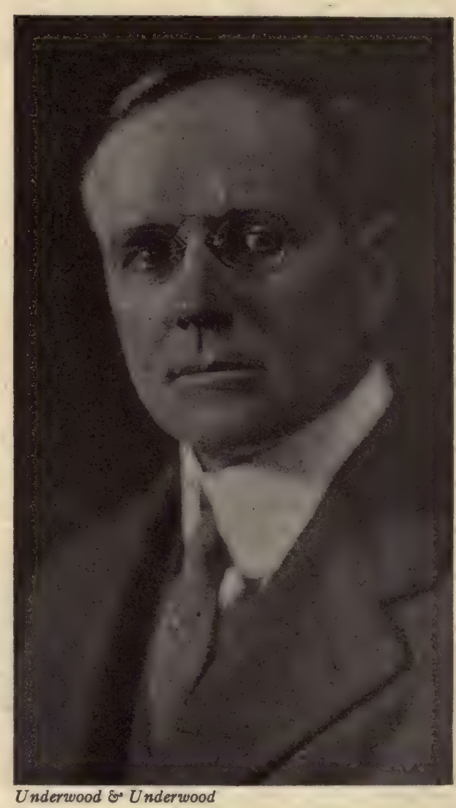
"Needless to say to either of you, the Hughes Alliance does not covet for itself any role of independent existence, as a political party or as the faction of a political party. We do not offer a substitute for that kind of conscientious and constructive political service which can be most effective when rendered through party channels.

A. W. SHAW
Treasurer of the National Hughes Alliance, and president of the A. W. Shaw Company

"We shall endeavor to aid and strengthen the efforts of every man and every organization working for the election of Mr. Hughes, and no man by joining the Alliance will commit himself to anything except willingness to work for Mr. Hughes this year. The Democrat may come to us without feeling that he has abandoned his party or its traditions and historic principles. A Progressive may come to us without feeling that he is either leaving his party or joining any other, or that he has impaired that freedom of action and rectitude of political conscience which Progressives believe have been their peculiar heritage. Any Republican may come to us without feeling he has impaired the efficiency of his party organization, or that he has lent himself to any movement which will prove hostile to it."

Mr. Willcox replied:

"The candidacy of Charles E. Hughes for the Presidency makes a broad and stirring appeal to all Americans, regardless of race, creed, or occupation or distinction. Many men and women who rarely, if ever, have voted a Republican National ticket will this year vote for Governor Hughes. Democrats and Progressives, as well as Independents, without regard to their present political affiliations, want to work and vote for Mr. Hughes. I would feel myself a poor sort of National Chairman if I did not candidly recognize this fact, and give all encouragement to any sound means of enlisting and getting in motion this independent support of the candidate nominated by the Republican party in this hour of National need."



Underwood & Underwood

CAPT. ARTHUR F. COSBY
Secretary of the National Hughes Alliance

Roosevelt came out for Hughes, and brought over to the Alliance those enthusiastic thousands who had organized to support his nomination at Chicago. A permanent organization was perfected with W. Cameron Forbes, former Governor-General of the Philippines, president; Philip J. McCook, vice-president; Captain Arthur F. Cosby, a Rough Rider with Roosevelt, secretary; and A. W. Shaw of Chicago, treasurer. Our two living ex-Presidents, Roosevelt and Taft, became members.

Mr. Raymond Robins, chairman of the high-pressure Progressive Convention, joined, and wrote a ringing argument for the election of Hughes which the Alliance circulated widely as a paid advertisement. Other Progressives, like George von L. Meyer of Massachusetts, Truman H. Newberry of Michigan, William Dudley Foulke of Indiana, and William H. Childs of New York, were put on the National Council. Henry W. Anderson, Democrat and distinguished lawyer of Virginia, was put on the Council to represent the many Southern Democrats who want to see Hughes elected. From amongst the independent Democrats of New York, the Council drew George Haven Putnam, the publisher; James Byrne, a leading lawyer; and William G. Willcox, president of the Board of Education.

George F. Edmunds of Vermont, a veteran Republican, who received ninety-three votes for the nomination for President in the convention of 1884, joined the Council. Others amongst the Republicans who come into the Council were Joseph H. Choate, Elihu Root, and Henry L. Stimson. Augustus E. Willson, former Governor of Kentucky and Herbert J. Hagerman, former Governor of New Mexico, were put on the Council, as were H. Clay Evans of Tennessee, former Secretary of the Treasury Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, Robert T. Lincoln and Julius Rosenwald of Illinois. Frederick R. Hazard, a classmate of Hughes at Brown University; Charles A. Coffin and Horace Porter, diplomat, soldier and author, completed the roll of Council members.

A vigorous campaign of publicity through magazine and newspaper advertising was undertaken. Organizers were sent into all the states to bring together local Hughes Alliances. Endless chain coupon plans were initiated. Membership piled up rapidly. The proportion of enrollments from the South was simply remarkable.

An exceedingly vigorous branch of the National Hughes Alliance is the Women's Committee under the chairmanship of Miss Frances A. Kellor. Though independent of the Alliance financially and in its work, its aim is identical. Its campaign among the women voters and non-voters has been most vigorous. Its enrollment soon reached the one hundred thousand mark.

Underwood & Underwood

WALTER T. ARNDT
Publicity director of the National Hughes Alliance

Such is the National Hughes Alliance—a modern idea for the effective mobilization of Independents in support of a man whose whole career has expressed a dominant spirit of independent action. The organization is the first of the kind that has ever taken part in a presidential campaign.

Why Wilson Should be Re-elected

by George Creel

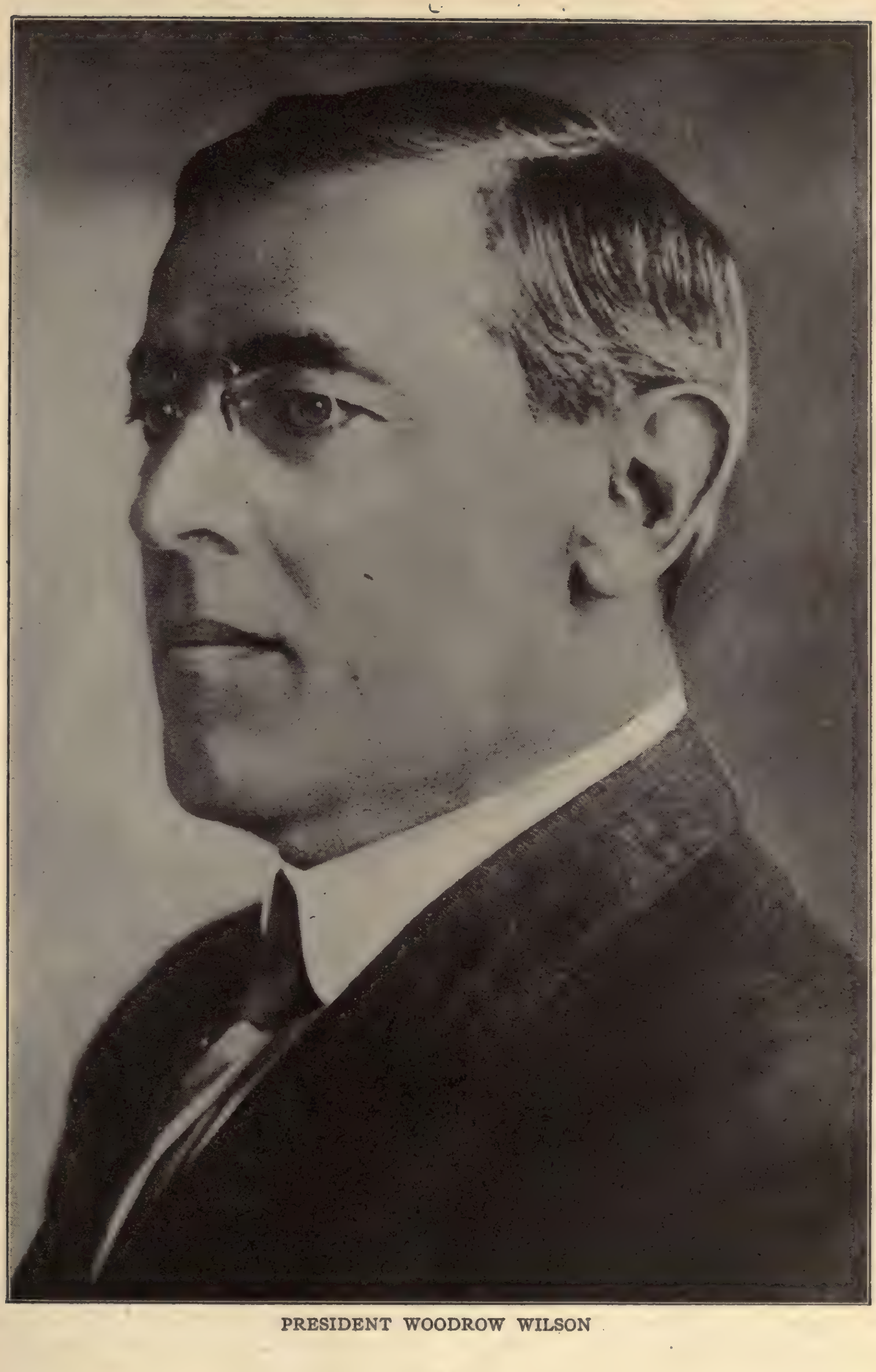
WOODROW WILSON does not stand before the people of the United States as any mere partisan, concerned only with spoils and power, but as the inspired leader in a great and crucial struggle that is to determine the fate of democracy. It is the Declaration of Independence itself that is at stake; the determination is not between two presidential candidates, but between popular government as an actuality and popular government as a campaign catchword.

More clearly than would be possible with words, the forces of opposition define the issues. In the army that has been marshalled to defeat him may be found every evil, undemocratic influence: High Finance, eager to exploit weak peoples and undeveloped countries even as they have exploited the United States; Organized Greed with insistence upon its right to monopolize the necessities of life; Invisible Government, struggling to regain its former control of courts, legislatures and Congress; Arrogant Individualism, with its denial of the rights of workers and its contempt of humane legislation; Bossism, dreaming of the days of Hanna; the Alien Conspiracy, bold in its impudent demand that Berlin shall be permitted to dictate the foreign policy of America; Jingoes, child labor cormorants, concessionaires, Shylock bankers, and those who plot the seizure of the natural resources.

Few Presidents have been so fortunate in their enemies. Their hatred is a testimonial to courage, purpose and achievement that would be fulsome did it come from Woodrow Wilson's friends.

It is not that the man is a herald. The fight for *real* democracy is one hundred and thirty-eight years old, and in the last decade, particularly, there has been steady assault upon evil and outworn institutions. These passionate gropings of the spirit of America in the direction of ideals professed and not practiced have merely lacked leadership and authoritative expression. This is what Woodrow Wilson has given. He comes as a captain, as a voice. He fits the needs of the bloodless revolution as skin fits the hand, bringing *direction* to the struggle for a nobler fulfillment of the hopes and aspirations of those who first sought refuge in the New World from the oppressions of the Old.

Were he simply an idealist, power and millions would not be arrayed against him. Idealists before him have had their day of failure and ridicule. Or were he simply a driving sort, concerned only with the obvious, antagonism would not be so furious and hysterical. What angers, what alarms, is the proved fact that he joins indomitable idealism with indomitable action, that he has force as well as faith, executive genius as well as democratic vision. The bitterness is not against his "theories;" his crime is that he has put every theory into practice. He has taken idealism out of its cotton wrappings and put it in overalls for the doing of the day's work.



PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

More than any other president, Woodrow Wilson has been faced by varied and complex problems involving every fundamental principle upon which the nation is builded; not one has he shirked or evaded, and in no single instance has his courageous solution failed to be guided by a resolute and abiding faith in the eternal justice of those principles. Nothing is more safe than the assertion that history will write him down as a master of tremendous achievement, and that in spite of every calumny, misinterpretation, misunderstanding and discouragement.

* * *

At the time that he took office, it was said truly that America witnessed a race between reformation and revolution. As a result of Republican rule, the people were without rights that a privileged class felt bound to respect. Huge monopolies, made possible by the Payne-Aldrich law, battened on consumers; public servants obeyed secret masters; workers were robbed of protection guaranteed by the Constitution; the employment of five million men was so casual that it bordered on vagrancy, and every city had its breadline; natural resources were regarded as legitimate plunder; revenues were derived from taxes on things consumed by the poor; two million little children drudged in hopelessness, and a rigid, inelastic banking system put supreme power in a small group, throttling credit, hampering enterprise, and causing recurrent panics that entailed wholesale ruin and disaster.

At his back, constituting his fighting force, was a party that for fifty years had been a party of opposition, an organization barren of constructive ideas, and with ideals grown stale by long exposure in campaign show windows. An undisciplined, reckless following, impatient of authority, and with the head of Cleveland still carried on a pike staff. Behind him were two presidential traditions—the Roosevelt way, with full emphasis upon personal popularity and small regard for accomplishment, and the Taft conception of the White House as an elevated place from which to view the activities of Congress.

The tariff legislation made immediate test of his courage and his capacity. Even though the Democratic promise of revision downward had been explicit, the fact that many Democratic states relied heavily upon protected industries soon evolved a spirit of compromise and evasion. Against the advice of many party leaders, who had the fate of Cleveland and Taft in mind, President Wilson convened Congress in special session, and drove through such full, honest redemption of the platform pledge as straightway relieved one hundred million consumers from the extortions of the Payne-Aldrich law.

For the first time in history, tariff legislation was unaccompanied by scandal and corruption; as never before, patronage played no part in vote-getting. As a consequence of the victory, these truths were made to stand clear: that the President regarded himself as the one responsible leader, that he had the ability to lead, that his leadership would be in the single direction of democracy, and that he meant to base his authority upon patriotism, and not at all upon patronage.

Without halt he moved on to the currency question that for forty years had been a thing of muddle and disgrace, and pressed for the passage of the Federal Reserve bill. Led by Elihu Root, who thundered against it as a "measure of disaster and ruin," the Republican minority fought as a unit, aided by Democrats still under the control of sinister influences. Again were the ideals and leadership of the President victorious.

* * *

The Panama tolls exemption provision was a third great battle that furnished final, conclusive proof of Woodrow Wilson's ability to put principles into practice. It is true enough that there were no "ifs" in that clause in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty which said that "the canal shall be free and open to vessels of commerce and war of all nations observing these rules on terms of absolute equality." The forces of privilege, however, had vital interest in compelling the violation of the treaty, for in toll exemptions the coastwise shipping monopoly saw a chance to obtain the subsidies denied by a fixed public policy. Too much significance cannot be attached to the victory, for the issue was clean-cut between money and justice, between practicality and principles, between the arrogant privileged interests and the unorganized mass.

* * *

Working with certainty and swift precision, one by one has Woodrow Wilson met the obligations of his faith and the needs of the day. The Federal Trade Commission has been interposed between the consumer and monopoly; the Rural Credits law unlocks the prison door of agriculture, putting farmers upon an equality with all others who have genuine assets, and making credit available to them; the Good Roads act, with its appropriation of eighty-five million dollars to aid the several states in the construction of highways, aids agriculture still further, and permits full extension of rural delivery; the Alaska railway law has opened up the imprisoned resources of that rich region, even while guarding them against private pillage, and the shipping embargo on America, and the monoploy of the seas, which have subjected our products to such terms and charges as Europe has seen fit to impose, will be checked by the Shipping bill which opens up the ports of South America and the Orient to our industry and energy.

It is not legitimate business that Woodrow Wilson has fought with these laws, but *loaded dice business*. It is not enterprise that he has curbed, but criminal greed. As never before, the Government stands squarely behind honest industry, aiding it, protecting it, advancing it. Only lawless rapacity has been given ground for complaint.

For years Social Justice was a cry in the wilderness, the unrealized dream of earnest thousands, the catch-penny device of hypocritical politicians. It remained for Woodrow Wilson to translate human sympathy into political action, achieving steadily while charlatans promised.

The Seamen's law wipes out the last remaining Fugitive Slave law upon the statute books of America, freeing the sailor from revolting oppressions, and lifting him to the level of free labor; the Clayton Anti-Trust law, fought as few laws have been fought, is now seen to be industry's Magna Charta, ending the issuance of injunctions without a hearing, imprisonment without a jury trial, and the rape of Constitutional rights.

The creation of a separate Department of Labor granted humanity equal recognition with property, and under the administration of a good and noble man, much of the hate and cruelty has been taken out of industry. Greater safeguards have been thrown about the rights of the alien, a federal employment bureau has found work for over seventy thousand men, and hundreds of strikes have been averted or settled by federal mediation under the Trades Disputes act.

Neither under the administration of Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft was any honest effort made to end the shocking conditions under which industry rested upon the bended backs of two million children. Not only did President Wilson insist upon the introduction of a bill that would release these little ones from the steel jaws of the industrial machine, but when political chicanery bade fair to prevent its passage, he went personally to the Capitol and informed Democratic leaders that the dictates of humanity must *not* be defied.

It is due to his inspiration that the Workmen's Compensation principle has been enacted into law; that safety and sanitation measures are now on the books of the nation, and that the eight hour day now governs all work done by the government as well as all work done for the government; it is through the iron force of his keen sympathy with the common man that the expenses of preparedness will be paid for by a tax on incomes, inheritances and munitions. From these sources three hundred million dollars will be raised that under Republican rule would have been collected by stamp taxes on things that the poor consume.

* * *

And best of all, and greatest thing of all, that the dead hand of the past might be lifted from the present, that human rights should not be subordinated to property rights, and that law might be viewed in the light of twenty centuries of progress, he placed Louis D. Brandeis and John H. Clarke upon the Supreme Court of the United States.

No President has achieved so hugely. It is a victory for reformation that

Woodrow Wilson has won; his courage and statesmanship have made it possible to bring about inevitable readjustments in safety and sanity. He stands today, as he will stand in history, as a finer, firmer champion of law and order than those who attack him in defense of indefensible privileges.

These domestic policies, however, this record of tremendous accomplishment, will not be touched upon. It is for these things that he is hated, and that he is fought, but so ignoble a hatred may not be confessed. It is a prophecy that neither Mr. Hughes nor any orator of the opposition will ever mention a single industrial or economic issue. All emphasis will be placed upon direct appeals to those passions of human nature that have their roots in prejudice, emotionalism and hysteria.

The moral courage of neutrality is colorless indeed when compared with the physical courage of war; when all the world is at one another's throats, inactivity is bound to take on an appearance of poltroonery. It is President Wilson's offense that he has not been able to hit upon some plan of procedure that would afford all the excitement and heroism of war without the bloodshed and desolation of war.

* * *

Mexico, Belgium and the Lusitania are to be the Republican "issues." It is "national honor" that will be cried through the country by the tariff swine, the Shylock bankers, the child labor exploiters, the concessionaries, the financiers who want to use the navy as a collection agency, the munition traffickers, and those other patriots who made money during the Spanish-American war by the sale of embalmed beef and paper-soled shoes.

And yet, when examined in connection with the *facts*, these chosen "issues" present unanswerable arguments for the reelection of Woodrow Wilson. The laws that are to the credit of his administration, great as they are, bespeak no more than honesty, courage, and a singular capacity for leadership. It is in his foreign policy that vision is found, and statesmanship, and idealism, and steadfast devotion to the fundamental tenets of democracy.

Mexico is a country of fifteen million people, where ten thousand have owned every inch of the land, dooming the rest to illiteracy, slavery and a vast hopelessness. The revolution is an ugly thing, as are all rebellions, but deep down below the surface muddle, and far removed from the quarrels of rival chieftains, there are millions of fathers and mothers dreaming a dream for children born and unborn. It is this aspiration that Woodrow Wilson has had the vision to see, the soul to hear.

He has stood like iron against the clamor of concessionaires willing to return a people to misery for the sake of dividends, willing to sacrifice the youth of America on the grimy altar of their own rapacity; neither has he yielded to the impatience of more honest people, irritated into forgetfulness of Washington's "anarchistic" struggle, and the fact that France and England seriously contemplated intervention during our own Civil War because America's continued strife injured foreign profits.

* * *

It was not alone that recognition of Huerta involved a sanction of assassination and acquiescence in the legitimacy of murder as a substitute for constitutional procedure. The official existence of the murderer promised a restoration of the tyrannies of Diaz, a return of all the old cruelties that feed hatred and rebellion. Lasting peace may not come to Mexico until certain fundamental reforms are accomplished that will give the people land, hope, education and justice, and it is in this belief that Woodrow Wilson has worked and is working.

When Admiral Mayo, as the result of the arrest of his men by Huerta officials at Tampico, issued a demand for a salute that was in effect an ultimatum, the President did not deny support, though making it clear that action was leveled against an insolent usurper and not against the Mexican people. Vera Cruz was occupied, not to *compel* the salute, but to *punish* for failure to salute, and when this punishment had been carried to the point of Huerta's downfall, the city was returned to the Mexican people.

His policy is one of helpfulness and hopefulness, and at every point it aligns justice against bullying, peace against war and democracy against dividends. Just as

Mexico has been the test of Woodrow Wilson, so is it the test of the American people. From first to last, the President has affirmed his faith in free institutions, not for the United States alone, but for all nations harboring the aspiration. He voices the granite conviction that a country has the right to live its independent life and he has not failed to remember that America itself came to self-government through years of blood and revolution.

* * *

With regard to Belgium and the Lusitania, they instance, as does nothing else, the desperate attempt that is being made to have hypocrisy adopted as the governing principle in our national life. Not only was the United States bound by no treaty that compelled American intervention, but during the whole year that followed not a single voice was raised in a demand for official protest. The full cruelty of the German occupation did not develop for months, and not once did a Republican member of Congress, or a Republican presidential possibility, dissent from the popular command that the United States "must keep out of it."

The Lusitania warning—vague at best, and buried among other advertisements, appeared just before the sailing of the ship, and even among those who saw it, excited derision only. Every fact of civilization made the threat incredible, and when office seekers insist that "firm action" could have prevented the tragedy, their attempt to capitalize the dead may not be described except as the ultimate baseness.

Two courses only were open to Woodrow Wilson; war or diplomacy, notes or bullets. He held to peace because peace promised victories that could not be gained by war. By virtue of steady, unyielding moral pressure, Germany was compelled to recognize the rights of humanity and the rights of neutral nations, with the result that international law remains a force, that the United States still stands upon the hilltop, holding fast to the ideals that are the hope of civilization. Belgium continues to be fed, the hand of our ambassador protects the butchery-threatened thousands of Armenia, and our peace is the peace of neutral countries, saved from the abyss by Woodrow Wilson's vision.

What is it that the militarists desire that has not been gained by the President's "notes?" Killing for the love of killing? Bloodshed out of blood lust?

If diplomacy, with its victories, is to be given over in favor of the harsh uncertainties of war, it is not one nation that must be fought but *all*. Germany is not alone in her offending, for England has violated rule after rule in the matter of contraband; the Allies marched across Greece even as the Kaiser marched across Belgium, though with no such ghastly result, and Japan has disregarded justice in her treatment of China.

* * *

Adding to the burdens of the President, complicating his problem, an alien conspiracy developed, and a "professional German-American" element, co-operating with paid agents of Berlin, raised boldly the black flag of treason. Working through a foreign language press, and such American newspapers as could be bought or coerced, instituting a policy of terrorism, and serving Black Hand notices upon members of Congress, an insolent demand took form that the President of the United States should acknowledge the Kaiser as an overlord.

Has Woodrow Wilson's challenge to a faltering Congress been so soon forgotten? Will it fail to be remembered that when no other public man had courage to stand firm against blackmail, he forced the vote that made every representative of the people choose between America and the enemies of America?

Today, when those who cry "national honor" are truckling to alien conspirators, trading their Americanism for votes, putting the spoils of party victory above love of country, Woodrow Wilson alone dares to insist upon "America first."

With respect to the national defense, the record of the President is no less impregnable. As never before in the history of the nation, the United States is guarded against armed invasion or unbearable aggression. Inheriting a junkpile navy and a farcical army from Republican predecessors, he has given sane leadership to the fight for enlargement and betterment, with the result that home defense is emerging from chaos, while the Navy bill, in the opinion of Admiral Dewey, is "the best ever passed by any Congress."

Along with this, his wisdom divined the need of an *industrial preparedness*, and under the direction of thirty thousand engineers, scientists and technicians—unpaid but not unhonored—the industries of the United States are being inventoried and co-ordinated, an industrial reserve is being formed, and peace itself is being strengthened and enriched.

* * *

The Republican complaint is not against *lack* of preparedness, but against the bitter fact that it is a preparedness for defense, not aggression. It is Woodrow Wilson's crime that he has not forced universal compulsory military service, so that the youth of the country may be saturated with the militaristic tradition and imbued with the spirit of Congress; it is his definite offense that he has refused to turn the Navy over to Dollar Diplomacy to be used as a collection agency.

Here lies the great issue of the campaign, for it demands of the people a decision between Democracy and Imperialism. The great financial interests are seeking fields for the investment of their surplus capital. Having been checked in their exploitation of America by the Wilson legislation, they are on the hunt for weak peoples and undeveloped countries in which greed will know no restraining law. To eliminate the element of chance, in plain words, to load the dice, High Finance needs a subservient president, a State Department willing to lend its aid in the matter of concessions and privileges, and an army and the navy to guarantee the gambles.

It is these forces that Woodrow Wilson defeated when he refused sanction to the Chinese loan; it is these forces that are behind the demand for intervention in Mexico; it is these forces that have manufactured the hysteria in connection with preparedness. Behind all agitation their greed lies in cold coils.

Whether it be as statesman, patriot or leader, whether it be with respect to domestic policy or foreign, Woodrow Wilson stands among the greatest Presidents, the great men of all time. He has made liberty, equality and justice *real* things; the creative genius of a people has been recovered; the eyes of a people have been lifted from mean ruts to the stars of an ancient faith.

The policies that were said to "shame" the United States have come to be recognized as fundamental truths to which there will be universal repair in the time when war-wrecked nations gather to remold their shattered destinies. Woodrow Wilson has proved that slaughter is not the only solution of international disputes, and that purity of purpose possesses compulsion as well as field guns. He has denied the lie that international relations are inescapably hostile, and a new national pride is commencing to place emphasis upon leadership in justice rather than in brute force.

The larger good of the Wilson policies, to be sure, is found in a people's recovery of faith, ideals, and self-respect, but there are tremendous returns, nevertheless, that can be measured in dollars and cents. In summing up these tangible benefits, there is an almost indecent exposure of materialism and the sham practicality that it has been preaching.

War would have doubled and trebled the national debt and saddled every back with a crushing load of taxation. Nor can there be any possible approximation of the sad army of widows and orphans, the thousands crippled in body and in mind, and the hurt to the nation in lost strength, perished ideals, and crushed aspiration. The greed and inhumanity that are inseparable from armed conflict would have taken charge of American life, and the whole wonderful movement for social justice would have been set back immeasurably, if not crushed absolutely.

* * *

Tariff legislation more than any other one thing has been the source of the corruption that has rotted public service, and in the growth of the sinister privileges fostered by the system there is almost sole responsibility for the perversion of American ideals. This cancer has been cut out, and we are freed from a creeping death. States that were rendered parasitic by public largess are already struggling back to intelligent industry. Everywhere from coast to coast endeavor is taking a wider, more virile sweep since being stood upon its own feet and forced to rely on its own resources.

Toll exemptions, by putting an indirect subsidy to the coastwise shipping monopoly above treaty obligations, would have made the pledged word of the United States a sneer in every land, and put us among the outlaw nations of the world.

Today, when the European war has put great trade possibilities within our grasp, High Finance would have had us impoverished and disorganized, at war with Mexico, and facing the hatred of the republics of South and Central America, and the suspicion of all other countries forced to seek new commercial relations.

The Woodrow Wilson policy of justice, rather than a course of mean rapacity, has given the Monroe Doctrine a meaning never before possessed. In the light of this new meaning, the twenty-one republics of America have abated their hate and fear, and in the spirit of generous copartnership, are marching forward with us to the consummation of plans that guarantee spiritual as well as territorial integrity.

The Federal Reserve bill has lifted the burdens of usury from the backs of millions, done away with the old fear of panics, facilitated the movement of crops, loosened Wall Street's grip upon the throat of the country and made the United States the *dominant money power of the world.*

* * *

At every turn in the tortuous path that this man has been called upon to tread, he has destroyed national evils, aroused international ideals, saved the national purse, conserved the national energies, and given us confidence in ourselves besides inspiring and deserving the confidence of others.

A people manumitted and facing the heights, a nation respected of the world, if not loved by belligerents who beg our aid, peace and prosperity—against these tangible benefits how unutterably sordid and shabby stand the returns that were promised by the mean, destructive program of the materialists who have been imposing the doctrines of their sham practicability upon the United States for so long a time.

The ultimates involved by the election have far larger implication than mere individual victory or defeat. It is the capacity of a people for self-government that is on trial; it is common decency and common honesty that are up for test. The enemies of Woodrow Wilson are the enemies of the republic; the hatreds that he has aroused are the hatreds aroused by every faithful servant, and the attack upon him is but a phase of the age-old attack upon democracy.

It is not alone Americanism that is at stake, but civilization as well. A repudiation of Woodrow Wilson involves a repudiation of the traditional policy of neutrality, and a return to the evil days when every "insult" meant war, when every war was a world war, when blood lust ruled, and when human life was a pawn in the greedy game of acquisition.

Never was choice so plain. It is between a shining record and empty claims; between equal justice and special privilege; between popular government and Hannaism; between peace and honor and war and conquest; between democracy and empire; between national defense and militarism; between hypocrisy and sincerity; between loyalty and treason; between America First and America Last.

How the Democratic Campaign Committee Works

by

George Willoughby

THE lull between Presidential campaigns has made political committees ever subject to alliances that cannot be counted on from one campaign to another. Consequently, the campaign impulse of the moment has prevailed—especially in the matter of raising the money required to defray campaign expenses. The triumph of practical business methods has been demonstrated by the work of the Democratic National Committee in 1916, in the pursuit of a plan to raise money direct from the people—establishing a precedent which cannot be overlooked in the future. The most effective way to control legislation is to finance the campaigns, which is getting at the tap roots. The money furnished to elect men to office, consciously or unconsciously controls the actions of these men afterwards. The Democratic Committee of 1916 is working on the theory that it has something to sell and that the provision for ways and means for carrying an election must come direct from the people rather than from concentrated corporation contributions. The National Democratic Committee was the first to organize on this plan.

No sooner had the selection of Mr. Vance McCormick as Chairman been made than headquarters were opened and systematic work begun. It was realized at the outset that contributions must be secured from individuals scattered in every state who favored the policies of the Democratic party and the re-election of Woodrow Wilson. Mr. McCormick is an experienced campaigner; a bachelor-farmer who has made a great success of his political battles in Pennsylvania against tremendous normal Republican majorities. Comparatively a young man, full of vigor, and with the air of "the man at the desk" who knows how to command and exercise executive authority, he has made a record worthy of commendation.

The offices of the Democratic National Committee are on the second floor of the Forty-second Street Building, New York City, with the different departments conveniently located for dispatching business. The details of raising funds were placed in the hands of the Treasurer, Mr. Wilbur W. Marsh, who, together with his assistant, former Congressman William D. Jamieson of Iowa, has evolved by hard work a most efficient plan of securing popular contributions. Through this system elections have been emancipated from the domination of large contributors to campaign funds—and this system has succeeded in raising $1,000,000. Mr. Marsh has put his own business genius at work on the same plans that made him the largest manufacturer of gasoline engines in the world, with over one hundred traveling men in all parts of the world representing his busy factory at Waterloo, Iowa.

Committees were appointed in every town, city and hamlet, ward and precinct—in all, there are over nine thousand separate committees, averaging about seven members each. First, letters were sent to Democratic National committeemen, state committeemen and county chairmen for the names of the right sort of men in their communities or cities containing more than five hundred people. To these men were sent personal letters appointing them members of the Auxiliary Finance Committee of the Democratic Financial Committee, and giving them an engraved card signed by Mr. Marsh and countersigned by Mr. Morgenthau, showing that they were the persons authorized to solicit these subscriptions. A pink special sheet was enclosed, with specific instructions of "how to do it"—that is, how to raise the money.

Then there were follow-up letters and bulletins until the organization took on the aspect of a most substantial and flourishing corporation. The letters were all personal—typewritten, and given all the care of a customer's list—carefully indexed with each letter noted on a separate card. When I looked upon this working force on 39th Street, I thought of a large mail-order house. The girls were averaging sixty to seventy letters every day, and the work was proceeding with whirlwind speed under the direction of Mrs. Parks. There was an atmosphere of enthusiasm among the workers, as if another list of recruiting contributors was expected.

On the same floor was the department of organization under the direction of Mr. Daniel C. Roper, formerly First Assistant Postmaster-General, whose work was showing splendid results. All these various departments are supported by the activities in the Treasurer's department.

Congressman Jamieson, who practically had charge of the organization work with Senator Gore in the New York headquarters in 1912, where he wrote over 1,800,000 personal letters in that one department during the campaign, seemed right at home in the rush of work. He resigned his position as postmaster at his home town in Shenandoah, one of the best offices in the State of Iowa, to take up this special work on the committee.

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AT THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE HEADQUARTERS

Hon. Wilbur W. Marsh, sitting at his desk in the treasurer's office at national headquarters, with W. D. Jamieson of Iowa and John B. Doolin of Oklahoma, his associates, at his right

Under the direction of Mr. Wilbur W. Marsh, in his capacity as Treasurer, there will be few Democrats in the country—or those known to be favorable to the candidacy of Woodrow Wilson—who will not receive an invitation to help out, not only with money, but with service. This thorough work has brought in wonderful results. Checks and letters are coming in by the bushel basketful—the contributions being from twenty-five cents to hundreds of dollars, sent in every conceivable way; some currency, some bills or money orders, but mostly personal checks. One widow, inmate of the poor house at Blackwell's Island, New York City, managed to scrape together ten pennies, had them changed into a dime, and forwarded them in a trembling, scrawly letter to Mr. Marsh. She thought the President was a good man and should be kept in the place. Every contributor receives an individual receipt, and even one mail would indicate a general prosperity and enthusiasm among the rank and file of the Democrats that is most gratifying. Like the thorough business man that he is, Mr. Marsh has given to this work that undivided attention which compels results. Many other business men have also temporarily left their work to serve at the headquarters without an idea of remuneration or reward, because of their convictions that their party principles should prevail.

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HON. ROBERT W. WOOLLEY

Chairman of the Democratic publicity bureau, with W. D. Jamieson at his right, having a conference over an advertising plan

When Mr. Marsh took up his work as treasurer of the Democratic National Committee last June, he started in at once on his popular subscription plan, and after working out details, set his mark at raising certain specified sums and to work on individual units. The subscriptions began to increase day by day, and during the month of September one day's mail reached the sum of $20,000, received in small contributions. All this work of organizing and executing the entire plan was done at a total expense of less than $35,000—a veritable triumph in political economy, and more than merely obtaining money was accomplished, for enthusiasm was aroused among the contributors in working for their ticket. It was a glimpse of real democracy, and visitors at headquarters were amazed to see how Mr. Marsh had raised money in their own home towns from people they had never thought of asking for contributions.

In this work Mr. Marsh had the hearty co-operation of Mr. Henry Morgenthau as chairman of the Finance Committee, and the results have been most gratifying. There is a sheet on Mr. Marsh's desk showing every morning how much has been received from every state up to date, and just how far short they are of the amount they had planned to raise in that section. They even have information as to how much each prospect ought to contribute and as to the reason why.

Treasurer Marsh frankly admits that the large communities have stumped him somewhat, for it is the small towns that make the bulk of the contributions. But he has hammered away until people even in city blocks have saved their extra carfares and sent in contributions. His greatest difficulty was to get committees in the cities to go around and ask for funds as they would do in the small towns. He insisted that if he could obtain contributions from the cities in proportion to what was sent in from the small towns, a ten-million-dollar campaign fund could be collected directly among the Democrats of the United States.

Over a hundred people are at work in his department, and while he is not required to make public record of any contribution under one hundred dollars—and ninety-nine out of every hundred of the contributions have been under this amount—Mr. Marsh insists that the complete records are open to anyone who wants to look at them. It is plain to see that there are no secrets there. With the last appeal for contributions the voter is asked to devote the last two days in seeing his personal friends and asking them to vote for Woodrow Wilson.

The marvellous results secured by Mr. Marsh are only following up methods with which he is perfectly familiar. When the state of Iowa was delinquent in providing for representation at San Francisco in 1915, Mr. Marsh with a number of business friends, hired a local train, went through the state holding meetings, and raised $106,000, although only a $75,000 appropriation was asked. After he had accomplished this, the State Legislature felt ashamed and appropriated the $75,000. Mr. Marsh and his colleagues returned the money to each of the contributors, and also returned $22,000 of the $75,000 appropriation when the Fair was over and had the satisfaction of winning more prizes than the states of Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana combined.

This was the work of a man who knows how, and his remarkable success as treasurer of the Democratic National Committee was no surprise to his friends. He sits quietly at his desk and seems to know just what the other fellows are thinking about. He has a Napoleonic way of doing things without much fuss or flurry; he just keeps an eye on the target and manages to hit the "bull's-eye." The people of Iowa, irrespective of party, are justly proud of this little magical money-raiser

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HON. WILBUR W. MARSH

Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, who organized and adopted the famous Marsh system in collecting campaign funds direct from the people, proving one of the notable features of the presidential campaigns of 1916 who insists that it is all so simple—there is nothing to it, says he, except having the confidence of your people and letting them know what you want in the clearest and most direct manner possible.

Even the doors, as well as the books of the treasurer's office, always seem to be open, and as the money poured in, there was a smile on the face of the Treasurer, and all about him that indicated all was going well in that department, and that the ammunition trains were all being dispatched on time.

In the Publicity Department, Mr. Robert M. Woolley, formerly director of the Mint, a well-known popular writer, has kept the people informed as to the progress of the campaign. Articles on every phase or political subject are available at a moment's notice. Every kind of a novelty or device is submitted to him, and many hours are spent in hearing the stories of those who have devices to sell.

The interchange of ideas among various competitive businesses was emphasized when Mr. Frederick W. Upham of the Republican National Committee headquarters of Chicago was invited and visited the Democratic headquarters in New York, observing the most effective system ever inaugurated by a national committee for raising campaign subscriptions. He paid a worthy compliment to the rival organization. So keen is the follow-up that a system has been evolved where not only two or three, but five or six letters are sent out, planning on a final telegram as a hurry call. They have considered printing a little house organ, entitled "More Money," which would give succinctly the needs of the hour and the reasons why. Aside from the very gratifying success in raising money, Treasurer Marsh's plan has provided a careful card index of names that is invaluable, enabling the committee in the future to start with important information, and making possible a pre-election canvass that will accurately give the survey of the whole field as to the weak and the strong points where speakers or literature are needed and where the lines should be strengthened.

In this work the Democratic National Committee has gone ahead with very little direct consultation with the President as to details, but every speech or utterance

International Film Service Co.

HON. VANCE C. McCORMICK
Of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, chairman of the Democratic National Committee

Photo by Ill. Press, N.Y.

HON. HENRY MORGENTHAU

Financier of New York city, chairman of the finance committee, in his library, planning for raising campaign money

of the Chief Executive about his opponent, and every phase of the campaign are watched keenly; every point is utilized in a poster, placard, or some device that will put the matter quickly before the people. These keen-witted men are "on the job" with a system of dispatch that would be impossible were not the campaign limited to only a few months, for the "high-pressure valve" is wide open night and day.

There is an advisory committee and a general council of war and steering committees. These committees, leaders of the party, go over matters very thoroughly, but the workers in the treasury trenches hold the battle line.

On the last and final decisions of campaign strategy there is a quiet man who seldom visits the headquarters, but whose judgment prevails. Colonel E. M. House

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PART OF THE WORKSHOP OF THE TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT

In the Thirty-ninth Street building, where thousands of letters are sent out every day for raising campaign funds

W. D. JAMIESON
Of Shenandoah, Iowa, associated with Treasurer Marsh. Mr. Jamieson represented the Eighth Iowa district in the Sixty-first Congress

has long been recognized as the Warwick of the Wilson administration. Whatever one may believe or think politically, one thing is sure, that the operation of the National Democratic Campaign Committee for 1916 has been most effectively and efficiently handled. The customary suggestion is made now to maintain these national committee organizations built up at such tremendous expense and effort every four years, so that much of the expensive preliminary work of every presidential campaign may be eliminated.

The ramifications of the work of a national committee are the utilization of modern business methods in their various relations to each other, all concentrating on one purpose. From these committee rooms wires run direct to newspapers in San Francisco and all parts of the country, so that important matters can be flashed within a few minutes without the loss of a second of time for relays or messengers.

A careful survey of the situation is made from day to day in every department relating to the organization work and the Congressional and Senatorial election. It is a battle titanic for the control of a great government with a budget approximating billions of dollars. It is a question of selling to the American people the Democratic or the Republican system of administration. As the old-time rancor and rivalry between men engaged in the same line of business has been eliminated in the business world, so campaign committees, under the same influence, take pride in showing each other just what they are doing and how they do it. This phase of campaign work has done much to obviate the likelihood of any radical upheavals in the affairs of the nation when administrations change, for the same general principles involved in a political propaganda of rival parties as in business operations is all directed to the same purpose, with only a variance as to manner and method of doing things.

FISHING IN CALAPOOIA, NEAR SUTHERLIN, OREGON

Oh, the gallant fisher's life!
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many.
—*The Angler* (*John Chalkhill*).

The Lost Brigade

by

Charles Winslow Hall

SYNOPSIS—*In 1739, when England and Spain were at war, in the struggle that took place in the West Indies, England was valiantly assisted by her loyal colonists. Stephen Hay, son of a prosperous Cape Cod farmer, hears that Captain Timothy Ruggles is to raise a company in Barnstable County to go out against the Spaniards. An Indian apprentice boy of Elisha Hay, Stephen's father, plans to accompany him, while Lish, the youngest son, also longs to go. They talk it over while out fishing in the bay, but are interrupted by Uncle Zenas Freeman, who warns them there is a storm coming. Uncle Zenas is upset, and is saved from drowning by Stephen, who takes him to his home, and then returns to his own home at Ploughed Neck. Here he receives a visit from Mr. Timothy Ruggles, who enrolls Stephen as a member of the company which he is gathering, as a sergeant. Stephen accepts the commission and on the next evening calls to see Uncle Zenas, and incidentally his daughter, Margaret, to whom he is betrothed*

CHAPTER IV

A FORTNIGHT later, the governor's proclamation had been promulgated by press and pulpit, and as Deacon Hay had never doubted, Timothy Ruggles, the landlord-lawyer of Newcomb's tavern, was chosen to receive one of the commissions, which his gracious majesty King George the Second, had been pleased to send in blank to the royal governors and other influential personages, who were to raise in America a contingent of at least three thousand men.

Of this large force the legislators, influenced by the executive of the "Province of Massachusetts Bay," determined to raise one third, and to that end offered a bounty of five pounds of the somewhat depreciated currency of the colony, and sundry other provisions for the comfort of its soldiers, unknown in the more frugal administration of the regular service.

The news reached the quiet household at Ploughed Neck even before its announcement from the pulpit, and the tardy coming of the *Newsletter.* When about to retire for the night, the family heard the hoofs of a galloping steed as he emerged from the sandy lane upon the level sward before the house.

"It is Squire Ruggles' Beelzebub," said the Indian apprentice.

The hoofbeats, suddenly interrupted, stopped close to the door, as the rough-rider's hand bore too heavily on the strong curb, and the black stallion rearing almost upright, planted his fore feet heavily on the rough walk of flat stones, and Ruggles, lowering his bridle hand, relaxed the pressure and flung himself out of the saddle just as the elder Hay and the male members of the family appeared at the door.

"Your pardon, Deacon Hay, for a second untimely visit, but this business of the West Indian expedition is ever vexatious at every turn, and I have come since last night from Boston; yet have not even staid at home for needful refreshments, for I would press the raising of my company as fast as may be without loss of a day."

"But wherefore such haste?" said the senior Hay, in his deliberate, sententious way. "You have doubtless the appointment of the governor and the approval of the general court."

"There may be no trouble," said the captain quietly, "but there were but three thousand men required, and the governor seems determined that the Massachusetts Bay shall furnish one-third thereof. I know that they of New York, Virginia, and the Jerseys will not readily let ten commissions issue among us; and he who first raises his company will outrank the others, and be surest of receiving his captaincy."

* * *

While he was speaking, Black Bill (or William Untequit, as we shall henceforth call him) had brought out a measure of grain for the horse, a service which Ruggles, as he smilingly relinquished the loose rein, would have rewarded by the gift of a silver pistareen, but Untequit shook his head gravely and said, "Not now, for you are my captain henceforward."

"Well said, man," said Ruggles earnestly. "Would I had an hundred such now on my list. Stephen, you of course are still of the same mind? Nay, friend Hay, trouble not the women with getting refreshment at this late hour. Give me but a slice of bread and cheese and a draught of milk, and I shall do as well as the good steed yonder until I am at home again."

"I am at your service, captain," said Stephen, "and tomorrow will begin to beat up for recruits if you command. Untequit goes with me, and if you would have Indians, can get you a score that can shoot to a hand's breadth, and trail as subtly as the Tarratines themselves."

"And I will go, too," said Elisha, coming forward.

"Oh, no, my son," said his mother sadly, "surely two of our household and one of our blood are enough to risk in so long and dangerous an adventure, and then your father needs your aid, for the farm work must suffer sadly even as it is."

"Do not be hasty, my son," said his father in tones that, despite his habitual self-repression, showed that he was both astonished and grieved at his son's determination. "I will not stand in the way of whatsoever seemeth to be duty, but all are not called to do battle, and some must stay by the stuff and labor, that the soldier faint not for want of food."

"I ought not to discourage so promising a recruit, I confess," said Ruggles sympathetically, "but I do think, madam, that two men are more than your share of those set apart to serve His Majesty, the King. It may be that Elisha will think differently on the morrow, and, in that case, I shall not think of him any less worthily, for I know if he feels in this matter as I do, it will be greater hardship to stay than to go; and I will not try to induce him to act against your wishes. Nevertheless, friend Hay, you should have been wiser than to have trained up such sons, all willing and able to worthily serve and honor the king."

"You are kind, Esquire Ruggles," said Hay with sudden warmth, "and I repent me of past coldness and uncharitable thought. What I may, I will do to help you, for you can feel for a father's anxieties and a mother's tears. Yet the will of God be done," he added resolutely, "for I will never stand in the way, when we must needs fight against the enemies of the king."

* * *

Ruggles produced an ample wallet, from which he drew a roll of the paper "bills of credit," current at that day, and, selecting a roll, handed them with a receipt ready for signature to the young volunteer. "There, friend Stephen—lieutenant I hope to call you ere long—are thirty pounds. Each man is to have five pounds for bounty, in addition to arms, clothing and accoutrements, such as are issued to the royal army, and the subsistence of the men begins on the day of enlistment. Spare not for labor of man or beast, and, if you will, take Untequit with you to Mashpee, and send the men to me at Sandwich town as soon as may be."

The receipt was duly signed and Ruggles sprang into the saddle, but suddenly drew rein and beckoned to Stephen to draw near; as he did so, he said in tones so low that no one else could hear, "I want not any who are weak of body or cowardly at heart, neither would I tempt any with strong liquors to do that which they may hereafter repent of. Still it has been the custom to suitably refresh and treat such as are loyal enough to proffer their lives in the king's service, and I would not be thought ungenerous or mean. But you will know how to act best in this matter, so good night and God speed you in your errand," and setting spurs to his horse he was soon out of sight and hearing.

"He spares not himself or his horse either," said Hay slowly, "and I see well that whosoever marches under him will not lack service."

"That is the best kind to serve under," said Stephen joyously, "for such dare not let their men suffer, lest when they would do more than others, they lack support by reason of neglect, sickness or poor equipment; but your easy good-natured man is a curse to any service."

* * *

The next day was spent among the neighboring farmers and the sailors of the little port, two of whom added their names to the roll already headed by Stephen and his servant, for in such capacity Untequit chose to serve. In the next week seventeen more were added, and a day later Stephen and his servant took horse and rode into the forest toward the Indian settlement at Mashpee.

The woods of mingled pine, oak and hickory were in their full beauty, and as they rode slowly along in the cool shadows of the narrow forest roads they talked much of the future, and their coming soldier life.

"Why is it, Bill, that you do not enlist as a volunteer, and not as a servant?" asked Stephen, as they rode along.

"Master Stephen," said the Indian with some emotion, "you have always treated me like a man; yes, as if I were of your own blood, and I would go to the war for your sake, even if I had no other end to serve. As a servant I can be with you more, and serve you better, but I will never be such to any other were it the king himself."

"We are all servants of the king," said Stephen gently, "and there are at all times those whom every man must, for the time, respect and obey. Nevertheless I shall never forget your love, and if we seem to others master and servant, it shall be only that we may be nearer and truer comrades," and each took the hand of the other in token of fealty.

"But what is this mysterious matter that you spoke of a moment ago? What else but the king's service urges you to go with us?"

As Stephen spoke Untequit suddenly halted by the woodside and pointed to a mossy boulder a little way under the shadow of some saplings, which appeared to have sprung, for the most part, from a large stump already far gone in decay, and as he spoke his voice was broken, and a variety of emotions seemed striving for utterance.

"That I may not tell, even to you, master Stephen, except on one condition, and that, I fear, you would think foolish or worse; yet chiefs have stood under yonder oak, and thus promised friendship and aid to each other."

"What do you mean, Will?" asked Stephen, in surprise.

"You whites," said the Indian with some bitterness, "think illy of us because we cannot change the traditions and customs of our race, and, taking up those of the white man, add land to land, and cattle to cattle; and, indeed, as we see the game grow scarcer, and even the rivers and sea plundered of their fish, we grow fewer, poorer, and lose heart, until many believe us not only poor white men, but poorer Indians, spiritless and ignorant even of the history and traditions of our fathers.

"But there is no Indian so low that the stories told by our old people do not move him; none so ignorant that they do not carry in their minds the words spoken to them in childhood, for we who for the most part know little of books, carry all that we learn in our hearts. But you are not like other white men, and you wish to know why I would go yonder, do you not?" and as he spoke the red man pointed to the south.

"I confess I would like to know, and I think you can trust me to keep your secret," said Stephen confidently.

"I would trust you with my life, but the secret is not mine to give, except you will bind yourself as I have been bound, by the bond of blood."

"What do you mean, Untequit?" asked Stephen sternly. "What old-time sorcery would you teach a Christian man, or has some unhappy witch-wife of your people deluded you into forbidden practices?"

"Master," said Untequit coldly, "come with me to yonder stone, and I will explain to you the nature of what our fathers called the bond of blood. It is nearly noon and the sun is hot. It will not hurt the horses to cool a moment after that steep hill and sandy level, and I should like to show you some thing that no white man ever knew or saw before."

Stephen acceded, and alighting, the men penetrated the intervening underbrush and stood in the little natural alcove, overhung by arched saplings, beside the mossgrown rock, one of those worn and water-rounded boulders which some ancient sweep of glacier or drift of iceberg had left there ages before. Untequit removed his hat and bowed his head above it, saying something unintelligible to his companion the while, but the words ran in a wild but regular rhythm, and Stephen rightly judged that they constituted a part or the whole of some formula of Indian invocation, adjuration or worship.

"Beneath this stone," said Untequit, "lie the bones of a great chief, a friend of the whites, but the victim of their hasty anger; who died of exposure and want of food, sick and a fugitive, and was buried far from the ashes of his village and his wasted cornfields. Over his grave his descendants have plighted their faith in love and friendship, and the secrets of his house can be known to those only who are of our race, or become of it by the 'bond of blood' of which I spoke."

"And what do you mean by the 'bond of blood'? Methinks, Untequit, to a Christian man it savors, as I said before, somewhat of sorcery or the like."

"We have little faith in witches," said the Indian disdainfully, "unless those are witches who by vigil and fasting attain to a closer knowledge of those things which most people overlook. But to be brief, what I would have of you is this. Let us exchange blood, and I can then tell you the secrets of the living and the purposes I hold."

"Exchange blood," said Stephen, wonderingly, "how can that be done?"

As he spoke he felt a slight puncture in his arm, and raising it, saw that a thorn had wounded his wrist, on which stood a few drops of blood; and the next moment felt it seized by his companion, who with his lips cleansed the wound and bound it up with his neckerchief.

"I am of your blood now, master," said the Indian exultingly, as he drew from his side a keen knife and with its point scored his own forearm until the red drops chased each other over the rounded muscles like raindrops on a blade of grass. "Taste but one drop of this blood and we are one in race, for our veins will have mingled, and who can prove false to his own blood?"

* * *

For a moment Stephen hesitated. A natural repugnance to so savage a rite almost nauseated him, and he was about to refuse peremptorily and forever. The Indian read his look a deep dejection replaced his former exulting attitude, and before Stephen could answer he swept away the drops and with a bandage stopped the flow of blood.

"Forgive me, master," said he sadly, "if I have offended. Your traditions are not ours, and neither should be angry at the other for holding the belief of his fathers. Nevertheless, believe me, I would almost that I were dead, since we cannot be in all things of one mind and knowledge, that you may help me as I will serve you."

"Untequit," said his companion, much moved, "I would not be unkind, nay, I will help you blindly in all things you may ask, if I wrong no one thereby, but this thing seems to me unnatural, and beyond what a man may do even for his friend. Is it necessary this should be done now and done here, or can I please you in this matter hereafter, if that I see reason to repent of my refusal?"

"It matters not," said the Indian sadly, "when promises are made, or rather uttered, but it would have advantaged us and you much had you been willing to please me in this matter. Still you are not of those who will turn from belief because of gain, and perhaps it may be that you will not lose by your refusal. Certainly it will not be by my choice if you do; so let us go to Mashpee and forget the cloud that has come between us."

So in amity they resumed their journey, and rode by copses of sassafras, thickets of brier and whortleberry, ponds shaded by vine-hung woods and clumps of sweet flowered elder and climbing clematis, until from a higher ridge they caught a glimpse of the "Southern Sea" and found themselves in the Indian settlement of Mashpee.

Here the remainder of the tribes, once ruled by the luckless Iyanough, had for over a generation been gathered, and although sadly diminished in numbers from the thronging hundreds who in the earlier part of the seventeenth century had fought with Champlain and Poitrincourt at Chatham and Nauset, still formed a community which in every war had furnished many staunch warriors to the forces of Massachusetts.

Here they parted, Stephen to keep on to Falmouth and Edgartown, where Captain Ruggles had already commenced the enlistment of recruits; and on his return the next day came into S—— with half a dozen fishermen and young farmers, although be it said, each could be either farmer or sailor, as is still the manner of men among the amphibious people of those shores.

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But Untequit, late on the night of his arrival, sat by the hearth of a small log cabin, opposite a woman whose whitened hair, fleshless limbs, hollow features and corrugated skin gave evidence of an existence long protracted beyond the ordinary life of mortals.

As he finished his story of the events of the past few days, his hostess raised her head and revealed a countenance noble even in its wreck of beauty, and lit up by keen black eyes which seemed to pierce into the very soul of her companion. "He refused then? And you have not told him all? Are our young men to leave life, and home, and friends, and return no more for his sake?"

"What mean you, grandmother?" asked Untequit, "who but God knows the future?"

"None, boy, none," said the aged sybil with flashing eyes, "yet those who live until all they knew and loved in youth are long dead have strange fancies that are not always dreams, and I feel my heart grow faint within me as I think of the men you will lead southward to their death. But your master is true, think you, nevertheless?"

"I would lay my life on his word," said the young man vehemently.

"Then he must have the men, that is, those who have no wives or children to weep for their loss; but, had he done as we wished, he should have a score more that would have been missed sadly in the coming time."

"And I, shall I—" The young man hesitated, but the woman took up the question before he could finish.

"Do you ask in fear, or from curiosity to know what most men shrink from knowing?" she asked keenly.

"I do not fear death," was the answer, "but I would know if I shall live to bring him back to his home and his mother."

"I cannot tell," she said, after a pause, "but I feel no fear but that I shall live to hear from your lips how you have fared in your search. Oh, Untequit! grandchild of my son, last of all the race of Caneotus, do not forget what you have sworn by the bond of blood and the graves of your fathers; only promise me this and your white master shall not want braves to stand before him in battle."

"I will not forget it," said the young Indian. And by the end of that week ten dusky rangers of Mashpee had added to the roll of the company such surnames as Iawannut, Mantwammuch, Quaron, Pometuck, Webquish, Cottowaw and Suonish, names which, for the most part, no longer appear on the slate tombstones around the ancient forest church at Mashpee.

So, day by day, the indefatigable Captain Ruggles and his assistants beat up recruits, from Eastham to Plymouth until the tale was nearly completed and the company ordered to Boston.

And, in spite of his father's entreaties and his mother's and sister's tears, Elisha Hay had still persisted in his purpose to take part in the great expedition against the King of Spain's dominions in the West Indies.

Chapter V

It was about the middle of August and only a few days before the final muster of the enlisted men at S——, preparatory to their march to Boston, that Stephen, after a long day of wearisome endeavor, was on the way homeward in the early twilight, and having looked in vain for any neighbor going in his direction, set out on foot.

Diverging from the main road he turned

into a rustic byway, winding along the base of a sandy eminence, on whose summit stood a large building with many square windows and an unornamental porch, into which two doors gave access, and on either side of which a long row of horse-sheds, forming the eastern boundary of a rural burying ground, told that the edifice was, nevertheless, a house of worship and erected in honor of the Most High.

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As he came nearer, the road wound along the verge of a large swamp, from whose tangled vegetation came the confused chattering of many birds, and on its western side upon a slope shaded by apple trees and bordered by a luxuriant meadow stood a small dwelling, even at that day bearing the marks of decay on the cedar shingles which covered roof and walls.

The occupant of the cottage sat alone on the broad flat stone which served as a doorstep, a man whose age showed itself in the whiteness of his unkempt hair and shaggy beard, but could not render venerable the still burly, long armed and short limbed body and fiery visage of a man whose antecedents, to say the least, were questionable, and whose mysterious, unsocial and eccentric mode of life had made him a veritable hermit, a source of fear to child and maiden, and the subject of much invidious discourse throughout the country.

He had suddenly appeared one night in the little hamlet accompanied by a huge negro, whose gay neckerchief, gold ear-rings, and unutterable profanity told unmistakably of a seafaring life, and had sought to hire the cottage of its owner, a mild, staid man, whose rustic curiosity and prudent inquiries as to references had been answered by irreverent blasphemy, and a proposition characteristic of all the after-carriage of his eccentric visitor.

"Look ye here, sir," concluded the stranger, "there's enough of this backing and filing about a small matter. My name you shall know if we trade together, but if not, it's no man's business, though a ship has sailed before now under more names than she had masts, hey, Scip," and here master and man indulged in a singular smile of almost sinister import. "But here's my offer; name a price for yon house and bit of ground, an' so the price be fair, you shall have your money in true Spanish doubloons, or we part an' there's an end."

The offer was made and accepted, the papers signed and delivered, and the price told out in foreign gold coin with this brief but compendious declaration: "Well, old man, our business is done, and I hope that yonder papers are as good as my gold, but if not, God help the man who shall try to make me quit yonder anchorage by force of arm or sheriff's warrant.

"You may call me John Hewson," he added, as he turned to go, and that night the windows of the long unoccupied cottage were ablaze with light, and from within the notes of a violin, the rhythm of dancing feet, and the sound of oaths, boisterous laughter and coarse sea songs were heard until long after midnight, to the utter and unspeakable horror and discomfort of the sedate and pious inhabitants of the hamlet.

The next morning the house was closed and tenantless, the windows hopelessly obscured by heavy inner shutters, and some had even begun to talk of foul play, or the especial judgment of God on such unhallowed revelry, when late at night man and master were met by several, coming up the mail road with a wagon laden with sea chests and heavy furniture, and driven by a stranger who was almost as close mouthed as his employers, but claimed to hail from the vicinity of a small inlet on the southern shore of the cape.

That night the house was again illuminated, and again the evidences of unholy revelry were but too patent to all dwelling nearby, but the night ended at last, and with it passed away all traces of the presence of teamster, equipage and negro, and only a large and savage hound, evidently of tropical origin, remained to serve as companion to the veteran who lived henceforth alone, suffering neither man, woman or child to cross his threshold on any pretext or errand whatever.

He paid liberally and in coin for all supplies, and evidently lived well, cooking but two meals a day, with no mean skill, judging from the savory odors distinguishable by the passers-by, and spent much of his time angling in the trout brook, which wound through the swamp, or hunting with a long barreled Spanish gun, of marvelous accuracy and range, whose stock was wondrously inlaid with plates and tracery of sterling silver and gold.

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A retired sea captain, from a hill to the westward, had with a powerful ship's glass discovered a hammock in the attic window, and a curious youth of the neighborhood had once taken advantage of the old man's absence, and peeping through the open window had seen a brace of pistols and cutlass over the door, a few mahogany chairs filled up with cast-off clothing and various tackle, a heavy table on which a silver flagon and crystal decanter stood beside the pewter platter and porringer from whence Hewson had eaten the morning meal, and last, but not least, a great oaken chest banded with massive yet curiously wrought braces of iron.

Only this and nothing more, yet even this was dearly purchased, for the next time he passed that way the great dog, leaping the fence at a bound, threw him to the earth, and, crouching upon his body, gave a deep hollow bay which called his master to the spot.

"Many thanks for your call, younker," said the master grimly, as at a word the great hound allowed the terrified boy to arise, "but next time 'twould be better to come when I'm to home, for the dog knows I don't want people looking into my windows, an' no one can come here day or night but he'll find him out."

This story, added to all else that seemed strange and unaccountable, had given to this man, as years went by, the only privilege he seemed to claim of humanity almost complete isolation from his species.

It was, therefore, to his great surprise that Stephen, as he approached, saw the old man rise from his seat, advance to the close-shut wicket, and extending his hand as if in greeting, address him as follows:

"Welcome, younker. I've been wantin' to see you for some time, an' had made up my mind to go down to your father's house. Come in! come in, man, for your time is short, an' so is mine, but in different ways, I reckon, for you're bound south again; but poor old Jack Hewson has only one more voyage to take, and that up yonder," and he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to the graveyard behind the Quaker meeting house.

Stephen, although almost speechless with astonishment, followed the old man toward the house, while the great dog, which had given a single hoarse growl, at a word from his companion quietly turned away and crouched beside the doorstep.

"Don't be afraid, younker," said Hewson with rough courtesy, "the brute's a true Afrik'n bloodhound and wud tear ye limb to limb if I said the word; but he isn't quick to use his strength unless it's wanted, an' it's me that tells him so."

"But how do you know my name?" asked Stephen curiously. "I've seen you anytime for these last ten years and never even spoken to you until now. What can you know or want of me?"

"Come in, man," said his strange companion quietly, opening the door so long shut to everyone else in the hamlet "I've kept out the curious and malicious that call me pirate and murderer behind my back, and don't dare to say their soul's their own to my face; but there's different metal in you, boy, an' if I had fewer years and more men like you, I would like well to go to the Spanish main with you myself."

* * *

Stephen entered the mysterious dwelling, and found himself in a room plainly but amply furnished, in very much the same way as had been described by the luckless youth before spoken of. The chairs were of carved mahogany, the table of inlaid woods, the pistols and cutlass, with a rifle and the long-barreled gun before mentioned, hung from a brace of deer's antlers above the fireplace, and the iron-banded chest was not wanting, but stood in the corner furthest from the door.

"It looks pretty much as he said, doesn't it?" asked his singular host somewhat sardonically. "Well, he did get a bad scare, and it served the rascal right. But it didn't need any of the devil's help to find him out, for I saw him with my glass from the grove of hickory up yonder, although Point s here would have trailed him out for me if I hadn't, for he knows nothing is to come in here without my asking. But sit down, and if a little of the true southside Madeira will suit you, say the word and you are welcome."

"I thank you heartily," said Stephen simply, "but I am in a hurry, and care little for wine while my blood runs as freely in my veins as now. So, let me know what I can do for you; for you surely have not broken your long habit of living by yourself for naught."

"I was told that you were brave and honest, lad," said Hewson, with a gratified smile, "and I have but a simple thing to ask of you; but, before I can ask it, you must promise to keep a secret. Nay, man—don't refuse," he said bitterly, "I've no fear of priest or sheriff, but I won't have every old woman in the town chewing over my history with her tea and shortcake."

* * *

Stephen laughed at his vehemence, but as suddenly grew grave, and said, "Your pardon, sir. You are right, and your wishes shall be respected. I shall be happy to hear whatever you may please to tell me, without further question."

"Well, then, younker, to be brief, I have a brother somewhere in the West Indies, who was born in the same hour as myself, and who, as boy and man, was as like me as one bullet is like another. He was, when I last heard of him, at Cartagena, where I have no doubt you also are bound; but since we parted, forty years since, he married there, and when I came here ten years ago was well-to-do, and in favor among the dons as interpreter in the courts. But I am old, and would at least send him one more message before I die, and that message must be by word of mouth; for if it were written he would be shot or garroted without mercy should it fall into the hands of the Spaniard."

"I will take your message if I can," said Stephen, "but how am I to know him, for of course he no longer bears an English name among the Spaniards."

"He was called Carlos de Olivera when last I heard from him, young sir, and stood in high favor with priest and people, or else I had not been here this day. But the hour grows late and you have far to go. I must look into yonder chest, whose secrets would be cheap to any old woman in the district at the loss of an eye, an' I don't know but some on 'em would give both, an' they could still keep the use of their tongues to tell what was in it. But come, you must hold the candle, for my eyes are poor, and one must be careful how he opens this chest of mine."

As he spoke he drew from his pocket a small key and knelt by the chest, one of those curious masterpieces of Flemish art, whose thick oaken sides are but the background for wondrous tracery in deftly wrought steel and iron. The great hasp, formed like a dragon's head, seemed to descend into the cavernous keyhole below it, but Hewson touched a knob to the right and disclosed a smaller aperture, into which he inserted the small key he had produced. In a shallow recess lay disclosed the large, cunningly wrought key of the coffer, and some curious mechanism to which the old man called the attention of his guest.

"The old smith who made this key," and he pointed to the involved and delicate wards as he spoke, "knew that the robber's skill might well undo what he had fastened, and so he set a watch on yonder lock which should hold all fast and catch the thief as well," and turning a button, he unlocked the chest, and raising the hasp showed a small slit by which the lid might be lifted. Then touching a concealed spring, a sharp shock was heard; a hidden bolt secured the lid and several sharp needles barred the aperture and would certainly have transfixed the hand of any one attempting to open the box. He also showed him that any attempt to lift the lid by the hasp would bear on the same spring and relock the coffer.

"They say," said the old man, coolly, "that the needles are pisoned, but 'tis a good hundred years since that bit of deviltry was done, and 'tis like its vartue is long since lost; but we lose time over such matters."

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So saying, with the handle of the large key he wound up the secret machinery, releasing the bolt, and setting the safety catch, heaved up the heavy lid and revealed, not treasures of price, but a strange melange of articles, carefully packed in curious juxtaposition to each other.

A box of rare woods, roughly inlaid with bits of gold and silver coin, was evidently but the old man's "ditty box," or receptacle for pins, thread, needles and other small necessaries, for the ends of a few threads protruded from between box and lid, and the style of ornamentation was of the figures formed of circles and diamonds known to every seaman, though the materials might be worth a score of pounds or more.

"There's a deal of work in this," said the old sailor as he opened it, "an' ev'ry bit tells of some long calm or hot day under the palm trees among the islands, an' thar isn't a bit of wood or metal in the whole but has its history, an' some of it none of the pleasantest either."

"But here's what we want," said he, opening the box and producing from amid its odds and ends a small parcel done up in soft cotton, he extracted therefrom a curious ring, evidently the product of some unskilled artisan, but representing in virgin gold a rattlesnake with emerald eyes, two of whose coils encircled the finger, while the third held enclosed a large, roughly-cut garnet.

"There, boy!" continued Hewson, "ther' were two of them rings taken when we took Cartagena in 1697, when De Pointis, the French admiral, summoned the buccaneers of the Gulf to help France against the Spaniards. These I found in the commandant's house; I gave one to my brother, and we agreed that they should be tokens by which we might send help or seek asistance in all straits an' peril whatsoever. But he who carries it may well be in peril should he be a prisoner in the city from which it was taken, for no common man ever made such a ring as that."

"But why do you send to your brother?" asked Stephen. "If you are in want of anything, there are many ready to help who will not make charity a pretext for curiosity."

"Charity!" said the old man sneeringly—"charity! It shall never be spoken of me that I lived by the bounty of others, as long as death is so near that I can seek him by bullet, steel, or cord; and though there seems to be but little here beside such matters as an old sailor picks up here and there, there are more shot in the locker than will last out my cruise. But, never mind! Take this ring, and if you enter the city of Cartagena and Don Carlos be not dead or departed elsewhere, tell him"—and the old man's voice grew husky—"tell him for me, that, if he will, I have a home for him and his, and that I wax old and weak, and would see him before I die."

"I will tell him," said Stephen kindly—"that is, if I may; for there are many chances that we may never meet."

'And why should I not trust to such chance?—which, indeed, so long as the war lasts, may well be my only hope of again hearing from him. 'Twas a less likely chance which separated us two young lads when but twenty-three or ther'about, an' made him a Spanish officer an' left me with the brethren of the coast."

"And are you then indeed a—" The young man hesitated to speak the word so fearfully significant of the terrible scourge of the ocean, in those days infested in every part of the world by relentless robbers and murderers of their kind, and more than one had in his hearing hinted that his companion had doubtless amassed the gold he had from time to time exhibited by piracy.

"No, young man, I am not a pirate, although I have known—aye, have messed and slept with many who afterward became pirates accursed of God and man. But I was a buccaneer or filibuster, as we were called thirty years ago, and if you care to stay an hour or so into the night, I can tell you something of the country you are going to, and of how the brethren of the coast took Cartagena, now some forty-odd years agone."

And Stephen gladly acceding, the old man opened the low windows, took from a cupboard a bottle of wine, some choice tobacco, and several long-stemmed clay pipes, and having with some difficulty pressed his guest to partake of his hospitality, drew from the chest a small pennon of crimson, on which was emblazoned a black raven. "It was the pennant of my yawl," said he proudly, "and a larger one hung at the mainmast-head of my old vessel, Le Corbeau, forty years since."

CHAPTER VI

"It was forty-three years ago, lad, that I, a stout buccaneer of three and twenty, with my brother, rendezvoused at

Hispaniola, where twelve hundred of the brethren of the coast had been gathered by Governor Du Casse to join the Baron de Pointis, commander of the king's fleet, after whom yonder hound is called, because he holds so well whatever he gets between his teeth, as the baron held to prize money and plunder.

"It was the greatest gathering of the buccaneers for many years, and we who were still but young in experience met there with men who had cruised with Sharp and fought under Morgan, and even one or two who had known Pierre le Grand; Montbars, whose sword never spared a Spaniard; Bartolomeo Portaguez, sly as a fox, who more than once made his cunning save him from steel and cord; L'Olonnois, the butcher of whole ship's crews, and Mansvelt, whose buccaneers first settled New Providence.

"We were to set out by the middle of February at farthest, but March was well begun when De Pointis' fleet made Cape St. Francois, and began to refit at Tiburon.

"There were about seven hundred of us, who were true buccaneers, in seven vessels of from eight to twenty and twenty-four guns, but Du Casse took from his forts about two hundred regulars, and enough of our relations and connections, who were planters; and others with their slaves came in to make our force twelve hundred men, all trained to seamanship and hunting, and keen marksmen with their long buccaneer guns.

"De Pointis had seven ships and four frigates, with bomb-ketches, storeships and transports, and about three thousand eight hundred men of all grades, and we thought that with six thousand men we could conquer San Domingo City, and gain thereby much booty and a fort which we could hold forever against the bloody Spaniards.

"But De Pointis, although he scorned the very name of buccaneer, was at heart as greedy a dog as the most cowardly filibuster that ever robbed periaguas around the river mouths, or plundered farmers of a few pesos, and he from the first gave little heed to our entreaties or the counsels of Du Casse, and chose rather to plunder a city he could not hope to hold for the king, than to spend blood and life for the safety of the French colonists and the glory of France; and so on the first part of April we sailed for Cartagena, having with much pains got De Pointis to promise that we should share in all plunder, on the same terms as the men of the king's ships.

"Du Casse, although governor and a captain in the French navy, was allowed to share only as a captain, and, indeed, so hard and overbearing was De Pointis to us all that many times our men murmured and threatened to turn back, but the captains told them of the silver and gold of Cartagena, and by the middle of the month we lay off the city."

* * *

"And what is the city like?" asked Stephen with much interest.

"'Twas in those days, and I daresay is now, the next richest city to Mexico of all the Spanish king's possessions on this side the sea, and stands almost surrounded by lagoon and sea, on a sandy plain, so low that less than two fathoms brings the digger to springs of sweet water. An hundred and eighty brass guns were mounted on its walls and bastions, and the forts around it were as well provided as to number. The walls and works are of limestone filled in with earth, and over the great gate of the city hangs, in Spanish, the legend 'Defiance to the World.'

"Well, lad, first we tried to land to the east'ard, hoping to cut off all way of escape on the land side, but, in spite of all we could say, we of the coast were told off to land about four miles from the city; and, after we, with great pains, had got suitable rations of sea biscuit from the admiral, De Pointis himself tried to find us a place fit for landing, but he was nearly lost in the surf, and we had to land, after all, on the island which commands Boca Chica, where stands the castle which covers the entrance of the harbor. And here some few of us, the despised buccaneers, did what the cannon of the ships could not do; for with our long guns we so swept the Spaniards from their guns that, with little loss, the French soldiers carried the works, and the fleet entered the harbor.

"On the seventeenth we had taken the convent of De la Popa, whose nuns must have known more of war than of praying, for the place was a perfect fortress, and covered the road inland by which a few days before all the rich ladies of Cartagena, with a great train of mules laden with valuables, including no less than one hundred and ten carrying gold, had fled inland at our approach.

"Then we moved upon St. Lazar, our musketeers keeping the gunners under cover until De Pointis and his grenadiers were close upon their works, although, as I heard since, he spared not to call us cowardly dogs because we did not set pistols and cutlass against bayonet and pike. De Pointis himself fell wounded by grape from the last cannon fired by the Spaniards ere they fled into Xexemani, that part of the city lying without the walls and separated from it by a marsh crossed by a causeway scarce a musket shot in length. There batteries had to be thrown up, and the heaviest guns of the squadron landed, which soon dismounted the light cannon of the Spaniards, and made a breach in the works of Xexemani.

"Then again we were sent to cover the storming party with our fire, and many of our bravest men fell under the grape shot that searched our slight cover of paling, hedge, and garden wall, but we kept closing in, as we saw opportunity, until the grenadiers and marines of Marolles, Du Roullon and Marigny rushed on to the assault.

"Marolles fell, shot through and through, at the foot of the ragged wall. Du Roullon and a score of his men went down under the grape that swept the breach, as a hurricane dismasts a lugger; but they were brave men who followed, and young Marolles led his arquebusiers past his dying father, and swept the Spaniards from their flankers, and through the streets and gardens of Xexemani. But when the Spaniards came to the sally ports beyond the causeway, those in the inner works would not open; and in despair they turned again upon us, and charged, broken and without order as they were, in the teeth of a storm of bullets and the bombs of the grenadiers, who, when the last shell was gone, headed a charge that swept them back across the causeway, under the guns of the city wall.

"The next day the causeway was covered with dead bodies, which we had to have removed, when, on the third of May, the white flag flew above the forts, and De Pointis made his own terms with the governor of the port. He allowed the garrison to march out with flying colors, their drums beating, and their arms, baggage and personal effects, always excepting plate, jewels and money, save only a small amount per man, for personal expenses. Four guns they were allowed to take, but those they chose were small, dragged only by men, and two they soon left by the way, rough with the ruins of their walls, and the houses shattered by the bombardment. 'Twas a long procession and a motley; for there were many women, children, priests and nuns, laborers and merchants, all anxious to get away from the terrible brethren of the coast and the tender mercies of the French infantry.

"Once inside the city, De Pointis soon showed the cloven foot more openly than ever; for, although the silver came in faster than M. Tilleul could weigh it, neither Du Casse nor our captains were allowed to take account of the same, or in any way satisfy themselves that the interests of their men would be fairly consulted. Even the convents were plundered, in which matter one Father Paul, who for many years had consorted with us of the coast, was very useful and full of zeal until De Pointis came to seize the plate of the convent of St. Dominic, and then our ghostly father turned upon him, and threatened his sacrilege with the judgment of heaven, notwithstanding he himself had had no pity for the fat prior of the house of St. Francis of Assisi; but, then, Father Paul had been bred a Dominican.

"We soon found that we had little chance of fingering any of the booty so diligently sought by De Pointis, and every man soon set himself to secure all that he could lay his hands upon, even the regular troops joining in the pillage; and De Pointis gave little heed to the inhabitants, but in his jealousy of the buccaneers got us outside the city, on a report that a vast army of Indians were coming to attack our outposts.

"But we, after much pains, found none

to trouble us, and marching back, found the gates closed, the walls guarded, and the French troops with matches lighted and guns pointed, as if we were the enemy and about to attack them. We who were leaders had gathered to consult when we came in sight of the city, when one of our number, who had been left behind, came forth with a message from the general, which requested us to stay in the suburbs, as he was afraid of some disturbance if we returned into the city, and this, when our men knew, it, enraged them almost beyond restraint.

"Even Pierre, an old freebooter, and Blou, who never spoke twice to give an order, were unheeded in the tumultuous rush toward the causeway, and the men unslung their long guns or threw them down, and with their long knives between their teeth, and cutlass and boarding pistol in hand, rushed down to the narrow road across the slimy marsh. But once there, the boldest faltered, for the breach had been repaired, the guns replaced and pointed to sweep the causeway; and we knew that only death and certain defeat would come of a charge in the face of such odds.

"Nevertheless De Pointis himself trembled at our rage, and sent out a second message asking us to remain outside but a few days, and with many fair promises assured us of an equal distribution of the booty. He paid to each captain among us large sums, as he said, in reward of our conduct, and also to a number of our best marksmen, whose services had saved him many men; and to every one of the wounded he ordered sums of money, according to the injury each had suffered.

"But nearly two weeks passed before we marched again into the city, and then most of the treasure was on board of the Sceptre, the flagship of the fleet.

"Then a vast amount of merchandise was put up at auction and sold to any who would buy, and the money thus received went on board the ships, until De Pointis, who had hitherto given out that the city was to be held for France, with Du Casse as governor, gave out that owing to the losses of the fleet by the fever of the country, he should abandon the place and began to take on board the fleet the brass cannon on the walls; and on the twenty-fifth of May suddenly embarked without notice to Du Casse, with whom he had had some discourse but a few moments before, and as his ships began to move down the harbor, sent orders to Du Casse to embark his people.

"Again we sent to know when the distribution would be made, but the old answer was given 'that accounts were not ready,' and there was much anxiety among our men, which was with difficulty appeased until the men were all aboard, and our little frigates were following De Pointis out the harbor of Cartagena.

"Then Du Casse called the officers on board of his vessel, the Ponchartrain, and informed us of the admiral's last perfidy. He had taken treasure by his own confession to the amount of nine million livres, and M. Du Casse had estimated it at double the amount, but M. De Tilleul's accompt gave us as our share but forty thousand crowns to repay us for our services and dangers.

"Many proposed that we should board the Sceptre and turn her guns upon the fleet, for her crew was weak with sickness, and had lost half their number, but a single broadside would have sunk us, and between rage and helplessness we knew not what to do.

* * *

"Suddenly McCary, an Irish rover, spoke out: 'Let us leave De Pointis, and no longer trouble ourselves about a villain without sense of honor or truth. He has left us our share yonder at Cartagena; let us go back and get it.' The counsel seemed good, and by next morning, despite the orders and promises of Du Casse, we were back and in the city.

"Then we seized and imprisoned the merchants, shutting them up in the great cathedral, until, by dint of threats and close search, we had raised a sum which, upon division, gave us nearly a thousand crowns per man; and then, with our ships laden with goods and slaves, we sailed for Hispaniola, but, on the second day out, met the English and Dutch fleets sent from Barbadoes to save Cartagena from capture.

"Of our nine vessels, two were taken, and of three vessels commanded by Blou, my brother and myself, two were driven ashore, one of them close to Cartagena, whose crew I had to leave to their fate; but mine with four others came at last to Isle a Vache, thence to Hispaniola.

"But, after some years, I learned through certain of our brotherhood, that our friends, although at first forced to labor at rebuilding the walls, had many of them married into wealthy and influential families, and among them my brother, the captain, who, as it turned out, espoused a connection of the same Don Sancho Ximenez, whose arquebusiers he had so unmercifully fusilladed at Boca Chica.

"Since then I spent some years in smuggling, and once received, through an Indian canoeman, word that a guarda costa had sure information, through one of my own men, of my whereabouts, and that no prisoners would be taken. There was no signature, but the boatman gave me this ring, and I sent back my own in exchange.

"And now, again Cartagena will be taken, and he will be plundered, as he has plundered others; for none can doubt that Lord Vernon must take any port on this side of the ocean, with such force of men and ships, and all men feel that 'tis against that city that you are to go. So, carry my message; and when you set out, I will see that you lack not gold to help the only relative I have on earth."

The hour was late when they parted, for much good counsel was imparted concerning the natural features of the surrounding country, its dangers, diseases and insect plagues, and the best means of preserving health and securing personal comfort, to all of which Stephen listened wonderingly; for, insensibly, the old man had thrown off his rugged bearing, while relating his story, as if he had worn it as a mask to cover better breeding and a higher grade of education.

"Good-night, Mr. Hewson," said our hero, as they parted, "I will remember all you have said, and do your errand, if I may. As to secrecy, you have my word; and I shall look for your messenger when word comes to march into Boston, which must be soon."

"Good-night, lad," said his strange host, as if relapsing into his old character. "There are strange dreams that one has at times, an' 't's a question sometimes whether the dream or the awakening is the strangest."

The great hound rose as Stephen passed out and laid his huge head fawningly against his outstretched hand; and as he looked back, he took in with a glance the antique furniture, the ornamented arms, the rover's flag, the heavy coffer, and the figure of his mysterious host; but years passed before he was to meet the privateersman again.

THIS IS ENOUGH

By ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL

THIS is enough—to call you friend—to see
When, at the long day's end, I come to you
For comradeship and cheer as friends may do,
The light leap to your eyes because of me.

Warm palm to palm in greeting silently,
The close, strong clasp of unvoiced sympathy—
With perfect understanding words are few.

The pleasant room, the shabby chairs that woo
With wide, inviting arms; upon your knee
Some well-loved volume, thumbed and worn, that we
Have read together—firelight and we two—
This is enough.

The Harmony of Life*

by The Editor

HAVE you ever thought that harmony is the first law of the universe? That until the music of the spheres voiced the harmony of the planets, there was no habitable world? Look within yourself, and without, and realize that happiness has never come to you without harmony. To sow and to reap is of no avail without the harmony of growth. Machines mighty and machines microscopic—God-made and man-made—must first have harmonious adjustment before a wheel will turn, a violet unfold, or a star shine.

In the scroll of life we find that an all-wise Providence has planned our joys and sorrows, our hopes and fears, in harmony with a destiny that transcends human wisdom. It was the herald of harmony that called together the Minute Men of '76 and the cavaliers of the South to sacrifice everything for the harmony of liberty.

The one thing that creates nations and has deified harmony in its highest human purposes is patriotism; the patriotism that cannot be defined altogether in deed and action, but is felt in the very depths of the soul.

You have heard the jeer that patriotism is only an expression of emotion for an ensign. We know in our hearts that it goes deeper than that—patriotism is the cornerstone incarnate of your life and mine today. It is the vibrant harmony of a people. Without it, this great land of ours would soon become a chaotic cannibal waste, where the beasts of the jungle would hold sway, and the place thereof would know them no more.

Patriotism is like a great organ where every stop means some modulation to add to harmony. Some stops may be seldom used—others in frequent demand, but all are necessary in some way, at some time, for creating the greater harmony that swells the diapason of our destiny.

When the Rail-splitter came to the President's chair, he heard only a few tremolo stops, making a plaintive appeal for the Union. When he began there was discord and distress, but the strong hand of the master pulled the stops, played the keys, appealing to every human emotion; but finally a stop to disunion was sounded, and he left the great organ swelling louder and stronger with the songs of the Union, forever and forever.

You cannot see harmony—you can only feel it. Harmony is like heaven—it can only be reached and lived by obedience to law. As one has said, "Nature has ordained a law, an immutable law, that no inharmonious thing shall live."

In the field, in the forest, and on the plain, nature ever speaks in terms of harmony. And the overture to patriotism is the harmony of a people banded together for the welfare of all.

Patriotism is the emotion that stirs the pulse and makes men, women and children thrill with purpose to do things for others without counting the cost to self.

Out of the discord of the world-strife

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* Address at Lake Chautauqua, August 19.

today we see great nations, in the death-strife for the ultimate harmony of an eternal and enduring peace. Our own Civil War was but a crash of keys out of which arose a national harmony that has brought to our beloved land peace and prosperity.

Happily the lesson of the times in the world-tragedy overseas points the peril of any hazard or act that may jeopardize the harmonious patriotism of our country.

* * *

The bulwark of the nation is the harmony of our home life. Within a few weeks I was with James Whitcomb Riley in the very fields which he has immortalized in his poems. He it was who idealized the real and made life on the farm seem sweeter and more harmonious than ever before. What was the keynote of this kind-hearted Hoosier poet who passed away with the affectionate remembrance of millions?

> Beloved friend! Good heart! Harmonious heart of childhood's fancy, of youth's vision, of maturity and age! God's own heart of humanity and love!
>
> Because you lived, all life is sweeter now!

It was the harmony of his life in harmony with his country that made James Whitcomb Riley a most true and valiant patriot. To you, as farmers, Riley wrote:

It hain't no use to grumble and complane,
  It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice!
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
  Why, rain's my choice!

The "Marseillaise" stirs the French; the "Wacht am Rhein" the Germans; "Rule Britannia" the British; and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," all America. In these songs is the harmony from which spring the melodies of national airs that tingle with the spirit of patriotism—leading on to the *world patriotism* that is to come.

All of this tribute to harmony does not mean that we may not earnestly and fearlessly protest against insidious wrongs and corruption. It was for the re-creation of harmony that McKinley ordered the troops to Cuba, to save the starving millions and drive tyranny from the continent, to unfurl the flag of many stars over the Pearl of the Antilles, out of which was born the flag with the single star of Cuba.

In the panorama of public men whom I have seen in all parts of the world, when it comes to the idealistic expression of Americanism, I look not to the dashing soldier, but rather to those who have kept the hearts of the people in harmony with their lives.

* * *

On the last night that we assembled to decide upon the contributions which should have a place in "Heart Throbs," by my side sat Sam Walter Foss, absorbed in learning what poems had touched the hearts of the people. Imagine his surprise and the sweet look of triumph on his face when it was announced that his own poem, "The House by the Side of the Road," had been the most popular favorite of fifty thousand American people. He burst into tears, and with his head in his hands said, "This is glory enough for me. I feel that I have served my country."

The spirit of this poem rings true with the note of patriotism and harmony. The heroic and Homeric ideal was preserved for you and for me. "Let me live in the house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man!" echoes the refrain of the immortal theme.

What picture more inspiring than that of America, the "house by the side of the road" among the nations of the world—"a friend to man!"

* * *

Upon the borders of this beautiful lake was born a movement that has added much to the harmony of American life. From Chautauqua has come forth the "Chautauqua idea," at once elevating and inspiring. In the isolated home far out on the plain; on farms and in forests, under the glow of the lamp, "Chautauquans" are drinking deep at the Pierian spring.

They may not come here in person to look upon this scene of sparkling, dancing waters and the radiance of the sunsets behind the forest-fringed borders of this lake, but they are here in spirit in harmonious accord with the great ideals of Chautauqua.

The word "Chautauqua," beautiful in its suggestion of Indian lore and legend, revives the spirit nurtured in the groves of Plato and of Socrates.

Only within a few days I talked with

the son of the man who first aroused public interest in Chautauqua Lake. He remembers, as a boy, the tall and stately poplars of Bemus Point, standing out like sentinels, beckoning the world to Chautauqua.

* * *

It is upon law that nations rest their faith. Why not make every day a day for living the spirit of the American Constitution—"*we the people*"?

Why should we think of these things as graven bronze or relics in a museum?

From the earliest days of our government, the one thing that has been our tower of strength is the Constitution of the United States. Upon it has been focused the great genius of American statesmen, from John Marshall, the interpreter, to Daniel Webster, the expounder. Every statesman has come to love that document as the greatest bill of human rights ever expressed in human law.

In the shade of the oaks of Hawarden Castle, from William E. Gladstone in the sunset of his life, while in the height of his fame as England's Grand Old Man, came the pronouncement that the Constitution of the United States was the greatest and most exhaustless, yet the most concise exposition of organic law ever known to man.

This is not the estimate of admiring Americans, but rather the cool judgment of a British statesman—Prime Minister of that same empire from which was wrested those inalienable rights which the Constitution embodies.

What country in all history can boast of such a document, which has stood the test of one hundred and forty of the most eventful years in the world's progress—the greatest expression of harmony in human government under the sun.

In the Constitution of the United States is a welcome for the naturalized citizen—a fundamental guarantee that he is accorded privileges harmonious with the spirit of the colonies.

Uncle Sam is all right—but what about *you* and *me?*

How many of you ever extend the hand of welcome to a foreigner and say, "I'm glad you came to America and are to be an American citizen"?

The great floodtide of emigration that will follow this war, as it has followed all other conflicts in Europe, will present to us, as Americans, the problem of harmonizing the racial ingredients for the great melting pot of democracy, which is America.

Perhaps it is because it is all so free to us that we fail to appreciate fully what *Constitutional Americanism* means. Without lifting a finger or making a sign, simply by signing his name and taking an oath, a human being is transformed into the glories of citizenship.

His life, his liberty, his property, are guaranteed by the law of the land.

Is it not for us to devote some time in the service of this land? If only to make more harmonious the citizenship around you. This seems to call for more than a mere expression on days like this at Bemus Point.

Why should we not pledge our loyalty to the *law* of the Stars and Stripes when we go to the polls, reverently saluting the Flag?

Why not be Americans to the core, and even greet the flag at the polls with a salute of love—the bending of the knee and a kiss upon the graceful folds—*hats off* to the Stars and Stripes, which represent more to humanity for freedom, for peace, if you choose, than any other flag on earth?

* * *

Would this not be an object lesson to those who come from lands across the sea, where patriotism partakes of the spirit of devotion and worship?

Is it any wonder that your sires, when they came here, called this state not York, but *New* York?

As for me, every time I cast a vote, I feel like expressing to Him who controls all, the gratitude and supplication of a prayer on bended knee for my country.

For above us all proudly floats that emblem of harmony in colors radiant. The hope of the race today—blended together in the perfect tone that stands for purity—the splendor of the skies above—the pulsing life of the earth below—the colors—my colors! Yours! Ours!

The colors of the flag—the imperishable *red, white* and *blue!*

The Making of New Americans

by Hugh H. Thomson

THE great problem in regard to the immigrant is his Americanization. The absorption of the immigrant and the making of a staunch reliable defender of Old Glory and lover of the new land of freedom out of him is not going to be such a hard job if taken in time, but like all work, if allowed to run too long a time, the immensity of the project may well stagger us when we attack it later.

I can perhaps better illustrate what I mean by telling of conditions in my own home city, Yonkers, New York. It is not so many years ago that we had an American city here, situated on the banks of the majestic Hudson, our only foreign born being Irish and German, with a slight sprinkling of French, Swedish and some English and Scotch. We did not count them as foreigners, however, because they rapidly learned our language and our customs and became part of us. It was in the early 80's when our first so-called foreigners came to us. An influx of Slavs, Polacks and Italians was followed by Hungarian Jews, Russian Jews, Syrians and others. The first lot to arrive took up their residence in two houses in the Nepperhan Avenue district. New arrivals sought them out and took up quarters in the same neighborhood, until finally the entire block was filled. Each nationality took a block to itself, in a different section of the city, and each proceeded to add to its numbers with new materials. Now the Italian section, the Polish section, the Slavish section and so on through the different races, cover, not single blocks in a street, but several entire blocks. And in those sections the American language is seldom or never heard from one week's end to the other, and when it is, it comes from the mouths of the children who are attending school.

Thus we have today in the city of Yonkers from eight to ten sections, each covering several blocks, populated almost entirely by foreign born who do not speak our language, make no effort to learn it, and know nothing and care nothing about our customs. Some few of the males become sufficiently interested to learn enough of our language to enable them to become citizens, and many of these do so only for the opportunity offered them to sell their vote.

This is of course a serious charge and I realize it. It is borne out, however, in the rapid increase of hyphen American independent clubs, where the business is carried on in a foreign language, to the accompaniment of an over-worked bartender and various kegs of beer. The principal committee, and often the only one appointed, is the one to wait on the various political leaders to "see what they are going to do for us."

With the increase and spread of these foreign-speaking sections comes the problem that is facing us. How long is it going to be before they will overwhelm and cover the city. Where in 1880 we had a city, American in every way, we are now approaching a situation where we are becoming a polyglot city of many languages, and the American-speaking inhabitant is being pushed farther and farther toward the outskirts; or, as our Chimmie Faddens would say, "pushed off de map."

This is not a fanciful picture. It is a stern reality, a statement of actual facts that anyone may see who wishes to look. The same thing has happened in other cities and is happening in still others. Every manufacturing city in the United States, if it has not already faced this problem, will within a few years.

HUGH H. THOMSON
Secretary of the Americanization Committee of the Men's League of South Yonkers

There is a cure for this, and it is contained in the one word Americanism. And the interesting part of it is that the foreigner wants it just as much as we should want him to have it. Investigations have proven that where he is given an opportunity, the foreigner becomes in time one of our most enthusiastic citizens. If given a chance he will adopt the language and customs of his adopted country, and none will respond more quickly or liberally to the call for help when it is issued.

The city of Yonkers has started a movement to eradicate this evil in our city and it is hoped that the work started will in time place our fair city back on the map as it was in the early 80's, an American city from first to last. The movement had its inception in the membership of the Men's League of the South Yonkers Presbyterian Church of Yonkers. Here the question came up of what could be done for our immigrants. It was quickly seen, however, that the problem was of immense proportions, and that unless the people of the city could be awakened to the urgency of the work on hand, it would get beyond their control.

A suggestion of Mr. James Wright Brown, the president of the League, was then taken up and a Pageant of the Nations was arranged. The entire affair was worked out by the League and members of that body represented the different nationalities, dressing in the national costume. Uncle Sam was represented by Dr. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, while Miss Carman Bianchi made a most charming Miss Columbia.

Uncle Sam was the first to enter, escorting Miss Columbia to a seat on the opposite side of the stage. He then recited lines telling of the early struggles to establish the new country, coming up to the point where the thirteen original colonies were established. Thirteen little misses, each dressed in white, and each carrying a shield with the name of one of the original states on it, here entered in the order that the states signed the constitution. They sang a patriotic song before taking their seats. Uncle Sam then told of the growth of the country and the several stages of history connected with that growth until he mentioned the fact that it was now one great country of forty-eight states and various dependencies. At this point forty-eight young ladies, also in white, and also carrying shields with the name of a state on them, entered to the tune of "My Own United States," singing as they took their seats.

"How was this growth accomplished?" then asked Uncle Sam, and he proceeded to answer it himself. He told of the immigrants coming to our shores and gave some statistics pertaining to the country at large. He then referred to Yonkers and told of the races we had here. He first introduced an Irishman, represented by a League member, and as the young man came forward to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green," Dr. Cooper gave the statistics of the race in Yonkers, in the county and in the state. At the same time, reference was made to a large card then being displayed over the stage, giving the same figures. The Irishman then took a place already designated on the stage. Each nationality represented in Yonkers was called on, and the same ceremony was repeated. When the last of the twenty leading nationalities had been called and had taken his place on the platform, Dr. Cooper, as Uncle Sam, called attention to the fact that the United States had become one great melting pot. As he spoke, the names were removed from the shields, the states and immigrants came closer together, placed the shields upon their heads and formed an immense living American flag. Of course the accompanying strains of the orchestra were "The Star Spangled Banner," sung by all present.

The point driven home by Uncle Sam was that the United States has grown to its present proportions mainly through the immigration from other shores, but in order to have a perfect formation of a perfect flag, one flag for all, there must be a melting pot process and the immigrant must become Americanized.

The audience that witnessed the Pageant was an American one, not over a dozen of the so-called foreign element being present. It was not intended that they should be present, as the main idea was to bring to the knowledge of the American element of the city the problem that was confronting them. To say that they were astonished by the figures and facts presented would be putting it very mildly. Representatives of the Chamber of Commerce and City Government present went out in a thoughtful mood. The result was shown in a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce Committee on Naturalization at which it was arranged to give a reception to a class of foreign-born that was to receive naturalization papers within a month. The reception took place in the State Armory and consisted of music and speeches by prominent jurists and others, on the duty of the newly made citizens toward their adopted country. They were impressed with the necessity of attending evening school and of learning the American customs and language. Extended work along the line of evening schools for education, and receptions to newly made

"UNCLE SAM"

Represented by Dr. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper in the Pageant of the Nations at Yonkers, New York

"MISS COLUMBIA".
A character charmingly portrayed by Miss Carman Bianchi in the Yonkers pageant

citizens at which they are impressed with the possibilities offered them in becoming Americanized have followed the awakening of the citizens by the Men's League. Already good fruit has grown from the seed sown, and the end is not yet in sight. There is a tremendous lot of work to be done in Yonkers, but as it goes on, it will become easier, for the reason that there is not a more enthusiastic booster of the Americanization idea than the Americanized foreigner.

The mistake must not be made, however, of dealing only with the men. Kipling's "The female of the species is more deadly than the male," may not be entirely applicable in this case, but might well be kept in mind. The work must reach out and take in the women of the foreigner's household. In fact a work that has catered entirely to the women has had better results than the work catering entirely to the men, because as the women learn, they impress on their men the necessity for learning, while the men on their part, do not care much whether the women learn or not as long as they do. Good work can also be done with the children of the foreigner in our public schools. They can be impressed with the necessity for learning on the part of their father and mother, and they can be impressed with the great good to be accomplished by the introduction of American ideas into their homes.

The great idea is to teach the foreigner that he is now in America and that the language of the home he has left is not the language of this country. The new ideas and ideals of his new country will tend to uplift and upbuild him and give him fresh ambitions, and he must also be shown that aside from every other consideration, it is going to be greatly to his advantage to embrace the new things of this country. When he gets this idea firmly planted in his brain, he will seek the knowledge, and once he gains it, as I said before, there will be no more enthusiastic booster of the Americanization idea than the Americanized foreigner.

The Suffragette Short Line

by Deber Mack

WHEN I first saw Avis Bartell sounding the gong of an electric car I said to myself, "There's the girl of my dreams." I had not anticipated seeing her there so I stared—with my mouth open, she has since declared—to discover, if possible, the reason for the masquerade. Beneath a visored cap her red gold hair fluffed distractingly. Above a motorman's coat rose her flower-like face with a coloring past all description. A dimple twinkled in the nearest cheek and two dark eyes solemnly scanned me—I am undecided yet as to whether they are blue or black.

I was in a taxicab bound for a hotel. I signaled the chauffeur to stop, picked up my suit-case, gave him a bill and directions for the rest of my luggage and stood starring at the girl who was not twenty years old. Let me disabuse your mind of the idea that I was given to such eccentricities of conduct. This was my first offense in twenty-five years; and that it was anything extraordinary I failed to realize until long afterward.

"Is this a—a public line?" I stammered. I knew it was for I was commissioned to grab that line or a controlling interest for the G. N. & L. road; but to enter the car without permission from that business-like motor-girl seemed almost an intrusion into a lady's residence.

She nodded in affirmation, whereat I began lumbering up the steps, when she crisply stopped me.

"Entrance at rear. Better hurry. We're starting."

I hurried. Not for the price of that road would I have missed that car, and I had an impression that the girl would just as soon have started without me. When I set my suit-case on the top step and looked up at the conductor I had another shock, for she—yes, she—had the same uniform, the same red-gold hair as the girl in front. But her face was plainer, her years a full dozen more. I extended a nickel. She merely glanced at it.

"The fare is twenty-five cents the round trip. People usually ride on this car only through curiosity and that always comes high. Or were you going to stop at the end of the line?"

"For the present," I decided instantly, "if I can get accommodations. Know of a nice quiet place?"

"Why, yes. Ma has a spare room now. She keeps summer boarders at the end of the line. Nothing fancy, you know, but it's quiet and pleasant. Round trip?"

What luck! I gave her a quarter and received a return ticket. I was the sole passenger so I sat down to watch the motor-girl. She knew her business. Occasionally I unglued my eyes long enough to observe that we had passed the suburbs. The smell of wild roses and fresh green leaves came in at the open window. Small truck farms lay on either side.

We slowed up on reaching a railroad crossing. The conductor ran out and glanced up and down before signaling the car to proceed. Then I knew where we were—those were the G. N. & L. tracks which made a wide detour to reach the city we had left ten minutes before; and the line on which I was travelling, a good smooth one, was worth much to the G. N. & L. in the saving of time and money.

The conductor—I discovered her name was Vaughan—resumed her place. After running across a narrow stream and into a beautiful grove, we slid into a shed and stopped. I waited while the girls removed their coats and caps and hung them up. At length they appeared to remember me.

"Avis, this gentleman, Mr. ——" I extended my card to Vaughan. "Mr. Edgar Willard, wishes to stay with us."

Avis inclined her head a trifle which I acknowledged with my best bow. I observed her nose had a distracting tilt and having looked, I could not detach my gaze. I might have been staring yet if Vaughan had not said a bit sharply:

"Come, Mr. Willard."

She need not have interposed herself between Avis and me—I had no intention of devouring the girl even though she was the loveliest thing I ever beheld. We reached the house in some fashion and I became a lamb in Mrs. Bartell's hands—not that she took advantage of my condition. Her business arrangements were perfectly satisfactory, but if she had exacted all I possessed I should have considered it too little for the privilege of being near Avis.

Avis! I sank into a chair in the plain comfortable room assigned me, dropped my unpacked suit-case and gave myself wholly to dreams. The ringing of a bell somewhere served but as an accompaniment to the visions of a red-gold head on my breast, of lips sweeter than honey, of eyes glorious with love. By and by a knock at my door disturbed me.

"Aren't you coming to dinner?" It was Vaughan's voice.

There were other men at that delectable meal. I met them and I knew perfectly well that Benson, Wright, Collins and Worthington were all there for the reason that I was. They were enemies, to be dealt with as snakes. Their presence so occupied my thoughts that I forgot to ask about the thing which had been puzzling me when I could get Avis's image from my mind long enough to think at all. I had wondered why Avis and Vaughan were running that car. As in answer to my subconscious query Mrs. Bartell remarked as she served the dessert:

"Mr. Willard hasn't much curiosity."

"Why?" I awoke long enough to inquire.

"You haven't asked why we are running this road—the Suffragette Short Line, some call it. There are but four miles of it, you know."

"I should like to hear if I may."

"I'm telling you now so you won't have to ask later. This was Pa's idea, this short line. He saw that it was the key to the G. N. & L. if they ever built a separate station on their own land, and that it was the easiest grade for any other road. So he quietly got options and organized a company—P. L. Jacobs, S. S. Nixon, Ben Jenkins and himself. Pa got thirty shares of the stock for promoting, Jacobs and Jenkins each twenty-five and Nixon twenty, the three putting up the capital. Pa had a little pull with the city council then, and so on account of being able to get the charter he was allowed the five shares extra. The council was ready to vote when Ben Jenkins came to Pa and told him the others were trying to buy him out, and he wanted to sell. Pa saw the scheme. Getting together every cent we could he bought Ben's shares and put them in the girl's names without letting the other stockholders know about it. Every share carried a vote so there we were with fifty-five votes against forty-five.

"After the first business meeting Pa was president, I was vice-president—half his shares were in my name—Vaughan was secretary and Avis treasurer. Jacobs and Nixon were furious because Pa had outwitted them. We voted to take the funds on hand, buy up the land we had options on and build the line, which they never intended to do. And they were so hopping mad they got a proviso tacked on to that charter giving us only six months before the road was built and we were running an electric car four round trips a day, and if we failed in any requirement the charter was to be forfeited.

"Pa wouldn't give in. We had enough funds for everything except the car. I said to him, 'We've got to sell the home,' which we did—it was a nice one over on Third Avenue—and then with no more money we were up against it for somebody to run the car. Pa said more than once, 'If you girls had only been boys.' Finally Avis snapped back one time, 'I'm just as smart as if I'd been a boy.' And to prove it she took a course in electricity at night school. A friend of hers, an electrician—" She stopped to ask Benson if he would have another gooseberry tart.

"An electrician," I prompted.

"—came out here—we'd taken this place then—and gave her lessons till Pa was convinced she could run the car as well as a man could. We get power from the city. Pa intended to build a nice hotel here but he—didn't live—to finish his plans to enlist capital—"

"Oh!" I exclaimed with sympathy.

I should have said more if I had not observed Benson talking in an undertone to Avis. From the first I distrusted that man. All I could do was to scowl, which I did my hardest. But before the evening was over I decided it was Worthington. He had the audacity to propose taking her for a walk when I was sitting talking to her. And he called her Avis. I realized he shouldn't have called her Jane or Dolly, but he could have addressed her as Miss Bartell.

At breakfast, full two hours earlier than was my wont, I turned my attention to Wright and Collins. They appeared to be older friends than Benson or Worthington, for Avis called one Harold and the other Sam. I distrust men friends of long standing. They hang on and win out at last through sheer persistence. It was some relief to learn they were taking their vacations, since obviously they were there to watch each other.

I went to town the first trip. So did the others. I had to attend to some business and the transfer of my luggage. As the car returned in half an hour I was obliged to wait for the second trip. Collins was also returning. I tried to forestall him by strolling out on the front platform, but I had merely opened the door when Avis pointed to a sign, "No Passengers Allowed Here."

There was no reasonable excuse for going on the two round trips in the afternoon. I still retained sufficient intelligence to wish to appear sane. Instead I sat where I could see the approaching car, and as I caught the first glimpse of that red-gold hair under the blue cap, the record of my heart-action would have made any physician goggle-eyed.

For a week I was nothing more or less than a surly, suspicious watch-dog trying to frighten the other dogs away from the angel I was guarding. I wanted an excuse for attacking the quartette singly or *en masse*. Inaction made me desperate; business was forgotten. I got nowhere with Avis. If she were gracious one hour she was cold the next. I was dizzy, denuded of judgment by being thus elevated to hope and plunged back to despair; and when I wasn't sick with hopeless longing I was insane from jealousy.

Mrs. Bartell told me I was growing thin and nervous, and good reason for it, too, since Avis cared less for me than for the machinery of her car—I noted how attentive she was to that. One morning I came upon her as she crawled from beneath it. She wore grease-stained overalls and an old cap which hid her lovely hair.

"Gracious! I didn't expect anyone to see me," she exclaimed in annoyance.

"I love to see a woman in overalls," I assured her as I attempted to grasp her hand, unconscious of the oil-can it held. Wasn't that asinine? Her answer showed fine irony.

"Yes, you must." She gave the can a flourish as in emphasis—I suspect it was intentional—and my gray trousers bore witness that a woman's aim is often slandered. But what was a suit of clothes, anyway? It furnished an excuse to go to the cleaner's, which meant two round trips with but a door between me and the only girl.

At the end of the second week I had a sharp reminder of the purpose of my visit. It was from the president of the road, the G. N. & L., and was yellow in color, bilious in expression. "What in thunder is the matter; come back and I will send the office boy." It steadied me. I became almost sane and proceeded to business.

Sauntering to the back porch where Mrs.

Bartell was dressing broilers—in the rural sense—I seated myself on a step and led up to the Suffragette Short Line.

"Your daughters are most capable," I lazily observed, "but do you—er—think they will always be satisfied with men's work?"

"Good gracious! I hope not." She plucked with such energy that a portion of the fowl's skin accompanied a handful of feathers. "Before another year I think all the car they'll be running is an automobile and maybe they'll have somebody do that for them."

"You think the line will be paying dividends then?"

"Pa said it would and I never knew his judgment to fail."

"Have you thought of selling out?" I tried to sound casual.

"Never! that's what Pa cautioned us against almost with his last breath. He said there'd be people who'd try to get this for little or nothing, but we must hang on to it, for it would become valuable and bring us big returns. We all promised we wouldn't let it go out of the family."

"But—pardon my insistence—how will that help you? You would have to interest outside capital or it wouldn't pay any more than it's doing now."

"Oh, I don't know. P. L. Jacobs and S. S. Nixon will likely sell out to some big road, but it can't absorb us against our will. We have the controlling votes and we can dictate terms when they want the line bad enough to listen to us. We'll keep our shares and draw mighty good dividends. Pa didn't train us for nothing."

Well, I sent a pacifying letter to the president after which I proceeded to forget all about it. My whole time was given to thoughts of Avis. That night I asked her to marry me. She promptly refused. When pressed for reasons—not, however, in the way, I desired—she was silent.

"Is it because you don't love me?"

"That will do as well as anything else."

"It won't do at all," I assured her and tried to imprison the capable little hand that lay close—we were sitting on a rustic bench in the grove and the moon was peeping through breeze-blown boughs. "Oh, very well, be stingy with your hand, then, but I thought a proposing man has a right to take the girl's hand while he tells her of his love. Honestly, don't you care for me just a little?"

"Even if I did, wouldn't it be silly to confess it when I saw you for the first time but two weeks ago and don't know anything about you?"

"Two weeks! Love knows no time. I have loved you for an eternity," I avowed. "What else do you want to know about me?"

"Nothing, of course," she responded stiffly. "I suppose it's not unusual for a man to appear from nowhere in particular, make violent love to the first girl he sees—"

"The only girl he will ever see—"

"—and expect her to accept him on faith," she finished a bit tremulously.

"Look here, Avis," I began, but she stopped me with dignity.

"You are taking a liberty with my name."

"Call that a liberty?" I laughed. "You should hear me nights when I can't sleep for thinking of you. Why, I've prefixed and affixed endearing terms to it until I feel when I use it alone that I must apologize for its sounding so undressed. Avis, darling—that's better, I agree—I'm going to expect you to accept me on faith. In comparison with your worth I'm nothing and nobody. I am not particularly ashamed of my life but I wish for your sake I had achieved something. You can remedy that, though. If I can win your love, nothing will be too great for me to accomplish. Now will you marry me?"

"I have already declined that honor," she answered. I stood up with a heart like lead.

"Tell me one thing," I pleaded. "Is—is it someone else?"

"Certainly not," she quickly replied.

"Then I shall ask you to marry me until you consent either from admiration of my persistence or from a desire to shut my mouth. You'll see."

She did see. I waylaid her on the stairs next morning to put the query. She was prompt with her "No!" I rode into the city with her and occasionally opened the door to repeat the interrogation. I proposed twenty times that day and by night her mouth was as oval as if she had eaten a green persimmon.

I remarked to Vaughan the next day as

I bought my fourth round trip that it looked as though I would be a dollar-a-day suitor. She laughed in comradely fashion—Vaughan is a good fellow. I went to the front and proposed again. That was really all that kept me from going to pieces those days.

On the third day Avis had not weakened. That night I could not sleep. For hours I tossed until my bed became a scorching furnace. I arose and sat by the window. All at once my senses grew alert to a peculiar noise in the car-shed, and slipping on my clothes I went to investigate.

I was not certain, but I fancied I saw a skulking figure in the shadow of the trees. I found no one so into the shed I crept. As nearly as I could judge by the light of matches, nothing was disturbed. When I stepped out of the shed the muzzle of a revolver pressed my neck.

"Will you come quietly?" a voice inquired.

"To the end of the earth with you, my precious," I promised, for the voice was Avis's.

"Edgar! why are you here?"

The shock could not have been greater if she had blown off my head then and there, but the pleasure would have been less, when I heard that "Edgar." All doubt as to the outcome of my hopes was mercifully removed by that exclamation of two syllables. And she didn't know she said it. I answered as behooves a constituted protector.

"Looking after your property, love. I fancied I heard someone tampering with the car. I found no one."

"I heard, too. I was sitting by the window. I didn't wish to alarm anyone."

"You plucky little thing! Is it any wonder that I love—"

"Please don't," she pleaded. Do you suppose the car is all right?"

"Sure," I returned.

After that I slept soundly for the first time since leaving home; but I was awake before six to make an examination of the car before the girls could. I whistled at the clever wreckage I beheld beneath the car—I know something about machinery, myself. No time was to be lost if those parts were replaced in time to get in the four round trips for the day. Somebody's game was to have the Short Line lose its charter through inability to fulfill requirements. I thought of P. L. Jacobs and S. S. Nixon, and of the many opportunities I should have to get even with them for that cowardly work. While I changed my clothes I consulted the G. N. & L. timetable. By hurrying I could catch the train at the Brighton crossing; for I was bound for the shops of the G. N. & L. fifty miles distant.

As I passed the wood-house I saw Benson's motorcycle. Noiselessly I rolled it to the highway. About to mount, I remembered that if Avis tried to start the car there would be greater damage. I snatched a leaf from my memorandum book, scribbled a few words of warning and was considering where best to place it when I heard a shout, an angry one. Benson was gesticulating from an upper window. I had no time for explanations. I held up the fluttering piece of paper, pinned it to the gatepost with my knife, mounted the motorcycle and flashed down the line—the Short Line, that being most direct.

Something lying across the track just ahead of me gleamed in the early sunlight. I found it was a rail from the track. While Avis could not have failed to see the obstacle in time to prevent mishap, the perpetrator of the first outrage was making sure the car could not run that day. I swore that it should.

The engine was whistling for Brighton crossing as I left the car-line and tore down the road to flag the train. I lifted the motorcycle into the baggage-car and jumped in beside it as the train moved on. At the first stop I sent a telegram to the division superintendent requesting him to repair the Short Line track at once.

I had breakfast on the diner before I reached the shops; and having secured the necessary machinery I engaged a man to go back with me and put it in. With the repairs and the machinist behind me on the motorcycle I scorched that fifty miles in just one hour. We reached Mrs. Bartell's at noon and found the women in excited conclave with Wright and Benson. Collins and Worthington had walked to the city for aid. As I leaped from the motorcycle I heard Avis exclaim:

"There! I knew he was all right. Aren't you ashamed of your suspicions?" She seemed wafted toward me with the smile of an angel. "Oh, Mr. Willard, where have you been?"

"Why, for repairs. We haven't a moment to lose. I see they're at work on the track. Why—what—?" I stopped at the confusion on the faces. "Didn't you get my note?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well?" I demanded impatiently.

"You said," she answered breathlessly, " 'Car won't run. Don't risk trying it.' The others thought you'd wrecked it because—because I wouldn't marry you. I knew better." With the confidence of a child she came and put her dear little hand in mine.

If this, instead of being a truthful narrative, were ten-cents-the-word popular fiction, I should use several thousand words telling how many times we crawled under that car, the tools we used or had to send for, the remarks of the machinist, the beads of sweat we shed and the superhuman efforts I put forth. I shall sum up the proceedings in one sentence—we got it to working at six P. M.—and go on to more important things.

It was 10:30 when we rolled into the shed at the conclusion of the fourth trip, for after dark I preceded the car with a lantern every foot of the way. The charter was still in force.

As I helped Avis down the steps, my arm somehow sought its natural resting place and I heard myself—such is the power of habit—quite calmly asking her if she would marry me. Somewhat to my astonishment I found her head on my shoulder and between sobs came disjointed sentences sweeter than the accredited dulcifluousness of heavenly music. "I would, Edgar, but—I've got to run—this old car. I p-promised P-pa—we can't let the line—go out of the family—and you wouldn't want—a wife who—oh! I just hate the thing, so there!"

By that time I was patting her shoulder and pressing my cheek against her hot, wet face. When I could gently turn her head enough to reach her lips I had said, "There, there, precious love, we'll keep it in the family, so we will. I'll be your motorman." I kissed her and she offered no objection.

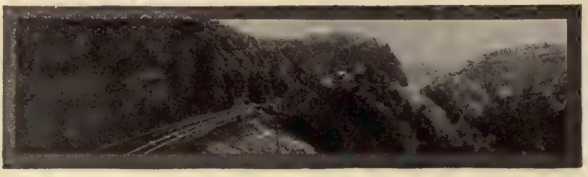
Oh, no, that isn't the end. We were married a few days later, although that isn't quite the end, either. It was growing toward the time when I had to make explanations to the president, so I overcame Avis's objections to a speedy wedding. The next day I sent a telegram and I could anticipate the sensation it might cause in the mind of a certain individual with an uncertain temper. It read: "Had to marry to secure interest. Owners would not let it go out of the family. Your orders were to use my judgment."

The answer came with the haste and choleric evidence I had anticipated. "The devil you did—fine judgment—am starting."

"You see," I explained to my wife as I showed her the despatch, "if the president once sees you the line can go hang. Anyway, it's now all in the family."

"Al in one family?" she repeated, puzzled.

"Yes. Didn't I tell you? In exchange for my services here he promised to make over the forty-five shares of the Short Line which he bought from P. L. Jacobs and S. S. Nixon. I'm the president's son."



Relation of the Tariff to the Public Welfare

by T. B. Walker

THE accompanying diagrams and this review of the facts, features and conditions connected with them are intended to prove to any candid reader:

That low tariffs and free imports of foreign commodities will lead to panics and continued hard times;

That a high rate properly distributed will bring general prosperity, including abundant revenues to maintain the government;

That this prosperity will reach to all classes of people and more particularly benefit those dependent upon daily wages for support and maintenance;

That prosperity has never come with low tariffs, nor hard times and panics with sufficiently high rates of tariff;

That the wealth produced increases with the amount of accumulated capital, and all the joint products of labor and capital are distributed each year more equitably and more for the especial advantage of wage-earners and small fortunes than for larger ones.

The figures for the diagrams are taken from the government statistical reports of the years for which accurate records were kept.

At the top of the tables are indicated the years and the presidential administrations.

On the sides are marked the percentages of duties collected each year from 1821 to 1914 inclusive.

These percentages cover the amount of duty collected on all imports figured on the amount of both free and dutiable, as this is the only definite, accurate method of determining the problem as it affects the economical, industrial and political affairs of the country.

* * *

Diagram No. 1 shows that from 1822 the tariff rates were increased until they reached from thirty per cent in 1822 to forty-five per cent in 1830.

Then under the Clay ten per cent annual reduction, the tariff dropped until in 1834 it was down to eighteen per cent; and in 1837 it dropped to less than fourteen per cent—bringing the panic of 1837.

These low tariff rates continued until 1843, when the panic continued or returned, equaling in severity that of 1837, and perhaps with more failures.

The Fillmore Clay tariff bill, passed in 1842, put the tariff up until in 1844 it was increased to over twenty-eight per cent; and then running along, dropping some until in 1857 the free trade tariff bill so-called, lowered it again to a little over twenty per cent, and the drop to nineteen per cent in 1857 brought the panic of that year.

After this panic, the reduction of the tariff continued until the rates were still further reduced from nineteen to fifteen per cent, that in 1861 intensified the hard times until it reached a great depression, as in 1837.

The panic of 1873 came not so much from the tariff being reduced to so low a point as from its being reduced from the high point of forty-six and one-half to twenty-seven and one-half per cent, or a reduction of nineteen per cent, which, added to the depreciation of our currency to forty-five cents on the dollar in gold and the return to specie payments, making a practical increase of the obligations of debtors to creditors, brought on the panic.

And following this panic, which was not as severe as others have been, in consequence of the tariff remaining at twenty-nine per cent, the return to specie payment established more stable conditions and there followed about sixteen years of generally prosperous times.

This period extended from 1874 to 1890, or sixteen years, when under the McKinley bill of 1890 the tariff rates were reduced until they reached twenty-one and one-half per cent in 1892, and twenty-three and one-half per cent in 1893, while under the Wilson bill of 1894 the tariff was reduced to nineteen and one-half per cent, and its anticipation intensified the panic of 1893 to 1898. The Dingley bill of 1898 brought the tariff up to twenty-nine and one-half per cent from 1905 to 1909. This improved industrial and business conditions and brought fairly good times. A further reduction was made by the Payne bill, until it came to the free trade and low tariff Underwood tariff bill, which reduced the rates to fifteen and one-half per cent in 1913–1914. This would have comprised the seventeenth panic period, as shown on diagram No. 2, which would have occurred as early or earlier than January, 1915, had not the war intervened to temporarily tide us over during the war period and the further time that it will take Europe to recover from us the advantages which we have gained from the temporary conditions of this European war.

* * *

Diagram No. 2 shows the average rate of tariff under the different tariff periods that represented the depressions, panics and hard times of the second, fourth, seventh, and eleventh periods, and the prosperity more destructive hard times that would have occurred under the seventeenth period if the war had not come on, all occurring, as will be observed, during periods when tariff rates were lowest.

An examination of Diagrams No. 1 and No. 2 will show that each of the seven depressions and periods of financial and industrial troubles and hard times has come when the tariff rates had been greatly reduced, and as a consequence of such reduction. And these panic periods, hard times and depressions corresponded with the periods of lower tariffs, and the more prosperous times are represented by the periods of higher tariffs in every case.

That these periods of panic and depression were the inevitable results that come from foreign competition, from the low-priced labor and abundant capital and thoroughly established foreign industries, there is no room for doubt. And the periods of better and more prosperous times are found always following higher rates of tariff, sufficient to balance off some of the disadvantages of higher rates of wages and insufficient amount of capital to meet the foreign competition under the free trade and low tariffs. While there are other collateral features making for and contributing to depression and hard times, the tariff is the essential and controlling factor that determines the possibilities of prosperous times and the certainty of panics under low tariffs and free trade.

If the people continue this unfortunate discriminative control of national affairs in the hands of the impracticable free-trade political combinations at the next election, it may so paralyze our industrial affairs as to completely destroy the seed corn of prosperity and make it difficult ever to raise another crop.

* * *

As history repeats itself with more certainty in its misfortunes than in its more fortunate experiences, we have now to contend with the loudly proclaimed statesmanship of the lowest tariff rates and free imports, below the lowest of any rates that brought all the panics of the last century.

And if this world-wide and destructive war had not been so mercilessly plunged into, changing so greatly the trade and commerce of the world, and to such a radical extent the balance of trade in our favor, within six months of the time the war was started this country would have entered upon a panic that would have brought greater privation and harder times to the fifty million urban population of our cities and towns than has ever been experienced in our history.

Added to this free-trade legislation, a discriminative war tax is levied to raise millions of revenue in times of peace, to meet the expenses of the government, and to throw that part of the obligation of taxation that is rightly due from foreign trade having access to our markets, upon our capital and industry, in addition to the already over-burden of taxation and demoralized trade and commerce.

This so-called progressive taxation multiplies the obligations of some citizens and relieves others entirely and operates in such a manner as to scatter, reduce, and consume the greatest increment of accumulated capital for future use by confiscating the larger earnings or income that would otherwise revert in greatest part in increasing the available capital on which the public welfare depends. And history and experience show that the available capital of the country is constantly falling behind the needs of the industrial and financial requirements that will be made to suffer very materially because of this unwise and unjust method of so-called taxation.

* * *

Our industrial and economical management has been as admirable and successful under the adverse conditions as the political has been impracticable and harmfully discriminative and unjust. The possible limits of successful competition cannot overcome our more than double rate of wages and less abundant capital and the prejudiced treatment here politically as against the friendly co-operation of the leading governments of Europe with their industrial and business organizations.

If we continue running this government on the methods that brought us to the verge of panic, it will without doubt or question bring us back again to the same condition. We must adopt, not a small or cautiously meager advance in our tariff rates, but one sufficiently large to maintain our balance of trade sufficiently high to protect our own industries. And, in addition, we must give to our railroads and business such appropriate rights and control of their property for maintaining prices and transportation rates high enough as will enable them to meet not only subsistence and maintenance, but a margin of profit and accumulated capital that a reasonable and just public policy toward them will bring, to insure public welfare and prosperity.

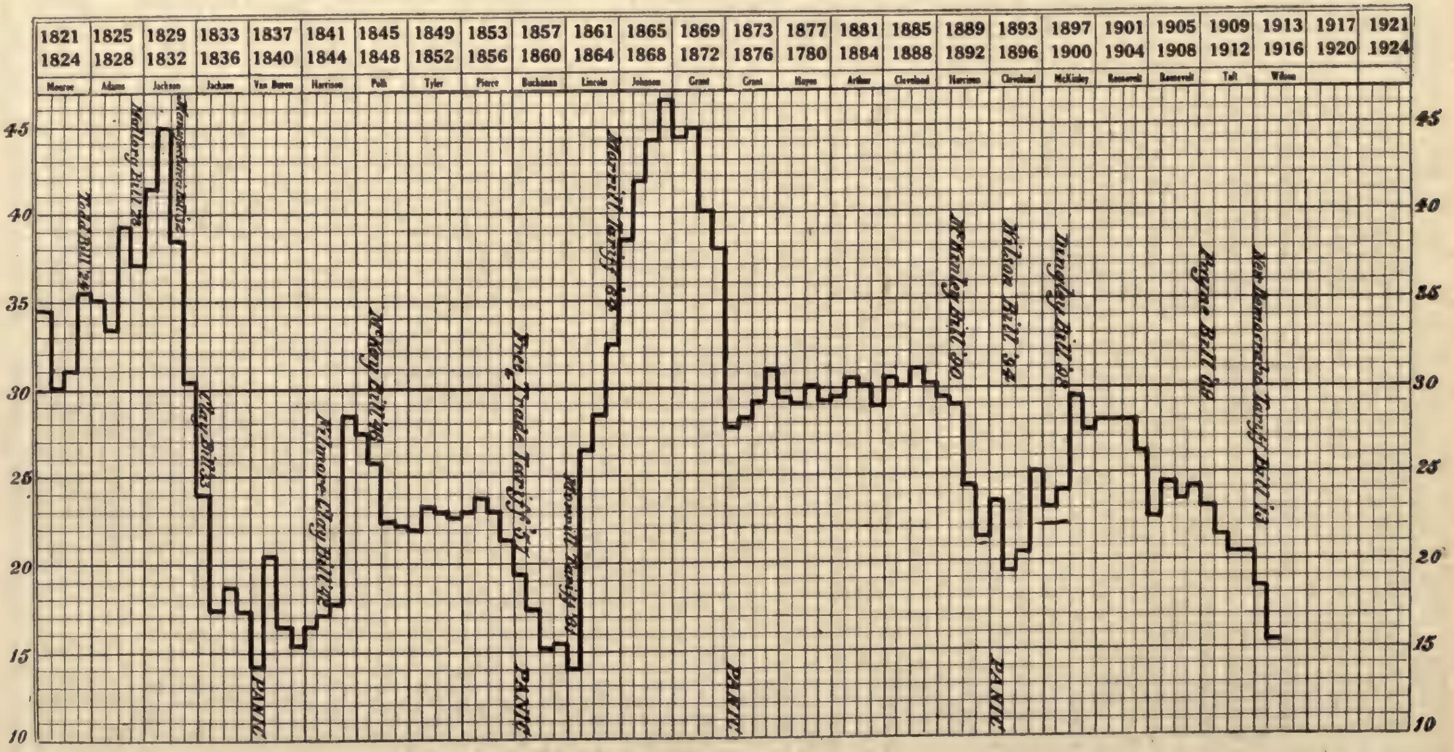
If our industries and business are sufficiently protected by tariff and fair treatment, and the railroads are permitted to maintain reasonable rates and prices, it will give prosperity sufficient to pay high wages and to enable the workingmen and the capitalists, as well as the public generally, to purchase from the farmers their dollar wheat and fifty-cent eggs; it will make employment for all classes continuous and at high rates of wages, and by giving to capital a good and sufficient return on the money invested in industries, trade and commerce, it will enable them to meet their obligations and to furnish means to maintain and improve their property and leave a margin of capital which is absolutely essential as a continuous factor of increase in order that prosperity and high wages may be maintained and competition with Europe met on a basis that will sustain our industries and not destroy them.

Those who are or have been advocating free trade are in duty bound to consider carefully the history of tariff legislation and its adverse influence and effect on the welfare of the people during the past hundred years. And when they discover, as they will, if careful and unprejudiced, that there is no doubt whatever that a low tariff will, in the future, as in the past, bring on panics and hard times, they would seem to be under greater obligations to follow along the lines of the best interests of the commonwealth and serve best their own interests, than to follow the advice and counsel of the free-trade statesmanship which has, when permitted, always undermined prosperity.

The war has reduced imports and increased our export trade beyond all past experience, and shut off the greater part of the flood of American travel in Europe.

DIAGRAM No. 1

Showing the actual percentage of tariff duty collected each year since 1821. With name and date of each Tariff Act and the four great Panics caused by Tariff Legislation.



It has also enabled this country to purchase back one or two billions of our six billion of bonds held in Europe on which interest will be paid to our investors, and keep that amount of control at home—although the railroads will have the same obligations to pay. If two billions are paid off before the war closes, it will reduce our foreign obligations that amount, and keep at home an annual interest bill of one hundred million to help maintain our industries, trade and commerce. These as principal factors have led to a temporary prosperity and warded off a panic which would inevitably have followed a continuation of the conditions existing before the war. But the continuation of the present government methods and policies after the war closes will very soon begin the reduction of our annual trade balance, until within a comparatively short time the billion or more balance a year in our favor will be turned against us to the extent of probably two or three hundred millions.

The continuance of the same political control of railroads, industries and business generally, very soon after the war closes, will bring back the conditions existing when the war began, and demoralize our industries, trade, commerce and transportation. The opening of foreign travel will add another large sum to our annual debit balance of deal with Europe. The continued narrow policy of hostility toward our merchant marine will continue the freight bills of eighty or more million dollars against us which goes into the pockets of foreign owners.

When there is added the annual balance of trade of probably two hundred million against us; the two hundred and fifty million travelers' expenditures in Europe; the two hundred million or more of interest on the four or five billion of bonds remaining in Europe, it will aggregate something over eight hundred million a year of balance against us of foreign indebtedness, and bring another collapse of our industries, trade and commerce, and panic and hard times, if not worse conditions.

That the American manufacturers cannot compete in the open market with the cheap labor and increasing efficiency of European producers with this country as a dumping ground, and that our railroads cannot keep out of bankruptcy under the compulsory payment of excessive wages and taxes and insufficient freight and passenger rates which will soon add to their already heavy load of foreign and home indebtedness and increase to the breaking point the already greater than ever list of railroads in bankruptcy, as fixed under present political control, there is no question whatever. And that the bankruptcy of the railroads and industrial interests means panics and long-continued hard times, if not still greater misfortune, is equally certain.

* * *

The conditions now prevailing are radically different from those of earlier times. In place of ten, twenty or thirty per cent of our population being in cities and towns, as it was fifty or a hundred years ago, there is about one-half, or fifty millions of urban population dependent upon industries, trade and commerce for maintenance. When panic and collapse come, it will practically destroy their means of support, while the rural population on farms may secure food and supplies enough to keep themselves comfortably, if not plundered to feed the multitude.

It is to be hoped that all the people, or a controlling number, cannot be fooled all the time by the free-trade reformers and political demagogues, in leading the public to destroy its prosperity and progress by appealing to prejudice against corporations and organized capital, and to knock the foundation from under their own feet. No real or natural antagonism exists between organized capital and labor. Everything is in favor of co-operation, and would be if the agitator and muckraker would advocate peace and good will by truthfully representing the actual conditions on which the prosperity of the common welfare rests.

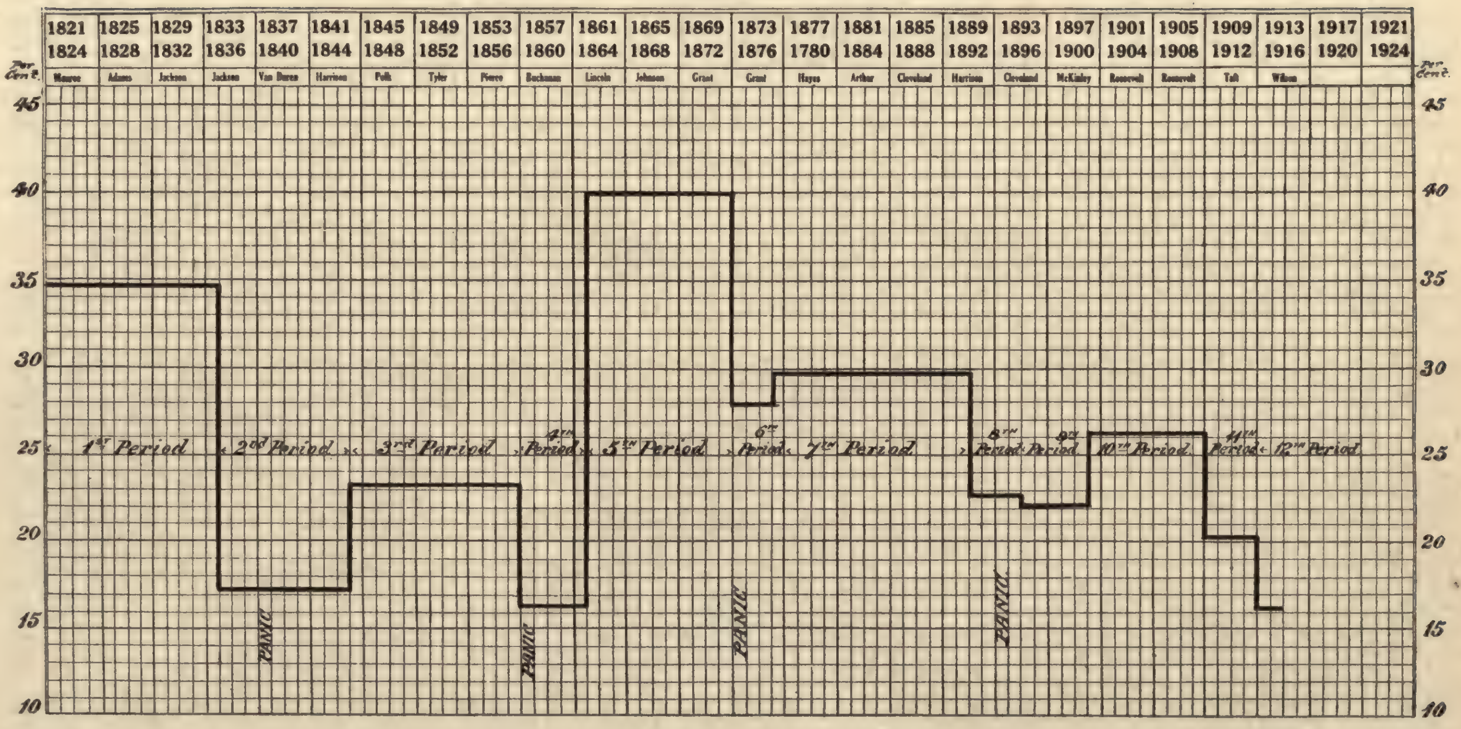
Mr. Taft tells us in a recent address:

"We are all in the same boat. The prosperity of one class is dependent on the prosperity of all."

The assumption that high prices and rates for commodities and transportation are a misfortune, and that Capital and Labor are antagonistic elements, have been, and probably always will be, the

DIAGRAM No. 2

Showing percentage of Duties collected by high and Low tariff periods.



mistaken policy on which progress and the common welfare cannot possibly be advanced beyond a marginal limit where it turns prosperity into panic and hard times. The folly, injustice and absence of intelligence in throwing open our markets to the cheap labor and abundant capital and enterprise of Europe and Asia, and piling up millions of direct taxes on our industries, trade and commerce, is not only impolitic and without a mark of statesmanship, but is in utter disregard of the rights and interest of those engaged in industrial affairs that lie on the front of the possible maintenance of the welfare and prosperity of the nation. The continuance of this policy by the American people is not only a dangerous hazard, but inevitably destructive to the peace, prosperity and common welfare of all.

So that it may be considered a political certainty that if at the next election there is not a more practical, more intelligent and a broader-gauged government placed in charge of this country, the temporary advantage which we have gained by the war will soon be recovered by Europe. And the inevitable outcome will be a constantly increasing number of our manufacturing plants closing in attempts at competition with the low wages, abundant credit and experience of Europe by which they can make a dumping ground of the American market, that will soon paralyze our industries and business affairs, and land us in prospectively the most severe panic that we have ever experienced.

To attempt to prevent foreign nations from making a dumping ground of our markets by means of direct prohibitory legislation, as proposed, is not only futile, but entirely unintelligent. Would our government attempt to prohibit the importations of foreign goods to prevent making this country a dumping ground, by selling their wares at lower rates?

The only stupid excuse for free trade and low tariff is to secure by this competition cheap goods; and yet to maintain low tariffs and to refuse to increase them in order that low prices shall be maintained on foreign, as well as on domestic goods, makes it most ridiculous to talk of prohibiting the imports, if sold at low prices. And to claim that high rates of tariff will not prohibit heavy imports of cheap goods is as completely without reason as the proposed method of prohibiting imports at low prices, to prevent making of this country a dumping ground.

As the unquestioned object on the part of the free-trade political party that now has charge of this country seems to be to maintain control of the government by means of appeals to prejudice against the industrial and business interests of the country, and in doing this, to overlook the rights, interest and welfare of those upon whom the burden of prosperity of the country rests, and when in doing this they must undermine the prosperity and welfare of all classes, will defeat their own purpose without accomplishing anything for their own welfare or that of the American people.

And for the people, as a matter of public welfare, to accept the free-trade fallacy as a means of securing cheap commodities as the object in continuing this control, is entirely overlooking the fact that to whatever extent commodities are made cheap, wages of the workmen and prices to the farmer must be reduced and the ability to purchase goods at even the low prices will be necessarily reduced below that which would come from corresponding reasonably high prices for all classes which will make prosperous times and the ability to purchase much more freely at the higher prices.

* * *

In earlier times nearly all human afflictions were treated by the physician with the lancet and the leech in drawing off the vitality by means of bleeding and depleting the system of that vitality which was an essential thing in the possible recovery from almost all disorders. The modern reformer's political lancet is in the depletion and reduction of the vitality of the industrial, transportation and economical enterprises of the nation, while its reaction is more specifically against the common people and the common welfare.

It is certain that if a sufficient protection is given to our industrial and business interests—to our Labor and Capital, and favorable consideration is given to large and small business and industrial corporations and enterprises, and the hostility to business and to the railroads is eliminated, prosperity will come and will stay. But if to any material extent this is withheld, by means of the continued deception of the people, to whatever extent it is continued it will to that extent neutralize our prosperity and welfare and undermine and paralyze our industrial and economical affairs, and bring panics and hard times.

And it must be borne in mind by all, and particularly by the wage-earners, that the urban population now in the cities and towns represents something like fifty millions, and if our industries, trade and commerce are damaged or seriously injured, it will take the foundation from under the general prosperity and welfare, and to a large extent, the means of securing the common comforts and necessities of life for great numbers of people. The working men must learn that capital is not only not an enemy and poacher on their welfare, but an ally and most efficient co-operator in the business, industrial and economical welfare of all. And they must also remember that the possibility of good wages and continuous employment will be dependent upon the margin of profits and income of capital which has come to be in modern times the absolutely necessary means of any possible prosperity for the wage-earner. When industrial affairs prosper, it must be because capital is maintained and increased to that extent that it can keep up with the increased demands made by the prosperity of the common people. To accomplish this, it will be necessary that the working men and people generally apprehend the selfish personal interests that are back of the present free-trade reform politicians who have so successfully in the past few years deceived so many of the people that they have come too near Lincoln's saying, that: "All the people can be deceived some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but not all the people all the time." In this case they have not deceived all the people all the time, yet they have deceived the majority of the people some of the time.

Already Mr. Pepper, the trade advisor of the United States department of states, sees the foreshadowing of the readjustment of trade relations of the different nations after this war. He tells us that each one is looking ahead and making arrangements for the development of international trade and particularly to exploit the United States and soon recover the trade balance and industrial prosperity that we have temporarily gained. The nations will all favor, encourage, assist and give direct and indirect aid to their industries, trade and commerce to the extent that they will soon displace all American commerce on the ocean, will take the American trade from our capitalists and industrial organizations, and replace our workmen's jobs with the product of European labor. In the very near future they will pile up a big balance of trade against us, exhaust the capital of our industrial corporations, finish bankrupting the balance of our railways, bring on a general panic and a long series of hard times, if nothing worse, and all out of the mistaken policy of securing and maintaining control of government by means of appeals to the prejudice of labor and the public generally against organized capital.

* * *

If the present political regime is continued in the next general election under the same prejudice and hostility against our industrial and business affairs, through an insincere provision for tariff commission to protect American industries, it will only prove to be a profitless excuse that will utterly fail to protect us against the invasion of foreign goods. There will be no sufficient tariff protection given nor any fair treatment of business, until the bottom is out, when action taken would be too late to save the nation from the most severe depression, and what would be the most trying experience of republican institutions. And trusting to this excuse of a tariff commission would prove to be a sorry experiment if entered into. There is no safe way excepting to elect a decidedly intelligent, protective, republican administration, and to elect it by a big majority.

A Modern Political Leader

by

John B. Gorgan

HERE and there may be found a political leader who is willing to admit that times do change, even in politics. But this type of political leader is scarce. He must be broad enough to have a vision of something more than the past. Will H. Hays, Republican State Chairman of Indiana, is that kind of political leader. He does not cling to the threadbare theory that there is no room for improvement even in his own party. The new school of politics, in which he has been educated, has marched away from the past and has its eye on the future.

Hays has been the big, vitalizing influence in the rehabilitation of the Republican party in Indiana. He refused to follow the idea that a political party is the private and inalienable personal property of a faction or a set of men with a single-track principle and purpose. He believes that a political party should be a factor for progress and advancement, and that it should stand for the general public good. That is why he was elected state chairman.

Although only thirty-six years old, Hays has had more experience in politics than most men. He was a precinct committeeman before he was twenty-one, and he has been in the game ever since. He was county chairman at twenty-four and member of the state advisory committee. At twenty-six he became head of the state campaign speakers' bureau; at thirty he was a district chairman, and at thirty-four he was state chairman.

Hays has the reputation of being absolutely on the square in politics as in other things. He has never held an elective office, but that is his own fault. More than once he has sacrificed his own chances for others, the most notable instance being his refusal to enter the race for the nomination for United States Senator at the primaries last spring. He could have won the nomination. Of that there was no doubt. But there was a peculiar situation in the party that promised to make trouble, and Hays stepped aside, turned his back on a certain nomination for Senator, and permitted the honor to go to another aspirant. He did this in the interest of party harmony and peace and against his own interest.

One of the beliefs of Hays is that men should take a deeper interest in politics. In an interview not long ago Hays expressed these views:

"What we need in this country is not less politics, but more attention to politics. If the citizens of this country perform a citizen's duty and interest themselves sufficiently in the politics of the nation, the right principles will be practiced, and able and conscientious candidates elected. It seems passing strange, indeed, that it should be necessary to urge men in the country to exercise the full privilege of real liberty. Yet such is the case, because they imagine they are either too busy or too good to take part in politics. I have no use for the man who is too busy or too good to interest himself in politics. He is cheating. He carries no part of the load.

What I urge above all things else is the fullest participation of our splendid citizenship in the actual politics of the country."

Hays is especially strong for the young men. In another recent address he said:

"To the young men of Indiana I appeal. To take part in the governing of yourselves is your privilege; to aid in making this government right is your duty."

Moffett Studio

WILLIAM H. HAYS

Chairman Republican State Committee, Indianapolis, Indiana

Since Hays became state chairman, young men have filled the important places in his organization. He seeks young men with ideas and with a sense of fairness coupled with a capacity for hard work. Under his plan of organization and party management, Republicans and Progressives looked alike to Hays. All he asked was that a man be loyal. He realized that the Republican party had made mistakes. He realized and admitted that in some measure its leadership had been unwise, uncompromising and exclusive, and he did not agree with that policy. When he became state chairman he started out to reunite the party on a middle ground, where Republican and Progressive alike might work and vote in complete harmony. As a result of this policy on the part of Hays there is practically no Progressive party left in Indiana. He has had more to do with its disruption and disappearance than any other one man.

Hays' remarkable work as state chairman has attracted nation-wide attention. He is an organizer of the highest ability. National Chairman Willcox recently said he found in Indiana the most remarkable organization that he had found in any state of the Union, and he gave State Chairman Hays credit for this accomplishment. Hays has the Republicans of Indiana organized right down to the grass roots. On his state executive committee are three Progressives and four Republicans. This is evidence of the manner in which Hays has brought the two parties together. At a meeting of Progressive county candidates in Marion County, Indiana, who decided to withdraw from the ticket and support the Republican ticket, the following resolution was adopted:

"We believe the Republican state organization in Indiana should receive our support. Will H. Hays, the chairman, is a man of the strongest character, highest ideals and greatest ability. His utmost fairness in the management of the campaign and his recognition of all the elements of the reunited party make him entirely worthy of our support and assistance."

But while Hays is state chairman of a great party and manages a lively campaign, he still has time to look after his extensive law practice at Sullivan and to teach his class of men in the Presbyterian Sunday School, which he has taught for years. He is also a member of all the Masonic bodies, including Knight Templars, Scottish Rite, and the Mystic Shrine, and he is a Knight of Pythias. As for being a club man, well, yes, he is a member of the University, Columbia and Marion clubs, of Indianapolis, the Illinois Athletic Club, the Chicago Automobile Club, and the Phi Delta Theta college fraternity.

He was admitted to the bar at twenty-one and practiced law by permission before that time. He is an indefatigable worker in both law and politics.

From Coast to Coast with the Republican Candidate

by

Howard D. Hadley

WHEN Charles Evans Hughes received the telegram from Chicago that he had been named as the candidate for President, he realized clearly that three great tasks confronted him. He must first re-unite the Republicans and Progressives. He must next remove the feeling, widely held throughout the land, that he was an "icicle"—cold, austere, aloof, forbidding—a bookworm, a machine for turning out legal opinions on abstract and complicated subjects. Finally, in order to carry the country, he must rouse it from its lazy, easy-going acceptance of the thoughtless and erroneous feeling that "Wilson has kept us out of war," and bring home to the voters of forty-eight states the paramount necessity for prompt, drastic and thorough-going protection to American enterprise following the close of the European war—a matter vitally important—in what will be one of the greatest industrial wars the world has ever witnessed.

Colonel Roosevelt's generous, manly action in jumping into the fight behind Hughes with all the ardor and effectiveness for which he is famous; the selection by Hughes of William R. Willcox—expert harmonizer and "smoother-out" of political wrinkles, and fine, clean man of affairs, as chairman of the National Committee; the emphatic endorsement by Hughes of the plan promptly to bring about nation-wide woman suffrage by amendment of the Federal Constitution; the memory of Hughes' strenuous four years as Governor of New York with its fight against party "bosses" and its marvellous record in progressive legislation, and the extraordinary, spontaneous uprising of the people which compelled Hughes' nomination at Chicago—combined to bring about a reunion of the rank and file of the Republican and Progressive parties that a year ago would have seemed absolutely impossible.

The foundations for complete reunion having been laid broad, deep and solid, Hughes started for the Pacific Coast on a thirty-nine-day political tour, that when completed had taken him fourteen thousand miles (twenty-five hundred by auto), through twenty-five states, making one hundred and forty-one speeches, which were heard by over a million people. It was the longest trip in both time and mileage ever taken by a Presidential candidate, and probably the most successful.

The opening speech of the tour was made in Detroit, a city which in twenty years has made a record unparalleled in many ways in the history of the world. Nowhere in the world is manufacturing done so scientifically as in Detroit; nowhere else is there such real solicitude for the welfare of the workers. Detroit already dreams of becoming the second largest city in the United States.

They had prepared a local itinerary which was really a two-day program crowded into one, but so perfectly planned were the arrangements, supervised by National Committeeman Charles B. Warren, and so well were they carried out,

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GOVERNOR AND MRS. HUGHES AT BUTTE, MONTANA

Ready to take a drop of 2,000 feet into a mine, one of the novel experiences of the Western trip. For their rough trip underground, Governor and Mrs. Hughes were equipped with complete miners' outfits

that there was no confusion and no delay. Hughes' voice almost gave way under the strain of fourteen hours of speaking and sightseeing, with the thermometer at 94° in the shade—and he was so hoarse for the next three or four days he had difficulty in making himself heard in the big auditoriums crowded with people.

An amusing incident occurred at Detroit when the Hughes party arrived at the ball game between the Detroit "Tigers" and the Philadelphia "Athletics" of the American League. The game was just about to begin—in fact "Ty" Cobb had taken his place in center field. The other members of both teams, perceiving the approach of the Presidential party, lingered near the players' bench of the home team to get a look at Hughes. There was a rush to shake his hand, and in order to reach them more easily, the "Governor," as he is called, vaulted to the roof of the players' bench and stood there smiling broadly, shaking hands with the ball players. But "Ty" Cobb hadn't clasped hands with the next President of these United States! Was our "Ty," the hero of hard-fought games, the idol of the Wolverine state, to be left out of the picture? Not with ten thousand loyal Detroit fans looking on!

"Oh, you Ty," "Come in here, Ty," "The next President wants to shake yer mit, old Top"—were some of the appeals from the happy bleacherites, which brought "Ty" in on the run, to the great delight of the crowd and the movie men, who ground out yards of film while the gallant Tyrus and the smiling Hughes shook hands warmly. "Good luck to you, Governor," I heard "Ty" call out as he doffed his cap, bowed respectfully to Mrs. Hughes, and ran back to center field, while the crowd cheered to the echo. How an American crowd enjoys paying homage to men who have fought their way to the top!

Truly this is a democracy. Two months before Charles Evans Hughes was on the bench of the highest court in the world—the Supreme Court of the United States.

On August 7 he was simply one of the plain people, out getting acquainted with them, and ready to serve them, but with just one vote and no power except such as the majority of the voters, of their own free will and accord, may choose to put in his hands on the seventh of November, to wield for four short years.

To what possibilities and glorious heights may we in America rise if we but choose wise, courageous leaders and back them up with the driving power of sound public opinion inspired by a vision of the future of democracy in this land of limitless opportunity and limitless resources!

In Chicago Hughes stood on the platform of the Coliseum where almost exactly two months before he had been summoned by a great party to serve in a new field. He made one of the most impressive speeches of the tour, pledging himself to fill the offices at his disposal, if elected President, with the most competent men he can find, regardless of political influence.

Neither in Detroit, nor in Chicago, nor anywhere else on the tour were the halls large enough to hold the surging thousands who wished to hear Hughes. Fully five thousand people clamored vainly for admission to the Coliseum in Chicago long after it had been filled to suffocation.

In Chicago, as in Detroit and elsewhere, there were always fully as many women as men in the audience. In fact, the intelligent interest and activity displayed by the women of the nation in political affairs is one of the most striking and, to me, gratifying developments of this generation. Governor Hughes has referred to it in several speeches. He endorsed the plan for a federal amendment for woman suffrage as I have good reason to know, because he thought it the just, fair, right thing to do. After his thirty-nine-day tour through the West, most of the time in suffrage states, where he has had opportunity to learn at first hand of the results

MISS ANNE RHODES

Who has done excellent work in the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States as an organizer for the Women's Committee of the Hughes Alliance. She is a New York woman

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GOVERNOR HUGHES HAD A HEARTY WELCOME FROM COWBOYS

Cowboys shaking hands with Mr. Hughes, who greeted them from his automobile. Miles City, Montana, gave one of the warmest welcomes that Mr. Hughes received during his great tour through the Western States of giving women the ballot, he returned to the East more firmly convinced that he did the right thing. Few, if any, now doubt that Hughes will gain, on the whole, tens of thousands of votes in pivotal states because of his just and courageous stand on this fundamentally important question. The belief is now well-nigh universal throughout the country that six years from now (possibly by the next Presidential election) Amer can women will have the right to vote in every state in the Union.

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ON THE CROWN POINT OF COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY
During their stay in Portland, Oregon, Governor and Mrs. Hughes rode over the Columbia River Highway, and were greatly impressed with the perfection of the road

* * *

St. Paul is a pleasant memory, especially to the newspaper men in the party, because we were there entertained at luncheon by Louis W. Hill, son of the late James J. Hill, who has succeeded to the control of the colossal interests built up by his father, one of the truly great men of America. Young Hill has brains in his own right, and those who know him best haven't the slightest doubt of his ability to carry on, extend and develop the plans and projects laid out on such firm foundations by his far-sighted father. Hill, at the urgent invitation of our party, caused his private car to be attached to our train at St. Paul and went with us as far as Fargo, North Dakota. He was the life of the party for the two days he was with us, and we were sorry when the time came to bid him good-bye. It was inspiring to talk with him and learn of the great empire served by the Hill railroads opened up by the genius and energy of his father. He loves to tell the story of Montana, and small wonder, for it is truly a tale worth telling and re-telling.

"Montana today is the fastest growing state in the Union," said Hill to me at a private banquet given in his honor at the Zero Club in Fargo by a local banker on the evening of August 10, where I had the good fortune to be seated next to him.

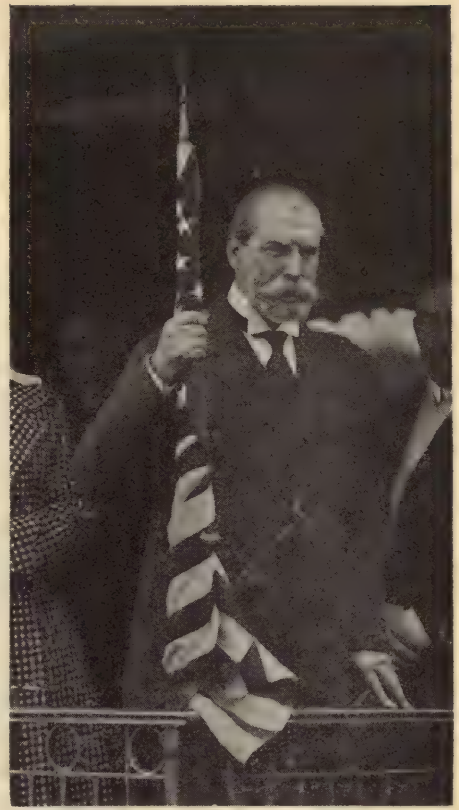
"More than thirty million acres of valuable land of the public domain—an area equal to the state of Iowa—have been taken up and settled during the last six years.

"Most persons in the East think of Montana," said Hill, "as a collection of very rough mining camps clustered around some of the richest copper mines in the world, entirely surrounded by a dense wilderness of woods and rocks, where it's nine months winter and three months late in the fall. Montana's wealth in mines is colossal; but the facts are that

Montana's great wealth, incredible as it may seem, lies in her amazing agricultural resources. Look at the figures showing the growth of agricultural Montana in ten years," said Hill, pulling a small, well-thumbed notebook from his capacious vest pocket. I looked and was amazed. "The gains in 1915 were even more remarkable," he added, "while the rush to take up land in Montana is still in full swing."

* * *

Arriving in Butte, we were rushed to the ball park, where Hughes finally got a chance to talk. It looked at one time as though the genial Ex-Senator Lee Mantle, who "introduced" Governor Hughes, would consume the entire three hours our rigid schedule had allotted to Butte, but at last he got through. Following the speech we donned oilskins and went down two thousand feet in a copper mine; then we were hurried to the hotel where Governor and Mrs. Hughes were to hold a reception. But Brother Mantle's forty-minute introductory speech had disarranged the schedule so that Hughes had to cut out the reception, while Louis Seibold and I were for the same reason compelled to rush for our train and abandon unceremoniously a much-prized invitation to eat dinner with Miss Jeannette Rankin, who will probably be the first woman to sit in the House of Representatives, as she will in all probability be chosen a member of Congress from



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GOVERNOR CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

The Republican candidate for the Presidency in a characteristic pose, making one of his many speeches from the platform of his special train on the great Western campaign tour

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GOVERNOR HUGHES AND "TY" COBB

At Detroit, Michigan, the reception to Governor Hughes included a baseball game, where the candidate made himself popular with the ball players by vaulting over the railing so that he might shake hands with them

Montana. Do you wonder, reader, that we are unable to refrain from chiding brother Mantle a little for using up nearly an hour of precious time that Saturday afternoon in Butte?

The thriving town of Billings, Montana, one of the most promising towns in the country, raised $1,500 in an hour to hire a special train to bring Hughes from Fargo to Billings for an evening meeting. It was typical Western enterprise! You can't stop such folks from getting ahead!

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AT THE PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION

While stopping at San Diego on the Western campaign tour, the Hughes party visited the Exposition grounds. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes were much impressed by the Indian children in the "Indian Village," as evidenced by the photograph

Seven thousand people waited until eleven o'clock on Saturday night in a drizzling rain at Missoula, Montana, to see and hear Hughes. At Miles City, cowboys from the ranches were in evidence. They surrounded the automobile in which Hughes was riding and literally held him up so they could shake hands with him—to the great delight of the "movie" men, who yearn for a scene with action in it. As we pulled out of Miles City, four or five cowboys followed us on horseback for nearly two miles along the railroad track. A little farther along three cowboys on horseback waved their hats wildly as the train dashed by. "We'll put him in!" they yelled sturdily as we rolled swiftly out of hearing.

In Montana, Idaho and Washington we found the first evidences of the effective work being done by the women workers of both the Woman's Party and the Hughes Alliance. Miss Ann B. Grimes, the youthful daughter of a banker in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and only a year out of the University of Chicago—never west of the Mississippi before—had performed miracles in arousing, organizing and stimulating the women of those three suffrage states to help in carrying those states for Hughes.

In Portland, Oregon, we enjoyed one of the most delightful experiences of the wonderful trip—an auto ride fifty miles up the Columbia River from Portland over the Columbia highway, just completed. Many who have traveled widely have no hesitation in declaring it has no equal on earth! It is literally carved right out of the solid rock cliffs—at times leading along near the water's edge and at other points seven hundred feet above the river. The engineering problems in connection with it were worked out by Samuel C. Lancaster, who is not only an artist and poet but also expert engineer as well.

The road was built in record time at an expense of only $1,600,000, and there wasn't one cent of graft. Samuel A. Hill, the able son-in-law of the late James J. Hill, is credited with working out the plan of financing the project.

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HUGHES RECEIVED HEARTY GREETING IN RENO
Cowboys and cowgirls cheering Charles Evans Hughes on his arrival in Reno, Nevada

John B. Yeon, with laudable generosity, has given his entire time and great ability free of charge for three years in the work of supervising its construction—a splendid example for other millionaires to follow in the communities where they reside! Lucia B. Harriman, a reporter on the Portland (Ore.) *Evening Telegram*, has a plan to bring about the prompt construction of a modern hard-surfaced transcontinental highway, reaching from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon.

It will lead through the White Mountain country of New Hampshire, the Green Mountains of Vermont, crossing Lake Champlain at Plattsburgh, New York, the historic site of the great military training camp.

From this point it will continue through the far-famed Adirondacks along the south shore of the majestic St. Lawrence past the lovely Thousand Islands to Niagara Falls, along the shore south of Lake Erie to Detroit, to Chicago, Milwaukee, the twin cities St. Paul and Minneapolis, out across the prairies and through the wheat fields of the famous Red River valley to Fargo, North Dakota.

From Bismarck and Medora, where Roosevelt ranched thirty-five years ago, it will go to Billings, cross the Yellowstone Trail from Cheyenne, Wyoming, to Glacier National Park in Montana; then on past Yellowstone Park through Idaho to Portland and the Pacific over the wonderful Columbia Highway. As a tourists' paradise there will be nothing on earth to compare with this Portland to Portland

Photo by H. D. Hadley

THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE AT RENO

(*Left to right*) Mrs. Nell Holesworth, Reno, prominent Nevada suffrage leader; Mrs. George D. Kilborn, Reno; George D. Kilborn, Reno, editor and owner *Nevada State Journal*, leading Democratic daily of Nevada; Miss Mabel Vernon of Delaware, prominent leader of the Woman's Party, who is organizing Nevada women in opposition to Woodrow Wilson

highway. Its importance as a military road will be appreciated by students of real preparedness.

I had an interesting, all-too-brief chat with W. S. U'Ren in Portland, Oregon. He is one of the great thinkers of this country. He is leading a movement to secure the adoption of the single-tax idea in Oregon.

In California Hiram Johnson, as we passed through the state, was just closing the most strenuous campaign of his strenuous life, which later resulted in one of the most remarkable victories ever won in this country. Hiram Johnson of California, Senator Sutherland of Utah, Governor Capper, William Allen White, Henry J. Allen and William Roscoe Stubbs of Kansas, Alvin Tobias Hert of Kentucky, Ben W. Hooper, ex-governor of Tennessee, James R. Garfield and Arthur Garford of Ohio, Raymond Robbins of Chicago, James T. Williams of Boston, editor of the *Evening Transcript*, George W. Perkins of New York, Charles B. Warren of Detroit and F. M. Davenport and Chester H. Rowell of California are the names of a few of the men who will be heard from in the councils of the reorganized Republican party during the next decade.

The day we spent in Reno was one to be remembered. It was a gala day. The Mardi Gras spirit was in the air. There was a barbecue. Half the state of Nevada was on hand, having come by special train, stage, auto, on horseback and afoot.

Mabel Vernon, one of the leaders and most efficient workers of the Woman's Party, had arranged a woman's meeting, and Hughes made a speech. Miss Vernon was ably assisted by Mrs. Nell Holesworth, Mrs. Norton and other leaders among the women. Reno is a most attractive little city, and has one of the best morning newspapers—*Nevada State Journal*—that any town of its size can boast of. It would do credit to a city of four times the size of Reno. George D. Kilborn, the owner and editor of the paper is a remarkable man, and he is ably assisted in his work on the paper by his wife, a woman of ability.

Salt Lake City, like Montana, was a delightful surprise to those of us who were traversing the Far West for the first time. It is a beautiful city, up-to-date in every particular. I shall not soon forget the view from the roof garden where we had dinner, a-top the magnificent Hotel Utah as the sun went down—the Wasatch mountains and Great Salt Lake in the distance. It's worth a trip across the continent to hear the great organ in the Mormon Tabernacle.

Utah is going "dry" with a bang this fall, so the "boys" who gather over in the "bird cage" in the Alta Club sing mournfully this pathetic verse (composed by them) to the tune "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

Here it is:

It's a long way to San Francisco,
  It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to San Francisco,
  To the wettest town I know.
Then good-bye Tom and Jerry,
  Farewell Rock and Rye,
It's a long, long way to San Francisco,
  When U-u-u-tah goes "dry."

They draw out the "U" in Utah into a plaintive wail that well-nigh draws tears to the eyes of the tender-hearted easterners who hear it for the first time.

* * *

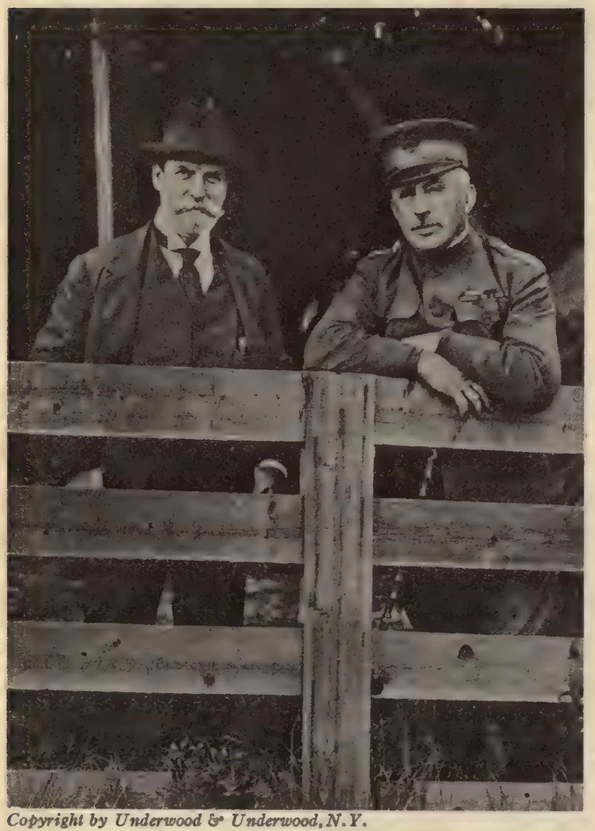
The attractive capital of the great and growing state of Wyoming, Cheyenne, gave our party one of the most cordial greetings of the trip. Delegations from all over the state came to Cheyenne—notably one of nearly a hundred people, accompanied by a fine band from the enterprising town of Casper, the centre of the oil and wool industries of Wyoming.

Wyoming, with its wealth of natural resources, is, like Montana, destined to be one of the most important states in the Union. They're talking already in Wyoming about the day when a woman will be President of the United States. You see, they've had equal suffrage in Wyoming ever since it became a state, twenty-six years ago, and they have no more doubt about the wisdom of allowing women to vote than they have about allowing the sun to shine or the rivers to flow to the sea. Furthermore, according to the talk in Wyoming, they expect to produce the winning woman candidate for President in 1936 in the person of Edith Kirkwood Ormsby Clark, the present state superintendent of public instruction. She was elected to her present position in 1914, and was the only Republican to be elected on the state ticket that year.

One evening last May I was a guest at the summer home of Justice Louis D. Brandeis in Dedham, a suburb of Boston—the day on which Mr.

MISS EDITH K. O. CLARK
Miss Clark is State superintendent of public instruction, and may be the first woman President of the United States. Her home is at Cheyenne, Wyoming

Brandeis was confirmed as a member of the Supreme Court, one of the best appointments any President ever made, in my judgment. I told Mr. Brandeis then that Charles Evans Hughes would be nominated and elected President in 1916, and after serving two terms, he, Mr. Brandeis, would be elected President in 1924, to serve eight years, or until 1932—when Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas would probably be chosen for a single term, and then in 1936 Wyoming, the first woman suffrage state, will be ready, presumably, to bring about the election of Miss Clark as the first woman President. History is to be made very rapidly, readers, in the next two decades. Stranger things than this will come to pass in that period unless all signs fail.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CHARLES EVANS HUGHES WITH GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

At the end of the trip, Governor Hughes went to Plattsburg, where he reviewed the companies of rookies at the Citizen's Training Camp. Mr. Hughes declared his hearty approval of the preparedness camp, and expressed the desire that more of them should be established. Over a thousand rookies are now at the Plattsburgh camp

Miss Clark is certainly a remarkable woman who is doing, unostentatiously, a wonderful work for the people of her state. Naturally she is the idol of Wyoming.

Denver gave the Hughes party one of the most enthusiastic greetings of the entire trip. Colorado is a "dry" state, and Denver, to the great surprise of many of its people, finds after a seven-months' trial of the strictest kind of enforcement of a prohibition law that it never was so prosperous and happy in its history. Colorado will never again be a "wet" state. Governor Carlson, the fearless Republican Governor, was renominated and will be re-elected mainly because he enacted the prohibition law and *enforced it right up to the handle.* My observation is that prohibition laws are unpopular only in states like Maine, where they have never been enforced! Unless I lose my guess, Carl Milliken will execute the laws in the Pine Tree State.

Topeka gave us a great demonstration. Hughes spoke from the steps of the State House to a vast throng of people, who listened more attentively than any crowd I ever watched before at any kind of a meeting.

The Republicans of Shawnee County, which includes Topeka, have nominated for County Superintendent of Public Instruction Miss M' Edna Corbet, a ranchman's daughter of Valencia, a typical daughter of Kansas, who will be seen in Congress, doubtless, from Kansas within ten years, after Jeannette Rankin breaks the ice by going to the House of Representatives from Montana.

Kansas City, a wonderful town, and St. Louis, greeted Hughes with ovations. The crowd in the Coliseum at St. Louis cheered

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GOVERNOR HUGHES AND PARTY AT ESTES PARK, COLORADO

Charles Evans Hughes, Mrs. Hughes, and the entire party of newspaper men and photographers at Estes Park, Colorado

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GOVERNOR HUGHES ADDRESSING STUDENTS AT FISKE UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Here the greater part of the audience was composed of colored folk. The platform from which Mr. Hughes spoke was decorated with poster pictures of the candidate and many American flags

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GOVERNOR HUGHES PLAYED GOLF WHILE RESTING FROM WESTERN TOUR

After three weeks of strenuous campaigning on his Western tour, Governor Hughes rested at Estes Park, Colorado. The candidate is fond of golf and made the rounds on the Estes Park links each morning with his private secretary, Lawrence H. Green. The photograph shows Mr. Hughes teeing off. Although snow covered the distant peaks, the Governor was more comfortable without his coat

Hughes enthusiastically for more than twenty minutes.

When we got over into the so-called "enemy's country" at Nashville, Tennessee, the evening meeting was one of the thrilling kind. A part of the audience insisted on cheering for Wilson, heckling Hughes and asking him what he would

Photo by H. D. Hadley

"EQUAL SUFFRAGE LANE"

The approach to the State House, Topeka, Kansas, through which Governor Hughes passed have done in this or that emergency, Mexico, the railroad strike, etc. He told them and they wound up by cheering him to the echo. Tennesseans like a fighter—a man with the courage of his convictions.

Ben W. Hooper, who was twice elected Governor of Tennessee — the last time in 1912 when the Republican party went all to smash temporarily — is the Republican candidate for United States Senator — and has a good chance to be elected.

Whether all the 277,000 Baptists in Tennessee are going to vote for Hughes, as one enthusiast earnestly assured me, remains to be seen. I should not bank on it if I were he.

In Kentucky we found another doubtful state ready to join the Republican column. This is the home of Alvin Tobias Hert, better known as "Tobe" Hert, who is directing with great success the western headquarters of the Republican National Committee in Chicago. It is also the home of "Ed" Morrow, who, as the Republican candidate for Governor in 1915, came within 421 votes of defeating Congressman Stanley. Morrow is a coming man in the ranks of the rejuvenated Republican party. Vice-President Fairbanks has thousands of friends in all parties in Kentucky.

The four "doubtful" states —Oklahoma, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee—are good fighting ground for the Republicans; they will carry two of them, and, very likely, all four, if "Tobe" Hert has his way.

It looks very much as if he would have it, too, for Manager Hert is at the head of a happy working family. Some persons might be inclined to doubt this because of their knowledge of the fact that the Western Headquarters Committee is about evenly divided between former Progressives and Republicans. James R. Garfield of Ohio and Harold L. Ickes of Illinois, were stalwart Bull Moosers, colaborers with Hert; other members of the committee are James A. Hemenway of

Photo by F. E. Hodge MISS M'EDNA CORBET

Republican candidate for superintendent of Public Instruction in Shawnee County, Kansas, which includes Topeka. The nomination is equivalent to election, as the county is overwhelmingly Republican. She is the daughter of a ranchman of Valencia, Kansas

Indiana, R. B. Howell of Nebraska and John T. Adams of Iowa, some of whom have progressive leanings, although in their cases "progressive" was not a party designation.

Hert is a popular man and a popular manager. It may be that some persons familiar with the operation of big business concerns think that little or no organization work is necessary to put a political committee into the swing of effective doing. It ought to be needless to say that without an efficient system the men charged with the work of conducting a political campaign can make little or no headway. Alvin T. Hert and his fellow-laborers in the Western workshop have established their operations on a sound basis of effectiveness, unity of action and unity of statement. Every man is doing his part to carry the West for the Republican national ticket.

ALVIN T. HERT
Western Republican campaign manager

The Western Republican manager is a Hoosier product, having been born in Owensburg, Indiana, in 1865. For some time as a young man Mr. Hert was a traveling salesman, but he always had a keen interest in politics. He is recognized by the Republican party leaders as a man who has dynamite and diplomacy combined within him. He is a fine organizer and always has been known as such. Today this eminently successful business man is putting the accumulated organizing experience of years into his work of carrying the West for Hughes and Fairbanks.

After spending three days in Maine, as described in another article in this magazine, we wound up the trip at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, where Governor and Mrs. Hughes dined on the camp grounds with General Wood and watched the civilian soldiers drill. Governor Hughes heartily approves of these military training camps, speaking of them at length in his evening meeting at the Plattsburg Theatre. Mrs. Hughes, too, was particularly interested in the training camp, as their son, Charles E., Jr., spent the month of July at the camp learning something of the duties of a soldier.

* * *

Mr. Hughes was accompanied on the trip by his wife. It was her first campaign tour, and also her first trip to the Far West, the South and Southwest. She did not miss one meeting on the entire trip, except the business men's luncheons and other similar occasions where men only were present. Donning oilskins, she went down to the bottom of a copper mine in Butte, and successfully manipulated a miner's drill, climbed mountains twelve thousand feet high in the heart of the Rockies, attended the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego and several state and county fairs, and heard her husband speak from every conceivable kind of platform, including the rostrum of the beautiful Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City—one of the most attractive cities, by the way, in the United States. And when the train rolled into the Grand Central station an hour late on the morning of Wednesday, the thirteenth of September, Mrs. Hughes said she felt better than when she started, was not tired at all, was simply delighted as she recalled the thousand happy incidents of the trip, and hoped to accompany her husband on all the remaining tours of the campaign.

The secret of Mrs. Hughes' popularity with everyone, men and women, young and old, rich and poor,—is her naturalness. She is genuinely and intensely interested in everything worth while. Like her distinguished husband, she is one of the best listeners I ever knew—paying the strictest attention to what is being said—a compliment that everyone likes to receive.

All that caused Mrs. Hughes any worry in connection with the trip were the outlandish, yes, some even outrageous, stories written by three or four empty-headed girls from the "sob-squads" of some of the papers in several of the cities visited.

Mrs. Hughes tried always to find time to receive these women reporters, first because of the natural desire a mother of three girls has to assist any young woman in earning her living in the difficult job of gathering news, and also because of her position as the wife of the man who is trying to re-unite and lead a party to victory at the polls. There were certain basic facts that seemed to be eagerly seized upon by all these girls, who essayed to describe Mrs. Hughes, one of which was that Elizabeth, the nine-year-old and youngest daughter of Governor and Mrs. Hughes, was the first child born in the executive mansion at Albany. One girl reporter "somewhere out West" (name deleted) called on Mrs. Hughes, who answered all her questions and also kindly volunteered such information as weeks of experience had shown her was desired by the reporters, including the fact that Elizabeth was born in the executive mansion at Albany. That evening Mrs. Hughes was horrified as she picked up the paper to read in the *opening* paragraph of the girl's article that she had tripped lightly down the steps of the private car, "Constitution," expressed her great happiness at being at last in this beautiful city of ———, and exclaimed at once to the alert girl reporter of the *Evening Bugle: "You know our youngest daughter, Elizabeth, was born in the executive mansion at Albany!"*

Mrs. Hughes never read the remainder of the article!

Another girl in a town in the Northwest represented Mrs. Hughes as saying naively that she *"didn't bring any maid on the trip because it wouldn't look well for the wife of a Presidential candidate to go around the country with a maid!"*

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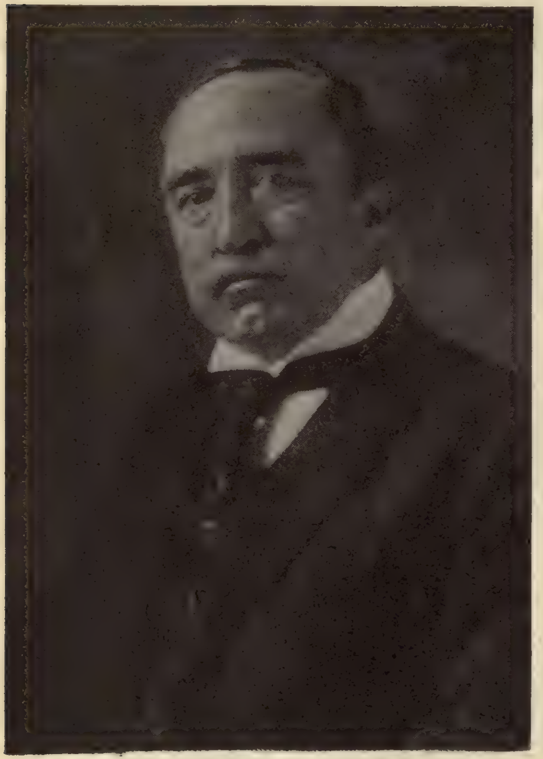
A CLIMAX IN ONE OF THE WESTERN SPEECHES

There were other similar experiences. "What *do* you suppose people think?" Mrs. Hughes one day asked me in relating some of these things, "when they read such things?"

By the time we had completed the swing around the circle Mrs. Hughes had reached a point where she could pick up a paper and read that she was contemplating a trip to Germany in a submarine, without being either surprised or disconcerted!

She realizes now, from personal experience, what her distinguished husband has realized fully for years, that one of the most difficult and fundamentally important problems in the United States relates to the gathering, printing, interpretation and distribution to the people of the news of the day. The problem was never so difficult of satisfactory solution and never so important in the life of the nation as it is right now in this year of our Lord 1916. The extraordinary increase in the cost of paper and everything else that enters into the production of a newspaper, and the gruelling competition which sets the price of all daily papers at less than the actual cost of getting them out, brings about a condition wherein a very few large advertisers—middlemen usually—have undue influence in shaping the editorial policy. The farmers, and miners, the chief producers, and the laboring men, the creators of wealth, have not the influence they should have in the editorial sanctums, for they are getting their news for less than it costs!



HON. WILLIAM R. WILLCOX
Chairman of the Republican National Committee

* * *

It was a memorable trip. We went from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian line to San Diego, where we could look over into Mexico.

Our party numbered thirty persons as it left the Grand Central Station in New York on August 5.

Charles W. Farnham, a veteran in this work, was in charge of the train as manager of the tour, with a thousand and one details to look after relative to places where stops were to be made, speeches, police protection, introducing delegations to Governor Hughes, and what not. W. R. Van de Bogart, of the New York Central system, rendered invaluable assistance as transportation manager. Lawrence H. Green, Governor Hughes' private secretary, is not only a most efficient man in his trying position, but defeats Governor Hughes regularly (so I'm told) at golf.

Carl D. Sheppard, director of publicity, let nothing escape him. He was always the first man up in the morning and usually the last to bed.

Sylvester Brierton and Frank H. Tyree, of the Secret Service, are experts of long years' experience. Mr. Brierton has guarded Governor Hughes in all his political campaigns.

James C. Marriott, chief stenographer, and Charles A. Morrison and Fred D. Elmer, his assistants, have acted as stenographers for Governor Hughes on all his trips. In fact they reported the famous insurance investigation conducted by Hughes. Whenever a large city was reached, additional stenographers and typists were engaged.

At San Francisco Charles N. Olson was added to the staff of stenographers and continued with us to the end of the tour. It was his first trip to the Atlantic coast.

At Denver, E. L. Sutton, a New York stenographer, joined us.

The Fourth Estate was represented by the following press representatives: Louis Siebold, *New York World;* Angus McSween *Philadelphia North American;* William Hoster, *New York American;* Rodney Bean, *New York Times;* Roy H. Leek, *New York Tribune;* Eugene Ackerman, *New York Herald;* Frank L. Shellabarger, *New York Sun;* Theodore Joslin, *Boston Transcript;* C. N. Wheeler, *Chicago Tribune;* Howard D. Hadley, *New York Evening Post;* H. O. Weitchat, *Detroit Free Press;* Fred M. Davenport, *Outlook;* Fred M. Davenport, Jr.; George T. Odell, *New York Mail;* Perry Arnold, *United Press;* William P. Helm, Jr., *Associated Press;* J. L. Barrios, Underwood & Underwood; Karl Fasold, Pathe.

James J. Gibson was Governor Hughes' messenger on the trip—a faithful, genial soul he is, too.

Barrios kept everyone good-natured with his sleight-of-hand work, "ventriloquism," etc.

Dr. Dittman, a New York throat specialist, made part of the trip with us and then left to go to China. Dr. Thurber finished the trip with us.

A more congenial group was never gathered together. There were no "grouches" on board the train.

Every day delegations of politicians and newspapermen boarded the train and went with us through the district or state or section in which they were specially interested. Then they would drop off and others would come on.

In every city and state people outdid themselves in making our stay both pleasant and comfortable. So plentiful and so varied was the entertainment arranged for in each city that it was difficult to find time to write our "stories."

Everywhere Hughes drove home the truth of the assertion that "no one but an inexcusable blunderer can ever get this country into war."

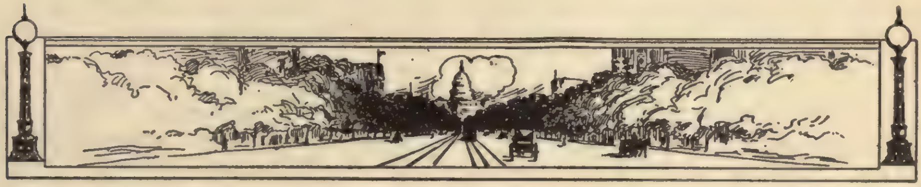
He carried conviction to the people of the nation when he set forth that it is not military attacks but industrial warfare that we must prepare to meet.

* * *

Finally, when the agitation started over the handling of the threatened railroad strike, and Hughes, vigorously condemning the policy of "legislation first and investigation afterwards," was accused of being unfriendly to laboring men, he calmly reminded his audiences that the *Legislative News*, official organ of organized labor of New York State, published an article in 1910 soon after he had resigned as Governor to go on the United States Supreme Court bench, at a time when it was believed by all, including Governor Hughes himself, of course, that he had retired forever from active political life. It said frankly:

"*Now that Governor Hughes has retired from politics and ascended to a place on the highest judicial tribunal in the world, the fact can be acknowledged without hurting anybody's political corns, that he was the greatest friend of labor laws that ever occupied the chair at Albany. During his two years he has signed fifty-six labor laws, including among them the best labor laws ever enacted in this or any other state. He also urged the enactment of labor laws in his messages to the Legislature, even going so far as to place the demand for a labor law in one of his messages to an extra session of the Legislature. Only 162 labor laws have been enacted in this state since its creation in 1777—in 133 years. One-third of these, exceeding in quality all of the others, have been enacted and signed during Governor Hughes' term of three years and nine months.*"

This, as Hughes good-naturedly points out, "was true then and it's true now."



From Waiter to a Seat in the United States Senate

by Buford Lynch

ONE day in the summer of 1877 there drifted into Indianapolis an Irish youth of about twenty years of age. He had some of the traditional brogue of the "ould sod" and he had all of the sunny disposition and open-heartedness characteristic of the land of Erin. This Irish youth was Thomas Taggart, now a member of the United States Senate, as a representative of Indiana, the state where politics never slumbers nor sleeps. Out in Indiana, no matter how disastrously a party may be defeated at an election, the day after the election its members are cocksure their party will win hands down the next time.

As a "kid" Taggart had started his business career with a railroad restaurant at Xenia, Ohio. There he studied at night, securing what education he could under adverse circumstances. Transferred to Garrett, a railroad town in Indiana, he obtained larger experience as manager in charge of the railroad eating house. It was from Garrett he drifted to Indianapolis, where he took charge of the eating house at the Union Station.

In that railroad eating house he began a career that has had no setbacks. His sunny smile and joyous disposition within a few weeks made his circle of friends co-extensive with his circle of acquaintances. In a short time he was the owner of a restaurant, then manager of a large hotel, then owner of a hotel in the capital of Indiana, and a few years later principal owner of the great hostelry at the famous French Lick Springs, since become the Mecca of Democratic politicians. This much for his financial success. His political career has been equally successful.

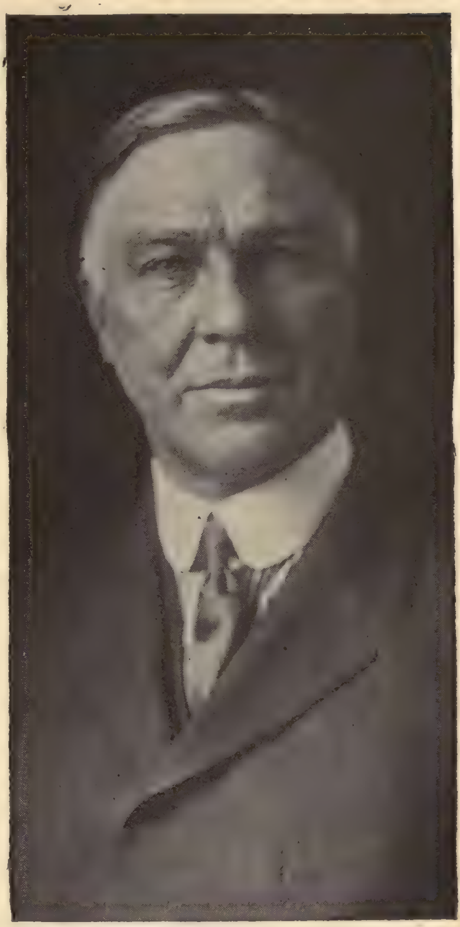
His sunny disposition and his great open-heartedness did not leave him as he grew financially successful. He was still "Tom," and is still "Tom," although he holds a seat in the greatest legislative body in the world. He had hardly got a foothold as a helper in a restaurant than he began taking an interest in politics. Almost at once he became a leader in his precinct, then in his ward, then of his county, and in a very few years was a noted figure in national politics.

Five times he has been before the people as a candidate for office—twice for auditor of his county, serving two terms of four years each, and three times for Mayor of Indianapolis, the terms being for two years each, and never met with defeat. To the unfortunate, his purse has always been open, even in the days when his earnings were meager and uncertain, and he has ever been ready to extend a helping hand where a helping hand was needed. He never forgot a friend, or sought to punish an enemy, and it is to these characteristics much of his political success is due. One little incident should be recorded. In his second race for auditor his opponent was a railroad conductor. The expenses of the campaign exhausted the savings of the conductor and loaded him with a debt of two thousand dollars. This came to the knowledge of Mr. Taggart, who generously supplied the funds to lift the load of debt from his rival.

In politics he has ever been ready to meet the other party in fair and manly fight. He has never been a "shirker," either in standing by his own party ticket or in meeting the opposing political party. As a leader, his advice has always been sound and practical, and when it has been followed by his party friends no mistake was made, and nothing left for ammunition to the enemy.

From a waiter in a restaurant to a seat in the United States Senate is a long, long step, but in the case of Thomas Taggart it was not taken by any chicanery, but came as a well-merited reward for his ardent devotion and great service to his party, and as a recognition of his success as a party leader. His political enemies are all his personal friends. Everybody in Hoosierdom likes Tom Taggart. The rich and the great have been proud to call him their friend, but he has ever been proud to call himself the friend of the poor man.

He has been supremely happy in his domestic relations, and his devotion to his family has exceeded his devotion to his party and to his friends, and no happier family can be found in all the circles of Washington official life. Upright in his business relations, an honest foe in political contests, enterprising and public-spirited in the life of the community, and a kind and generous friend—such is Thomas Taggart.



SENATOR THOMAS TAGGART

BRAIN FAG

WHEN you try to think of new things,
  And you coax your weary head,
And it seems the things you'd like to say
  Already have been said.
Then it's time to take the side track
  For a rest, or so 'twould seem,
For your gauge has lost its pressure—
  You're a little low on steam.

—*Bennett Chapple.*

The Making of an Empire in Missouri

by

Allan Hinchey

ABOUT half the civilized world is now interested in the struggles of warring hosts fighting for empire, and the geography of Europe may be changed as the result of battles fought and won. The "Making of an Empire" in southeast Missouri is not told of in war dispatches and deleted press reports, but in the chronicling of events that go to make up tales as interesting as those told by Scheherezade, and while this modern Aladdin's lamp of progress has been rubbed only by the energy, patience and faith of these empire builders, the results have been as startling as those told of by the Arabian princess.

For centuries, silt from the northern lands has been carried down the Great Valley by the Father of Waters, and for centuries the streams of the Ozarks have carried rich soil from the mountain slopes and fertile valleys into the flat lands of southeast Missouri. Because of this robsbing of the valleys and mountains of the north, the great area of flat lands habecome a region richer than the famous valley of the Nile.

But water, like fire, a faithful slave when fettered, becomes a cruel master when untrammeled. For this reason the waters of the great river and the waters of the numerous smaller streams from the Ozarks oftentimes destroyed by ruthless floods man's toil for an entire year.

Some scores of years ago, pioneers who entered this rich region seeking fortunes from the vast forests therein, began waging war against the bogs and swamps that

CUTTING RIGHT-OF-WAY FOR DREDGE DITCH

DREDGING DITCH BY ELECTRICITY

covered great stretches of the country. Ditches were cut to drain the water from the higher places, which being put in cultivation, produced maximum crops at minimum expense and labor. Not all of this region was covered by water, many thousands of acres being on the higher planes, which thousands of acres furnished crops abundant. The hundreds of thousands of acres in the bogs and swamps offered fortunes to those brave enough and hardy enough to penetrate the jungles and forests with lumber and timber plants.

For half a century these jungles gave up their fortunes in timber, and those who rafted logs through the lagoons began to dream of an empire reclaimed from the swamps. Fortunately there were among them men of vision and men of indomitable spirit—pioneer Houck, who built railroads through almost impenetrable jungles; Otto Kochtitzky, known as the Father of Drainage; the Luces, Himmelbergers, Harrisons, Harty and others who saw the coming of a land rich beyond compare.

The successful reclaiming of small areas opened the way for larger undertakings, until finally a system of reclamation was worked out that has proven to be the largest excavation scheme, with the exception of the Panama Canal, ever known.

About fifteen millions of southeast Missouri dollars have been expended in the various reclamation schemes that have been carried on during the past fifteen years, but the climax in these various projects for wresting miles of rich lands from the swamps and bogs is the Little River Drainage District, embracing a half million acres, covering an area greater than that of Holland, which before the Little River Drainage scheme was the greatest of all reclamation projects.

In the Little River District reclamation scheme, a half million acres of rich alluvial lands are being converted from swamps

A COMPLETED DRAINAGE DITCH

into the best of farms. The district is ninety-five miles long and from six to eighteen miles in width, and to reclaim this vast stretch of country nearly seven hundred miles of ditches are being dredged and many miles of levees constructed. From first to last the expenses of the drainage work in this one district—the scheme for making an empire—will cost about five million dollars, and these are southeast Missouri dollars, no aid having been asked of state or federal government.

In this great stretch of alluvial lands, there is a network of railroads, statistics furnished by government reports showing that in this section there are more railroads than in any other rural district. It is said that no acre within the Little River Drainage District is farther than six miles from a railroad. But those who ride through the country, enjoying the comforts of a Pullman coach, little dream of the strenuous work required to build those lines through the swamps; and the tourist looking at the vast stretches of beautiful farms, cannot realize that a few years ago these same lands were submerged and were the abiding places of beast and serpent. It is hard to believe that where swamp water stood ten feet deep one year corn stood ten feet high on the following. But such has been the case in many instances.

Where the foothills of the Ozarks dwindle away into the flat lands is a picturesque country, through which flow a number of mountain streams that dash and swirl through the narrow valleys until they enter the low lands with a fall in grade of about a foot to the mile. Here these waters begin to spread, and great stretches of bogs and swamps are formed, this volume of water being increased during flood times in the Mississippi River, flowing along the eastern border, and during times of freshets in the smaller streams. Some parts of the territory were formerly covered by water the entire year, others being submerged part of the time, hundreds of thousands of acres being untillable. The reclamation of this vast area is the object of the Little River Drainage scheme, and it is being successfully carried out.

DIVERSION CHANNEL ENTERING MISSISSIPPI RIVER

Great catch basins, covering hundreds of acres, have been made at the northern end of the district, and a great diversion canal thirty-one miles long, reaching from the foothills of the Ozarks to the Mississippi River at a point a few miles south of Cape Girardeau, diverts the waters from those mountain streams into the great river. This diversion canal, thirty-one miles in length, will require the excavation of 10,821,500 cubic feet, at a cost of $1,371,585.

About six hundred miles of other ditches, running north and south, about a mile apart, to carry off the water from the submerged lands, will necessitate the excavation of more than 30,000,000 cubic yards at a cost of more than $3,000,000.

The Little River Drainage District was organized in 1907, with only five per cent of the landholders opposing the petition for its formation, showing the co-operative spirit prevalent among the citizens, and that the business of reclaiming this vast region has been well and faithfully carried on is proven by the fact that the members of the original board of supervisors, all land-owners, have been re-elected each year since the organization of the district.

After the bonds were sold, contracts were let for the dredging work, which has been going on steadily for three years, the entire scheme being now about seventy-five per cent completed.

The most important contracts were for the digging of the big diversion canal to carry away the waters of the mountain streams. This dredging is being done by electricity furnished by the big plant of the Missouri Public Utilities Company at Cape Girardeau, which furnishes current for the operation, day and night, of two huge dredging machines, built expressly for the work, and larger than any used in digging the Panama Canal.

In addition to the Little River Drainage work there have been other drainage districts, larger and smaller, the largest having been the St. Francois district, all of which have been absorbed by the Little River district. Another important district, where drainage work is soon to be started, is in the Inter-River district, between the St. Francois and Black rivers.

The Inter-River Drainage District will reclaim a rich section of country situated in Butler County, having an area of 127,500 acres of rich alluvial soil. This will be an engineering project to reclaim a body of land the center of which is lower than the two rivers which form its eastern and western borders.

RIVER FRONT AT CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI

There will be two hundred and eight miles of ditches dug and fifty-eight miles of levees built in this district. The estimated cost of this project is $1,250,000, the estimated benefits being assessed at $2,500,000.

In this empire of southeast Missouri is to be seen what may be done by co-operation of all forces working for community development. Not only in reclaiming vast areas of fertile lands from the swamps and bogs have these southeast Missourians shown their co-operative community spirit, but in developing the country, in the making of roads, in the improvement of homes and schools, in the betterment of farming methods they have worked together, and by adding the efficiency of man to the beneficence of Providence, have made for themselves a district that is fast becoming recognized as a land of plenty.

Conditions are different there to any other section of the country, as the crops of the North and the crops of the South are grown side by side. In adjoining fields, and often in the same field, may be seen growing wheat, cotton, corn, alfalfa, melons, oats, sunflowers, cow peas, clover and other products. And that these various crops are equally profitable may be proven by the fact that southeast Missouri cotton won first place at the 'Frisco exposition, and southeast Missouri carried off first honors for corn. Southeast Missouri melons are world famous, and flour made from southeast Missouri wheat has won medals in world-wide competitions.

Many old theories have been exploded in southeast Missouri. In the years gone by, cotton was raised almost exlusively in the southern portions, and in other districts corn and wheat were about all that were considered profitable crops. But experiments made by enterprising farmers have demonstrated that almost any crop may be profitably grown. As a consequence of an experiment in the growing of alfalfa, that plant is now looked upon as one of the chief crops, one of the largest alfalfa farms in the United States being located there. And in the past few years, a young man over at Poplar Bluff has proven that rice can be grown profitably, the George Begley rice farm being one of the money-making plantations of southeast Missouri.

And not only can nearly every known crop be raised in southeast Missouri, but, owing to the long growing season, several crops may be secured from the same field in one year. By this it is not meant merely that four, five and six crops of alfalfa may be cut from one field during a single season, but often a crop of wheat is followed by a crop of corn or something else.

Last year a farmer in the Sikeston district cut his wheat crop, securing forty bushels to the acre. He then planted the field to corn, navy beans and pumpkins, and secured bumper crops.

A southeast Missourian was asked: "Is it true that any crop may be grown in your county?"

"*Any* crop! *Any* crop! Why, man, *every* crop can be grown," was his reply.

Under the auspices of the southeast Missouri Federation of Clubs, the annual southeast Missouri Products Show has become famous for its exhibits of agricultural products, and it is a safe bet that the prize-winning products of this show will be "in the money" at state or national fairs and expositions, wherever shown.

The cow peas raised in southeast Missouri command top prices because of their excellence, and are in demand for seeding purposes all over the nation. The breeders of seed corn in southeast Missouri reap great profits in furnishing corn to other districts, and seeds from the luscious southeast Missouri watermelons have been planted in all sections of the Union in a hope of securing the flavor that has made the southeast Missouri melon world famous.

FARMING ON RECLAIMED LAND IN SIKESTON DISTRICT

And these same people who have reclaimed this land of fertility from the swamps are making it truly a land of wonderful opportunities. Whether you enter into southeast Missouri through its eastern gate, Cape Girardeau, or through its western gate, Poplar Bluff; whether you go into the rich wheat belt of the Sikeston district, the world-famed corn lands of

FOUR CROPS ON ONE FIELD
In the last week of June, 1915, after a bumper wheat crop had been cut, this field in the Sikeston district was planted to corn, rye, peas, and clover. This photograph was taken October 27, 1915

Stoddard County, or into the cotton lands of the lower districts, you will find a people that is progressive and a land that is blooming with prosperity. Some of the large holders of lands are selling small farms to induce the coming of worthy families.

In addition to fertile lands, this region is blessed in climate. The growing seasons are long, the winters mild and short, so that live stock can be raised at a minimum of cost for feeding and housing.

Briefly summing up the wonders of this

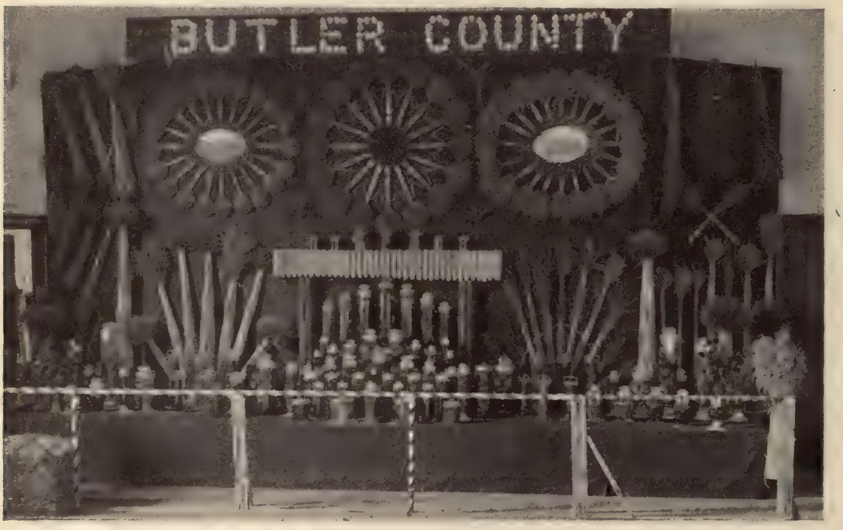
THE CORN MAN
E. J. Mahoney and his ten ears of Stoddard County corn, which won the world's premium at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition

A MISSOURI RICE FIELD

Showing part of the one hundred and forty-acre rice field of George Begley, Jr., in Stoddard County, near Poplar Bluff. In 1915 the average yield was seventy-six bushels per acre

section that has been reclaimed from the swamps, it can be pointed out that southeast Missouri carried off the honors at the 'Frisco exposition for cotton, beating its competitors from the cotton states of Dixie; took the first prize for Stoddard County corn at the same exposition in competition with all other corn-growing states. In world fairs at various cities in America and in Vienna, flour made from Cape Girardeau County wheat carried off the premiums. Southeast Missouri watermelons are world-wide famed, and from all over the country come orders for alfalfa and cow pea seeds, because of the reputation for excellence of the southeast Missouri products.

The southeast Missourian was justified in his boast that his land could beat Dixie in southern products, and could also carry off honors from all sections of the west, east and central states, in growing the products best adapted to their soil and climate.



BUTLER COUNTY'S PRIZE-WINNING DISPLAY OF FRUITS AND CEREALS

The National Republican League

by William B. Brewster

THE old-time spirit of Republicanism is manifesting itself through the club movement carried on in every state under the auspices of the National Republican League. Primary laws in most of the states tend to disrupt party machinery and destroy party spirit. Campaigns waged by contestants for public office are, unfortunately, carried on over a considerable length of time, and in many instances rivalries become very bitter. These animosities are often carried through the campaign and sometimes defeat Republican candidates. The clubs are the middle-ground where the various factions may meet, which in time tends to harmonize matters between them.

In many states the elimination of the State Convention removes opportunities hitherto afforded for the meeting of party workers from all parts of the state, thus preventing the creation of that infectious party enthusiasm which is so essential in the vigorous prosecution of political campaigns. The State League conventions, which are being held this fall, keep alive party loyalty and are a very important factor in achieving Republican success.

For several years Mr. John Hays Hammond, President of the National Republican League, has, at a very considerable sacrifice of time and energy, promoted the club organization movement through the League. During this campaign he is giving it his personal attention and supervision. The League works in harmony with the national, state and local Republican committees, and in every instance its co-operation is welcomed.

One of the cardinal principles of the League is that it must not promote the candidacy of any aspirant for public office before he is regularly nominated either by primary or convention. This constitutes one of the strong features of the League, for it is never mixed up with any factional fights and reserves its strength to elect the entire ticket after nominations are made. It is evident that the League clubs afford an excellent medium for uniting the various factions after the primary fights have ended.

Clubs organized by the National Republican League in every part of Maine contributed in no small measure to the recent Republican victory in that state.

Marching clubs and torchlight processions, red fire, etc., all have their distinct places in the campaign and constitute a strong combination in arousing public interest and spreading Republican enthusiasm in various districts. The active interest of many Republicans hitherto inactive is thus enlisted, and a greater vote is assured on Election Day.

* * *

This is a Republican year. The militant spirit of Republicanism is observable everywhere. Clubs are being organized by hundreds throughout the country. Many states are so thoroughly organized that at nearly every crossroads can be found a vigorous Republican club. Meetings addressed by Republicans of prominence are held once a week and in some sections oftener. Clubrooms are kept open constantly and afford a meeting place where workers can report and receive instructions.

In thickly-populated districts First-Voters' Clubs are being organized and are proving most effective, inasmuch as the younger members of the party are made to feel that they have work to do, thus enlisting their interest and support.

Valuable, far-reaching and sustained results are effected by the formation of clubs and the enlisting of young men in the fight for civic righteousness before their political opinions become fixed.

HON. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND
President of the National Republican League

Among many valid reasons for a young man to give his political energy to the Republican party, are these:

1. It is the party of progress and achievement; it represents the best heart and conscience of the Republic.

2. It has written about all that is worth while of the country's history in the last fifty years.

3. It has maintained prosperity at home and prestige abroad.

4. It stands for a tariff policy that makes our country's prosperity independent of the vicissitudes of foreign wars.

5. It believes in protecting American workmen against underpaid foreign labor.

6. It believes well-paid, prosperous American workingmen living in this country mean more for nation-building than cheap goods made for American consumption by underpaid labor in foreign countries.

7. It bases its claim to public confidence not only on richness of inheritance and pride of achievement, but also upon its ability to render service now in the solution of world problems.

8. Its policy of favoritism to none, fair dealing to all, will regain for our country the lost confidence of Europe.

9. It would keep our people out of European war by averting entangling alliances and insisting on absolute neutrality among belligerents.

10. It would subdue the storm in Mexico and not be driven by it—this is no time for weather vanes and whirligigs.

11. It is forward looking and alert to the needs of the hour; it will apply old principles to new conditions; it will promote progress and prosperity.

12. It believes that it is wiser to expend money in time of peace to preserve peace than to expend blood in time of war to restore peace.

The National Republican League will be glad to furnish any information at its disposal regarding organization work and opportunities for service on the part of interested citizens.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame. If it comes at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after.—*Longfellow*

Malcolm McDowell

Friend of the Man Who's Down

by William Edward Ross

THE plight of the man who has slipped into the gutter is often considered nobody's business but his own. It is the general custom on such occasions to remember the oft-repeated admonition, "Mind your own business," and to leave the belated man to his own devices, to get out of the mire as best he can. But, from the ethical viewpoint, it is hard to tell, under such circumstances, when we are minding our own business. It depends from which angle we view the question and leads up to the world-old query, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Did you ever walk the streets all night to keep from freezing, because you had no place to lay your head? Did you ever exist on a single meal a day, and that meal a cup of coffee and a loaf of bread gleaned at a midnight breadline? In a word, were you ever a down-and-outer, a man with no home, no employment, no friends save those charitably inclined strangers who try, in a way, to look after the homeless? If you haven't, then you are not in a position to properly understand, to decide the ethical question involved; that is, unless you are gifted with the same exceptional insight into human nature, and the same love for your fellow-man that prompted Malcolm McDowell to be a friend of the man who's down.

Mr. McDowell is the son of the late General McDowell and a brother of Mary McDowell, widely known for her work at the University of Chicago settlement. These facts, however, are but the accidents of birth and no credit to him. It is his successful management of the coffee line for down-and-outers conducted on Chicago's West Side, and his love for the friendless and homeless man that has proved him to be a worthy neighbor to the world.

Mr. McDowell is a graduate of the newspaper game, having run the entire gamut of the newspaper scale, winding up his career in that sphere as political editor of the *Chicago Record*. His newspaper work threw him in touch with all kinds of men in all kinds of positions, and later made him a successful officer of one of Chicago's largest banking institutions, the Central Trust Company.

The wide range of his newspaper work, and the broad gauge of sympathy his work among the down-and-outers endowed him with, had ideally fitted him for the position to which he was recently appointed, that of secretary to the board of commissioners who act as guardians over the nation's wards, the American Indians.

One evening, several years ago, a band of newspaper men, bankers, and other fraternal souls were gathered in Rector's Cafe, Chicago, to while away a mutually beneficial evening. It was a typical windy winter's night. The group of friends had reached that point in their evening when the mellowness of friendship had loosened their lips and little secrets of the heart were being told, when Dr. Evans, then health officer, and today the conductor of a health department on a large Chicago daily paper, entered.

The doctor had been out on the West Side and he commented on the number of unemployed and homeless men whom he had passed, men who were whiling their life away walking the streets. In a jovial, off-hand manner the doctor casually suggested that here was an opportunity for good work. The seed fell on fruitful soil, and it was suggested that the party take a stroll across the river and size up the situation for themselves.

Warmly clad, blessed with every convenience that a modern civilization has invented for the comfort and protection of its members, the little band set out. Protected as they were from the elements, they found it a laborious task to walk across the river and, when on the West Side, what did they see? Hundreds of men, men same as themselves who, but for the fling of outrageous fortune, might have been among their group. Men poorly dressed; shoes without soles, coats without sleeves, headgear from which their uncut hair protruded, and some with no protection from the cold but a shirt and pair of overalls. These men were not thieves, they were not beggars, they were not tramps; they were simply a part of the great army of the unemployed who drift to the large cities to spend the winter. There, on Chicago's West Side, in the tenement district, among the municipal lodging houses and ten-cent "flops," they found the nightly gathering of the poor, the weak, the unfortunate. The lodging houses were full, the saloons and cheap restaurants could house no more, and these men, these brothers of ours, were forced to spend their nights on the streets, bedless, supperless, and friendless. Into the great heart of Malcolm McDowell stole a great compassion, and he then and there conceived the idea of bread and coffee wagons.

MALCOLM McDOWELL

Today, although Mr. McDowell has left Chicago, every night great streams of men, silent, hungry, poor, pass in orderly procession around large caldrons of steaming coffee, where they are given their fill of the warming beverage and stave off hunger with large rolls of bread. To many it is their only daily meal. These, popularly called bread lines, are now an institution—the result of that winter night's visit to the West Side.

Mr. McDowell personally took the initiative and endowed the work with his personal touch. Nor did he confine his activities alone to the bread lines. The most severe time for these unemployed is really before the winter has set in—before the lakes are frozen and the woods ready for the woodsmen. When the ice is ready to be cut and the logging camps are running their usual quota, the majority of the unemployed find work; it is from these industries that a large percentage of the unemployed are drafted. The ice season and the logging season are short—afford but a few months work. These men—great, careless, overgrown boys—boys grown up with no thought for the morrow—spend their wages during the summer as their fancies dictate, and when winter approaches are generally broke. Then, until the lake freezes, they are destitute. Your professional tramp, your denizen of the underworld, knows where to go; but these big, rough children of the great outdoors are helpless. It was to them that McDowell and his bread wagons came like the manna of old to the Israelites.

To work and to work well man must be supplied with the necessities. Mr. McDowell secured mittens, socks, heavy clothing, etc., for the men so that when the time came for them to work they would be able to do so. For those that required them he procured tools. To these necessities he added the lump of human kindness, the spice of brotherly love, and today many a big, rough, overgrown man wipes his eyes with the back of a hairy, perhaps dirty hand when the name of McDowell is mentioned.

Mr. McDowell is an elocutionary prize-fighter; his every word a verbal knockout. Truth and conviction add strength to his delivery and he strikes straight from the shoulder, taking all comers. He is a fighter in a class by himself, because he is original in his methods, thorough in his training, and fearless before all. In a word, Malcolm McDowell is a man with a punch.

It is characteristic of the man that he speaks as he believes. Some of his epigrams are worthy of propagation. The following are taken from an address delivered at The Irish Fellowship Club, Chicago:

"When a man on the street asks you for a nickle, give it to him. I had rather that ten use it for intoxicants than to know that I had refused one who really needed it."

"Don't come to me with offers of help; I don't need you. I can handle the situation on the West Side. Look on your own doorsteps, in your own backyards, your offices. The most pitiful figure on earth is a white collar bum."

"A white collar bum is a ten-dollar-a-week clerk, who is forced to keep up appearances to hold his underpaid job, and who, outside of his white collar, is an attenuated, starving man. Do you know any?"

"This dinner, I should judge, is costing you two dollars a plate. With two dollars I can feed a whole family for a week on 'McDowell's Mulligan,' and keep them from starving. Think."

"The blindest man on earth is the man who can see no farther than his own desires and therefore fails to note the needs of his fellow-man."

"I would rather hear the lisp of gratitude from the lips of a child whose little body I had clothed than to be the honored guest at the most costly function ever held."

"The essence of life is love; the essence of love is practical help. Wake up."

Mr. McDowell recently lost his wife, his lifelong friend and helpmate—a crushing blow to him—and it is a touching tribute to the innate greatness of the man that in his hour of sorrow, he thought not of himself, but others. And it was from others, from these rough men whom he had tried to help, that he received his greatest consolation.

In a letter of thanks, written to his brother Pythians shortly after his bereavement, Mr. McDowell wrote, in part:

> I have neither wife nor child, and I am a lone man, but, aside from making a living, which, of course, every man must do, I shall devote my life to helping those in trouble, as far as it is possible for me to help them.
>
> When I took our Pythian obligations, I took them seriously for just what they mean, and the essence of those beautiful paragraphs is *practical help* for those who need it. Nor have I limited those obligations, so far as their application is concerned, to members of our order, for I take it that all men in distress or trouble are Pythian brothers to us. If we were to confine our helpful aid to members of our lodge and did not go out into the highways and byways to carry into effect the principles upon which our order is founded, we soon would be palsied from sheer inactivity.
>
> As some of you know, it has been my good fortune to be able to do some things for rough men whom most men forget, and that led me into other fields, and I found that an all-benevolent God was giving me sweet sleep, and strength of body and mind, and best of all, real friends; and now, in my distress and sorrow, friends seem to rise from out the very ground, and my heart has been deeply touched by the kindly, eager sympathy which some of the rough men I have had to do with have shown me.
>
> In conclusion, pray forgive me for sending you this suggestion: "Any man in distress or trouble of any kind is a Pythian brother to a Pythian."

It is futile for me to write more after quoting the above. It is, in itself, an autobiography of brotherly love. To the thousands whom he has helped, Malcolm McDowell will not be known as a Pythian, a Christian, or a brother, but as a sweet and living exemplification of the full meaning of the word *friend*. He is, in truth, a real friend to all of the world.

In the Shadow of Fifty

by The Editor

SOMEHOW I love to write about birthdays because they glorify the beginning of life. They are the days we think of her who gave us birth. In preparing for the eventful forty-ninth birthday, I divided life into seven ages, and described the impressions that came to me on my seventh, fourteenth, twenty-first, twenty-eighth, thirty-fifth, forty-second and forty-seventh birthdays. This was published some time ago in the NATIONAL. Two years were taken into perspective to view the forty-ninth mile-stone.

Well, when forty-nine arrived, life's activities ran on in the usual hurly-burly way without giving me an opportunity to muse over the fact that I was within the shadow of fifty.

Fifty years! What a patriarch I would have seemed to the little Joe picking peas on his seventh birthday, under a hot July sun, and observing Aunt Mary sitting on the porch encouraging child labor.

It seemed to be someone else standing upon the threshold of the half-century mark. Surely not I.

It was not until the close of the day, riding on the railway train, going almost directly west toward the rays of the setting sun, that I had the opportunity for self-communion. From the open car window the landscape somehow looked more harmonious than ever before. In the fields were growing green things, but the yellow stubble indicated the harvest—the harmony of seed-time and reaping. In that panoramic view was a field of almost every kind of grain—growing and gathered—a symphony of Nature's cycle.

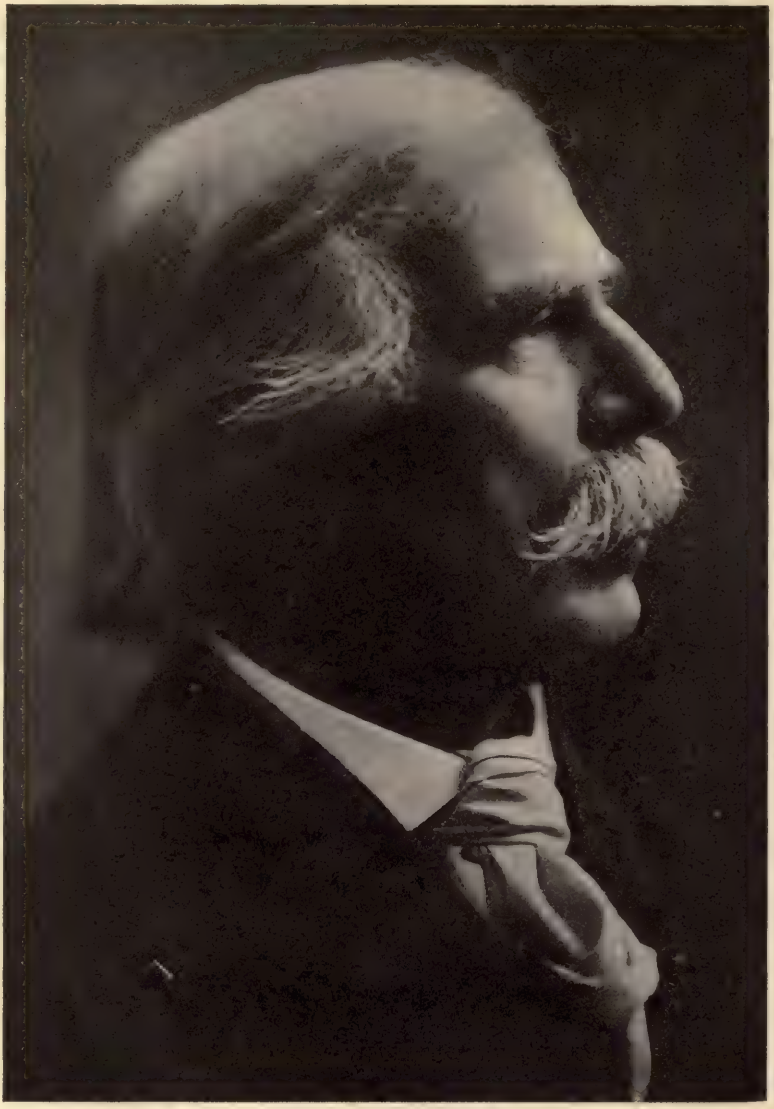
Toward the setting sun were the rolling hills, crested with trees silhouetted against the golden glow. Here the sturdy oak; there the graceful birch and spiral cedar. How like the friends of life they seemed, strong, noble, splendid in the sunset glow of my forty-ninth birthday.

As the train swung about a curve—and there are many curves in life's journey—the thicket of the wildwood was tinted and pierced with the gleaming ball of fire. Then I realized that I was moving onward toward the sunset of life and again that sunlight penetrates shadows.

Suddenly a shower burst forth out of a clear sky, and the great rain drops gleamed in the sun. Even during the storms of life the sun keeps on shining—it is only the clouds that intervene. I breathed deep the fragrant earthy and refreshing draughts that came from field and woodland. The sun shower of the July day brought a message and illumined a new view and hope—illumined Nature's harmony to me as never before.

Then I thought of how like every life is to a calendar of the months. In January the icy throes of winter speak of the unconsciousness of the babe. February stands for the awakening of the consciousness of early childhood—the caroling of the birds to the call of St. Valentine. March appears as the early sapling of youth, bending and bowing with the gale, but gathering strength withal. April brings the first knowledge of sorrow, with its showers of grief when little sister was taken away, and the clouds hung low over the home. May, with its budding flowers and the fragrance of the lilacs, tells of love and long strolls in the woods for the first violets and anemones. June, that rare month when the deeper and more wonderful meaning of life is revealed in the happiness of the honeymoon and the new home. July brings its touch of brown in the landscape—harbinger of the coming of harvest. At forty-nine I love the growing things more than ever. Now I anticipate the coming years. August typifies that period to which we all look forward—when we may retire from business and have our playtime, doing just what we most want to do. September brings the vintage of the vine, the fruitage of a life well lived. October suggests the peace and contentment, the full glow of the harvest moon with its medley of products gathered into the granaries and the barns. November marks life's approaching frost; the swirling leaves, dry and brown, rush down the road. And yet it includes the real Thanksgiving time of life, with the cheer and glow of the heartstone and the family gathering to keep the heart warm. December—yea—this landscape of July days then will be bereft of its singing leaves.

Some trees that fringe the hilltop in the sunset glow of the forty-ninth birthday will be gone. And yet, this same scene, bleak as it will then be, will still have a purity and majesty of its own. December, last month of the year, marks not the end, but the beginning of another cycle. No, not the end, for its days record the birth of One who brought out of the blue dawn of Bethlehem the glorious gift of God to man—immortality—the *harmony of eternity!*



MAJOR S. H. M. BYERS
Author of "La Favorita"

It is felt by the NATIONAL MAGAZINE that the time has arrived for a revival of the poem which tells a story in detail. Memories of the days of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" were revived when we received this poem from Major S. H. M. Byers, who has been widely and favorably known as the "poet laureate" of Iowa. Mr. Byers has published two other notable poems of length—"The Bells of Capriastrano" and "Glorietta." We think La Favorita" is the best of the three

La Favorita

A Tale of Spanish Days in California

by

S. H. M. Byers

'Twas in the golden summer-time,
When mocking-birds their carols sung,
And friars heard the soothing rhyme,
Soft as their own Castilian tongue.

The mission bells of San José
In yonder valley sounded near,
And echoing hills all seemed to say,
"Ave Maria, welcome here!"

'Twas in the golden summer-time,
There where the summers longest stay,
A friar pilgrim sought to climb
The mountain road to Monterey.

The purple wings of morning fanned
The golden poppies everywhere,
And by the sea and on the land
The roses scented all the air.

'Twas in that sweet, delicious clime,
Where June goes ling'ring on and on,
Where cold nor storm nor winter-time
May bid the roses to be gone.

So on the king's highway he went
Toward yonder fair horizon's rim;
Above him shone God's azure tent,
And all the world seemed made for him.

It must have been that fairies wove
Some soft enchantment round the scene,
Of palm and pine, and orange grove,
With sweet acacias in between.

It was Vincenzio, knight of God,
Defender of the missions, when
His one brave sword had overawed
The swords of twice a hundred men;

A saintly man, and pure of heart.
Along the shores there was a tale
That once, when pilgriming apart,
His eyes had seen the Holy Grail.

Not this alone; his voice, his eye,
Such mystic power possessed, a zeal
For that Christ cross he held on high;
No soul withstood his heart's appeal.

Brown-robed and sandaled, staff in hand,
At times he rested by the sea,
Looked at the sea-waves come to land,
Looked at the sea's infinity.

And thought of that most holy shrine
Whereto his pilgrimage was bent;
"Dear Serra's grave, O Dios mine,
There I would kneel and be content."

A little while his feet have pressed
That heaven-born valley of delight;
Sweet Carmel vale, not east nor west
Are hills so green or scenes so bright.

There in San Carlos' shrine he knelt,
He crossed him twice and meekly prayed;
When sudden on his cowl he felt
A woman's hand—and sprang dismayed.

No ghost—too fair the being seemed,
With heavenly eyes and golden hair;
He knew not if he slept and dreamed,
Or if it were an angel there.

"Thou know'st not who I am," she said,
"But here in dear Carmello's shrine
I, too, would humbly bow my head
And bid thee hear this tale of mine.

"Outside these doors three cavaliers
Impatient wait to claim my hand;
And they are armed with sword or spears,
And each is lord on sea or land.

"Not much I love, nor heart have I;
I have a hundred loves withstood;
And he I choose will surely die;
That much is writ in Spanish blood.

"For, spite of loves my fairness won,
Still was I never yet content;
Like chaff they seemed when all was done;
Like chaff they came, like chaff they went.

"And all the time my thoughts have run
On a strange promise that I made,
And how tomorrow's setting sun
Will set upon a heart dismayed."

"I know thee well," the friar spoke;
"Thou art that far-famed Isabel,
La Favorita; she who broke
More hearts than all my beads could tell."

In truth she was that Isabel;
No one so beauteous far or near;
Where'er she went she cast a spell
On humble folk or cavalier.

The sky's blue light was in her eyes;
Such rosiness of cheeks she had
As in the rose's petals lies;
A face men seeing once were glad.

If Spanish ships sailed down the shore,
The Spanish sailors all would say,
"Oh, let us have one look the more
At Isabel of Monterey!"

The brown-robed friars passing by
Would count a bead or two for her,
Say "Ave Maria" with a sigh,
Almost forgetting who they were.

At festival and rout and ball
Her satin slippers skimmed the floor;
One felt he had no heart at all,
Or else he felt it throb the more.

What though it was a land where reigned
A hundred beauties everywhere?
He had been blind, or else had feigned,
Who saw another like to her.

What though it was a land where men
Were rich in pearls from yonder bay,
Where gold lay hid in every glen,
And ladies shone in fine array?

She would be finer than them all
In pearls and gems and rich attire,
That when she entered rout or ball
The dancers stopped but to admire.

She would have jewels such as shone
In fair Loretto's sacred shrine;
"Why should some wooden image own
A hundred pearls outshining mine?"

And so it was one afternoon
Down on the plaza by the sea,
She walked and heard the sea-waves' tune;
The sea-waves kept her company.

When suddenly three lovers came;
They had been suitors many days;
They told her of her beauty's fame,
Her ears heard nothing but their praise.

But they were weary of delay,
And would she not be less unkind
And, whether yes or whether nay,
Now tell them what was in her mind?

She smiled and jestingly replied,
"Tomorrow night's the Alcalde's ball;
There in the dancing I'll decide
Which is the knightliest knight of all.

"I have great love for jeweled rings
And pearls most precious in the land;
Who best of these tomorrow brings,
Tomorrow night shall have my hand."

And this is she, fair Isabel,
Now kneeling at the altar rail;
Each act, each word, she fain would tell;
The friar listened to her tale.

Again she spoke: "Dear Father, look!
My suitors wait outside the door;
No more delaying will they brook,
This day I have, and one day more."

A light illumed the friar's face,
A light as if from heaven sent;
Not once before in all her days
Had look so strange on her been bent.

Sweet were his eyes so soft and brown,
Such eyes as angels might possess,
Or such as Raphael's pictures crown
When looked at in their loveliness.

She heard his voice, and never yet
Had kinder, sweeter tones been heard;
What wonder if her eyes were wet,
Or that her soul was deeply stirred?

A moment, and she seemed to think
Life's curtain parted, as it were;
And she herself upon some brink
And those deep eyes were pitying her.

The friar, list'ning, seemed to know
The thing that was her heart's desire:
On the great morrow should she go
To sell her soul for gold and hire?

"Thou seek'st for guidance? Listen! Go!
Keep thou the promise lightly given;
What words to answer thou shalt know;
There shall be light that hour from heaven.

"Who seeks for knowledge at the shrine
Of dear San Carlos well may know
Above the clouds the sun will shine,
However dark the road below."

LA FAVORITA

As in a dream she left the place;
A something spoke within her breast;
She felt the bright eyes on her face,
They told of peace and calm and rest.

The sun was set; the candles shone
In the Alcalde's hall of state,
And torchlights back and forth were blown
Among the roses by the gate.

Within was festival and dance
And sound of flute and castanet;
And dark eyes glowed as if by chance
On darker eyes more glowing yet.

A little while the feast was on,
The tables groaned with fruits and wine;
And through the windows from the lawn
Came breath of rose and eglantine.

And look! among the guests was one,
A brown-robed priest of quiet mien;
He had come late, this silent one,
And softly joined the happy scene.

And now 'twas whispered round the board:
"This very night we all shall hear
Which of the knights with star and sword
La Favorita holds most dear."

Soon, too, amid the toasts and wine,
The lovers entered in the hall;
The first one's gifts were lands and kine,
'Twere wearisome to name them all.

The second spoke: "Great pearls have I
Like those Loretto's self doth wear;
Sweet counterfeits—I'd have them lie
Upon my sweetheart's golden hair."

Proud rose the third: "No copies mine,
No counterfeits by fairy elves;
Last night I came from yonder shrine,
I bring Loretto's pearls themselves."

A thrill of horror ran around;
When to the door a guardsman came,
With burning words and voice profound
He called the guilty lover's name:

"Five nights ago the sacristan
At far Loretto's church was slain;
Hast thou the pearls? Thou art the man;
Upon thy soul the guilt is lain!"

A little while the lover stood
Dumb as the shackles on his feet;
The guests all crossed themselves, for blood
Seemed on the bread, the wine, the meat.

And look! Now rises at the board
Yon silent friar, cross in hand;
His tender eyes, his tenderer word,
At once the assembled guests command.

Kindly he speaks: "Fair Isabel,
Thou seest now how vain is pride;
There's but one pearl that doth excel,
There is no other pearl beside.

Well didst thou pledge thy life to give
For the one pearl the highest priced;
More high than all—behold and live!
I bring thee here the tears of Christ!"

As comes sometimes without a thought
Some mem'ry of forgotten things,
As if the mind a moment caught
A glimpse of the old happenings;

So, suddenly to Isabel
Came thoughts again of yonder shrine,
Again she felt the holy spell,
The eyes, the voice, almost divine.

And they are calling her again,
The shrine, the cross, of yesterday;
With tears, as falls the summer rain,
"Here are my pearls," they heard her say.

"I will do penance for my pride;
There is a convent by the shore,
There many days will I abide
In doing service for the poor."

And yonder where the sea-waves moan
By yonder convent, on the hill,
Fair Isabel is fondly known;
She is La Favorita still.

And often on the king's highway
A friar pilgrim waves his hand;
He waves it twice, as if to say:
"Your pearl is noblest in the land."

A Woman's Point of View of Politics

by Isabel Anderson

A FRIEND offered us two good seats for Carnegie Hall, and said he thought we would find it interesting to see the Hughes notification ceremonies, and to hear the acceptance speech, which was to be a good one. I had never heard of such an occasion and was puzzled; my friend informed me this was quite an unusual event, in fact, the first of its kind. Other would-be Presidents in the past had received the committee's notification informally and made their speeches of acceptance in their own houses, or on their front lawns or piazzas, with only a comparatively few people present.

As the situation this year was complicated, with the Progressives somewhat divided, and ex-President Roosevelt "coming out" for Hughes, it was said Hughes wished this occasion to be made an important event. Indeed it was an unusual and interesting occasion in more ways than one. The day before was a strange yellow day and the heat that followed was intense, but this thirty-first of July was by no means yellow, but a red-letter day. It was hard to be enthusiastic about anything that evening in such heat, but nevertheless we all were.

Mr. J. Mitchell Chapple asked me what my sensations were at Carnegie Hall that night. Well, to begin with, as I had no fan, I felt extremely warm, and then I smelt a most disagreeable odor. I sniffed this way and that and became more and more annoyed, until I discovered it was the glue on the badge which I had pinned on my dress directly under my nose. (Everyone had been presented at the door with a badge and an invitation to attend the reception which Mr. Hughes was to give at the Astor Hotel later that evening.)

Then came a sensation of surprise. Great cheering began; I looked at the platform to see Mr. Hughes arrive, but as he was not there, I turned and looked at the entrance. It was ex-President Roosevelt who entered a box in the balcony who caused the excitement. I had heard it said he wanted to speak that evening, and so I opened my eyes and my ears—but he didn't. At that moment someone shouted, "Why isn't Roosevelt on the platform?" and the man yelled so that another called, "Put him out." Then a few of the Progressives cried, "We want Teddy." I inquired of a neighbor if Roosevelt had not been invited on the platform, and the gentleman replied he believed he had been invited, but he preferred to sit in a box.

"How does it happen on a Hughes' night that there is so much enthusiasm here for T. R.?" I asked. "How many tickets did the Progressives get?"

"They asked for half the house and they got them," was the reply.

"They are getting everything they ask for, then?"

"To beat Wilson it is necessary to give them everything they want," volunteered someone, while another man added, "The Progressives are trying to get the organization in their own hands."

"Does the new chairman, Mr. Willcox, suit everybody? Is he proving efficient? Are things going well?"

"He is new at the game," was the answer. "The truth is, things are not going with a 'jump'; the Republicans so far have sacrificed efficiency to harmony. The object in holding the Republican Convention a week earlier than the St. Louis Convention was to get on the 'jump,' but the new committee hasn't 'jumped' much so far, and something must be done."

The Progressives would not allow Mr. C. D. Hilles to be kept as chairman, although he made an excellent one, and Mr. Hitchcock didn't seem to suit. A terrible fight went on as to who should have the Chicago office; as we all know, the Hoosier creosote king was chosen. Senators Crane and Root have not had everything their own way, and Mr. George Perkins has been given more power than would please some people. It is said when Mr. Bliss, the treasurer, had raised about $100,000, up to that time not one cent had come from a Progressive.

I don't know so much about what the men are doing now, but I have noticed there are many women's committees that have cropped up; in fact so many that one doesn't know really which to work for. One committee composed principally of Progressive women, are only working to secure Progressives; another, I am told, only want to work for Hughes if he will make Roosevelt Secretary of State; others want T. R. to be Secretary of War. I cannot imagine an ex-President wanting anything in the Cabinet, but if Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft do, I believe there are many people who would like to see them both there.

It is amusing how some people seem to have already mapped out Mr. Hughes' Cabinet, but from what I hear of him, when the time comes I believe he will have (without anybody's suggestion) the men he thinks best suited for the places. Of course Root is talked of for Secretary of State and Weeks for the Navy; Burton may come in for something, and perhaps Mr. George Perkins.

The band played gaily and several times the "Star Spangled Banner," so everyone stood, of course, and I had a good chance to gaze about. The hall was decorated with bunting and state flags, and appeared attractively dressed for the occasion. Mrs. Hughes was looking very charming. Many people went to congratulate her. She was holding quite a reception in the center box in the balcony. The ladies wore afternoon dresses and hats and the men everyday clothes, except a few fat politicians, who slouched in their shirt sleeves, but on the whole it was a very distinguished gathering. On the platform I noticed Senator Lodge and Senator Wadsworth among others, and Senator Warren of Wyoming. As his state gives women the vote, I will say here I had another surprise when Mr. Hughes came out as he did for suffrage. I hear the women will not pledge themselves to any one party.

At last the Committee on Notification appeared on the stage preceding Mr. Hughes. [Prolonged cheering.] He made a very fine appearance, spoke well, and what he said was clear and to the point, and most people thought it was excellent. I will not go into the speech, as everyone has read it. There was much enthusiasm, and we went home satisfied and with a feeling of conviction that Hughes would make a most successful western trip, and a great campaign, and lead the G. O. P. to victory. Now the Republicans have won in Maine, and I am glad to hear it is said New England has the good sense to be for Hughes. Let all of us help in one way or another, to do our small share. Look over the record of the Democrats, ask yourself or your neighbor among other things, "Is Wilson being subservient to Gompers for political reasons or not?"—and ask yourselves if you want a change of administration.

* * *

The Fort Fairfield Centennial

by Dr. E. L. Dwight Turner

PERHAPS there is no county in New England more widely known than Aroostook County, the home of the world-famous Aroostook potato. The potato industry which has especially boomed the county is not more than fifty years old; but it has taken a century of industry and perseverance on the part of sturdy pioneers to clear and to develop this wonderfully fertile garden of Maine. The name "Aroostook" should not be associated wholly with the potato industry, for it was here that the historically-famous Webster-Ashburton treaty was made, which gave this fertile country to the state of Maine, thereby materially promoting the state's industrial and social development. What could be more interesting, then, in the spread of the pageant idea, to the people of Maine and New England and our country than a reproduction in living characters of this wonderful story of growth and progress? And so the inhabitants of the thriving town of Fort Fairfield decided to celebrate their hundredth anniversary with a pageant which, considering the number of participants and its scope, proved to be the most brilliant affair of the kind ever attempted or given in the state of Maine.. Twelve hundred out of the forty-five hundred inhabitants participated in this community drama; and perhaps in no other town in the world except the little settlement of Oberammergau has the working out of the pageant idea played such a large and active part in the life of the townspeople.

In a majestic natural amphitheater of surpassing beauty upon the banks of the Aroostook River the Fort Fairfield centennial pageant was produced in August. A grandstand seating six thousand people could not accommodate half the crowd that attended. In keeping with the great pageant, business places and residences were gaily bedecked with flags and buntings.

The town was the scene of parades, band concerts and electric illuminations, and great speeches by great men were listened to by appreciative thousands. The governor of the state opened the pageant. Evening lectures were given by Rev. Thomas W. Fessenden, of Minneapolis, United States Senator Charles F. Johnson, and Hon. W. W. Thomas, ex-consul to Sweden and Norway, who was a participant in the pageant with his colony of Swedes. A hundred real Indians, brought by automobiles from Indian Point, enlivened the scenes of early settlement days of the town in 1816.

It was in 1820 that Maine became an independent state, and the question of the northeastern boundary began to be agitated. As the fact became generally known that lumber was being taken from her public lands and shipped to a foreign market, dissatisfaction increased, until the breaking out of hostilities in 1839. The early settlers came from homes on the St. John River, in New Brunswick, and recognized no authority except that of the English crown. These early settlers were

POSTERITY—SCENE IN HISTORIC PAGEANT

"squatters," and depended upon lumbering for a livelihood.

Such was the situation when, in February, 1839, Governor Fairfield of Maine, for whom the town was named, sent Land Agent McIntyre with his posse of Maine militia to Fort Fairfield. Later more troops were sent, and a fort and barracks built. This was the beginning of the "Aroostook war."

Fort Fairfield is now a busy town with forty-five hundred inhabitants, prettily situated on both banks of the Aroostook River. It has two banks, over forty well-stocked stores, two hotels, three saw-mills, a wood-working factory, ten starch factories, and other industries, besides fine schools, eight churches, and a Carnegie library. A new hotel and a new municipal building are under construction, and a new federal building will be built the coming year. Two railroads—the Canadian Pacific and Bangor & Aroostook, accommodate the town. The local paper, the *Fort Fairfield Review*, is a live-wire weekly, having a large circulation in the prosperous communities of northern Maine.

The town of Fort Fairfield includes over seventy-two square miles of the finest farms in New England. It is one of the greatest potato-growing towns in the world. Over seven hundred and forty-five bushels of potatoes have been raised on one Fort Fairfield acre. Over sixteen thousand car-loads of farm products are shipped from Fort Fairfield yearly. The farms are under splendid cultivation, and with their pleasant and healthful surroundings, well-equipped, beautifully located and delightful homes, form a grand panorama upon every hillside and along every valley, contributing very materially in making Aroostook, as it is so often called, the "Garden of Maine." In 1915 the potato business done in Aroostook County amounted to nearly $15,000,000. The small and unsalable potatoes are used in the fall for starch, also sometimes those on hand at the end of the shipping season. The Aroostook starch business varies from one thousand to two thousand tons a season.

* * *

The historic pageant consisted of thirteen episodes, four interludes, and a grand finale march, in which the events of history were reproduced by dramatic action with dialogue, by vivid pantomime, special scenes symbolic in character, all accompanied by high-class orchestral music.

The costuming of these symbolic scenes was designed with unique color effects attained by special study in outdoor pageant costuming. Historic garments so far as available were employed in all the scenes, and the others were made or adapted in accordance with authentic historic patterns.

The primitive town meeting of seventy years ago was reproduced in which it was moved that teachers be paid in buckwheat and oats, with other humorous but historic incidents. Other episodes portrayed Fort Fairfield in the sixties, and her hearty response with volunteers for the Civil War; the incoming of the Swedes and the founding of New Sweden; the coming of the railroad; a symbolic dance of the potato trade with New England, the Sunny South and Cuba; the starch factory industry; and then the great potato industry was impressively portrayed, with the early and the modern methods of seeding, raising, and harvesting the famous Aroostook potato. The harnessing of Aroostook Falls by the Spirit of Electricity was symbolically danced, portraying light and power as supplied to the country towns. Following came the Grand Finale March, one of the grandest spectacles ever witnessed in Maine, with the governor and high dignitaries present, in which Fort Fairfield of the Present views the grand old Past and stretches out her beneficent and efficient arms to posterity.

Taken all in all, this pageant was a stupendous historic and dramatic production, ably directed by a young Maine woman of originality and enthusiasm, Miss Eva Winnifred Scates, a graduate of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston.

The short address made by Hon. W. W. Thomas, who led again the little colony of Swedes, this time in the Swedish episode of the historic pageant at Fort Fairfield, was as follows:

"My Swedish children, you have followed me four thousand miles over the

SPRAYING AN AROOSTOOK POTATO FIELD

ocean from your homes in the lofty north of Europe. Today we have at last reached the great free republic of the New World. Today your feet first press the soil of the United States at the beautiful and hospitable town of Fort Fairfield; whose public-spirited men and women have welcomed us with salutes of cannon, with flags and flowers, with a sumptuous banquet, and with kind words of good cheer. One day's journey more up the broad valley of the Aroostook, and into the woods, and we shall reach—the Promised Land—your new home in the forest primeval. There every promise I have made you shall be kept. There in the unbroken wilderness we will found a colony of happy Swedish homes—a *new Sweden*—which shall grow and blossom like the rose, which shall be an honor to the old Sweden whence you came; a blessing to the good state of Maine, and to yourselves, your children, and your children's children for all time. And now my Swedish children, three cheers for Fort Fairfield that has so warmly welcomed us! Three cheers for the state of Maine that has given us our new home! Three cheers for our new country—America—and three cheers for the promised land—New Sweden!"

DANIEL WEBSTER AND LORD ASHBURTON
Authors of the Maine-New Brunswick Boundary Treaty, 1842

"Saved"

by

Edith A. Rucker

OH! how I loved to gallop over the Virginia hills when I was a young colt. It was a fine stock farm where I was bred and sometimes I would fear I would have to leave the place I loved so well, and perhaps be sold to someone far away—perhaps go to Washington or some other big city, where the pavements are so hard on horses' feet, and the noise and lights of the street cars and automobiles are quite enough to frighten a country horse to death, besides the awful uncertainty of not having a kind master.

When these thoughts came to me, I would stand very quietly and think what will I do if I have to go—but a horse must go where he is led; then the sad thoughts left me, and I would toss up my head and gallop away to the farthest corner of the big field, at the foot of the mountain and dash into the stream, which tumbled over the rocks, and drink the cool, clear water and bathe my hoofs and legs, and I was so happy I forgot the fear of leaving the lovely country.

But one day when I was quite grown up, a man came from Washington and stayed for a week at the big house. Every day he would come with my master to look over the horses, and I would tremble lest he would like my looks, so I rolled in the dirt and tried hard to make myself ugly—alas! it was useless, he selected me to go away with him, and I heard him say he wanted to break me for a lady, near Washington, whose husband was a very rich man, so I had to leave my beautiful Virginia home. When I reached Washington, I must say I was well cared for and well fed; I was trained, not broken, and the gentleman came one day, paid the big price, which they asked for me, and I was led to his home on Georgetown Heights.

There was a fine field for me to run about and a good stable. When the atmosphere was clear I could see the Potomac in the distance and the city on its banks, and I would think will I ever go back to the hills and streams on the opposite shore, which I love so dearly.

I was in my new home for more than a month when I first saw my lady. She had some lumps of sugar in her hand and called me to her in the kindest voice. She patted me on my head and stroked my mane, and was so gentle that I learned to love her right away. I was as good a saddle as a driving horse, but my lady seemed to prefer to drive, I suppose because she could take the children with her, and together they could enjoy the long rides through the picturesque woods and hills around Washington.

The time passed happily for me, for two years, but I often thought my lady was not happy; I could always tell how she felt by the way she handled the reins.

One day her husband accompanied her on a long drive. I had found out that he was a hard man and a cruel one, but that morning he seemed harder than usual; my mouth was sore from his tight hold on the reins. I heard my lady say, "Stop, you hurt my horse's mouth. You know I do not like that."

He answered her roughly and I was angry with him, for horses understand more than people think they do. I wanted to run away, but I thought my lady might be hurt, so I did not. I was glad when that ride was over, as I saw tears in my lady's eyes when she got out of the buggy and came to me and patted my head. I made up my mind then and there that I would always help my lady, and I was glad that I made that decision, for not long after that hard ride there was another far worse. It was Thanksgiving night—the servants had gone to the city on a holiday, so the master hitched me up to the buggy, and I felt he was angry, for he drove me so hard to the front of the house, and called my lady in a quick, sharp voice.

Though she was dressed for the ride, I heard her try to persuade her husband not to go, but he would not listen to her, caught her by the arm and almost lifted her into the buggy, and I heard her say: "This is the wildest folly," and her husband's answer was: "My order must be obeyed." So we drove off more rapidly than usual, and I was hurt by the hard pull on my mouth.

We crossed the District line into Maryland, and the road was bad—a high embankment in the center, and the drive on each side. Instead of taking the right road I was driven on the embankment and the highest point, and the buggy was upset, but in spite of the hard tug at the reins, I stood quite still. I knew my lady had been thrown into the top of the buggy, and I feared if I moved she would be hurt, so I gave her time to crawl out. I heard her talk to her husband about his cruelty, and she said: "The horse has more heart than you, and I tell you right here, this is the last ride I will take with you." She then turned away in the cold and darkness and walked back to her home, a long distance off. I never again had happy rides with my lady. I have grown old, the master has neglected me, and all I do now is to wonder where my lady is, and be thankful that once I saved her life.

THE RIVER OF LIFE

By WINIFRED VIRGINIA JORDAN

WHEN life's river flows with blithesome calm upon its placid way,
When sunbeams dive for merry dip, then up for dance and play,
When on the banks the violets are lilting tender tune,
And feath'ry ferns gaze drowsily from out their dreamland June,
We row our boat, yet do not see the loveliness of day,
Nor know near half the beauty of the river's gentle sway.

But when the river, lashed by winds, tears up the flower'd shore,
And torrents rip the ramparts 'mid the raff of thunders' roar,
When clouds stretch out their angry hands and set their tumults free,
And lightning rides the phantoms stalking landward from the sea,
We grovel then beneath the lurid storm that sweeps the soul,
And only see the shadows that our fears have set a-roll.

Oh, why not look about us as the river life flows on,
And see the flowers blooming at the sun-sweet edge of Dawn,
And greet the joys that follow on the common ways of life,
Nor wait to have their beauty shorn by wintry winds of strife;
For then, when storm-packs gather and the waters boil and rile,
We'll row our boat with courage and the heart-beat of a smile.

The End of the Feud

by Joseph L. Bowles

IT had not been of long duration—the feud between Bill Jenkins and Sam Bradley. Indeed, so short-lived had their misunderstanding been that perhaps it should not properly have been called a feud in the first place.

Bill Jenkins operated a still, where periodically "moonshine" whiskey was brewed. Jenkins' disposition was warlike, as became his calling. His menacing attitude toward society roundabout was only aggravated by the report that he sold his product to the Indians who lived on the reservation below the settlement, and who journeyed eight miles to purchase Jenkins' brand of firewater. Revenue officers had failed to locate Jenkins' still, though their suspicions were strong against him.

Sam Bradley, purely by accident, had once seen Jenkins dispensing the "cheer" to the braves. Bradley had undertaken to reprimand Jenkins, reminding him of the uncontrollable passions which whiskey always induced in the red men, causing them to commit violent depredations. Instantly Jenkins flew into a rage and forthwith sought to thrash the nimble Sam. The result of the conflict was that Jenkins received a good beating, for the fight was with naked fists, and the stronger and younger of the two men was the victor. This was the beginning of the unpleasant relations between the two. A few weeks later the news of Bradley's marriage to Susan Cable reached Jenkins' ears. Very soon thereafter Jenkins dropped a remark to the effect that he would "pot" Bradley if ever a chance was presented. The feud was on.

Jenkins was a "furriner," while Bradley was a native. Rumor had it that the former sought the shelter of the mountains to ply his nefarious trade only after he had been repeatedly dislodged and routed from municipal haunts. Jenkins was a widower, with one child—a girl—six years old. From the first he was unwelcome, but the spirit of the brotherhood of man is strongly ingrained in your southern highlander, and he was allowed to operate unmolested.

* * *

Sam and his wife had been home scarcely a week from their six-days honeymoon jaunt across the mountain when he received the information that Jenkins had remarked that he would "pot" him at the first opportunity. Forewarned is forearmed.

Several weeks rolled by without any outward sign of hostility making itself manifest between the two men. But Sam's wife induced him to carry his "hog" rifle upon every occasion. The strain on the young wife's nerves finally grew too great, and she took to her bed. Sam had to make repeated trips to the doctor's house, three miles below. Jenkins in some way learned of what was going on, and in an unguarded moment let slip the information that he was going to "pot" Sam upon the occasion of the latter's next visit to the doctor.

Charley Holton fetched the information to Sam. "Reckon as how you 'uns better look close't about ye when you 'uns goes to old Doc Ogle's agin," said he. "Bill Jenkins 'lows as how he's goin' to 'pot' ye today; he heerd you 'uns was a-comin' down the mount'n this mornin' and I made fer to tell ye afore you 'uns got too fur. Old Jenkins 'll be hidin' in the laurel on the yon side of the creek right whar the big buckeye lies acrost the trail." And then, after a few moments, "The odds is agin ye and you 'uns hadn't oughter go that way. You 'uns better take anudder trail, over on the yon side of Abe Cable's, and fool that old Injun-seller."

Holton had intercepted Sam as the latter was on his way to the doctor's. He listened quietly and unmoved at what Holton had to say, and when the latter had finished talking, Sam looked his friend straight in the eye for a full minute without speaking. Then: "I'm obleeged to ye fer warnin' me, but thar hain't no man named Jenkins what can claim as how he had skeer'd er Bradley. The Bradleys hain't skeer'd er nothin'! Ef I knowed Jenkins were goin' ter kill me if I went down whar you 'uns sez he's a-hidin', I'd go jest the same. You 'uns 'd be the same way. We 'uns was a-raised that away. I hain't afear'd to die, though my woman 'd miss me right smart, I reckon. Kinder hate to be 'potted off' on her account."

After a short pause Sam continued, "Reckon as how I'll be movin' along. You 'uns can tell 'em how it was ef I don't come back. I hain't never kilt nobody in my whole life en I don't want to, but Bill Jenkins better git me good his fust shot, or there'll be two of we 'uns ter bury." Saying which, Sam moved on down the mountain.

Holton retraced Sam's steps leading from the top of the mountain. Custom forbade his taking a hand in the encounter between his friend and Jenkins. But having failed to dissuade Sam, his next mission was to inform Sam's folks, and he set about his task unwillingly, though expeditiously. As he hurried on up the slope, he resolved that Sam's wife should not know of his plight, as maybe things would turn out all right after all. Directly he came to the settlement in which Sam lived, and quickly summoning half a dozen of the men of the neighborhood, he soon explained his mission and forthwith the little party commenced hurriedly to move on down the trail up which he had just come.

* * *

With head erect and mind alert Sam walked on down the mountain in swinging strides. This might be his last trip, thought he, as he passed familiar nooks. With the thought uppermost in his brain that perhaps thirty minutes hence he might not be alive, yet his mind inadvertently dwelt for the moment upon trivial occurrences in his uneventful though straightforward life: on the dead limb in the top of that tall hemlock he had one day shot a squirrel's eye out with his Winchester; in the dark hold in the stream flowing alongside the trail on another occasion he had jerked out a fine speckled trout; on the rocks lying on the yon side of the stream he had once shot a rattler's head off with his pistol.

It had been raining hard all night, and the freshness of the May morning was borne in upon him abruptly as he suddenly reverted to the thought uppermost in his mind. But his soul remained undismayed, while from the expression on his face no one would ever have known that he was marching perhaps to his death. As he approached the buckeye lying across his trail, involuntarily and automatically his watchfulness grew more alert, though not to the point where one lying in wait would have discovered his well-founded suspicions.

As the distance to the tree lessened, his mind hit upon a bit of strategy: "I'll make a quick-like jump onter the buckeye and then on over on the yon side of hit on to the ground, 'stead of jest crossing by swingin' fust one leg over hit and then the udder one," decided he. "And then," he mused, "when I git on top of the old buckeye, Jenkins 'll think as how I'll wait a spell afore a-hoppin' down, 'n he'll shoot quick when he figgers as how I'm goin' t' jump down quick like. Mebbe Jenkins is been drinkin' agin' and might not shoot straight the fust shot, and then I'll git a chance't."

Within five yards of the tree his pace involuntarily quickened. Then when he had covered three yards of the remaining five, his body gave an upward move as he sprang catlike towards the tree. . . . His spring landed him an inch short, the wet bark of the buckeye refused to give his foot a hold, and he slipped off backwards, striking the ground with a dull thud; his head struck a projecting rock, and he lay an unconscious hulk.

For a few moments all was still. Then—

"H——!" muttered a voice on the opposite side of the stream; the sound emanated from the thick laurel bushes. With tiger-like agility Bill Jenkins sprang up the stream as he realized that his enemy had fallen and perhaps fatally hurt himself. He nimbly hopped across the stream and a few feet away rested his body between twin trees as he trained the sights of his rifle on the heart of the prostrate form lying in front of him.

Scarcely had his bead been drawn when his attention was arrested by a most dramatic though forbidding sight. Lying coiled not four feet from the body of his fallen enemy was an enormous rattlesnake! His eyes flashed fire at the intruder; his whirring tail gave further indication of his anger. Lucky for Sam that he was temporarily stunned by his backward fall. Had he moved a muscle, the snake would have sunk his fangs in his flesh.

Over the sodden features of Bill Jenkins spread a malevolent grin, as his mind took in the awful situation. He would let the snake kill his enemy for him!

The expression on Jenkins' face as he watched the maddened reptile was sickening. A heart so steeped in jealousy and hatred is an unholy sight. He lowered his rifle and allowed his body to rest against the maple as he leered at his helpless foe.

* * *

As Sam pitched backward, he grasped his gun tightly and still held it as he gradually awoke to consciousness. He did not instantly open his eyes, although the "whirring" sound near his head was ominous. Slowly his senses returned. Then it was that he realized that he had lost his balance and had fallen off the log. A stabbing pain was throbbing in his head. Had he been wounded by Jenkins? Finally he concluded to open his eyes. His brain was still confused, but as his opening eyes confronted those of the angered rattlesnake, his stupor was immediately dissipated. Forthwith he understood the meaning of the "whirring" sound which had beaten upon his ears as he slowly awoke to consciousness. Jenkins had failed to arrive, but a more dreaded foe than Jenkins had been substituted. He now remembered that he had slipped in his attempt to negotiate the fallen tree and had fallen heavily.

For a moment Sam was fascinated by the snake's steady gaze and the flashing sharp lights from its eyes. He realized that a move meant an instant attack by the snake. He allowed his eyes to travel in the circumscribed orbit imposed by his recumbent position. Was there any possible way out of his dilemma? For answer his gaze rested on his rifle, firmly clutched in his right hand. Fortunately, his body hid a part of his right arm, he having fallen on that side. The gun was pointed in the general direction of the snake. To train it on the reptile meant several minutes of careful, almost imperceptible twisting. And then, as like as not, the shot would miss its target. Taking aim would be purely guess work on his part. And if the shot missed, then what? Sam shuddered as he thought of the horrible end that would be his if he did miss. The snake would instantly strike him; that was certain. There was one more certainty: the firing of his gun would warn his human adversary of his whereabouts!

* * *

Viewed from either angle, to Sam his fate seemed sealed. He thought of his wife back at the cabin and of the medicine that she was at that moment waiting for him to bring. Of many other things besides did Sam think, but all the while he was making preparations to train the rifle on the snake's head poised some two feet above the ground, ready to strike on an instant's notice. Unbearable pain followed in the wake of his every attempt to train the rifle. He could not understand it. His arm had been badly wrenched. Did he but know it, the ordeal through which he was now passing was causing his hair to turn gray. He wanted to cry out. With the poised snake confronting him and threatening instant destruction, and with the stabbing, sickening pain which followed each attempt to raise his right arm, his nerve was all but gone.

Inwardly he prayed that Jenkins might discover him and put an end to his misery.

The "moonshiner" peered into the face of his fallen enemy and gloated over the fate which awaited him. Being within a few feet of Sam, he was careful not to make any needless noise for fear of attracting the attention of the maddened reptile. He had an unobstructed view of his rival's features. Pain and misery, in all of its intensity, was pictured on the face of his fallen foe. Seemingly the snake had the prostrate body charmed, for it scarcely moved. Jenkins saw that the eyes of the man on the ground were glassy; those of the snake piercing, malevolent, menacing. At irregular intervals the body on the ground appeared to make an effort to move, when instantly a shadow of excruciating pain would overspread the drawn features. Jenkins watched these movements with a satisfaction difficult to explain. He permitted his body to hang between the twin trees while he leered at his helpless foe. Truly Satan had returned to earth or this must be his re-incarnation.

* * *

Two, three minutes passed. Jenkins' intent gaze was arrested by the almost imperceptible movement of Sam's right arm. Immediately following these attempts on Sam's part to bring his rifle to bear upon the snake would these paroxysms of pain shoot across his features, blinding him with pain. Again did Jenkins witness the fruitless effort of the man on the ground in his attempt to bring his rifle into play upon the serpent. Then he understood why the man was powerless to move the gun; Sam's right arm was broken. Whether or not Sam realized this was not patent, although his struggle to move the arm grew perceptibly weaker at each trial.

* * *

The utter helplessness of his erstwhile enemy, the pain on his distorted features, both served to soften the soul of Bill Jenkins. He pitied his erstwhile rival—why not end Sam's misery? thought he. Slowly he brought the sights of his gun to bear upon the heart of the man he hated—but did he hate this man, after all? And then another paroxysm of pain slowly stole over the features of the blanched face lying helpless before him—what had Sam ever done to him, after all? What harm had ever befallen him at Sam's hands? He could think of none. On the contrary he remembered, now that he thought back a little, that Sam had done him a big favor once. It was the time when a year or so back Sam had knocked down an intoxicated redskin who was mistreating his own little Nell. And he thought of the remorse which stole upon him when he found out that Sam had saved his little girl from the ravages of a savage to whom he—Bill Jenkins—had sold whiskey which had been made with his own hands!

The gun in his hand wavered. His squinted eye was removed from the sights. The gun was permitted to travel in its owner's arms at will. It halted as it struck a small bush. With a somewhat changed and softened look did he now look upon the man on the ground. He was reminded of the wonderful fight a wildcat which had been attacked by his own dogs once put up. That was what the prostrate man on the ground was doing and at odds greater than those against the wildcat.

"That were a great fight," he mused. "Arter I shot the varmint outer'n old buckeye, hit fell nigh onto er hundred foot 'n lit on its back in er rut in the road. Hit sure cut my dogs all to pieces afore I could git thar 'n shoot hit. 'N I plumb believe the varmint 'd have licked them pesky critters er mine ef I hadn't comed up when I did," finished he musingly. . . . "But this here fellow hain't got nobody to help him; he hain't got as much show as my dogs had agin that thar ole cat," he continued.

A revulsion of feeling had stole over him. His rifle had halted when it had struck the small bush lying in its path. He looked at the gun. It was pointing toward the reptile. A happy inspiration came to him.

"By Gawd, I'll do it!" he muttered. His eye again squinted through the sights on the gun. This time there was no wavering, no uncertainty. A shot broke out on the stillness of the forest—and—the snake's head shot backward.

The man on the ground, dimly perceiving that the menacing serpent had been destroyed, fainted from sheer exhaustion.

But the feud was ended.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

NECESSITY is the lash which often determines a career. "Running for office" impels a polite suavity and tactfulness which sometimes becomes habitual. Lavish of the genial smile and hearty handshake, the politician is sometimes the object of sneering comment by those friendless cynics who ask: "What does he want now?" What matters it what—does he not make the world a bit brighter, even though his geniality is inspired by self-interest? Analyze too critically underlying impulses, and the gloom gathers.

The success of men who have achieved may appear accidental, but upon closer scrutiny of cause and effect, the reason is obvious. Macaulay recorded: "The world generally gives its admiration not to the man who does what nobody else attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well."

When I met the treasurer of a large corporation and found him just the "good fellow" he was as a newspaper man years ago, I recalled the time when he was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in Washington. Those who worked with him there years ago are just as intensely loyal today as at the time when he sat at the desk, vested with mighty official power.

One of these men related that things went wrong in the office one day, and a certain clerk had made an error which caused the Assistant Secretary considerable trouble. No criticism was made, no excuse was offered, but the clerk was fairly heartsick at his blunder and reflected this in his face and manner. When his chief started out for luncheon, he passed the desk of the young man and stopped to pat him on the back. There was no word spoken, but the action was eloquent.

The clerk remained several years after his chief had resigned from the government service, and then accepted a position with a large corporation. During that period he heard two former associates of his chief make disparaging remarks, with no other purpose than that of ingratiating themselves with the new Assistant Secretary. One of these, a chief of division, was backed against the wall and made to retract. The other, a prominent official, was allowed to finish his statement, but not in the presence of the young man, who showed his displeasure by abruptly leaving the room as soon as the nature of the remarks was learned.

The young man afterward achieved promotion, and he has never forgotten that "pat on the back." It was an example to him which he followed later when he became the head of a department. It was indeed a symphony of action without words, inspiring lifelong and intense loyalty which grandiloquent or flattering phrases could not have evoked. These two men, the erstwhile chief and his clerk in the Treasury Department, are still accomplishing things because they know how to treat those associated with them. The result is a loyalty stopping at nothing to accomplish things which must be done, regardless of salary or overtime pay.

When young people realize that they are always working for themselves, no matter on what payroll their name may appear, advancement may be safely prophesied. It is the enthusiastic, individual service that counts, and is seldom overlooked by a chief or a concern looking toward growth and development.

WILLIAM EDWARD ROSS

WHAT a wide variety of ways there are of building up acquaintance. Some people you seem to know although you never see them; others you see every day and never know at all. Many of our most valued contributors we have never met, but, nevertheless, we feel acquainted and letters from our readers indicate that they, too, feel acquainted. Among these contributors is William Edward Ross, and I took more trouble to find out the facts of his life than I would about Shakespeare or Benjamin Franklin. And I discovered that the date of his birth was October 7, 1883, and his birthplace was Tacoma, Washington. It is tradition there that he attended school at Seattle during the days of the intense rivalry between the two towns. A post-graduate course in the school of life came next, and there he received the well-known diploma of "hard knocks." He was privately tutored by the late Thomas P. Westendorf, author of songs and operas, among them the never-to-be-forgotten "I Will Take You Home, Kathleen." It was from Professor Westendorf young Ross first learned that he had a talent in writing verse, and at the age of nine, won the prize of a chicken dinner which the teacher offered for the best acrostic on the word "home." Thus, at the early age of nine was revealed a genius for verse as well as a fondness for fried chicken.

Since that time Mr. Ross has had a variety of experiences, ranging from store clerk to reporter on a metropolitan daily. Always has he been fascinated by the muse, and even the halcyon days of the Chicago Press Club found him filling in odd moments by inditing verse. Through special articles, poems and stories for magazines he has become a popular contributor. His poem "Dad" was published in "Heart Throbs" No. 2, sent in by friendly admirers, and he insists that poem was his inspiration, for since its publication in "Heart Throbs" he has had success. He resides at Canon City, Colorado, where he continues his literary work, his ambition now focused on a novel, "The Redemption of Highwayman Beggs," which will be published this year, in connection with his duties as an educator.

* * *

THESE are the days of a multiplicity of vocations. In the differentiation of American activities, there is a specialist for almost everything—a "social engineer" is the latest. Does this designate one who is fitted to direct social events and point the way as to how to act in society—a sort of a Ward McAllister systematized, making rigid rules for the social four hundred?

Customs which would have passed as polite in years past are today no longer permissible. In the good old days it was customary for a man to black his own boots, manicure his own nails, shampoo his own hair, and take a bath on Saturday night in the wash tub. There was a time when one could use a toothpick at the table—now a man must be surreptitious about it and hide behind his napkin. There was a time—blessed memory—when he could cut pie with a knife and eat ice cream with a spoon; now it must be done with a fork. There was also a time when grandfather could pour his coffee into his saucer and blow it until it was cool enough to drink. The saucers of today are mere ornaments, relics of the utilitarian past, and becoming flatter than platters.

Dietitians have long since become eating-engineers, and it would be interesting to know just how future generations will be permitted to eat their pre-digested food. In fact, this might well be called an engineering age. Politics are engineered; love affairs are engineered, so that courting must be conducted now on approved rules, according to Mr. Bok. If one could accumulate all the literature extant on how to do this or that, he would have a library which it would require 299 years to read, to say nothing of the few extra moments it might take to remember something.

Today we are engineered into the world according to some new fad, and the undertaker also has a new way of engineering us out of the world. We have to be engineered when our pictures are taken. One or two camera shots used to be all that was necessary; now the artist takes twenty, to catch, perhaps, the fleeting reflection of a smile. When a man gets a picture that flatters him, he says "That looks just like me," and then duly engineer them off to admiring friends. Even warfare is today a matter of engineering, industrial and otherwise. Now if a powerful peace engineer could work out the problem, we might hope again for a happiness given with life and liberty that is not over-engineered.

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IN this issue of the NATIONAL appears "The Making of an Empire," telling the story of Missouri as it has never been told before. This is the first of a series of articles written by Mr. Allan H. Hinchey, secretary of the Missouri Federation of Commercial Clubs.

It has been said that the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, more than any other periodical, has broadened its scope to include every state and territory and every section of the country and all kinds of people. One friend has been kind enough to suggest that a file of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, since it was established in 1894, would make a more interesting collection of contemporaneous history than that of any publication, because of the wide scope which its contributors have covered.

It might be suggested that our Missouri friends see to it early that extra copies are ordered of the succeeding numbers containing these articles, because every copy of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is sold within thirty days of publication.

* * *

A MEMBER of Congress has suggested that the tie of friendship between the Entente Alliance and the United States, evidenced since the outbreak of the European war, is the result of business relations established years ago. The creation of these bonds through advertising is now recognized as a potential international force. One student of economics insisted that Pear's Soap is almost as well known in the United States as in England, and that the exploitation of this avowedly English product for many years, was a vital influence in paving the way for the Anglo-French Commission when they visited this country to negotiate a war loan. The quality of a people may be estimated by its soap as well as its styles.

The same is also true of Lea & Perrins Sauce, Jewsberry & Brown, Sir William Lever's Lifebuoy Soap, Crosse & Blackwell's Marmalade, Lipton's Teas, and scores of other foreign made articles exploited in the United States. It might not be ethical to preface a diplomatic report o state paper with mention of the advertised products that have led to an appreciative acquaintanceship between nations, but it would be only a recital of a basic fact. Vichy, Pinaud's, and other products have helped us to understand our French cousins across the seas, and the familiarity with the products of that nation is of even more influence than the memory of favors and loans granted to Franklin during Revolutionary times.

Baron Reading intimated something of this when he visited the United States to negotiate the Anglo-French loan. He recognized the seed sown by English and French concerns in advertising, as a factor in bringing the people of this country to a closer understanding of the two nations, which a hurried, although impressive banquet conference, far remote from the people, could not hope to accomplish, no matter how representative the guests. The confidence and acquaintance that has accrued through interchange of advertising is a phase of diplomacy that will have a most important bearing when national relationships are re-established at the close of the war.

This may suggest to the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate, and especially to the Tariff Commission if re-established, that in adjusting protective tariffs, special consideration in the way of a "preferential" should be given a foreign advertiser who evidences his faith and confidence in American markets by exploiting his products through the recognized American channels of advertising. This has been done before. In the case of wheat imported there is a "draw-back" on imported wheat manufactured into flour in this country. The purpose of the tariff is to aid manufacture, and advertising is basically a process of manufacturing sales. Advertising in America is essentially a home product, so far as the method of creating sales is concerned.

Direct reference to advertising in an interchange of international official notes might not conform to diplomatic custom, but when ambassadors and ministers are dining together, and the viands on the festal board around which they are gathered are products of the nations which they represent, home and friends are naturally suggested, which exerts a concrete influence, and promotes friendly feeling. When I saw a Waterman pen and a sign of Swift's "Premium" ham in London, I felt just a wee bit less of a stranger, and the familiar trade-mark gave me a little patriotic thrill.

It may not be customary to make specific mention of trade products in an editorial discussion of international diplomacy, but the direct influence of these incidental matters must be reckoned. If a wider circulation of English papers in America and American papers in England were possible, the enthusiastic advertisements of the varied products of these respective countries would doubtless eliminate much of the petty national prejudices which are the result of ignorance or misunderstanding of what others are doing and producing for the general welfare and benefit of the race.

The keen interest in the work of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, manifested by President Wilson, may be an indication of the coming recognition of the fundamental tenets of advertising.

English ships sailing the seven seas carry the advertised goods of Great Britain—an English boat is always equipped with Pears' Soap, or, in like manner, a German boat with German soap—then why not an American merchant marine, giving American products their deserved place upon these floating expositions, these reflections of trade at home. World-competition after this war, will be greater than ever before known in history.

* * *

IT might not be well to mention the name of the organization, but suffice it to say it was a Boston dinner. When I entered someone was kind enough to say "Here comes a breeze."

Thereupon I suggested that they call the roll, having each man answer with his given nickname—the name his chums gave him when he was a boy, and which many had never heard since reaching man's estate. You should have heard some of the names.

One fat man confessed to "Veal," a lean brother to "Pork," and then there were, "Reddy," "Frisky," "Slicky," "Fatty," "Slim," and "Batty," showing that the boys have an original way of christening their companions indicative of even more inventive genius than the average playwright or novelist in choosing names for characters. One shy fellow blurted out "Hezekiah," and haltingly explained that this name was the reason he always signed himself "H. Jameson Smyth." He was thereby christened "Heck" for short, as Hezekiah he could never tolerate.

One member related pathetically how he longed to be called "Jim"; said he'd not heard the name since he was a little tad, and he'd always liked it better than the sedate "James," but even his wife and associates insisted upon a dignified salutation.

Well, we all became boys again in fifteen minutes. Next, they all stood in a row, and I told each one separately to laugh. Could you imagine anything more painful than a man trying to laugh who is not in practice?

The luncheon was concluded with an exercise in handshaking, in which all participated. It was painful to see some of the men try to give a cordial, well-gripped handshake. The flabby fling that would make you think you had hold of a fish was called a "foul," and we practiced until all had a real grip.

There were lively times at each succeeding meeting, for no man sat down at the table until he had heartily shaken the hand of every man present and called him by his first name. Then they sat down and discussed matters that each thought the other might be interested in, realizing that after all, "to give is to gain." They heeded the admonition, "Get really acquainted with the other fellow—you might like him."

* * *

PUBLIC speakers are always impressed with the interest manifested when travel experiences are related. Philosophers even before the time of Sir Francis Bacon insisted that travel was an essential part of a well-rounded education. For many years, Mr. Porter E. Sargent of Boston has been an incessant traveler, and the "travel school" which he established was one of the most successful in the country. When the boys made a tour with Porter E. Sargent, the school work at home upon their return took on added interest. They knew something about the seven hills of Rome, or Pike's Peak, or Yellowstone Park. A travel school is valuable inasmuch as it unifies primal and natural education.

It was quite natural that a man whose life had been devoted to this work should be deemed the proper man to prepare a handbook containing a directory of the best private schools in the country. Prepared under Mr. Sargent's direction, the book is not only accurate, but carries with it an authority that other directories do not possess.

He has also issued a handbook of New England for automobile tourists and summer visitors, with a feeling that New England will be the "Europe" for American tourists in 1916. When the American father realizes how very many points of historic interest in New England should be familiar to young people, he will decide upon making with them a tour of America as a part of the education of his children.

PORTER E. SARGENT AT VELLORE, INDIA

In the foreword of this book Mr. Sargent emphasizes the potentiality of New England as the cornerstone of the nation, and finds a virtue in even the rigors of a New England winter. He tells the story of the Connecticut pedler extending his territory from Quebec to Mobile, and dwells on New England's natural beauties, insisting that the mountains of that section are just as old and as towering as the Alps. To wander among the homes and haunts of the great American poets, philosophers, writers and presidents of the country is an education that nothing else can supply. He defines the routes and furnishes a chart that makes a motor tour through New England as simple as the trip from the depot to the hotel in a country town.

Associated with comments on the route of Paul Revere's ride and the location of the "old oaken bucket" is a directory of garages and dealers in automobile supplies, with railroad or steamship timetables handy in case of emergency. It is a complete, poetic, picturesque blend of exploitive literature that makes one feel like putting aside some directories in the library as real literary treasures.

* * *

THE recent discovery of gold bearing conglomerates near Iligan in Mindanao, by an official of the Philippine Scouts, is said to have opened to prospectors an enormous field of ores similar to those which have made the South African "Rand" so prosperous and prominent in the financial and mining world. These conglomerates, vary in thickness from sixty to over three hundred feet, and consist of small, rounded pebbles, coral and other marine fossils, and fine flakes of free gold cemented together by a combination of sand and calcareous matter.

* * *

A PLEASANT-FACED man of good Irish stock is James Farrell, the head of the United States Steel Corporation. He was formerly president of the United States Steel Products Company, the foreign arm of the great steel corporation which is in charge of all of its vast export interests reaching to every country of the world.

Mr. Farrell has a fund of characteristic stories, gathered in his extensive travels. Upon his return from England, the summer before the war, he entertained a group of his fellow-passengers on the Lusitania with some choice anecdotes from life. Among these was the story of an Irishman who was returning with his family from Liverpool to Dublin, and who had reported at the steamship office to register his baggage as required. He addressed the English attendant in charge, an official of some height and stiffness: "I have come to register me luggage," said Pat.

"What is your name?" demanded the attendant, brusquely.

"Sure, me name's on the luggage," replied Pat no less curtly, with a nod in its direction.

The clerk hesitated a moment, then he stepped over and inspected the baggage. Returning, he said:

"I see your name is obliterated."

"Oblitherated!" exclaimed Pat; "your eye, man, me name's O'Brien!"

* * *

IT has remained for a progressive, far-seeing American corporation to work out the problem of old-age pensions, which has for many years engaged the attention of governments. In a positive way, they have grappled with plans that would baffle even salesmen and politicians, and have evolved a pension system free from the aspect of mendicancy. For many years Mr. Louis F. Swift, of Swift & Company, Chicago, has given earnest thought to devising plans that will permanently and almost automatically insure the people of his company against the wants of old age. A system has been worked out on a scientific as well as a businesslike basis, and the plan reflects the self-reliant spirit of America. The welcome announcement was made July 31, 1916, that Swift & Company would give $2,000,000 direct to their employes.

This sum has been accumulated during the past six years as a nucleus for the pension fund, and the announcement was received with much gratification by the thirty thousand Swift employes who come directly under the provisions of the plan. The pension board, as organized, consists of five officers, employes of Swift & Company, appointed annually, electing their own chairman and secretary, with the treasurer of the company as *ex-officio* treasurer of the fund.

During the many years that the project has been under consideration, the pension plans of many other organizations, both contributory and non-contributory, had been carefully studied and analyzed. There is no doubt that the best features of all have been selected and many points added of vital importance, indicating thorough research and appreciation of the necessities of a broad, fair and enduring application of the idea.

As Mr. Swift has well summarized the whole matter: "We have made it possible for every man and woman in our employ to provide for his or her old age simply by giving efficient work and continuous service. It has been the aim of our company to tie its employes to itself in many ways. We have worked to that end for years, because we believe that our employes become more valuable to us with every year of their continued service. The pension plan is our scheme for rewarding this faithful service."

SWIFT COMPANY ACHIEVEMENT

The fertilizer was a big factor in producing this prize corn. This young man, however, does not owe his height and sturdiness to that agency, but the consideration of the Swift Company for their employes has helped to bring that happy and contented smile to his face

The operation of the Swift pension plan is simple and based upon a logical sequence of cause and effect, so that it becomes almost automatic, as well as democratic in its results. In the first place, the employes do not contribute to the fund, and the income from the $2,000,000 foundation is to be supplemented by the company until the fund is large enough to insure old-age pensions.

Men employed by the company twenty-five years may be pensioned at the age of sixty, but shall be pensioned at the age of sixty-five. Women in service twenty-five years may be pensioned at the age of fifty, but shall be pensioned at the age of fifty-five. All employes in service fifteen years and up to twenty-five years who are permanently incapacitated for work may be pensioned; those retired on account of age and length of service, or if incapacitated after a service of twenty-five years, but prior to the age of retirement, shall be paid one-half of the average salary for the five years preceding retirement. The pension of those retiring on account of incapacity after from fifteen to twenty-five years of service shall be computed on a basis of one and one-half per cent of the average salary for the five-year period preceding retirement, for each year of continuous service. No annual pension shall be less than $240, or in excess of $5,000. The widow and children of an eligible employe shall receive one-half of the pension to which he shall be entitled at the time of his death; the pension is paid in all cases, either to the family or to the individual.

Credit of service is given to all employes in companies that may have been absorbed by Swift & Company in the past, giving them credit for full length of their service, whether they were directly on the payroll of the company or not.

RICHARD HUNT

The announcement of this pension plan marks a most important epoch in industrial and commercial development. It indicates the earnest purpose of the executives of large corporations to give first consideration to those associated with them in building up a business. It has even furnished to the United States government a way in which they might give consideration to federal employes. Swift & Company has manifested a spirit and a purpose that will result in bringing about a better understanding, not only among those associated in the great corporation, but between that corporation and the people who are its patrons. A broad grasp of this subject of world-wide and present-day importance has been shown, and an initiative has been taken that will make the year 1916 memorable in the industrial history of the nation as the year in which American business genius inaugurated an altruistic ideal that will blaze the path for better understanding between man and man in the relations of everyday life.

* * *

LAST month we printed an article by Richard Hunt on "The New Poetry," and in answer to our interested query as to how he became so conversant with his chosen subject, we received the following quaint letter:

> Without poetry, life would look ugly to me and I should be unhappy. I let poetry adopt me as a matter of self-defense, so I wouldn't have to be unhappy. The first place where I discovered something pretty that made me happy was among the birds. They had pretty colors and fairy-like movements and songs that had a poetry-like influence over my thoughts and feelings. Poetry showed me, later on, that sources of happiness are in cities as well as in woods and fields. When I am doing any sort of office work, life looks more beautiful to me because I have poetry. I have poetry exactly as some people have religion.
>
> I wear comfortable clothes whenever I can. I like to go swimming at night with no clothes at all, for there is something beautiful in feeling that your body is free. I like hockey; to get going down the ice, successfully dodging your opponents, is like writing a poem; you must have a sort of inspiration. I do not vote or go to church or venerate bank presidents, for the beauty of life does not appear to me in the guise of legislation, or piousness and morality, or economic leadership.
>
> As editor of a poetry magazine, I tried to do what I could for poetry, because poetry was the thing that had made life the most happy for me. If for me, why not for others? But, after all, poetry magazines are places where beauty hides from men who most need it. Is there any way beauty can be revealed all along the way that the average man travels? I think there is . . . but it will take many brave men who dare to destroy ugly things which the average man seems to accept as necessary parts of life.
>
> What ugliness is put into our lives because we are helpless or young or already so suppressed by ugliness itself that we haven't the spirit to demand beauty! As a child

I was frightened into good behavior by being told the chief of police of the village was coming to get me. That must be one reason why the police still symbolize to me—punishment, fear, suppression of happiness, the hounding of beauty out of our lives—ugliness! This may seem a silly prejudice, but it seems to me the same ugliness which a policeman brought me when I was a child wriggles like a terrible monster from all corners of life, putting fear into people's hearts and robbing them of the happiness that should be their birthright.

I once saw some human beings put into jail, and I saw the same ones sent out again. They were ugly when they went in, but they were more ugly when they came out. Ugliest of all were the men who had put them into jail. I don't like ugly things; I don't think men should do things to make other men—including themselves—more ugly. I have no desire to make the world better, or holier, or more reasonable; I hate the moral tirades of political reformers and socialism sugar-coated with reason or religion. But I do want the world to be more beautiful. That's why I am more interested in poetry than in anything else. Poetry makes the world more beautiful—not in our imaginations, but actually. A lamp-post seems ugly enough—an upright iron pipe by a dusty road. But poetry comes along and turns it into a flower-stalk with a lemon-yellow blossom flaming in the night. After that it is no longer ugly.

Men are ugly, too; the struggle for existence turns them into crafty furtive cheats who are afraid to be sincere because it may give someone an advantage and who tell bland hypocritical lies that they sometimes even believe themselves. But are these men not beautiful? Yes, for poetry gets under their ugly surface, too, and reveals them as men with affections and finer thoughts, men wishing for nobility and desiring to love and be loved, men with souls. Then we know that the soul is, after all, the true man, and will eventually not have to hide from the world under a false ugly exterior.

An Eastman kodak can show us the picture of a ragged child with starvation and joylessness on its face—and so can poetry. But poetry can do more; it can show the child's soul as it leaps up laughing, free from the ugliness of poverty and the life that has no happiness. People have a right to be happy! They have a right to everything which can make them happy. But how can they be happy till they see each other as poetry, instead of as an Eastman kodak sees them? Poetry, like all art, is propaganda; it keeps showing more and more people pictures of the part of them where their aspirations are.

I work with poetry because I feel that here is a thing which will eventually free me and all other people from the misery and oppression of ugliness. I read poetry, and write it, but it doesn't matter which, if it only lets me into the soul of something and makes me know in a magic way something I had only half known, or express something I had been unable to express in mere words. If poetry doesn't do these things for me, it isn't poetry. I work with poetry because there is satisfaction in seeing it turn ugliness into beauty. It is like a magic kodak snapping the souls of things. And the souls are always beautiful.

* * *

AS ordered by the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, a referendum was sent out to its members in every state in the Union to act upon the question of how seriously the threatened interruption of railroad traffic would affect the country. The Chamber has already suggested that a joint resolution be introduced in Congress to direct the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate certain vital phases of the question at issue, going thoroughly into the question of minimum, maximum, and average wage, and the hours of labor of every class of railroad employee in the United States.

The National Chamber acted quickly, and a committee composed of prominent men was appointed at the second meeting, including James Couzens of Detroit, Robert H. Dowman of New Orleans, Charles E. Faeth of Kansas City, C. A. Johnson of Madison, Wisconsin; William Fellowes Morgan of Brooklyn; E. T. Meredith of Des Moines; Oliver Wilson of Peoria, Illinois; and A. J. Porter of Niagara Falls. This prompt action on the part of the United States Chamber of Commerce and the committee will likely result in saving hundreds of thousands of dollars to the wage workers, as well as the railroads, to say nothing of the millions saved to the industrial interests of the country and the people who are always ultimate consumers, and who eventually pay the costs of these useless disturbances.

* * *

EAVESDROPPING is seldom applauded as heroic, yet there are few novels or plays that do not have that tense moment when some one overhears the deep dark plot and thereby saves the hero or heroine. A friend who has been enthusiastic over the Buddhistic movement of Bahai related an incident of his experiences with the new cult. He happened to be in the Waldorf Hotel trying to do some work in his room, and through the thin partitions he overheard a most remarkable conversation; sweet-toned, gentle, dealing with the most idealistic subjects. There was enthusiastic comment in the ladies' voices; it seemed that the conversation partook of the stuff of which dreams are made.

Finally the meeting was apparently adjourned in the regular ceremonial form, and then came the reaction; an outburst of ribald jest and risque story, subjects as foreign to the former tenor of conversation as possible. It revealed Jekyll and Hyde at their best. There was no mistaking; it was carried on by the same voices.

It is explained that the intensity of thought in one direction swings back the pendulum just as far in the opposite direction. It was one of those sudden transitions which indicated to my philosophic friend that it is just about as well to keep on an even keel; to be neither intensely good nor intensely bad.

* * *

THREE men of notable achievements in as many different fields have come together in the most ambitious co-operative enterprise of the day. Charles H. Ingersoll, the organization genius behind the popularity of the "dollar watch," is president of the Commonwealth Hotel Construction Corporation which is planning to build and operate in New York City the largest hotel in the world. W. J. Hoggson, former president and general manager of Hoggson Brothers, originators of the Hoggson single contract building method, is to be the directing power in the construction of this twenty-five hundred room building, which is to cost, with its site and equipment, $15,000,000. Henry L. Merry, formerly senior partner of the firm of Merry & Boomer, managers of the McAlpin and Claridge Hotels in New York, has been retained as advisor in the planning of the structure and as manager of the hotel when it is complete. Mr. Merry has the habit of managing "the largest hotels on earth," and his experience in taking over a twenty-five hundred room hotel—nearly twice as large as the biggest now in existence—is hardly a new one.

The Commonwealth Hotel Construction Corporation might more properly be called an association. It is in reality a great club being formed for the purpose of building the Hotel Commonwealth in the Times Square district of New York—of providing in New York a twenty-eight story, last-word-in-construction-and-equipment home for the club members. The $15,000,000 capital is divided into one hundred and fifty thousand shares of $100 each. These are being sold to approximately 150,000 people, with one shareholder on exactly the same basis as another and none of the shareholders, excepting the directors, holding more than one share of stock.

The directors of the Commonwealth Hotel Construction Corporation will each hold three shares of stock, in accordance with the laws under which the Commonwealth Hotel Construction Corporation is incorporated.

Each shareholder—whether or not he is a director of the company—is entitled to rebates up to 20 per cent on all payments for food and lodging at the hotel. No matter how fat or how lean the shareholder's pocketbook, he can find accommodations that will fit the condition of his purse. Rooms are $1.50 upward, and restaurant facilities range from moderate-priced *table d'hote* service and popular-priced *a la carte* service to a cafe *de luxe*, which will charge prices commensurate with food and service equal to the world's most famous dining places.

For the convenience of shareholders, it is also planned to establish a shopping bureau where they may secure material discounts on their purchases, based on the fact that the custom of so large a number is very desirable to business houses. Negotiations with leading department and retail stores are now pending.

On one floor the architects have designed exceptional display rooms for buyers and salesmen. Another floor will be reserved for the exclusive use of unattended women, and a nursery in charge of a trained attendant will care for the children of guests of the hotel. In addition to this, the plans provide for a hospital, with a physician in attendance.

A novel feature of the proposed hotel will be club conveniences, which should make it a most desirable permanent residence for bachelors. In connection with such accommodations the architects have planned athletic floors accessible without charge to shareholders of the hotel, which include gymnasium, squash courts, and hand-ball courts, swimming pool, indoor golf course and the like.

The contract let to Hoggson Brothers, under their single contract method, is the largest one of its kind ever made. The instrument provides for the designing, erection, decoration and equipment of the hotel building, all for a sum determined and guaranteed in advance.

* * *

COLOR has ever been a predominating feature of musical productions, and it has remained for Messrs. Corey and Riter to outstrip all previous colorful effects in their first musical play, "The Amber Empress," which burst upon the eastern theatrical world this fall with all the effulgence of a glorious sunrise. It is a well-established fact that a harmonious blending of color and melody is most effective in stage productions, and amber—suggestive of gold in its richness—is a decidedly pleasing element in a musical setting.

The book of "The Amber Empress" was written by Marcus C. Connelly; the music by Zoel Parenteau, an extremely happy combination. Their work is new and snappy. There is action in plenty where action is needed, and the music is caressing in the romantic passages. "There is Always One You Can't Forget" applies to the song itself—the recognized "hit" of the score. Musically speaking, "The Serenade," at the opening of the second act—with its suggestion of the carrol, uplifting and beautifully appropriate to the moonlit scene—is far superior to anything found in the average musical play.

"The Amber Empress" is Beverley Mason, an American singer, who is posing

FRANK LALOR
Telling Louise Allen "There's nothing so uncertain as a dead sure thing" in "The Amber Empress"

MABEL WILBER IN "THE AMBER EMPRESS"

gifted and well cast. Mrs. Harriet Scott, which role was made intensely amusing by Miss Emma Janvier, is in search of romance and thrills, which she believes she has found in the person of Count Ruffano, an impoverished nobleman, whose courtship of the wealthy widow has been financed by Sam Lewis, a money lender. The redoubtable Frank Lalor as Percival Hopkins, a New York promoter, breaks up a reel by saving the "cheeild," thus bringing upon his head the wrath of the picture director and the company. Hopkins is recognized by Mrs. Scott as her childhood sweetheart from Punxatawney, and deserts her ardent admirer, the Count. Sam Lewis and the Count resolve to rid themselves of Hopkins, so make it appear that he has stolen money from Mrs. Scott, leaving him in disgrace.

Sheldon and Beverley quarrel after his mother calls the girl a "moving picture creature." The motion picture director, Tom Brenner, played by Donald MacDonald, is in love with Mrs. Scott's daughter, Trixie (Louise Allen), who returns his affection. In addition to their duty of furnishing a secondary love theme throughout the play, these two young people delight with several unusual and unique dances. Mrs. Scott meets the Empress as "Miss Beverley Mason," a society girl, and is anxious for Sheldon to meet her that

for the "movies" in Venice. Sheldon Scott, son of Mrs. Harriet Scott, widow of the Talcum Powder King, is in love with the Empress, but his suit is looked upon with disfavor by his mother. Mabel Wilber as the "Amber Empress" and Thomas Conkey as "Sheldon Scott" are unusually

he might forget his fancy for one beneath his station. In the meantime, Sheldon has given money to Hopkins to back the motion picture enterprise, and in the role of promoter Hopkins is approached by the Count, who wants a film made of his marriage to Mrs. Scott. Complications follow thick and fast. Hopkins engineers a hold-up, in which the papers are taken from Lewis which show the agreement between him and the Count relative to marriage with Mrs. Scott. The piece ends with ignominious defeat for the Count, victory for Hopkins, and an indication of wedding bells for Sheldon and the Empress, as well as Trixie and her lover.

Messrs. Corey and Riter are to be congratulated upon the success of their initial production in the musical field. Mr. Corey was for many years manager for Henry W. Savage, who has produced perhaps a greater number of successful musical plays than anyone else in the country. In "The Amber Empress" is evidenced a genius for producing that which is sadly lacking in the theatrical world today—a worth-while musical play.

* * *

THE first-nighter may shine in all his glory of exclusiveness, but I find real joy in seeing a play that has stood the test of a long and continuous run, even if I have to stand the taunts of being a "back number." I had heard airs from "Chin-Chin" in ball room and ball park, parades, victrolas, and hurdy-gurdies. "Good-bye Girls" seemed to haunt me everywhere; I did not care to know the words, which usually spoil a popular song; it was the swing that enchanted. I had known Montgomery and Stone in the old days, so after hearing about "Chin-Chin" in every city in the United States, I dropped in one night in Chicago, because the elevator boy in the hotel had looked at me disdainfully when I said I hadn't seen it.

"Chin-Chin" may not be a great opera, but Montgomery and Stone are merry institutions. It was commented by sober Jim who was with me that I laughed more at the antics of that inimitable twain of fun-makers than any time since we first saw a clown at a circus as children. There is a piquant swing to the music, the play and the dancing, but you always look forward to the time when Stone or Montgomery will be back again.

Just to see Fred Stone as "Chin Hop Hi," "Paderewski," "Ventriloquist," "Mlle. Fall-offski," and the "Gendarme," and David C. Montgomery as "Chin Hop Lo," "The Widow," "Coolie," "Clown," and "Gendarme" is to laugh not so much at them as with them, for in every antic they laugh, too.

Well, we just enjoyed ourselves, although in the party was one bald-headed friend who was anxious for a close-up view of the stage—he had seen the play several times. He was a railroad man and a bachelor, and he remarked that one reason why a railroad man should not be particularly interested in a play of this sort is because there are certainly no trains on the costumes. This shows the effect of attending one of these plays. Even this grim, scanty-haired friend was so enthusiastic over his joke that he did not care if it was heard in the next box.

* * *

ONE monopoly in the country against which there is going to be most decided revolt, is the one which controls school-books. This combine arrogates to itself too vital a power, and now their disapproval has fallen upon an enterprising educator who has the common sense and courage to teach English from the magazines instead of the textbooks provided by the corporation. Anyone who reads the modern "English Lessons," cannot wonder why children who make progress in that branch come from private schools. Examination of the usual textbooks will show why modern education is so superficial—nothing more need be done.

The impulse leading to the magazine vs. textbook controversy was doubtless guided by a righteous purpose, for it must be confessed that some of the trash masquerading as literature in a number of modern magazines, is not fit for children to read. The spectacle of a young girl with certain questionable magazines under her arm inspires regret or contempt in the thoughtful observer, as much as though she were rouged, over-dressed or loaded with cheap jewelry. There are some magazines and newspapers published, however, that would exert a strong influence for good if they were the only intellectual food furnished the young and growing brains. The danger is in insufficient discrimination between what is good and bad.

A Man Who Does Things

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

WHEN we cast an eye over the picture-gallery of notable Americans of today, the striking personality of Willis George Emerson at once arrests attention. Physically he is a man of commanding presence, with the big frame that bespeaks strength and staying power, and the massive head that at once conveys the impression of wide vision and rare intellectuality. And this first estimate of the man is most amply confirmed by the story of a life rich in varied endeavor, in actual achievement, and in never-failing aspiration toward the rounding out of an already distinguished career.

Scholar and student (the true scholar never ceases to be a studious searcher after truth), deep thinker and keen observer, poet and novelist, patriot, an orator of national reputation, a political power in the communities among which he has lived, a man of fine business acumen, industrial pioneer, deviser of ways and means, achiever of results, a true leader of men—each and all of these high titles belong by the right of accomplishment to this typical son of the Middle West who has proven himself big enough to make the entire country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the field of his tireless energies. The adjectives hardly require filling in. Imaginative yet purposeful, diplomatic yet masterful, vigilant, resourceful, ceaselessly active, absolutely indomitable—these are the qualities of mind and character that have contributed to his success.

Born on a farm in the State of Iowa, he was fortunate in having as his father the Rev. Stephen L. Emerson, a pastor whose life-work largely consisted in riding around on a pony, carrying words of good cheer to scattered communities, dispensing comfort, material as well as spiritual, to all with whom he came into contact—a clergyman of a type that has now almost passed away, "the Flockmaster of the Hills," as he came to be known and is still remembered among those who loved and revered him. His mother was the worthy helpmeet of this true evangelist and benefactor of his fellow-men; and it is this parental influence that has subtly tinctured the whole life of Willis George Emerson, imparting to his disposition that tender sentiment toward humanity which is reflected in his novels, is soon sensed by his business associates, and has become the strong bond of affection that holds him ever in the warm regard of his intimate friends.

A son of the farm, with a college education gained at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, young Emerson, as was natural in those days, started out in life as a school teacher. He early took to politics, and we find him, in the Harrison-Morton campaign of 1888, the presidential elector from Kansas, who carried to Washington, D. C., the message of that State to the Republican leaders at the capitol. But although he has always continued to give loyal and steadfast support to the Republican cause, other activities outside politics soon laid claim upon his services.

In a life of such varied interest we can only select an episode here and there to reflect the character of the man. He became a banker in a country town, thereby laying the foundation of his successful business career. Some of his early years were spent in Wyoming, which has always remained the well-beloved state of his adoption, travel where he might as calls or exigencies required. In Wyoming he founded the town of Encampment, and was the master-mind in the construction of the famous sixteen-mile aerial tramway that connected the smelter, built there by his efforts, with the rich Ferris-Haggarty copper mine among the mountains. Invited to California, he was one of the pioneer town-builders in the now prosperous Imperial Valley, the greatest irrigation enterprise in the United States and the forerunner of the numerous Government reclamation works in the Far West that have transformed wide areas of desert lands into smiling farms and orchards. Latterly we find him again in Wyoming, where during the past two years he has acquired some four thousand acres on the Big Horn River, a princely domain in the heart of the state where important developments in irrigation and along other lines loom up in the not distant future under the auspices of a man so well equipped with the practical experience that such immense undertakings require.

WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON

Turning to the literary achievements of Willis George Emerson, we must refer our readers to "Who's Who in America" for the long list of his books. We would say, however, that it is in his fiction that the real inner nature of the man stands revealed. "Buell Hampton" presents us with a lovable character, cherished and long likely to be cherished by American readers. In "The Builders" we have a mining story true to life and full of rugged beauty in its descriptions of scenes and episodes in the prospector's hard, and at times, heart-breaking career. "The Treasure of Hidden Valley," the author's latest published work, is a fascinating tale of adventure, portraying Wyoming and its people as can only be done by the writer who knows his subject "down to the very ground." Anyone reading this book lays it aside with the sense of satisfaction that, while treading a fine love story, he has learned much about one of the most picturesque states and finest communities in America.

It is good to know that in the near future we shall have yet another novel of similar quality from the gifted author's pen—"A Vendetta of the Hills," the scenes this time being laid in mid-California and the plot skilfully weaving together the old slumbrous Mexican days with the throbbing activities of the present era.

* * *

But it is not only by his novels that Willis George Emerson has won a place among the writers of the day. His oration on "American Valor and Liberty" delivered on the battlefield of Gettysburg on Memorial Day, 1911, is a masterpiece of oratory, a veritable prose-poem that has happily been preserved for future generations by the International Peace Forum, who have published it in booklet form. Then again there is an epic from his pen entitled "Stone the Woman: A Tale of the Christ," which may not yet be so widely known as his novels, but will, we venture to predict become a classic in American literature, enduring for all time. Just to give an idea of the scope, fervor and heart appeal of this poem we quote the closing lines:

> But, ah, how shall it be
> On that great day when Truth's all-searching flame
> Shall make men tremble with a mighty fear,
> And all shall stand before the Righteous Judge?
> Shall sex then punish or absolve the sin?
> Will He, the searcher of the hidden heart,
> In His eterenal and divine decree
> Condemn the woman and forgive the man?

Passing strange that such lines should come from the brain of a man who, day in and day out, has mainly devoted his energies to big business enterprises—to irrigation, to town building, to mining, and latterly now to the great automobile industry. But the secret lies in the fact that literature has always been for Willis George Emerson the recreation of life, the pursuit of all other pursuits that is best worth following, the thing to live with and ponder over at all unoccupied moments, the real love among his many versatile endeavors, the crown of his most cherished hopes and loftiest ambitions.

COMRADES IN AUTUMN

Under the Old Apple-Tree

HAIL! gnarled old tree, you have breasted the years,
Blossomed with promise and hailed harvests home;
Smiled when Nature smiled, wept with her tears,
Watched through the night the star-beckoning dome;
Greeted new dawns of the uncharted day,
Dreamed of the twilight in noon-tide's glare;
Shared in the joyance of children at play,
Cheered the way-faring with fruitage to spare.

Honored the honey-bee's wandering quest,
Listened with whispering zephyrs of June;
Sang with the song-birds, welcomed the nest,—
With springtime and summer and autumn atune.
Battled with storms under stern winter skies,
Snow-crowned, or ice-bound, abiding the test,
Waiting return of the year's glad surprise,
Hailing the new-born life-throbs with zest.

Bravely you've fared, the passing draws nigh,
Dream on of harvests home—all's well, good-bye.
Good-bye, old friend, good-bye.

—*John Howard Jewett.*

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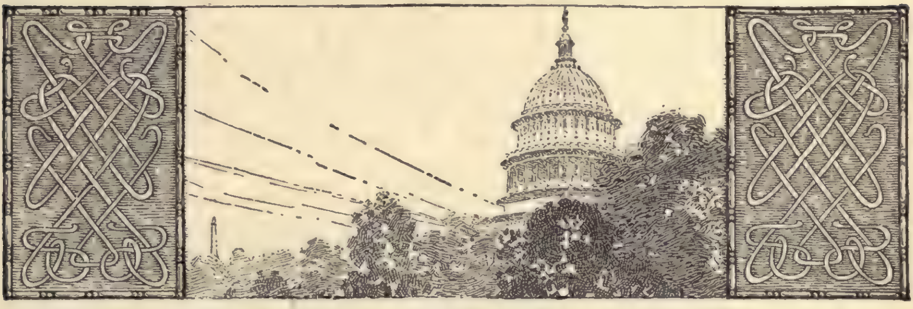

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

AS THE LEAVES are swirled down the Avenue by the autumn winds, and the chill blasts come from the northeast and northwest, the pilgrims returning from the political battlefields find their consolation or chagrin in the election results. Housing decisions in Washington depend upon the whirl of the political wheel—in some cases this means release and in others re-lease—and here the hyphen counts. A season of unusual social activity is already scheduled, for Mrs. Wilson, as the first lady of the land, has planned to make social life at the White House glow with the old-time spirit of Virginian hospitality.

THANKS to the foresight of the Aero Club of America, which arranged for the training in aviation of sixty national guardsmen, from thirty states, these guardsmen today are almost ready for service and will soon go to the Mexican border to help the fifteen army aviators in protecting American lives and American property from Mexican raids.

When I heard a group of young officers talking about "going out to take a little fly," I had to open my eyes and look around. They were conversing of taking a flying trip as casually as if it were merely a walk in the park. Asked to join the group, I was told that in less than one-half hour from the time we left the hotel, we could be "a mile in the air." What would Daniel Webster have thought of this, as he stood in dignified state, haranguing against the hopeless, far-distant deserts of the West that now constitute a large area of our most prosperous states? Perhaps an aerial perch will sometime become a favorite point of vantage for political candidates—presidential and otherwise—from which they may address open-air gatherings. They could at least be seen by their admirers.

Aero organization in the army, navy, and militia have been established at much less cost in developing than almost any other branch of the service. While a single battle cruiser costs $2,000,000, that amount of money alone would afford a most effective system of aerial coast patrol for the entire country.

GOVERNOR HUGHES RECEIVED A WARM GREETING AT INDIANAPOLIS

The same was true of his recent Boston visit, where he addressed a gathering of fully eight thousand people in the Arena, and received an ovation lasting eight minutes. Outside the hall thronged a crowd of nearly fifteen thousand who were unable to gain admittance. Earnestness and conviction marked his speech, and his audience was clearly with him

THE lonesome days at the Executive Mansion are over, for the President will return to prepare the Thanksgiving Proclamation and his annual message to Congress, which promises to be one of his most classic productions. The campaign has given him inspiration for some flashing oratory. After all the excitement of the election has passed away, the people of all political beliefs insist upon paying a respect due to the dignity and honor of the office which represents the sovereignty of the people, and prepare to drink a toast to the President on Thanksgiving—the last calendar day of November this year—crowding close on to the Christmastide.

EVERY time I look upon an adjournment of the Senate, I always wonder which member will be missing from the roll-call when they meet again. In twenty years every adjournment has witnessed the passing of a number of prominent Senators. Many men come to the upper house in maturity, and often their lives are shortened by the strenuous work and close confinement of the Senate Chamber. In the sudden death of Senator James P. Clarke, President *pro tempore* of the Senate, at his home in Little Rock, Arkansas, the nation lost an eminent man. He was born in Yazoo County, Mississippi, and began the practice of law in Helena, Arkansas. He was very active in politics, and was Governor of the state in 1895. He was elected Senator in 1903, re-elected in 1909, and in 1915 chosen President *pro tempore* of the Senate. His term would have expired in March, 1921. Senator Clarke was accounted one of the ablest and most independent thinkers in the Senate. Few Senators were more thoroughly conversant with rules and procedure, and his advice was earnestly sought by many people who had high respect for his unerring judgment.

The last time I saw him in Washington he indulged in one of those rare smiles and insisted that the position of President *pro tempore* had become almost obsolete and apparently unimportant in later years. In the early days of the Republic, the Vice-President held sway on the presidential ticket, and the President *pro tempore* had functions that were important in shaping legislation. It partook of the nature of a judicial function and carried with it high social distinction because in direct line of succession to the President and Vice-President.

The passing of Senator Clarke will be a matter of deep and sincere regret among his colleagues and the friends who admired his unswerving devotions to the high ideals of an American statesman.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANCIS H. FRENCH

Of the United States Army, who has just been promoted from colonel of the General Staff to succeed Brigadier-General Granger Adams. Secretary Baker has recently appointed General French chairman of a board to recommend one or more types of machine rifles to equip the Army and National Guard. The board will make a recommendation as to how the twelve million dollars appropriated by the last Congress for the purchase of machine guns for the army shall be distributed. The board will also consider whether a single type or more than one type of machine gun using small-arms ammunition is needed for the service. It is understood that the ordinance bureau at present favors a foreign type of gun, a type more bulky than the Lewis gun. Advocates of the Lewis gun are demanding that this gun be chosen for the United States, especially since its adoption for first-line use by the British army, following actual war tests of two years

IN chatting with an employee of the United States Senate who has been in service many years, it seemed like a series of moving pictures of history to hear his impressions of the different public men whose names were so familiar a few years ago. He recalled Lincoln's days, and the time when Andrew Johnson was a Senator from Tennessee, after retirement from the Presidency. Johnson never seemed the same after the impeachment trial, when only one vote was lacking of the two-thirds required to oust him from the executive chair. Personal feuds in those days were bitter. Blaine and Conkling never spoke, even when colleagues in the Senate, and belonging to the same party. That incident in the House when Blaine called Conkling a "turkey strutter" will never be forgotten. Nor Conkling's statement, when asked if he would take the stump for Blaine, "No sir, I gave up the criminal practice long ago."

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MR. AIMARO SATO

Who succeeds Viscount Chinda as ambassador from Japan to the United States. He has but recently arrived at the capital, but has been officially presented to Secretary Lansing and other State Department officials. He presented his credentials to President Wilson at Shadow Lawn on Monday, the thirtieth of October

During the later sixties, not all of the southern states had been brought back into the Union, and the bitter feeling growing out of the Civil War was indicated in many debates. Those were the days when the "Tiber" of classic name, wended its sluggish way in front of the Capitol—a dirty stream cluttered with tin cans and rubbish, only flowing in the spring freshets. The Senate stables were located where the Fairyland Grotto now stands, and the Capitol grounds covered a much smaller area. Located on what are now Capitol grounds were the famous Whitney's Tavern and other rendezvous where high carnival reigned supreme. A transformation indeed was created in the appearance of Washington through the genius of Boss Shepard, who died an exile in Mexico. The wild-west and wide-open days at Washington are only a memory—not even a record.

CYNICS declare that styles in women's attire are continually changing, but scout the idea that mighty man ever submits to the dictates of fashion. But try to find a white vest in any of the furnishing shops—try to find a pair of those real old-fashioned short cuffs that could be reversed fore and aft. They have dropped out of sight, and nowadays the "Lord Byron roll," the sport shirt and the B. V. D. reign supreme.

Only one man in the United States Senate is arrayed in a white vest. The senior Senator from Pennsylvania is the picture of cool comfort in a white rotundity, as he wields a palm leaf fan and leads the Democrats a merry chase in colloquy. There is always a rustle in the galleries when the Administration leader, Senator Stone—known as "Gum-shoe Bill"—and Senator Boise Penrose go at it for a little talk fest. As the Missouri Senator remarked, everything goes smoothly until the honorable Senator from Pennsylvania returns and begins to make trouble. Senator Penrose has a slight lisp in his speech that adds an emphasis to his droll satire. He is not only thoroughly grounded in Senatorial parliamentary law, but possesses great political far-sightedness and acumen. He knows also the weak points of the opposition, and when he rises, cool and unperturbed, and speaks in a shrill falsetto, the Senators always know that something is to be said with a purpose and that no amount of heckling can swerve him from his point.

MACHINE-GUN INVESTIGATING BOARD AT WORK

This board, which consists of nine men appointed by the Secretary of War, two of whom are civilians, will inspect and test the existing types of machine guns with a view to the adoption of one or more models for use by the United States Army. From left to right, the members of the board are: Colonel Tracy C. Dickson; Lieutenant Stephen C. Rowan; Colonel Henry D. Todd, Jr.; Captain Robert H. Willis; Bascom Little; Captain Edward B. Cole; B. M. W. Hanson; Colonel Joseph T. Dickman; and General Francis H. French, chairman. The members of the board deny that they will take part in the controversy for or against the Lewis gun, which has been going on in the War Department

As the ten Democratic Senators strained at the leashes on the caucus rules, there was merriment among the Republicans, but it did not seem to take long for some of them to discover how to get together when a break was threatened in the Democratic party dike, with an election at hand. And thus, and thus again doth the vast Penrosian waistcoat of imperturbability remind us of "the Alban fathers and the walls of lofty Rome."

THERE is a movement on foot to declare baseball the national game by Federal statute. The shrinkage in attendance at the Capitol at the time the game is called in the afternoon indicates that such a bill might pass with unanimous consent. The popularity of baseball does not seem to wane with the years. Votaries of the game confess that their baseball temperature never varies season after season. Baseball stories are welcome in the cloak room, and one Congressman insisted that in the days long ago, Mr. Theodore N. Vail, then in the post-office railway service, enjoyed the distinction of receiving a champion pitcher's belt.

Those were before the days of Walter Johnson, the hero of the Washington team. Mr. Vail pitched against Pop Anson in Iowa, before the latter discovered "Billy" Sunday at Marshalltown. "Pop" Anson faced a tight game when the team from Black Hawk County appeared, with a star pitcher named Theodore, hailing from "Elk Run." When the score was announced at the conclusion of the ninth inning, it ran well into three figures, approximating 101 to 198. Tradition has it that the game was more a base-running feat than playing ball, and "Pop" Anson declared that the pitcher from Elk Run started the epidemic of runs that the Black Hawk team had been making. The score was recorded on a notched stick until a nearby fence rail was secured in order to keep up with the home-plate pats.

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WALTER JOHNSON, Jr.

Who celebrated his first birthday last summer by giving a party to the children of the members of the Washington ball team. Incidentally he instructed his guests in the best methods of delivering "fast ones," which, in turn, had been taught him by his famous father. Little Walter's mother is the daughter of Congressman Roberts of Nevada

Although Mr. Vail is now president of the American Bell Telephone Company, and many honors have come to him, the honor of being the champion pitcher of the state of Iowa and still possessing the belt, is a distinction of which he is justly proud. For a long time he was a loyal rooter for the Giants, but they have been taking such a slide lately that he is now looking with fatherly interest on the Brooklyn team—if they keep on making runs—for in baseball, ancient or modern, it is runs that count.

The term "fan" is said to have originated in the days when the champion pitcher of Iowa was twirling. In those days there were no seats for the "bleacherites"; a place on the grass near enough to escape foul tips, was a choice position. One day Mr. Vail was sending through some swift ones, but the catcher always managed to miss the third strike. The batter, calling for a knee ball or "high ball"—strange sound that—frantically swept the air, and the little bleacher boys near the third base shouted, "Give him a fan! Give him a fan!"—feeling that the broad expanse of the fan might enable him to at least touch the ball. This sounds better than insisting that "fans" are a mere abbreviation of fanatics.

At once the dignity of the batter was aroused, and he proceeded to chase the small boys who were outside the jurisdiction of the umpire. While the irate batter was chasing the boys, somebody shouted, "There go the fans." Then and thereafter baseball enthusiasts have been called fans, establishing a custom which "age cannot wither," as Shakespeare might have said, could he have witnessed a good American ball game.

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PREPARING FORECAST CHARTS

Five complete maps, from data telegraphed from all parts of the country twice a day, are placed before the weather forecasters, who thus have all details of weather conditions, national graphically, laid before them for their work. One man deciphers and reads code messages to the expert draftsmen. Each map contains different data; for example, one will contain temperature and barometric conditions, while another records wind, direction and velocity, and so on with each of the conditions necessary for a forecast

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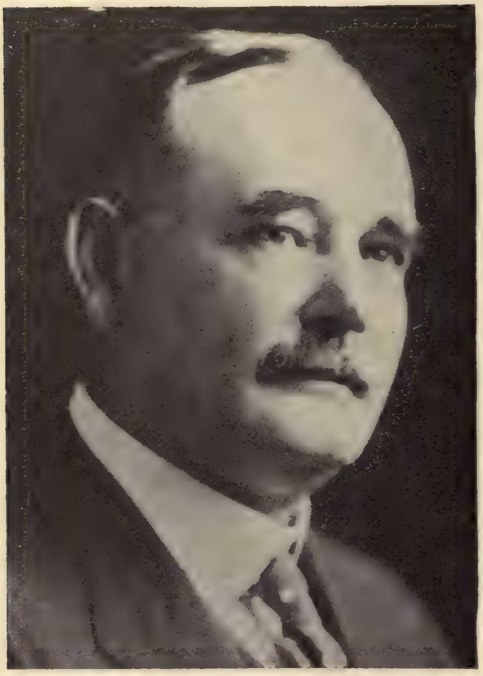
A SUBSCRIBER writes and calls attention to the fact that there were three paragraphs in the "Affairs at Washington" for August which contained the word h——. Now, the question is with the reader, What does this cryptic word mean? He is considerate enough to suggest that, appearing during the heated term of July and August, there is perhaps a reason for it. Even more considerate is he in affecting ignorance as to the exact significance of this hieroglyphic which has been largely eliminated from the sanitized vernacular of today; scarcely thought of, perhaps, unless recalling Dante, abnormal temperature, or the unforgiveness of sins.

Weather reports from all over the country, the reader is kind enough to say, thoroughly justify a liberal use of the word which illustrates and typifies heat. Our proof-reading censor has promised, however, that, by the sacred shades of his pink shirt and his companionable cob pipe, never again will he permit, either by inference or suggestion, a recurrence of that hated syllable in any future paragraph of the NATIONAL (for at least six months to come). By way of anti-climax the reader did justify the "incidental" employment of the word on authority of the *Congressional Record*, in which it appears of late in small caps and italics, thus indicating the heightened choler of our venerable solons when Sol himself, their patronymic, gets in his solar-plexus strokes.

"H—— hath no fury" like a sweltering day—in Washington.



HON. ANDRIEUS A. JONES
First Assistant Secretary of the Interior from May 29, 1913, to August 31, 1916, who was the President's special representative at the dedication of the Elephant Butte Dam. Mr. Jones has recently accepted the Democratic nomination for United States Senator from New Mexico

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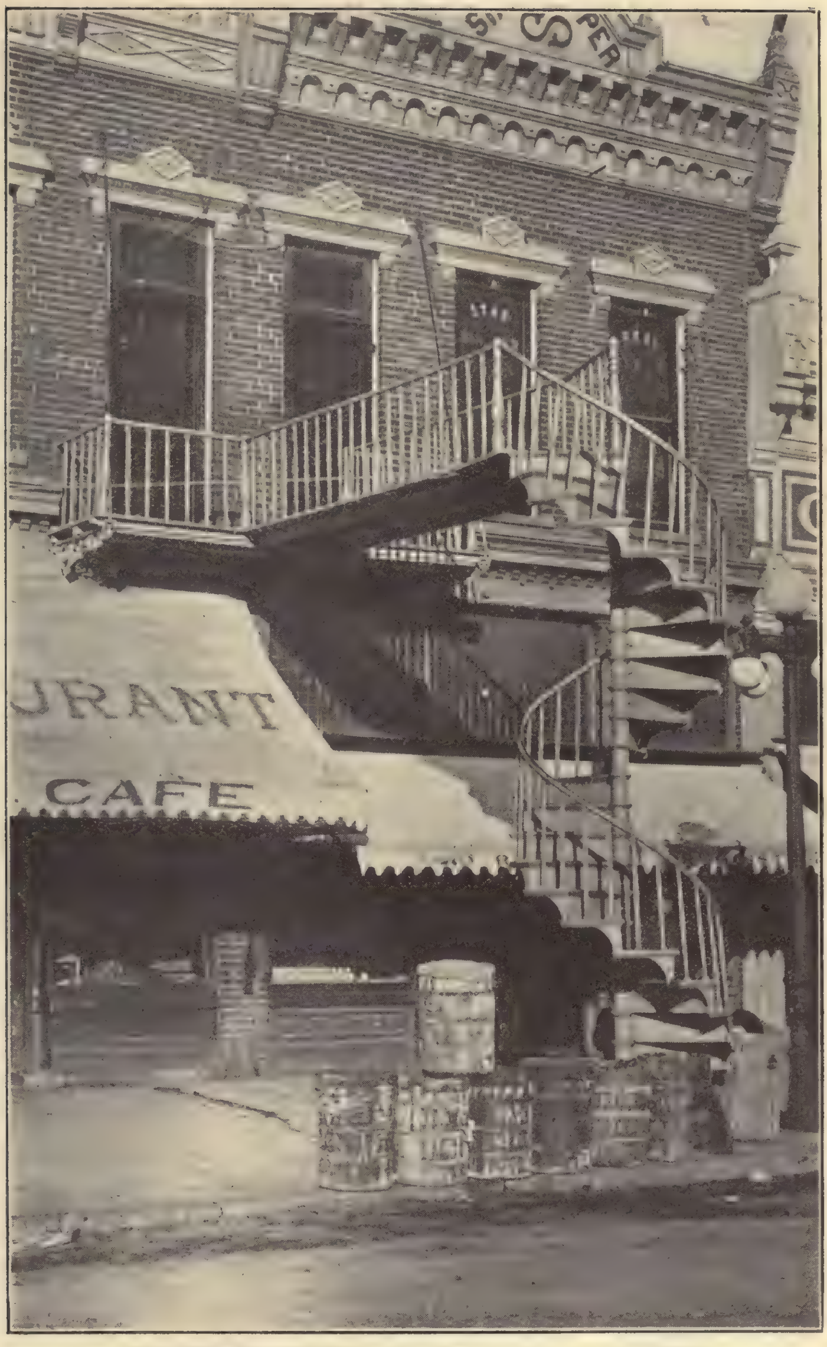
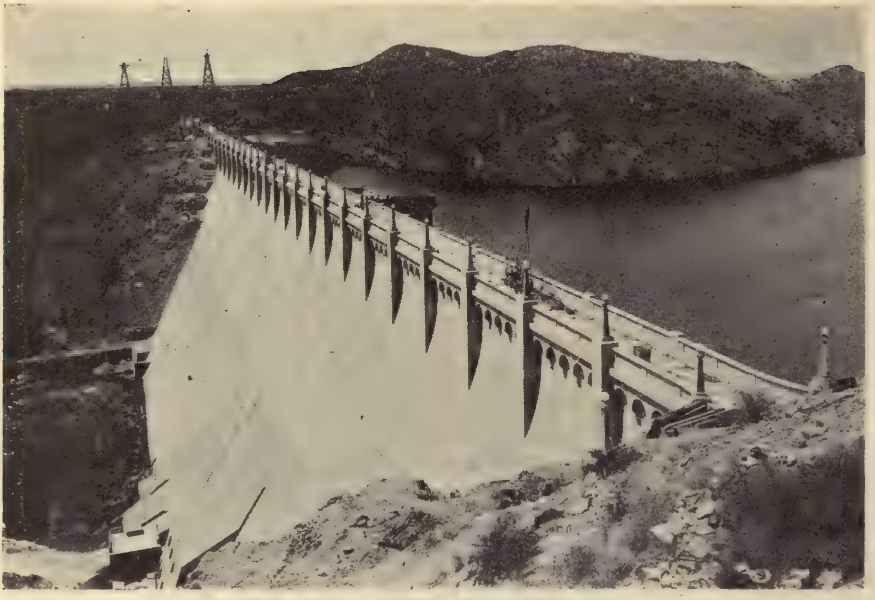
THE original Republican organizer is Jonathan L. Bourne, erstwhile Senator from Oregon, who established in Washington several years ago a bureau for the dissemination of knowledge that might lead to the election of a Republican President and Congress. For three years he has been sending out literature to fourteen thousand newspapers—some good, some bad, and some indifferent, but all of it optimistic and hopeful. Consecutive articles indicate a constructive campaign plan and as the day of election approaches, Senator Bourne feels that the harvest is at hand, and wears easily the distinction of being the original Republican campaigner in Washington. No phase of the campaign, nor any issue, remote or suggested, was left untouched in this series of campaign propaganda.

The old-time notion of distributing sixty-page speeches and dry-as-dust documents as campaign material has passed. A snappy circular that is read during the last two weeks before election is always counted a trump card in the campaign.

ON the nineteenth of October, the great Elephant Butte Dam, completed last May, was formally dedicated. It is located at the northern end of the Jornado del Muerto (the Journey of the Dead), New Mexico, a desert with a history of tragedy and suffering stretching backward to the first annals of this country. The project has reclaimed vast tracts, which were formerly uncultivated because of the torrential floods of the Rio



THE FAMOUS STAIRWAY OF THE TRAER STAR CLIPPER
Mr. Elmer E. Taylor, of the Traer, Iowa, *Star Clipper*, has a unique and picturesque stairway and balcony on the outside of his newspaper office that would have been the envy of Juliet. The winding staircase outside the entrance to the second-story office is a feature of Traer, Iowa



THE GREAT ELEPHANT BUTTE DAM

This dam holds in leash the waters of the Rio Grande, forming a lake forty-five miles in length, with a shore-line of two hundred miles, and an average depth of sixty-five feet. It has been under construction for five years, and at times two thousand men were employed on the work. The cost of carrying out this project was five million dollars

Grande. In the early eighties it attracted the attention of promoters as a feasible site for a dam, but it was not until 1911 that the plan of the recently completed dam was approved.

For thirty years there had been more or less controversy in the valley below over the distribution of the unregulated flow of the Rio Grande, causing not only an inter-state, but an international altercation. Citizens of New Mexico were at each other's throats, and old Mexico was forced to appeal to our State Department for recognition of rights which each of the other contestants sedulously ignored. By treaty with Mexico, and special Texas legislation, a plan was devised which proved satisfactory to all concerned. Notwithstanding the present rather strained relations with the republic to the south of us, there has been, apparently, no suggestion of altering the present treaty, which makes Mexico a large beneficiary of this work, to the extent of stored water to irrigate twenty thousand acres of her lands. It can easily be seen that the construction of this utility, which will do so much toward enriching the agriculturalists of Mexico, may have had considerable influence at the time of the recent peace negotiations. The dam has even been called by some the "Peacemaker."

TWO other structures of the same nature—both built by Reclamation Service engineers, by the way—exceed the Elephant Butte in height. The Arrowrock Dam in Idaho, 350 feet high, and the Shoshone Dam in Wyoming, 328 feet.

In the construction of Elephant Butte, $150,000 was saved on freight alone, for the Service built a railroad thirteen miles in length, over which was transported many thousands of tons of machinery, materials and supplies. The river was diverted through a flume of concrete fifty feet wide and twelve hundred feet long, before work could be begun on the foundation. Then temporary dams were constructed across the river both above and below the foundation site, and for almost a year laborers worked night and day in the bottom of a great pit from sixty to one hundred feet below the river channel. The preliminary work actually consumed as much time as the building of the dam itself.

President Wilson and Secretary Lane had expected to attend the dedication ceremonies, but finding this impossible, the Hon. Andrieus A. Jones was designated as the President's personal representative. Mr. Jones is thoroughly conversant with the operations of the Reclamation Service, as he gave much of his attention to the work since his appointment as First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, in 1913. He resigned this post the latter part of August, this year, to accept the Democratic nomination for United States Senator from New Mexico.

THE "PEACEMAKER"

A name often applied to the Elephant Butte Dam, the construction of which has undoubtedly exerted influence in promoting a more amicable relation between the United States and Mexico. It is 318 feet in height, with a reservoir capacity of 856 billion gallons—one-third more than can be stored in the great Assouan Dam in Egypt, and two-thirds more than the combined capacity of all the reservoirs built or projected for the city of New York. It contains 610,000 cubic yards of rubble concrete, weighs one million tons, and is 1,674 feet in length at the top

FLIES are plentiful in Washington; therefore, fly-swatters are a most necessary part of the equipment of the National Capitol. In the Senate the other day, it was interesting to observe a Senator pick up a fly-swatter and begin action. He did not seem to annihilate many flies. A brother Senator, to whom the proceedings were not of thrilling interest at the moment, calmly walked over and told how to swat a fly.

"A fly can be captured," he insisted, "if you go right down at him horizontally. It is the preliminary motion backward that gives the warning and causes the fly to flee." To illustrate this, he pulled a knife from his pocket, and bearing swiftly down on the fly, cut it in two. Then he pointed a moral and adorned the tale by declaring that one succeeded in getting the real game in life by going at matters directly and without making so many waste motions.

"A case in point—" he said in a whisper, indicating a gesticulating Senator swinging his arms and shouting, while one colleague peacefully dozed in the drowsy afternoon, with a fly perched on his nose—happily oblivious to all Senatorial swatting.

DURING a rest between four notable campaign tours, Governor and Mrs. Hughes found themselves at the Montclair Hotel, Montclair, New Jersey, and they drove to the old house at 136 William Street, where the Governor lived as a boy. "There it is," he exclaimed as they rolled by, "and there's the vacant lot where we used to play ball." And there was also the old fire engine house, where he met one of the old firemen who knew him as a boy. He talked to the policeman on the beat, who remembers the day when little Charlie Hughes threw a chestnut burr, and was chased by the cops in good old American-boy fashion.

GOVERNOR HUGHES AS FARMER

When in Indianapolis the Governor showed that he believes in arboriculture, and planted a tree on the lawn at the home of Charles W. Fairbanks, candidate for Vice-President. It must have been a most enjoyable occasion, judging from the happy faces of the onlookers, among whom may be noted Mrs. Hughes and former Vice-President Fairbanks

Everywhere he went in the old home where he spent the happy boyhood days, the Governor was addressed as "Mr. President." A peculiar thing about his campaign is the fact that everybody seemed to accord him all the honor and courtesy due a chief executive, for the people of the United States have a deep-seated and far-reaching respect, not only for the office of President, but even for candidates for that office.

"IN many cases practice of the law is a stepping-stone to the broader field of politics," remarked a friend with whom I visited the Supreme Court the other day. His observation recalled a recent meeting with Mr. Robert H. McNeill, one of the leading younger members of the bar of the District of Columbia, where he has been practicing continuously for about fifteen years. As a member of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, and of the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit Court, he has appeared in many important cases, both in North Carolina and the District of Columbia with much success.

ROBERT H. McNEILL
A Washington lawyer, who has done a great deal of effective political work

For the last twenty years Mr. McNeill has been an active Republican, holding various positions of political importance in his party. When only twenty-one years of age, he was county attorney for Ashe County, North Carolina, and while holding this position was nominated for Superior Court Judge in his own judicial circuit. Subsequently he became secretary to the Republican State Executive Committee of North Carolina, of which Hon. J. C. Pritchard, now judge of the Fourth Circuit Court of the United States, was chairman.

During their association in the work of the committee, Mr. McNeill formed a lasting friendship with Judge Pritchard, and became Mr. Pritchard's private secretary when he was Senator from North Carolina (the only Republican Senator elected in that state since the Civil War).

During the national campaign of 1904, Mr. McNeill was the confidential fiscal agent of the Republican National Committee in all the southern states, and did valuable party service. In every campaign for the last twenty years he has been on the stump in behalf of the state and district tickets, and has done valuable organization work for the national and state committees.

He has taken an active interest in all public matters pertaining to the moral and financial upbuilding of his own state and the District of Columbia, and in advancing the moral and civic interests of his state and city. Should the Republicans carry the nation at the approaching election in November, the party will undoubtedly desire to honor Mr. McNeill with some position of trust and responsibility.

IN his rapid-fire debate, Senator Hardwick of Georgia, has proven the virtue of courage—and that is a virtue much needed in Washington. The little Senator from Georgia recalls the days when Alexander Stephens threw down the gauntlet to his colleagues in their attempt to enforce secret caucus rule. Senator Hardwick is a rough-and-tumble debater, and has won many a hard-fought battle. He has served two terms in the Georgia Legislature, and was elected to the Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth, Sixty-first, Sixty-second and Sixty-third Congresses; was nominated by the State Democratic Convention of Georgia to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator A. O. Bacon, and was elected to the United States Senate for the term ending March 3, 1919.

ARMY WAR GAME BY UNITED STATES OFFICERS

Instructors and students are frequently engaged at the Army War College, in Washington, in intricate maneuvers on an exact-scale map, where imaginary battalions meet or evade each other on the field of battle. Two men command each side, playing in turn, while a director measures the ground, estimates the time required for movements and referees the fight. A secretary records the various commands and scores the results. From left to right the officers are: Lieutenant-Colonel D. E. Aultman, Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Shipton, Major L. Wahl, Colonel George H. Cameron, Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. Anderson, and Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Jervey

At the close of the Wilson administration, new leaders are beginning to come to the front. On the eve of the Presidential election, there is always keen apprehension on the part of the leaders of the party in power to keep a steady line, and tendency to frown upon a "change of horses." During September, members of the Cabinet and other leaders were called to Maine and to other states to do campaign service. The President decided that it was better to remain at Shadow Lawn and receive his guests. He delivered only four speeches—the Notification Address, the one accepting the Lincoln Birthplace Memorial in Hardy County, Kentucky, on Labor Day, and the address to the National Women Suffrage Convention at Atlantic City, and an address at St. Louis. As the campaign progresses, itineraries and plans are likely to go a-glimmering on the October home-stretch when the last bugle call is sounded for party rallies that will determine results.

LOUIS K. LIGGETT
President of United Drug Company, one of America's most able and brilliant business leaders
(See page 205)

THERE is no time when there are fewer Senators and Representatives in Washington than the two weeks immediately preceding a presidential election. That is the one time the people of the Capital City actually wish for the sight of a Congressman in the flesh, who might have strayed in during the days when the fate of the administration was soon to be determined by the American electorate.

But one day came an absent-minded Congressman who did many strange things. He woke up one morning and wondered why he had come; then called up his home on the 'phone and asked for himself. Then he began to realize the feelings of a Jekyll and Hyde. One personality had carried him to Washington away from the strain of the political campaign, into the quiet refuge of the Capital City.

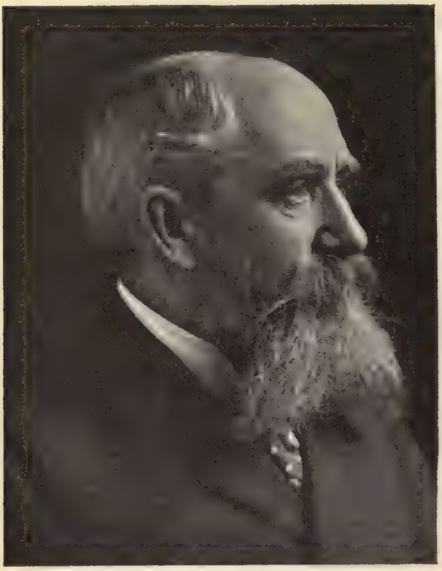
The absent-minded Congressman hurried back to his district only to find that since he had left there had been a shift in the political currents. He found that he had absent-mindedly made an announcement concerning his rival, and then described himself in a soliloquy that would have made Hamlet squirm. His rival replied that this was one time he actually told the truth.

Paradoxical as it may seem, Washington is the most unimportant place in the country in campaign times. The voters of the District of Columbia feel about the same as the majority of the women in the country, who have all the joys of participating and helping in an election, but cannot vote. Washington accepts philosophically the dictum of the country, and, likewise, accepts the President, with the idea of completely Washingtonizing him before his term closes.

The Capitol is being prepared by Superintendent Elliott Woods for the reunion hours that usually come with the first Monday in December, when the "hellos" are heard outside of telephone booths, and when the series of explanations begin as to how it all happened, which will continue in varying degree among the successful and unsuccessful candidates for national honors during another four years.

AN English friend in Washington, representing his government in a semi-official capacity, made interesting comments concerning the views held by the English toward Americans.

"It is all a matter of misunderstanding," he remarked. "Our people in England cannot appreciate the attitude of America. I will confess that we are perhaps the most commercialized country in the world, but make this commercialism take on at least the semblance of idealism and civilization, while you Americans are the greatest idealists, but appear to be eternally chasing the dollar. Everyone who knows the United States, realizes that all Americans wish sincerely for the end of the war, no matter what it might mean in the accumulation of wealth. They want peace, not only for the United States, but also for the world."


GEORGE THOMAS

His conversation recalled to mind my friend, Mr. George Thomas, of Manchester, England, a true type of the English business man. For years his trade has extended to all parts of the continent, and he is a cosmopolitan in the broadest sense of the word. Long before the war he was known as a public-spirited man interested in providing libraries and information looking toward the extension of a great trade for England.

It is felt that the time is at hand when some Americans outside of purely official circles should go to Europe and make America's real attitude known. If the nations of Europe would send to this country men who would voice the real sentiments of their people and thus counteract the effect of the prejudices and passions that are fluttered out through the fragmentary gossip of the wire, it would doubtless prove advantageous.

THE Hughes campaign train found a lively situation in the old Ninth Ohio District, where Frank L. Mulholland, the intrepid and capable young leader, was making his fight against the veteran, General Sherwood, for Congressional honors in the Toledo district. Mr. Mulholland is forty-one and General Sherwood eighty-two. The result of the primaries indicated that Mulholland was the man of the hour, and the five opposing candidates joined him at a dinner, enlisting for the election campaign.

Mr. Mulholland was formerly president of the International Association of Rotary Clubs, and is one of the most effective speakers and campaigners in the state of Ohio—and that's saying a great deal. His active and aggressive work in public affairs has fitted him for the work in Congress, and no one could conceive of a more ideal Congressman than Frank Mulholland. He is still a member of the Machinists' Union, and has the hearty support of the laboring man in his district, as he is one of the young men who have come up from the ranks because of his ability and energy.

The questions before the next Congress would seem to indicate that it is imperative to have virile and vigorous young men of the character of Frank Mulholland to meet the problems that must be solved in connection with the readjustment of the country to conditions that will follow the close of the war in Europe. His candidacy is looked upon as one of more than local importance, because Frank Mulholland is a young man already trained and equipped for work of a national scope.

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COTS AND ATTENDANTS IN UNITED STATES ARMY HOSPITAL TRAIN

A train consisting of ten Pullman cars converted into a complete hospital train is stationed at Fort Sam Houston for the use of Uncle Sam's troopers on the border. Though no more serviceable than similar trains of a number of belligerent powers in Europe, it nevertheless excels all foreign equipments in luxurious appointments. The seats have been replaced by regular hospital cots, and the surgical dressing room has every convenience of a well-regulated hospital. Each car has a wide side entrance through which patients on stretchers can easily be carried. The train carries a complete roster of physicians and feminine nurses

THE little girl of the house was playing very noisily and having a royal good time. The family was of Puritan proclivities, and her father broke out in his meditation:—

"Don't you know that you should not make so much noise on Sunday?"

The little eyes looked up:—

"Papa, didn't you say Sunday was a holiday?"

"Yes."

"Well, I just thought I could holler on a holler-day." So the quiet Sunday for the fathers of America in August was passed up as not feasible.

Now as planned by an arguing salesman on his way to Washington, every month of the calendar year should have its natural holiday. From good, old New England, whence he hails, ten months are provided with a holiday. August, which is conceded the month of holidays, and the wintry month of

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HON. EMANUEL L. PHILIPP

Who astonished a busy telegraph operator in a little hamlet in northern Wisconsin, who was literally buried under a mass of copy to be sent over the wires to newspapers in all parts of Wisconsin, by volunteering to relieve him. He sat down at the key and ticked off messages about his own campaign tour in an expert manner for two hours, at the end of which time he introduced himself to the operator as the Governor of Wisconsin

January, are still overlooked. But he insists that some official regulation should be made of one day in the month of "dog" days. He ransacked books for an event, and strange to say not an event of sufficient historic importance could be found upon which to hinge his project. Then he conceived the idea of having Father's Day located on some particular Sunday—about the time everyone was away, and father is left at home with the lonesome dog and cat. Father's Day, it is conceded, must be a quiet day.

IT was not necessary to remain long in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in the past few years, to learn that one of the real celebrities of the city was Joseph Fort Newton. He was a minister in the Liberal Church, and was known far and wide as an author and speaker. He thought in universals, and his audiences at once appreciated the brilliancy of his genius.

Opinion in Cedar Rapids was divided so far as Joseph Fort Newton was concerned. There were those who admired him and those who did not admire him. Of a vigorous personality, it was not to be wondered that Mr. Newton should have been called to occupy one of the most distinguished and historic pulpits in the world—that of the City Temple in London. His literary as well as his ministerial work had indicated his fitness for the position. In his lectures and sermons a familiar acquaintance with a wide range of literature and keen intellectual insight are displayed. All the master minds are as familiar to him as the friends whom he meets on the street, and he has the happy faculty of knowing just how to illuminate his own thought with that of another. His sermons were published in pamphlet form, and this is how London heard of him. His own people knew him best, and it was a fitting compliment to the beautiful Iowa city that one of its favorite young sons should have been chosen for this distinction.

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

BIRTHDAYS come regularly in Washington, and a little remembrance of the date disclosed in the directory is always gratifying to the most eminent.

There are two birthdays that we instinctively remember in later life. Father's and mother's birthday become landmarks. Many prominent business men have told me that. The supreme satisfaction of their one success that comes to them is to see mother and father in comfortable circumstances, enjoying to the full the sunset of their lives. Mother who had worked so hard all her life for her boys, was given at least some of the pleasures she had dreamed of, even though an invalid in the latter part of her life. And father, when left alone, traveled—as he used to say—like a jolly millionaire. No Astor, no Vanderbilt has anything on me," he used to say. When he returned home from a trip to Europe, the assessor visited him and asked, "What resources have you—what property in stocks or bonds?"

"No property at all," he answered.

"What is your income?"

"I have none."

The assessor was suspicious and stern, and scenting sequestered securities, continued:

"Well, we know that you do a great deal of traveling, and you must have some investments to produce the necessary income. What is the source?"

"My four sons, the best dividend-producers any proud father ever possessed."

WHEN I saw the Indians appearing in Washington on their usual mission at the Interior Department—some of them receiving fifty thousand dollars a month from their oil lands—wearing their beads in gorgeous display, I began to understand the present vogue for ornament, recalling the passamenterie trimmings of the early 90's. The veiled Scheherazade hats that found favor early in the season seem to have blown away, and now it's either the turban or the exaggerated cartwheel type of hat, turned up at all angles.

The catawba shade seems to be a favorite. An eminent Frenchman, in Washington during the summer, insisted that the United States has now asserted its independence in creating its own fashions, and is influencing the trend of those of South America more than ever before, while Paris is under the sombre line of the tragic war struggle.

BACK to the farm" as a slogan may have its appeal to some, but there is at least one thirteen-year-old boy in the country who'll tell you it's not all that's been claimed for it. He had lived in a large city and heard glowing accounts of farm life, so ran away from home and finally got a job on a Maine farm. All went well until he started to milk the cows in the morning. It looked easy enough, but it was not long before he discovered that he and the cows were not exactly congenial. There was no unity of thought or purpose. The cows stepped into the milk pail, refused to stand still, and did all sorts of things which are not permitted in the best society.

Which brings up the momentous question of the general rise in the price of milk. Time was—and who of us cannot remember that time—when every well-meaning, respectable farmer kept at least one cow, and sold the milk he couldn't use to his neighbors and friends at a modest price—say five or six cents a quart. Now, alas, we must pay a minimum of ten cents a quart, and six cents a pint for milk that scarcely colors the bottle.

Comparisons are proverbially odious—but, if memory does not deceive, we used to be able to scrape cream off the six-cent milk—an ingredient which, the ten-cent milk does not always possess. It's really up to the Department of Agriculture to help us out. Some remedy should be found, surely.

NOVEMBER

Soldier corn shocks guard each field,
  In far flung ranks stretch o'er the plain,
And, marching with the harvest yield,
  Escort November in again.

—Bennett Chapple.

CARRIE JACOBS BOND

"Carrie Jacobs Bond sang 'Just A-Wearying for You' and 'A Perfect Day.' Just as she finished and the last strain floated out through our hearts to the open, the sun burst out in a torrent of light." —*Bert Hubbard in "The Fra"*

THE BOULDER IN MEMORY OF ELBERT AND ALICE HUBBARD

In the shadow of the tower which he built is the stone, about which is draped the flag of our country. The simple inscription tells only the date of his birth and that of his helpmate. It is a beautiful tribute in its simplicity, and there is no record given of the date of their passing—Elbert and Alice Hubbard, their memories shall never pass!

—*From speech by Joe Mitchell Chapple at the unveiling.*

FELIX SHAY
BERT HUBBARD
BOB WILLIAMS

The triumvirate who are carrying on the work at Roycroft—with Felix Shay presiding over the destinies of *The Fra;* and still maintaining deep interest in the work carried on by Elbert Hubbard II, with his co-workers, the many celebrities who called Elbert Hubbard guide, philosopher and friend continue to make Roycroft their rendezvous

The Dedication of the Hubbard Memorial

by the Editor

WHEN I stood beside the giant boulder that had been brought from the fields to become the monument of Elbert and Alice Hubbard, I thought it was all just as he would have wished. Here was the same sort of a monument that he had considered appropriate to mark the grave of his hero, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in Sleepy Hollow, Concord, Massachusetts. Free from all semblance to the gravestone, it was placed on the lawn at East Aurora near the Roycroft Shops, which were the fulfillment of his dreams. There were no ashes—nothing but the memory of the man and his work. A simple brass tablet gives the date of his birth and indicates the tragedy of his passing.

It rained the day of the unveiling and the simple exercises were held in the chapel. When the sun shone through the clouds, as Carrie Jacobs Bond sang her "Just a-Wearying for You" and "A Perfect Day," it seemed as if the spirit of the Fra was hovering over us. We marched out upon the lawn, each paying a silent tribute to the absent ones, to the spot where stood the boulder. Then Captain Jack Crawford, his soul filled with the spirit of poesy, recited his poem "Sunshine." Beside the rough boulder stood little Elberta, daughter of Bert Hubbard, who unveiled this monument to her distinguished grandfather. The American flag covering the boulder seemed an appropriate symbol of his staunch citizenship, but a sad reminder that that same citizenship had not sufficed to protect him on the high seas.

The eloquent tribute of the son when the stone was unveiled indeed honored his father's memory. In the Roycroft salon, day after day and night after night of that memorable week there were speeches and addresses, indicating that the work of Roycroft is, after all, the most enduring memorial to Elbert Hubbard. Then there was the "hike" led by Sandy, another son, which did honor to his father's love of exercise; in the afternoon the address of Mrs. Winifred Sackville Stoner, and that night the address by Captain Jack Crawford. On Tuesday, Hon John J. Lentz addressed the assembled guests, and at 11.30 that morning was the parade—a real preparedness turnout, with Captain Jack Crawford, United States Chief of Scouts, acting as grand marshal. In the afternoon Professor Scott Nearing made an address on "The Fallacy of Preparedness." Dr. Horace Fletcher, whose fame is identified with

PLAYING "HEALTH-BALL"
John J. Lentz, Scott Nearing and Bert Hubbard

BURNS OF THE MOUNTAINS

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

HENRY FRANK

HARRY WEINBERGER

SCOTT NEARING

BENJAMIN CHAPIN AND GRANDMOTHER HUBBARD

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

BERT, A. L. HART OF JAPAN AND FELIX

HORACE FLETCHER

the common-sense idea of "Fletcherizing" food, gave personal reminiscences of the first year of the war in Belgium.

GRANDPA AND GRANDMA HUBBARD

On Wednesday there was another hike to the woods, led by "The Red One." Benjamin Chapin, in his wonderful impersonation of Abraham Lincoln, was one of the attractions of the week. A hike was made to Roycroft Park with "Ali Baba" as leader, and the address by Dr. Carlos Montezuma, the Apache chief, was an eloquent expression of tribute from the Indian race.

On Friday that long hike occurred, with the inexhaustible Felix and Bert as leaders.

Later, in the salon, Mr. James Burns, "Burns of the Mountains," delivered an address on "Conversation of Life in the Highlands of Kentucky."

I recall, too, that earlier day when I walked through the fields with Elbert Hubbard. There we met a little boy in a red shirt. He put his hand on that boy's head and introduced him to me. "This is my son," he said proudly.

When I received the call from Elbert Hubbard II to speak at the unveiling of the memorial to his father, I felt that I should permit nothing to keep me away.

The playing of "health-ball" on the lawn recalled my last visit to the Fra at Roycroft when I asked him why he used that soft ball instead of a hard baseball. "You know," he said, "it seems to be so much better to play it this way between friends." There was a real ball game at the ball park on Saturday, and Hon. John Barrett, director-general of the Pan-American Union, delivered a remarkable address, after which there was a dance on the peristyle, with music by the unrivalled Roycroft orchestra. There was music all the time at Roycroft.

What a happy thought was this week's celebration in commemoration of the life of Elbert Hubbard—and the Roycrofters at East Aurora are carrying on the great work which he started. The demand for books continues, and the work never varies from the quality and standard established by the Fra. Under the direction of his son, Bert Hubbard, and with the assistance of the inimitable Felix, it is no wonder that people love to spend a day at Roycroft—that they come as to a veritable intellectual shrine, and what a story it tells of American initiative and idealism.

The *Philistine* was discontinued after Elbert Hubbard's death, just as he would have wished. But the periodical

DR. MONTEZUMA
CAPTAIN JACK
ALI BABA

WAR DANCE

CY ROSEN

BENJAMIN CHAPIN, CAPTAIN JACK HORACE FLETCHER

MRS. STONER, WINIFRED AND THE HUBBARD CHILDREN

ALL FIXED FOR THE FEED

MISS ALEXANDER, GEORGE MURPHY MISS HAWLEY

BERT AND GARNETTT

ROYCROFT FIRE DEPARTMENT

SANDY, RALPH, BERT, GRANDMA, GRANDPA AND ALTA HUBBARD

MRS. WHERRITT AND RALPH

on which his heart was set, the one that was associated with his very life blood and energy, one to which he gave the name that he loved to call himself—*The Fra*—continues to maintain its place in the hearts of Roycroft lovers the world over.

A HAPPY GROUP
Felix, Mrs. Felix, Ann Porter Felix, Mrs. Stoner

In the pictures of those events at Roycroft is the portrait of Bert Hubbard on his father's favorite horse, Garnett, and I could not help but think of how much in voice, manner and gesture, as well as looks, the son resembles the father, and how devoted he is in carrying on that father's work.

REST AT LE GALLIENNE'S CAMP.

Most interesting among all the personages there gathered—prominent and otherwise—were father and mother Hubbard, long past their ninetieth year, but still aglow with enthusiasm for the achievements of their distinguished son. What a tribute it was when Grandma Hubbard — pointing to pictures of Elbert from babyhood to maturity — exclaimed with all a mother's pride and enthusiasm, "Wasn't it wonderful to have had such a wonderful son?" Could any mother wish for greater glory?

WATERMELON "MOUFS"

In his life Elbert Hubbard indeed exemplified the highest ideals of democracy; he lived the lines of Sam Walter Foss—"Let me live in the house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man." And reaching out to the farthest land where human hearts beat, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there stands at Roycroft the "house by the side of the road." And now they have placed there a boulder that tells the story of Elbert Hubbard and his helpmate. As they went down they exemplified what it meant to be friends to man.

STEPHEN HAY VISITS THE RETIRED SEA CAPTAIN

"But come, you must hold the candle, for my eyes are poor, and one must be careful how he opens this chest of mine"

The Lost Brigade

by

Charles Winslow Hall

(*Continued*)

SYNOPSIS—*In 1739, when England and Spain were at war, in the struggle that took place in the West Indies, England was valiantly assisted by her loyal colonists. Stephen Hay, son of a prosperous Cape Cod farmer, hears that Captain Timothy Ruggles is to raise a company in Barnstable County to go out against the Spaniards. An Indian apprentice boy of Elisha Hay, Stephen's father, plans to accompany him, while Lish, the youngest son, also longs to go. They talk it over while out fishing in the bay, but are interrupted by Uncle Zenas Freeman, who warns them there is a storm coming. Uncle Zenas is upset, and is saved from drowning by Stephen, who takes him to his home, and then returns to his own home at Ploughed Neck. Here he receives a visit from Mr. Timothy Ruggles, who enrolls Stephen as a member of the company which he is gathering, as a sergeant. Stephen accepts the commission and on the next evening calls to see Uncle Zenas, and incidentally his daughter, Margaret, to whom he is betrothed. Shortly after, Squire Ruggles again visits the Hay family, urging the necessity for haste in recruiting the members of his company. Untequit, who is to accompany Stephen, secures ten Indian warriors among his people for the expedition, though Stephen cannot bring himself to take part in the "bond of blood," which Untequit requires before letting him know the secret reason which prompts him to go to Cartagena. Before leaving home, Stephen sees an old sea captain, Hewson by name, who lives in retirement. Hewson tells Stephen the story of his life, and of his participation in a former struggle at Cartagena. He desires Stephen to look after his brother, whom he has not seen since that time and who still lives at Cartagena. To this end he gives Stephen his brother's ring, which he takes from a heavy sea chest. By this token the brother will recognize that Stephen is a friend and comes from Hewson*

CHAPTER VII

FOR within three days came home from Boston Captain Ruggles, full of news and in great haste to march his men into the town before further complications should arise to render their brisk enrollment and much care of no avail; for the thousand men already nearly recruited in Massachusetts were like to go weaponless and ununiformed to the wars, if the truth was known.

"But how happens it that there is any lack of arms and munitions?" asked Stephen in some surprise. "Hitherto I have always heard that it was harder to find men than either arms or ships."

"'Tis the governor's fault," said Ruggles quietly. "He learned that the king wanted three thousand men from out of the colonies, and Colonel Spottswood, of Virginia, was to command the battalion, while Colonel Blakeney, with thirty officers, one for each company, comes from England with the King's commission for the first lieutenancy of each of the companies. But our governor must needs call for ten companies here and half as many more in New Hampshire; little Rhode Island recruits five companies, the Connecticut River patent as many more, and New York, the Jerseys, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas are all anxious and ready to do more than their share. 'Tis easy to see that we can't get ten commissions in this colony, and I fear we shall be too late as it is."

"Why, captain, we can march by to-morrow noon, if you will," said Stephen. "Most of our men are here now, and there are but a few away on business, with some that are to join from Plymouth and Scituate on our march northward."

"That is well, and it must be done," said Ruggles. "But you know not how near to completion the Boston companies are already. Captain Goffe has had five tavern keepers in his pay from the first, and even kept an advertisement in the *Newsletter*, as perhaps you have seen;

Captain Phips, of Cambridge, was not far behind him, but changed his mind, and now will keep watch and ward with his men at the castle, instead of risking a stormy passage and the perils of a siege; Dr. Stewart has laid aside lancet and potion and has a company of stout fellows all ready for the examining officers; and John Prescott, of Concord, and Thomas Phillips and John Furney, of Boston, are about equally ready for their commissions, while all the other officers have, like ourselves, nearly filled their lists. Nevertheless, but four officers of the regulars are here, and four commissions, I am told, are all that have come from Colonel Blakeney, who has notified the commissary of but one shipment of muskets and uniforms, and those the Boston companies will get, 'tis certain enough."

* * *

"But what will be done in that case?" asked Stephen, biting his lips; for he had set his heart on going in the great expedition against the Spaniards. "What hope have we, after all our pains and trouble?"

"In sooth I know not," answered Ruggles, "except that, should more commissions come, I feel certain of receiving one should our company be on the spot early enough; and I hear it said that the governor hath spoilt much white paper in essaying to draught blank certificates which shall secure arms and clothing for the men, and commissions for the officers, when they reach the fleet. Howbeit, the men lose nothing if they go not, for their bounty and subsistence is to be paid, and the captains who have borne the expense of getting men will be reimbursed therefor; but, should I fail of my commission, I see not how you are to be paid for the good service you have done, in finding so stout a company to serve the Bay Colony and the king."

"It matters not, captain," said Stephen. "You have been fair and honest; if we meet not with the reward we expected, we have at least done our duty, and I have no blame to lay upon any one, since all men meet in this life some sort of loss or disappointment."

"We will send out at once for all on leave, and by the end of the week should be in Boston; and if good shots and stout fellows are wanted, we shall hardly be sent home again."

But Ruggles shook his head ominously, although he sent out horsemen to warn all of his company to meet at S——— by the next day at high noon, from thence to march to Boston, to be enrolled in the service of the king.

And Stephen and Lish busied themselves about their little kits of clothing, newly made by the women of the household, and wetted with many tears in warp and woof by the sisters, as they spun out the carded rolls of wool, or manipulated the golden flax threads, and by their mother, as she worked at the loom in the hot August afternoons, or sewed by the window as the sun sank in the west, or knitted long, soft stockings in the dim twilight, with loving tears and saddening forebodings.

But now the last preparations were over, and the supper, rich and varied beyond its wont, spoke anew of the tender and loving care to which they were so soon to be strangers, although little was eaten by anyone except the hired man, Joel, who made huge inroads on the eatables, after a rough but well-meant attempt at consolation.

The elder Hay and his sons ate sparingly, but conversed as usual on all matters pertaining to the farm, studiously avoiding in the main all that pertained to coming parting or possible disaster; for such is the manner of the men of the Puritans. The women, however, were less self-contained, and the youngest sister, little Tempie, burst into a choking sob, and went out into the orchard, where, half an hour later, Stephen, on his way to bid farewell to Margaret, found her lying on the damp grass, in a passion of childish despair.

* * *

He raised her in his arms and sat down for a moment on the gnarled and twisted trunk of an ancient apple-tree, while the child threw her arms around his neck, buried her hot face in his hair, and kissed his face and neck passionately once or twice.

"I shall die, Stephie, dear, if you leave me," said the child, "and you will never see your little Tempie again. Why can't you stay with mother and me and all of us. We should be happy again, just as we were before this dreadful war."

"Oh, dear little sister, it isn't always right to be happy," said Stephen kindly. "Do you remember how you kissed me for saving Uncle Zenas from drowning last spring?"

"Yes, dear, and Margie told me how brave and good you were, and I was so proud of you, and that's one reason why I love you so very much."

"Would you have loved me if I had let him sink in the deep bay, Tempie, and come home safe myself to you and mother?"

"Why, no, I—" and the child hesitated as if unable to reconcile herself to the possibility of any such act on the part of her idolized brother.

"Well, dear, that is something like the way that we are going to leave you and all the dear friends here, to face danger for our country and the honor of our king. Someone must fight and bear weariness and pain, and why should your brother stay at home in safety while the brothers of other sisters are fighting for him? Besides, dear," and here the manly voice grew reverent and strangely sweet, "our lives are not in our hands, and God will guard us in all dangers there as he does everywhere that we go. We will trust Him, and do as He would have us, will we not, Tempie?"

* * *

The child was wise beyond her years, and her religious teaching had been so interwoven with her everyday life, that her convictions of duty were stronger than either hope or fear. Her answer was strangely composed, and she rose to go as she spoke, "You can go, and I will try to be good and patient, but I shall never be happy any more until you come back to your little Tempie."

But Stephen went along on the shaded path, and as before saw the shimmer of Margaret's snowy dress beside the well-curb, at the turnstile, and with her went down to the trim little cottage where Uncle Zenas received him with hearty greetings, and entertained him with his best cheer, and many reminiscences of past experiences, "among those bloody Spaniards down to the Main."

"Don't trust none on 'em, lad," he said, as he rose to retire in obedience to a hint from his sister. "Don't trust none on 'em, for they'd jest as soon knife a man es eat their dinner, an' seldom show quarter, even in fair fight. But I'll see ye tomorrow, lad, never fear; an' here's to Admiral Vernon an' Lord Cathcart, an' confusion to them cut-throat Spaniards."

So saying, Uncle Zenas finished his "night-cap" of Santa Cruz, and Stephen and his affianced were left to themselves and the sorrows of their parting. It was late when they separated at the well, and the pledges of constancy which each uttered were such as neither man nor woman should hold less sacred than the legalized marriage vow, which only death should set aside. There were tender words, and fond embraces, and bitter tears on the part of poor Margaret, whose soul shrank from the terrible possibilities of the near future. Yet Stephen, as he went homeward, felt that in some way his love was not such a source of deep and confident satisfaction as it should have been.

"She is pretty, and loving, and good," he soliloquized as he came in sight of the old homestead. "Yet poor Tempie loves me better than she, for Tempie would have me noble and self-sacrificing even while she suffers, but Margaret has never ceased to importune me to give up going and settle down at home, and seems only half reconciled because I may win the king's commission. I would that she had been less petted and more self-sacrificing, but father ever said that Uncle Zenas, though an upright and liberal man, was always too lax in life, and careless in spiritual things, and poor Margaret is not to blame that she thinks differently from me."

* * *

He found his father awaiting him, seated Bible in hand by the light stand before the hearth, on which a few red coals still gave forth a mild warmth not ungrateful, for the night wind was cool and the dew heavy and chill.

"Sit down beside me, Stephen," said his father in a tone which, if not severe, was at least too passionless for affection, and better calculated to awaken veneration and respect than love. Stephen felt, with a curious sense of mingled amusement and vexation, something of that filial fear with which in boyhood he had submitted to parental reproof and correction, but quietly seated himself as directed.

"I have stayed up, Stephen, to speak with you of several matters of importance, which it seems to me you ought to settle before you set out on so serious a business as that which, in the providence of God, now lies before you. I have no wish to interfere with what does not concern me, for you are of age and have a right to do as you please, but as your father I should wish to see certain matters settled before you go."

"I shall never refuse to listen to your counsel, father," said Stephen, "and shall be glad to hear what things you refer to."

* * *

"In the first place," said Deacon Hay, "I have heard that you are betrothed to Margaret Freeman. Is that the case?"

"It is," said Stephen, coloring slightly as he spoke; "we are to be married on my return, should I be spared to do so."

"She is not just such a wife as I should have preferred for you," said the elder Hay, with grave regret, "but I know that in such matters remonstrance would be useless, even were the matter not settled as it is. In such case, however, my first piece of advice is that, if you desire to marry her, you do so before setting out."

"And why?" said Stephen.

"I have no reason to give which would be satisfactory to you, but if your happiness rests on her companionship through life, marry her now," said Hay, sententiously. "Those who are married are firmly bound; those who are only contracted may change their fetters, or throw them off at will."

"I would not leave her a widow," said Stephen, hastily, "and she has no need of the little property I have acquired, which in due course of inheritance will benefit you all in case of my death."

"That is another matter that you should settle," said Hay quietly. "You ought to leave a will giving to each person nearly related to you something, be it ever so little, and so set forth your desires as to your estate, that there may be left no room for dispute or contention."

"I should hope," said Stephen, as if somewhat startled, "that there is no fear of contention or ill blood between members of our family. I am sure a wish on your part would reconcile me to any possible division of your property, father."

"Truly, I think it would," said the father in a softened tone, "but you have less of that love of gold, which divides families and sows hate among brothers, than most men; and I may say that I have taken much delight in seeing that it was so, and the child Tempie shows much of the same spirit. Yet I would that you should settle this matter. See, yonder are pens, ink, and paper; draw up your will tonight; there is one your great grandfather made ere he sailed the last time for the West Indies, and you can sign and have it witnessed tomorrow." And Deacon Hay arose as if to retire.

"Stay a moment, father," said Stephen earnestly, "I should like to know something of what disposition you have made of your own property, that I may know who has the most need of mine."

"That is well thought of," said Elisha Hay, as he again seated himself, "and this, in the main, is the purport of my will, drawn but a year ago. The homestead has ever passed to the eldest son, the widow receiving a life interest therein, sufficient to secure her shelter and sustenance so long as she may remain unmarried. That rule I shall not be the first to break. To you and Elisha I have left the wood sloop of which I am owner, my interest in the salt-works and whale fishery, and certain lots of woodland and marsh, with various bequests of money, wearing apparel and silver. The girls are to have doweries, charged upon the other devises, sufficient to give them a fair outfit at marriage, and that is about all that can be said. The Lord has prospered you above your brothers, and it seems to me that with the exception of Joshua all should share in your estate, if so be you should never return to enjoy it, which, Stephen, may God forbid."

* * *

Left to himself, Stephen seated himself at the table, perused the ancient will, creased and yellow, faded as to its ink, and blotted and blurred, with tears and time, and after much thought and considerable pains, for his strong, shapely fingers did not readily turn themselves to clerkly exercise, he drew up the desired instrument, a part of which we insert, mainly as a specimen of the temper and tone of the men who dwelt in New England some eight score years ago:

> In the Name of God, Amen! I, Stephen Hay, of S———, in the County of Barnstable, and Colony of Massachusetts Bay, yeoman, being of sound and disposing mind and memory and about to proceed, through God's providence, on the proposed expedition to the Spanish West Indies against the enemies of my God and king, do make and declare this to be my last will and testament.
>
> Item. I give my soul to God through the mediation of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and my body to be decently interred.
>
> Item. I bequeathe to my dear brother, Elisha, his heirs, administrators and assigns, the whole of my real estate, wheresoever situate, to be held by him in fee simple, subject only to bequests hereinafter written, and the support of our common parents, should the decrees of Providence dispossess them of their present property.

Then followed various bequests to each sister and brother, and even the servants, of money, personal property, mourning rings, etc., and the paper was ready for declaration and signature.

It was after midnight when all was done, and before Stephen retired he stepped into the back room for a draught of water for he was thirsty and feverish, with conflicting thoughts. In the center of the floor lay a strange object like a belt, with a handsome dagger sheathed beside it. He took it up and carefully inspected it. It was a belt of a curious leather, banded with black and brown, its surface mottled and rough with tiny depressions, like those left by the removal of the scales of a serpent. The weapon was a long Spanish knife such as the factories of Albacete have turned out for centuries, and the mountings of the hilt and scabbard were of solid silver.

The belt was formed of small pockets, in each of which were found Spanish gold pieces, to the amount of over an hundred pounds sterling. The following note, traced on the torn leaf of a ship's log book, left no doubt as to the source from whence they came:

> A snake's skin, they say, brings luck and good sight, but I know it to be light, tough, and waterproof, and gold and steel will win anywhere, if boldly used.
>
> Use the gold freely. As to the steel, you may drive it through a silver dollar without harm to point or edge.
>
> When you bring back news of my brother, leave word at the Swan Tavern in Boston town for John Hewson. So, lad, wishing you good luck and fair booty, I send you with these, farewell.

It was barely dawn when the recruits ate breakfast by candlelight, and, bidding farewell to friend and neighbor, drove under the dewy locusts and along the sandy mail road into the town; and at noon, with beat of drum and sound of fife, amid crying, cheering, the discharges of an ancient cannon, and adieus and blessings innumerable, the company of nearly one hundred stout fellows, without arms or uniforms and with little regard to military order, took up their line of march for Boston town.

Chapter VIII

The march of the company, although wearisome enough, and rendered even more so by the haste of Ruggles, anxious to forestall, if possible, some other captain in the distribution of the expected commissions, had little about it of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. The line of march was by the old country road to Plymouth, where mine host Witherell furnished the men with bread and homemade cheese, and the inevitable glass apiece of New England rum, then used almost universally among the colonists. At Kingston, landlord Brewster entertained them; at Hanover Four Corners they gathered around the ancient tavern then kept by one of the Sylvesters and since replaced by the Howard House, the last dwelling place of the murderer Costelo and his victim. But the landlord here had more than he could attend to at short notice, and the old papers at the State House tell of disbursements to Seth Cushing and Captain Adams, who, like the loyal recruits they busied themselves to entertain, are hardly to be individualized from among the many who lie under the turf of the Hanover cemeteries.

Thence they came to Braintree, and there were fed by one Crosby; and at Milton took their last refreshment at the hands of Captain Pierce, and weary, dusty and travel-worn, marched into Boston town, and rested at their rude quarters in certain warehouses owned by one Brackett and Simon Dillis.

* * *

A day or two passed and a general muster of the nine companies present took place on Boston Common, and Goffe's, Phillips', Prescott's and Stewart's men, in their new scarlet coats and cocked hats, with their bright English muskets and pipe-clayed belts, headed the column, and behind them the men of Furney, Richards, Bloggett, Wise and Ruggles marched past the Province House and through Bromfield's lane into Marlboro Street and out upon the Common, where the governor and his aides inspected them, and expressed much gratification at the stalwart regiment so soon recruited for the service of the king in the Bay Colony.

The whole town was ablaze with enthusiasm and crowded by visitors from the surrounding country; the taverns were thronged with thirsty and loyal subjects, who drank to the success of Vernon and Cathcart and to the utter destruction of Spanish domain in the West Indies, while the rabble shouted themselves hoarse and eddied from point to point, as the whim of the moment or some new object of attraction called them.

But already among the soldiery and in the councils of the colony were felt the premonitory indications of that insidious yet resistless spirit of jealousy, indecision and discontent which in the end resulted in complete and crushing defeat and disgrace.

The governor, in the midst of his gratification at the prompt concurrence with his wishes on the part of the legislature and the people of the colony, was already at his wits' end as to how he should meet the desires of the captains who had raised their quota of men, but on whom he had no hopes of conferring the promised royal commission.

The officers of the ununiformed companies chafed at what they believed to be unwarranted neglect, and at the drain on their purses, which was onerous indeed, for the allowance of ten shillings weekly per man granted by the colony for subsistence, was altogether inadequate while the companies remained detached and without a regular commissariat department.

Even the men of the four uniformed companies were dissatisfied; for their first lieutenants, young English gentlemen unaccustomed to meet with men of spirit and native independence in the ranks, made enemies at every step by brutal tyranny or supercilious insolence, and scarcely concealed their contempt for the colonial magnates who had raised and commanded their companies. Then the uniforms sent were but ill-made and ill-fitting, though showy; watch-coats, especially needful in the cold fall nights and on a sea voyage, had been altogether forgotten; and while the leather stock and heavy kit of the regulars galled and chafed necks and shoulders used only to warm and loosely-fitting clothing, allowing free circulation and movement, the men shivered at night in their quarters until the legislature supplied the necessary blankets overlooked by the British quartermaster-general.

* * *

But most of all, these men, drawn from among the hunters, seamen and scouts of a people habituated to a constant state of warfare, and especially skilled in the use of firearms, found their greatest grievance in the new and bright, but heavy, cumbrous and inefficient muskets sent out for their especial use. Scarcely one in ten was there among them but was weak in the lock, over hard on the trigger, straight of stock, and ill-fitted, and in all the workmanship of the poorest and coarsest description. Many of them were sent to the provincial gunsmiths, and good Samuel Miller, locksmith and gunwright, labored long and wearily to put the uncouth weapons into something like effective shape for his discontented countrymen.

"Thar's the piece, lad," he said to one of his customers, as he handed over the regulation musket he had just ceased work upon, "but God forbid thet I should call it a gun. I've fixed the hammer so's to hold a flint, an' tempered the steel, stiffened the mainspring an' eased the trigger, an' if I could cut a bit out'n the stock so ye could look along the bar'l, ye might manage to shoot bird shot purty well.

But it's a horse's weight o' iron an' brass, an' to call it a weapon is very near lyin' to my mind."

"Thet's so," said his customer, a stout sun-browned man of from twenty-five to thirty, with something of the seaman in his gait and manner. "I only wish I could carry the gun thet I hed in the Revenge privateer the last two years an' hed to send down home again, because everything's regulation with us now. She was only a French musket taken from one of those red devils on the Penobscot, but she threw a bullet to a hair's breadth, an' I couldn't miss a Spaniard with her if I tried. 'Tis too bad thet we should have such guns as they've given us. About as much use as so many broomsticks."

* * *

Just then two officers, in the rich uniform of the period, entered, the elder of them being evidently a little ill at ease in his regimentals, but of a manly carriage and gravely benevolent face. His companion, a true military dandy, cast a supercilious glance around and received without notice the awkward military salute of the privateersman, and beckoned to his servant, who carried under his arm an elegantly inlaid pistol case.

"Good-day, neighbor Miller," said the elder man cheerily, "how fares the good wife and the little lad I attended last spring; hath he got over the distemper of which he was ailing and become strong and hearty again?"

"He hath, I thank God an' you, doctor," said the strong-armed smith, with some feeling. "But, truly, he was nearly taken from us, an' the disease, they say, hath been sorely felt in the western towns, an' even at the college at Cambridge, which was for a time sorely afflicted an' broken up thereby. As to business, what with the birding season close upon us, an' the many muskets your men bring in to have put in something like order, I can scarce keep up with the work on hand."

"Indeed, I am glad to hear it. But here is Lieutenant Woodside, who has just come with Colonel Blakeney from England, and goes out as my first officer. He has a pair of fine pistols, one of which is somewhat injured, and I have prevailed on him to consult your skill."

"Stairs," said the Englishman curtly, "where's the box?"

"Here, sir," said the valet obsequiously, stepping forward and opening with a tiny key the case, which he laid on the rough counter, having first spread a snow-white handkerchief to save the varnish from scratch or harm.

"Now, my man," said the officer briskly, "I'll lay a guinea that you never saw in your life a brace of pops like these, and damme, I'm half afraid to trust such a pair of beauties to any colonial tradesman; but Captain Stewart here says that you can do the job; an' faith, they must go with me any way, and the best pistol is of no use without a hammer. Be careful, man," he added, as the smith took up one of the delicate weapons. "You handle them as if they were Doune tacks, and all steel, both butt and barrel."

"They are a little weak here an' there, thet's a fact, sir," said the gunsmith carelessly, "but I'll buy 'em if they're any the worse for my handlin'. As for repairing on 'em, thet I can do easily, as a broken hammer is soon replaced."

"But can you make a hammer just like the other?" asked the Englishman somewhat incredulously. "I don't want the pair spoiled or botched, and I'll be sworn such work ain't often done this side of the water."

"No, sir," said the gunmaker composedly, "thet's true; but it can be, ef thar was anybody thet would pay for it. I can make you a hammer just like thet, but the extra work will cost you two guineas."

"Is that all? Why, man, the pair cost fifty; and Mortimer, of London, would charge me five for what you say you will do for two. But can you really match the other?"

* * *

The colonist's cheek flushed a little, as if the evident depreciation of his abilities had begun to rouse a feeling of resentment, and, turning, he took from a chest a long pine case and laid it on the counter before the officer. Very deliberately he opened it, and took from it a small carbine swathed in waxed cloth, which he slowly unrolled, revealing a piece of exquisite workmanship and ornamentation.

"Thar's a little piece thet I made for

my own pleasure. If you know what good work is, tell me what you think of thet."

The officer took the weapon with an exclamation of admiration and surprise, and inspected the carefully-sighted, inlaid barrel, the lock, curiously fashioned and exquisitely carved, and the stock of deep-hued rosewood, inlaid with gold and silver wire and mounted in engraved steel and silver plate.

"'Tis impossible," he murmured to himself, and then said aloud, "'tis French workmanship, an' that of the best. No colonial botcher ever turned out work like that."

* * *

The Bostonian laid his hands upon the counter, vaulted lightly across it, and the next moment would have had his hands on the Englishman's throat had not Stewart stepped in between.

"Nay, nay, neighbor Miller, you must not forget yourself and the law of the colony. Lieutenant Woodside, you owe this man an apology. I, myself, have seen him at work on the weapon half a dozen times in the past three years."

"Well, well, if you say so, I can't doubt it; so take the pistols and finish them as soon as may be—d'ye hear? But what is this that you're doing to the men's guns? Can't your Yankee farmers get along with the arms furnished His Majesty's soldiers?"

"Nor, sir!" thundered the irate smith. "Thar isn't a gun of the four hundred sent here last month thet I'd dare to sell to a drunken Injin; an' as to taking any aim in battle with 'em, I defy the best man in the colony to be sure of his man at fifty yards with any of 'em."

"Take aim? Damme! what are you talking of? Who ever heard of one of the regulars taking aim? Do you want our soldiers to turn murderers, and aim at a man as if he were a brute beast? A soldier draws up his weapon breast-high or thereabouts, and lets drive; and I'll have no man under me taking aim like a Tyrolese jäger."

"Wal, cap'n," replied Miller in utter scorn, "it may be as you say; an' ef thet's the way to sojer, why, all I hev to say is, thet you've got jest the right weepons for it. But it's a sin an' shame to send out the best lads of the frontier an' our smartest privateersmen, as ef they was ign'rant Yorkshire clodhoppers."

"And so I think," said Stewart pleasantly but firmly, as he turned to go. "So do your best to make the guns serviceable, and if the colony don't pay the bills, I will myself. Good-day, neighbor." And taking his fellow-officer's arm, he went out.

"Come, Woodside," he said kindly to his subaltern as they turned down the street, "you must forget some of your regular army ideas in dealing with our colonial tradesmen, aye, and our volunteers, too. They are not such stuff as the cringing shopmen of Cheapside, or the yokels of your provincial counties, and the man who bullies or browbeats them will find himself in sorry case."

* * *

His companion turned upon him: "Look ye, Mr. Stewart, you are my senior and commanding officer, and I doubt not, mean well by your counsel; but damme if I wouldn't rather die than have my friends say that Jem Woodside treated a lot of scurvy colonists better than true British subjects, and so think we all who came to take service in America."

"Well, have your way, man," said Stewart gravely. "I am not given to obtruding advice on any; but, if you will listen, I should like to tell you of a man I did warn once in vain. He was an officer of the Royal Americans stationed up at Lake George, and he treated the private soldier who saluted you in yonder shop as he would have done his own stupid levies at home in England.

"At last the soldier's time was up, for he was a ranger employed only for a few months, and the officer started back for the settlements with the same party that Jack Coggeshall left the fort with. I counseled him to wait, for Jack had told him when he struck him with his riding whip, 'that the day would come when he would mark him for life.' Nevertheless he would go, and go he did."

"And what did yonder hound do? Shoot him from behind some thicket, or drive a knife into his back at night?" asked Woodside scornfully.

"Neither," said Stewart, "although, as

he since told me, it often seemed as if he could no longer keep from slaying a man who had dared to strike him like a dog, and whose insolence daily led him to add to the sense of injury. But one day they fell into an Indian ambush. Two of their party were killed and several wounded, among the latter this officer, who fell with his leg broken close beside Coggeshall, and two savages sprang out of the cover to take the wounded man's scalp.

"Jack shot down the first and was about to take to his heels, when the doomed man looked up at him in perfect despair, and hopeless of assistance from the one whose feelings he had so often outraged, bowed down his head as if to await the fatal stroke. Coggeshall called to his companions, and reversing his gun, rushed up to the second savage, beat down his guard, and laid him senseless, and then, with the officer's fusee, shot a third assailant, while his friends rallied, beat off the war party and saved the wounded lieutenant."

"He's a brave fellow and true man," said Woodside, whose better nature was now thoroughly aroused, "and what did the officer do for him?"

* * *

Stewart's face assumed a peculiarly bitter expression as he answered, "He insulted him again; took out his purse and offered him fifty guineas, and promised him a bottle of rum at the halting-place, when he could get to the baggage."

"And Coggeshall?"

"O, Jack flung the purse at his feet and told him that he had 'had his revenge on a fool who hadn't sense enough to know a man when he saw one, or was gentleman enough to respect him when he found him out,' and a day or two later the party got into the settlements and they parted."

"Now, Woodside," he continued, "we've got a good lot of men, many of them as well educated as either of us, and all of them good shots and brave and self-respecting men. They are like horses that will not bear the spur, and a few like Coggeshall are dangerous when angry, and used to peril and bloodshed from their youth. If we treat these like men, they will not only follow wherever we will lead, but many will go where we have neither skill or strength to follow, and we should be but fools to count our judgment in war better than theirs. For my part, I shall try to treat them like men."

"And so will I," said Woodside heartily. "Gadzook's, but a man would be a fool to spur a willing horse, and I'll e'en try to remember that I am not in England, or commanding a scurvy lot of clumsy knaves; but I'm certain that most of our company who came over with me will hardly learn their lesson as easily as I."

"So much the worse for them, Woodside," said Stewart sadly, "but I'll blame them little, for such hath always been the manner of Englishmen who come to do the king service among us, and great have been the perils arising therefrom. I will not deny that I myself find it difficult to bear with the ill-advised carriage of English army and naval officers I have met, and much I fear that in the present expedition we shall suffer more from neglect and insult than from disease and battle."

"Why, then, do you leave wife and child and friends and a position of wealth and honor on such an errand?" asked Woodside, as if in amazement.

"Because we of Massachusetts are anxious to show ourselves loyal, brave and adventurous; and also because we all have suffered much from the inhumanity and selfishness of the Spaniards. And the Bay Colony would have raised double the number she has raised to go on such a service had the king been pleased to ask for them."

So ended the conversation, and henceforth a better feeling existed between Captain Stewart's men and the "reg'lar leftenant," who made his peace with the gunsmith, praised his work when finished, paid him liberally as agreed, and while always dignified and exacting, was always carefully considerate of the feelings and comfort of his volunteers.

* * *

A day or two later Captain Ruggles handed into the governor a paper, still in existence, entitled "A List of Men under ye Command of Capt. Timo. Ruggles for ye Intended Expedition against ye Spanish West Indies," and then followed a list of about one hundred men, after which the paper concluded in the following characteristic words:

May it Please Your Excellency:

Pursuant to your Excellency's order to me Given, for raising a Company of Volunteers for the Intended Expedition against ye Spanish West Indies, I have Done it and beg leave to Lay before your Excellency ye foregoing list; being a List of their names for your Excellency's approbation, and are y'r Excellency's most Obedient humble servant,

TIMO. RUGGLES.

Boston, Aug. 26, 1740.

To his Excellency, Jonathan Belcher,
Captain General & Governor in Chief.

But although assurances, public and private, were not wanting, that commissions, arms and clothing for the remaining six companies would soon arrive from New York, each day the hopes of Timothy Ruggles and the other captains grew fainter, and the people began to doubt the wisdom of their governor and the probability of any expedition for that year at least, while day by day the commands of Wise of Ipswich, Furney and Richards of Boston, Bloggett of Woburn, and Ruggles of Sandwich were losing men, who wearied of the uncertainty and delays of the enterprise.

CHAPTER IX

A few days later, however, the action of the legislature cut the gordian knot by giving to all the companies not already supplied with arms and sworn into service, permission to disband, the men being allowed to retain their bounty and to be paid their dues until the date of disbandment; and in a few hours most of the men had departed for their several homes, leaving the gentlemen who had spent so much time and money in vain to digest their disappointment as best they might.

The blow was a heavy one to Captains Furney, Richards and Ruggles, who had really desired active service; to the governor, whose efforts when so near complete success had been doomed to so bitter a defeat; and especially so to Stephen and Untequit, who were more strongly interested in the especial work of the expedition than many others. Lish seemed rather glad, upon the whole, that the scheme had miscarried, and the Indians were ready to go or stay, as Untequit might determine.

"I can do nothing more for you Stephen," said his late captain mournfully, as the little group stood for the first time in the empty warehouse which had formed their barracks, "except to promise you pay for your lost time as soon as my petition for compensation can be put before the general court. Of course you will go home as soon as maybe, and I heard that Captain Blackwell's sloop was to sail tomorrow, and can secure a passage home without cost for such of the company as choose to go by water."

"You can set me down for one," said Lish, with more of his old spirit than he had shown for several days. "I've had enough of the regular service and British upstart officers, and though I'm ready to go privateering or out on the frontier, I'm mighty glad to go home."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Stephen quietly, "and shall have nothing to regret if the service proves deadlier than we hope. For my part, however, I have determined to go as a simple volunteer, and so I learn will Captain Furney, whose men have also disbanded."

"And I go with you," said Untequit, whose whole bearing had been gloomy and dejected for some days past, "and all Indian men, too, that is, if we may."

"Are you really in earnest?" asked Ruggles in some amazement. "Will you, who at the least would have carried our ensign's half-pike, assume the rough uniform and clumsy muskets the king has sent us?"

"I will if I get the chance, captain, assuredly," said Stephen quietly. "I think, as to myself, that Dr. Stewart will readily give me a place in his company, and if I could get another for William here, I should be perfectly satisfied."

* * *

Ruggles beckoned him aside and in a low tone said, "A new company is being formed by Captain Edward Winslow, who is willing to trust to the governor's promise that he shall receive his commission and arms for his men as soon as they join the brigade headquarters, which will probably be in Jamaica. He would like the dozen of men you can influence, and a sergeant's stripes are better than nothing. Shall I tell him that you will bring him the Mashpee hunters?"

Stephen pondered a moment before he answered and then said frankly, "When I enlisted these men I trusted in your promise, and had you received your commission, should have been able to care for them, and promised Untequit thus to do; but as, through no fault of yours that may not be, I would not that they should fall into unmanly and ungenerous hands by trusting me. If you can arrange matters so that William and I can have a place under Stewart, I shall be more than satisfied."

"I can promise you so much, at least," said Ruggles, "but I would that wiser men had planned this matter, for the king never had a better chance of raising six thousand stout fellows in the Americas."

* * *

Two hours later, Stephen and Untequit had made arrangements to enter themselves in Stewart's company, and the worthy physician had in parting given them friendly and disinterested advice. "Come to me in a day or two; I will keep a place for you, never fear, for Captain Ruggles has long been priding himself on his lieutenant and the Indian marksmen he brought with him. I am only sorry that every commission and warrant are filled, and I can only promise you to be a kind officer and a true comrade to all who trust me as their captain. Now be off and bid your friends goodbye, and then come back to me."

So Stephen and his servant bade adieu to the men of Sandwich as the little sloop made sail at Scarlett's wharf, and then went to Captain Stewart and took the oath and bounty; which latter, as both had received it before, they handed over to their captain, to be added to the company fund for extra stores to be used during the coming voyage.

Thereafter the enterprise seemed to draw more speedily to its fit conclusion, and from all quarters came news of the embarkation of the quotas of the various colonies. Early in September Lieutenant-Colonel Cope, governor of the English settlements at Placentia, Newfoundland, had arrived at headquarters in New York, and with Colonels Gooch and Blakeney had arranged for the rendezvous at that city of the contingents of the northern colonies. The committee appointed for the purpose had prepared suitable transports, and by the twenty-second day of the month the four companies already raised were embarked on board the large sloops chosen for the service, and dropped down to Nantasket Roads, where in the last three centuries, so many Massachusetts men have wearily awaited the leisure of bungling and incapable officials, through the intolerable discomfort, noise and ennui of transport life; until after interminable delays the signal for sailing has been given, and the soldiers' last adieus are blent with a sense of relief from utter weariness of inaction and discomfort.

From that anchorage sailed Sir Hovenden Walker, on his disastrous attempt against Quebec in 1711; Sir William Phips' luckless transports awaited his signal for sailing there scarce a generation before; there lay at anchor the fleets destined for Louisburg in 1745 and 1755; and the British fleet after the evacuation of Boston, in 1776, for nearly two months awaited there their consorts and supply ships due from England.

* * *

There are still living those who can tell of similar experiences in the War of 1812 and the days of the Mexican invasion; and hundreds can number among their dreariest experiences of the great rebellion, their first contemplation of the narrow quarters assigned at sea to a private soldier while awaiting "further orders" or fairer weather in Nantasket Roads.

But by the twenty-seventh, Captain Edward Winslow had filled up his company, which with only the watchcoats and blankets procured for them by the colony, were sent on board the little fleet, which, with a favorable breeze, started on the voyage to New York, a voyage which then was not without its share of peril from private armed cruisers, an occasional pirate and the "public enemy."

Early in the voyage the guns were "scaled," *i. e.*, discharged, to cleanse them from rust and ensure perfect dryness, for all the vessels carried an armament mostly of small iron cannon of three, four and six-pound caliber, with an equal number of one and two-pounder swivels, whose pivots fitting into sockets in the rail and on the forecastle were easily removed to any desired position, and when loaded with musket or pistol balls were calculated to make sad havoc among attacking boats, or a mass of advancing boarders.

* * *

As soon as the little fleet was fairly at sea, the men were supplied with cartridges, allotted to their several stations, and a few whose former experience as privateersmen had especially fitted them for the task, were appointed to serve at certain of the guns and swivels aforesaid.

To the officers and the captain and mate of each transport was allotted the great cabin, with its wide berths and yawning fireplace, at which the servants with much petty quarrelling prepared little delicacies, or made tea and heated water for their masters' delectation.

The forecastles were given up to the crews, who failed not to turn an honest penny by parting with their coarse but ample fare of fish, bacon, baked beans, vegetables, apple and mince pies, doughnuts, and other Yankee comestibles to the poor recruits for whom hard salt beef, pork, ship's bread and rum were all that the commissariat departments had provided.

For their accommodation the sloops had been ballasted with clean gravel, strongly secured and floored over, and on the deck thus formed, rough berths had been constructed, to which rude stairs down the hatchways gave access in fine weather, but in storms or wet days the only means of exit was through the forecastle. Of the size of the vessels one can judge by the fact that the five Massachusetts companies required six or seven vessels to transport them to New York.

On their arrival they found encamped at the Battery two Rhode Island, four Connecticut and five New York companies, which with the six Massachusetts and New Hampshire companies, made a total of seventeen preparing to sail. Several English men-of-war were in port with orders to convoy the fleet, and it was evident that the stay at New York would be brief indeed.

Seven companies had already sailed from Pennsylvania, and an eighth was soon to follow; Virginia had despatched four companies of her contingent of eight, Maryland had three hundred men ready for sea, and North Carolina had raised four companies for the great expedition. About four thousand men were thus under arms, and yet, as we have seen, it was not the fault of the colonists that the number was not nearly six thousand men.

But the delays of the enterprise were not yet ended, and it was nearly the middle of October before the fleet of transports, some forty in number, sailed out by Sandy Hook with the usual fuss of signal guns and display of colors, with which the cruise of a large convoy always commences. The voyage was tedious, but not disastrous, lasting in all about three weeks, and under date of December 3, 1740, an officer high in command, probably Colonel Gooch, wrote from Port Royal, Jamaica, to a friend:

"I am in a great hurry, having the whole care of 3,100 men until the other field officers arrive. Shall then have charge of the 1st Battalion. There are four companies of Virginia, three of Maryland, and four of North Carolina troops yet to come."

* * *

There the troops were kept awaiting the slow coming of the great fleet which, like all the cumbrous armadas of the past, was delayed by adverse winds, and scattered by storms, and the Massachusetts officers saw with amazement the beauties of that tropical island, and the strange laxity of life among the European residents and their friends of the regular service. Those who were led to join therein sorely lamented their heavy losses at play, and the general utter disregard of money, which, if it made the guest the recipient of unstinted entertainment, bore so heavily on him when he in turn became the host, that even the sudden and frequent loss of their comrades—which soon, alas, became but too common—seems to have scarcely awakened such surprise and admiration among the American captains as the dissipations of the country and the high cost of living and entertainment.

But Stephen and Untequit saw but little

of such folly, for their captain grew grave and watchful, and warned his men against many things which seemed pleasant and inviting, keeping his men quiet at noondays, temperate in the use of fruit and stimulants, well clothed and under cover in the dewy nights, and, above all, so far as he could, sufficiently drilled to secure needed exercise and employment, and to raise their minds and keep their spirits above the especial trials of their situation.

* * *

For already the dangerous fluxes of that climate had fastened upon the intemperate and careless. Yellow Jack had made its appearance on ship and shore, and at almost any hour of the day could be seen the hasty obsequies of soldier and sailor, or the more ceremonious funeral cortege of some officer whose aspirations has been summarily ended by the diseases peculiar to a tropical climate.

Nevertheless, many of the provincials were delighted with the excesses and epicurean delights of their Jamaican acquaintances, and the compliments paid them on every hand by officers high in rank, who praised their loyalty, wondered at the readiness with which so large and fine a body of men had been raised, and predicted for them a more than ordinary share in the laurels and more substantial rewards of the success sure to attend their enterprise.

The men, however, were less satisfied, complaining bitterly of insults and even blows received at the hands of British officers, many of whom were of the brutal school of such as had served in Germany, whose canes were but too ready to punish the slightest lapse from the iron rules of military etiquette and respect for one's superiors.

And so, although Captain Winslow received his commission, and drew arms and uniforms for his men, and those high in rank were but too anxious to keep every promise made to their colonial allies, it was not without anxiety that the American officers awaited the coming of Lord Vernon and Lord Cathcart, under whose leadership they hoped to end, at once and forever, the long feud between Englishman and Spaniard, so far as the new world was concerned.

But while here, Untequit met with an adventure not uncommon in the West Indies, but one of no very agreeable nature, nevertheless; yet one which in the end more firmly cemented the strong attachment already existing between Stephen and himself; for as they were at work one day preparing some firewood for the use of the company cooks, Untequit suddenly uttered a sharp cry of pain, and at the same time shook from his wounded hand a centipede which had been hidden in one of the fagots.

"He's pisoned," shouted a volunteer, and crushed the reptile with his heel. After which he started for a doctor, calling out at every rod that "Untequit was pisoned and would die if he didn't git a doctor to once't."

Luckily he soon met Captain Stewart, who at once hastened to the spot, where in the centre of a dozen men he found the patient already in the hands of Stephen, who had caught up a piece of cord, tightly encircled the bitten finger, and was engaged in sucking the poison from the tiny wound, rinsing his mouth from time to time with a little rum offered him by a bystander.

"Well done, Hay," said Stewart kindly. "That is a pretty sure way to cure a snake bite, and it won't hurt now, but a little ammonia will make everything all right in a few hours, and you must look out for such creatures hereafter."

"Aren't they dangerous, then?" asked Stephen simply.

"Not in the case of temperate and healthy men, although those whose blood is corrupted by drink and high living sometimes lose their lives from gangrene, I am told; but I can easily see that Untequit is not of that class. Nevertheless you are none the less to be praised for your unselfish services, and I am sure you will not regret it."

* * *

Untequit cast a look of gratitude at his officer, and rising, followed him to obtain the promised remedy.

"I shall never forget it, brother," he whispered as they waited a moment alone together, "but you have done even more than you thought for me, and henceforth I am yours to the death, for you have at last made forever complete the bond of blood."

"So be it," said Stephen, with a smile; "I have often thought that I might have humored you in so small a matter, but now you are content in spite of my refusal. Now that it is so, I am no more true comrade than before, for I think you can trust me in whatever a man may expect of his friend, or rely on in his brother in arms."

"Then tonight I will tell you why I desired to trust you, and wherefore I came with you to this accursed place, for I have come too late to save him."

As he spoke a look of anguish overcast his face, but it passed, nor did the stinging alkaline-lotion bring a shadow to the impenetrable features which greeted the captain when he came back on his errand of healing.

(*To be continued*)

MY AUTUMN

By JOANNA NICHOLLS KYLE

I STAND so near the close of life's short lease
I may not let the things which once held sway
Break the serenity of Autumn's day:—
No passion holds me now; their clamors cease.
Too near the end for anything but peace.

The time is short.—I can no longer hate;—
Resentment dies ere it has come to birth.
Man cannot wound, nor anything of earth.—
Father, forgive us all. It is our fate
To know not what we do until too late.

Too near the end for pride; if quick words came
I ask my brother's pardon freely now.
I stoop to conquer; meekly bend my brow.
The longing for forgiveness floods my shame;
I must confess and turn aside his blame.

No more ambition stirs.—By death's wide gate
My loved have passed who lent me of their cheer;
Who would have gloried in my triumph here.—
What is the praise of strangers wise or great?
Oh heart of mine, be still! I only wait.

I feel no terror while I wait and hear
The footsteps of Azrael in the dark.—
My friendly foe, who dallies with his mark,
Yet stealthy watches me as he draws near.
I smile at him,—it is too late for fear.

But not too late to lift mine eyes above
And let my burdens slip in joyous hope.
The sunshine glows. No more with doubts I grope.
They fade, all earthly aims which vainly move.—
I am too old for anything but love.

A Convention of Rexallites

by Flynn Wayne

FOURTEEN years ago there met in Boston a convention of forty druggists, gathered under the leadership of Mr. Louis K. Liggett, to carry out a well-defined and practical plan of co-operation. This convention crystallized later into the United Drug Company, and "Rexall" is the word coined to designate the products of this company.

Year by year the Rexall conventions have become events of national importance, held in various cities of the country. Now, every time the convention meets in Boston, it seems like coming home.

Through the standardization of merchandising and perfected organization, these dealer-stockholders have carried out the practical ideas and purposes of Mr. Louis K. Liggett, the president and founder, until the drug-store trade has been revolutionized. From the little acorn planted at the first convention has grown one of the largest business enterprises in the country. The basic idea was "service," and Mr. Liggett, as president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and in other matters of nation-wide importance, has demonstrated what a public-spirited citizen means in these days. He was the prophet and carved out plans which blazed the pathway for national and international organizations that recognized "service" to the public as of paramount importance in a matter of pulling together and pulling with the public.

* * *

Delegates arrived in Boston from all parts of the country, ablaze with enthusiasm. The doors of stately Symphony Hall were thrown open while the three thousand visitors secured badges, registered, and were given tickets for all the events of a week not to be forgotten. That night a concert was given by Mr. John McCormack, the famous tenor, and like everything else representing a Rexall undertaking, it was "quality" right through. Here, under the spell of McCormack's golden tones, the visitors gathered to get acquainted, giving a happy impression, or re-impression, of good old Boston town.

Business meetings were held in Symphony Hall during the day. In Horticultural Hall, across the avenue, was an exhibit of the products of the United Drug Company—in handsome booths of

BOSTON LIGHT

PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

A PLYMOUTH LANDMARK

expositional splendor. Almost every article manufactured by the United Drug Company was displayed, revealing at a glance why the Rexall standard has become so popular with the people. At these business sessions, Mr. Charles E. Murnan, who has been presiding officer for many years, managed to bring out the real orators among the merchants.

At Braves' Field in Boston a grand aerial carnival was held; a nocturnal flight in a biplane challenged the very lightning in illuminating the skies with Rexall ideals. Although the clouds gathered, thunder roared, and the rain began to fall, nothing could dampen the spirit of the Rexallites.

The climax of the playtime program for the delegates was reached in a day's outing at Plymouth, where the Pilgrim Fathers landed nearly three hundred years ago. Two large boats loaded with happy Rexallites sailed from Boston toward the spot where the Mayflower anchored. A box luncheon, conducted in true Rexall style, was enjoyed en route. There were balloons, rockets, orangeade, peanuts—all those things that delight a jolly picnic throng. The historic sights in Boston Harbor were pointed out, and Mrs. Hemans' "Rockbound Coast" was read as the boats sailed on toward the waters where the Pilgrims plied their boats and engaged in trade with the Indians. There were indications that many of the Rexallites were not accustomed to sailing the "high" seas, but they were all fortified with *Rexall Remedies*, finally landing where Captain Miles Standish drew his Damascus blade and Elder Brewster prayed nearly three hundred years ago.

GRANITE CANOPY OVER PLYMOUTH ROCK

FOREFATHERS' MONUMENT
Plymouth, Massachusetts

* * *

Crossing the bars into Plymouth harbor, what a thrill comes over an American viewing this historic spot for the first time! After the boats docked, the entire throng passed through the arch, each pausing a moment to stand upon the historic rock. Two little lads clad in Puritan costume told the story of the place. It was on this spot that Henry W. Grady, the beloved son of the Southland, delivered that oration which marked the reuniting of our great country. His tribute to the Pilgrim Fathers is counted one of the classics of American oratory. The old rock had been crushed, but was carefully

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA

put together again, for the New Englander still retains the "preserving" habit.

The citizens of Plymouth opened the doors of the far-famed Memorial Hall to their visitors. Other museums may possess historical relics, but what could be more impressive than to stand in this hall and look upon the patent to the Plymouth Colony—the first state document in the new land? It is scarcely decipherable, but the names are still there, and the seals, half crumbled away, are still preserved. Beneath the shadow of Sargent's famous painting of the "Landing of the Pilgrims" rests this oldest American state document. Governor Bradford's Bible, used on the Mayflower, is kept in a safe, and on every hand is evidenced the tender care given these relics.

In all American history, one event that stands out pre-eminent and alone is the Landing of the Pilgrims, for they represented primarily the spirit of the new Republic which was afterward created.

The delegates lingered, loath to depart. They seemed to feel that thrill of being at the very source of history and touching the things that had served the sturdy Pilgrims.

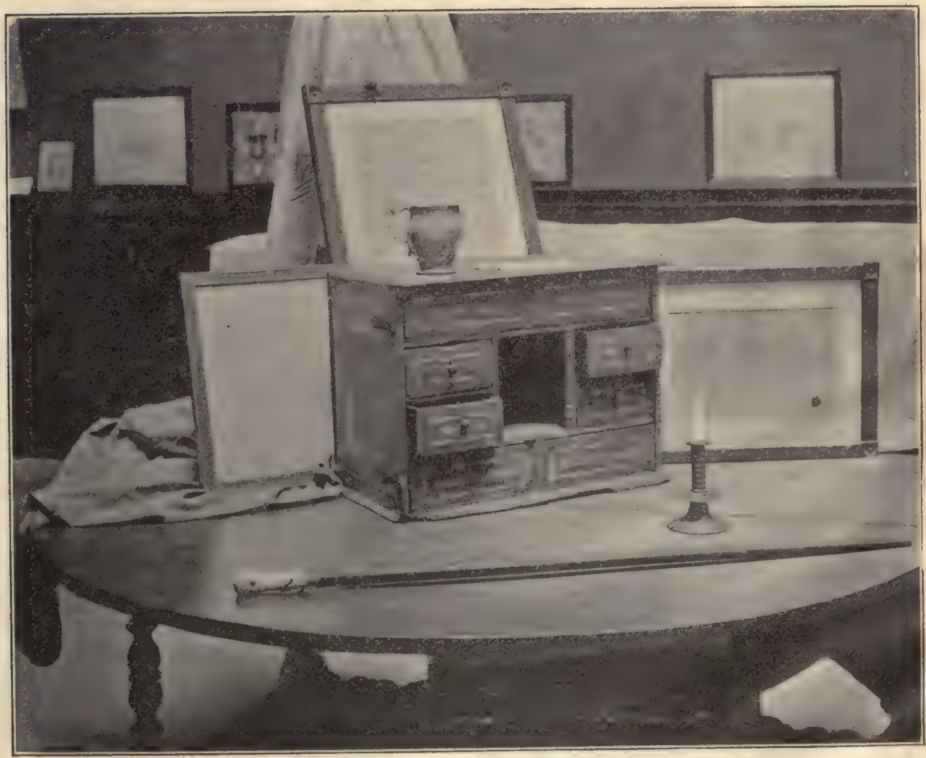
On historic fields where Indian and white man conferred, the athletic games were held under the direction of "General" Frolich. The contests followed in rapid succession, and soon it looked as if a real circus had come to town. The list of events indicated good-natured rivalry, from the pillow-fight, when valiant knights sat on a log and pelted each other with pillows, much to the merriment of the throng, to the fifty-yard dash and tug-of-war—all typifying the spirit of "pulling together" in the real Rexall style. Everyone joined in the festivities. Some of the ladies made a record in the fifty-yard dash that would not have been possible in the days of the hobble skirts.

The events continued until darkness gathered, and they were loath to leave the athletic field. In the light of candles, the final scores were read. It did not require a dinner bell, however, to summon the throngs to the clambake supper. The large tent accommodated tables and seats for over twenty-five hundred clam-consumers. Early in the morning the fire had been started under the rocks to provide heat for cooking the corn, lobster, sweet potatoes, fish and clams. Even the clams

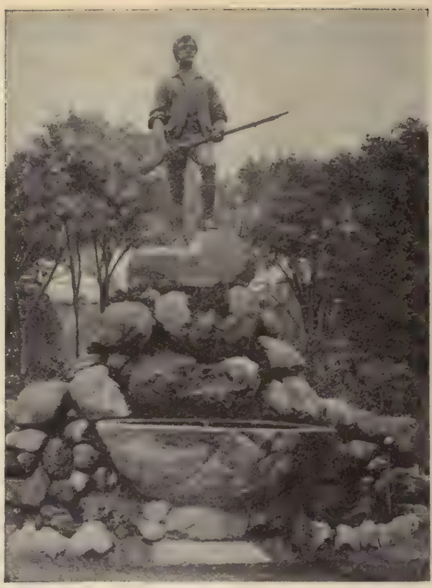
Courtesy, Tichnor Brothers, Boston

THE MINUTEMAN AT CONCORD

This statue is the work of Daniel C. French



ANTIQUITIES IN PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH



Courtesy, Tichnor Brothers, Boston

A LEXINGTON LANDMARK
The Old Belfry Tower is of great interest to all visitors

THE MINUTEMAN AT LEXINGTON
Statue of Captain John Parker on the battleground at Lexington

were cultured—cultivated clams, averaging fourteen pounds to the bushel, while the meat of the ordinary clam averages five pounds. Each individual attacked his peck of clams with hearty good will, and amid songs and singing of "America" and other national airs, the party proved their faith in Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, and feasted under canvas at historic Plymouth.

* * *

While the men were attending the six business sessions, the ladies were taken to Concord and Lexington, of Revolutionary fame. Visitors to Boston never tire of going over the route Paul Revere traveled "that fateful night in 1775." Harvard University, Norumbega Park, and every point of interest was included in the itinerary provided for the Rexall ladies.

Courtesy, Tichnor Brothers, Boston

OLD CANNON ON LEXINGTON GREEN

The luncheon served in the United Drug Company's new laboratory was a home treat—for remember Rexallites are not visitors, they are part owners of the great corporation.

The handsome eight-story Liggett candy factory was inspected, and they saw at first-hand the home of the concern which is said to be the greatest co-operative manufacturing association in the world. To those who had attended that first convention fourteen years ago, when a small amount of floor space, fourteen employes and forty stockholders constituted the United Drug Company, it was indeed a revelation of growth.

Over five thousand people are now employed at the plant and practically eight thousand stockholders in the United States, Canada and Great Britain, constitute this great cohesive and successful co-operative organization.

Courtesy, Tichnor Brothers, Boston

BIRTHPLACE OF EMERSON, CONCORD HOME OF LOUISA ALCOTT, CONCORD

The last day of the Convention at Symphony Hall was marked by rapid-fire, gatling-gun addresses. Every suggestion put out had stood the acid test of actual experience. There was a spirit of comradeship even closer than that evidenced in civic organizations.

Vice-President Louis L. Schreiner of the United Drug Company, made a strong talk concerning the responsibility of federal and state legislators for the conflicting pure food, drug and health laws, insisting that this country stands alone as an exponent of a negative policy. He urged that legislators should have something beside the interests of their own districts at heart, and should give more attention to general legislation for the nation at large.

In his final address, President Liggett emphasized the fact that the motto of the company is "Not Imitators, but Originators," and this was evidenced in the Rexall policy to secure the very best man possible, irrespective of cost, for the work in hand, feeling that their customers were deserving of nothing less than the best.

Mr. Ned Mitchell, advertising manager of the Liggett-Riker-Hegeman stores, summed up and emphasized the cardinal points of service that make the successful store. He related an incident of how one Rexall store had sent a trained nurse to take care of a patient until another had been secured. It is service, Mr. Mitchell insisted, that has made the Rexall stores distinctive.

Every phase of business and methods of increasing business were discussed. Mr. Dan M. Chambliss of Knoxville, Tennessee, was installed as president of the International Association of Rexall Clubs, and it was an impressive occasion on the presentation of a gold watch and fob to retiring president Blakeley.

President Liggett called to the platform those chosen to represent each one of the

Courtesy, Tichnor Brothers, Boston

HEADQUARTERS OF EARL PERCY IN 1775 OLD BURYING GROUND, CONCORD states in the Selling-Talks Contest. Each speaker was to be given five minutes, those presenting the best selling argument or suggestions were awarded medals. The speakers began their talks, and stopped at the tap of the gavel, no matter if a sentence was suspended in mid-air. It was a most entertaining and exhilarating exercise, interesting in the main because of its novelty. President Liggett encouraged each speaker as he walked up to the footlights—many of them making their first public speech. In spite of admonitions to keep to the text of the selling-talk, there was not a man who did not first refer proudly to his town and then his state, expressive of the triumphant citizenship of the Rexallites. The roll-call from Alabama to Wyoming was complete. There were also representatives from Mexico, Russia, Havana, Buenos Aires, Alaska and Hawaii.

The committee in charge of the convention was President Louis K. Liggett, Treasurer James C. McCormick, and Sales Manager H. L. Simpson. They were, indeed, entitled to credit, but they insisted that it was the organization itself that makes a Rexall Convention an important national event every year.

* * *

One of the gayest social events in the annals of Boston marked the close of the convention. It was The Summer's Night Frolic at the Copley Plaza Hotel. The Rexallites were there three thousand strong, bringing along their wives and friends, and this famous hostelry was converted into a carnival castle. On every hand was found something new, and while some remained in the ball room where the Symphony orchestra gave a "Pop" concert, others wandered about the "old-fashioned side show" and the "Southern Plantation." The first floor and grill room were transformed into a fairyland. Everyone joined in the spirit of the occasion—armed with paper revolvers, they were the veritable spirit of preparedness. There were Scottish dancers with bagpipes, and the Albino King in all his glory. In all, over one hundred and twenty professional artists added to the merriment of the occasion.

THE PILGRIMS RETURNING HOME FROM CHURCH

* * *

Playtime and inspirational business ideas strangely intermingled, is the story of Rexall conventions, which have done much to crystallize the Rexall stores into the greatest organization of their kind in the world—for everything they represent is standard, and the strength and genius of every individual member is concentrated upon improving that standard year by year. The Rexall stores have become the places where the public naturally look for new ideas. The very show-windows of the stores reflect the thought and activity of the times.

Millions of people come face to face with the men in the eight thousand Rexall stores—let us say a quarter of a million every day. This, during a year, means an aggregate of something like ninety millions of personal greetings over Rexall counters to customers—for one could never make a purchase without a greeting.

Do you wonder that in the wave of personal contact in passing the time of day, the Rexallite loves his work and sees in it an ethical development that embodies, after all, the true inspiration of life? The retail merchant deals with the human equation face to face, and understands—and the more he understands, the more he is understood. That is why the Rexall store has become a vital factor in the life of every community it reaches.

* * *

The memories of the Boston convention of 1916 will remain an inspiration. The guests will all look forward to landing again on Plymouth Rock, on the occasion of the Tercentennial Exposition, in 1921, to be held to commemorate the Landing of the Pilgrims. Their own president, Mr. Louis K. Liggett, whose public service as president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and leadership in public affairs in Boston and New England commended him for the work, has been appointed by Governor Samuel W. McCall as a member of the commission which is to report to the state legislature January 1, 1917, on a plan to be adopted that will suitably commemorate this most important of all events in the history of America.

THE WINTRY DAYS ARE COMING

By DAVID BANKS SICKELS

THE wintry days are coming,
And the wintry winds are humming
Sad refrains;
For another year has perished,
And of Nature's charms we cherished,
Naught remains.

Many forms we loved have vanished,
Many hopes and aims are banished
From our hearts;
But some blessings still are left us—
Of which time has not bereft us—
God imparts.

Hopes of joy in coming ages
Which the present pain assuages
Give us cheer
As the world looks bright before us,
And the clouds that linger o'er us
Disappear.

The Coat-of-Arms of Your Family

What the Symbols Are and What They Mean

by Leonard Wilson

NOTE.—*The writer of this article will be glad to answer, free of charge, any inquiry relating to heraldry or family history. Inquiries should be addressed to the Genealogical Editor, the* NATIONAL, *and should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for the reply*

MOST people have, somewhere about the house, a written description, a sketch or a painting of the family coat-armor. Did it ever occur to you that each separate symbol, each line or division of the shield, each embellishment has a separate and distinct meaning and a history full of interest? It certainly has. Take an ordinary painting of a coat-of-arms as it is usually shown and examine it. It will be found in most cases, to consist of (1) the shield, (2) the helmet, (3) the crest, and (4) the motto. It may also include certain accessories, such as (5) the wreath (on which the crest rests), (6) the mantling which flows from the helmet and adorns both sides of the shield and (7) the scroll which holds the motto.

It should be noted that, while many arms are of record with no accompanying crest, every crest has a coat-of-arms. Quite frequently, also, no motto accompanies family arms, and, in other cases, some families have more than one, as in the case illustrated on this page.

The shield or escutcheon is as ancient as warfare itself, from which it had its origin. The elongated shield dates from the time of Richard I. Such shields were used by the barons of Magna Charta, and were later modified in shape by the time of Henry III. The shield was considered the most important part of a knight's equipment, and it was among the earliest of defensive arms. It was at first made of ox-hide or doubled leather only; later, of wicker covered with thin metal; and finally of tough wood covered with leather or metal, or of beaten metal, entirely, even of gold or silver. The arms of each warrior or knight were painted on his shield and served to make him conspicuous and easily identified when in the field.

The escutcheon—the term being taken from the French *escusson*, derived, in turn, from the Latin *scutum*, meaning "defense" or "protection"—represents the original shield or buckler used in war, whereon were formerly and still are painted or blazoned the charged or figures which make up the complete device of arms.

These marks of distinction were put on shields or bucklers before they were placed on banners, standards, flags and coat-armor. Armorial bearings, although occasionally found on banners and elsewhere, are now almost always placed upon shields.

The preservation of the shield was a point of honor. In the hour of defeat men had been known to cast it away, as it retarded their flight; hence it was held disgraceful to lose it under any circumstances. There was no part of their armor which the knights valued more highly than the shield, and none upon which they lavished more wealth of decoration. In medieval times, after being charged with allusions to the achievements of the bearer, to whose memory it was afterwards consecrated, it was hung over his tomb, as a last tribute to his prowess and conspicuous virtues.

It also served as an incentive to others to emulate his worth and valor. This custom, dating from the remote ages, was perpetuated in later times by the hatchment, the use of which has been continued to our own time.

* * *

In heraldry the helmet is called a helm, casque, or basinet. It was usually secured to the knight's breastplate by a chain, and was formerly worn exclusively as a defensive weapon to cover the owner's head and neck. It was surmounted by the crest which was attached to it. In many cases the weight of the helm was very great and rested on the shoulders. The helmet is now placed over the coat-of-arms as its chief ornament, it being essentially a true mark of gentility. In heraldry its view differs according to the rank of the original owner. Those of sovereigns were made of burnished gold; those of princes and lords, of silver trimmed with gold; those of knights, of steel adorned with silver, and those of esquires and gentlemen, of polished steel. The helmet of an esquire is represented in profile with the visor closed, which indicates the rank. Very early helmets were surmounted by plumes, but, unlike those of a later date, did not protect the face. During the Middle Ages the helmet was made of the finest steel, often inlaid with gold or silver, and was provided with a visor to cover the face in battle and to allow of its being opened at other times.

The helmet is said to denote "wisdom and surety of defense," and when shown in profile, signifies "attention to duty."

* * *

The crest, derived from the Latin word *cresta*, meaning the tuft or comb which grows on the head of a bird, is the highest part of the ornament of a coat-of-arms. It was placed upon the top of the helmet so that he who wore it might be readily distinguished in battle. It was formerly considered a greater mark of honor and was more highly esteemed than the coat-of-arms itself. Those warriors alone were allowed to wear crests upon their helmets who were renowned heroes of great valor, or such as, owing to their superiority in military rank, required some distinguishing mark on the battlefield. The use of the crest was originally confined to those who had received the dignity of knighthood. Being placed above the helmet, it was the most distinguished of all the insignia of chivalry, and was of the proper heraldic tincture. The knight's crest was also placed upon the head of his charger. The antiquity of the crest is very great, and antedates other heraldic devices; but while traceable to very early days, it was not widely adopted until medieval times.

Crests appeared on the helmets of knights as early as the thirteenth century. Edward III was the first King of England to bear a crest on his helmet. Knights thereafter bore crests and the practice soon became general.

When actually borne in battle, the crests were made of stiffened leather or of some durable material such as metal or wood, and these devices were fastened or laced to the helmet by leathern thongs or were kept in place by arched supports rising from the upper back part of the helmet. Originally crests were considered personal bearings only, but are not hereditary. The crest is a most important accessory to coat-armor. It was quite independent of the armorial shield, and when seen apart from it served to denote the identity of its owner.

A crest is never, under any circumstances, borne by a lady, "with the single exception of the Majesty of a Queen."

When blazoned, tricked or drawn, it is shown on a wreath unless issuant from a coronet or supported by a cap of maintenance.

* * *

The motto, taken from the French *mot*, meaning word, "was, in its inception, the battle or rallying-cry of the knight who first used it, or of his retainers." It has usually, as a consequence, become the device of the family, and while not necessarily a part of, still accompanies the coat-of-arms. It is usually inscribed upon a scroll or ribbon beneath the shield. Occasionally, however, if it refers primarily to the crest, it is placed above. A motto is not necessarily hereditary, and although few would care to abandon a phrase long identified with the history of the family, there is nothing to prevent the adoption of a new one. It may be changed, varied or relinquished when and as often as desired.

An excellent and very early instance of the war-cry is given in the Book of Judges in that passage in which the Israelites are represented as rallying their hosts with the cry: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" in their conflict with the Midianites.

The earliest known strictly heraldic motto is the "Crede Beronti," found on the seal of St. Joan de Bryan affixed to a deed dated 1292, the twenty-first year of the reign of Edward I. Mottoes usually express a religious, moral, or patriotic sentiment. They may point to a feeling of loyalty or personal devotion, to some aspiration for worldly advancement, or may speak of a hope extending beyond a transitory life. They may be legends, sayings, or epigraphs. They sometimes consist of a single word. They may be in any language. In some cases they express the very soul or spirit of the armorial device. Some have an historical allusion, others are a play upon the surname. The family motto was oftentimes engraved upon the knight's sword. Up to the present century it was usual for mottoes to be engraved within the circle of finger-rings, and this was more especially the case with wedding rings. Church bells also were generally encircled with some appropriate motto, and those of the Middle Ages which still remain bear some beautiful and expressive legends. Mottoes are perhaps even more ancient than crests or coat-armor, and were usually chosen to express the predominate passions of piety or love.

* * *

The wreath, sometimes called the torse, is composed of a circular roll of silk twisted with a piece of gold or silver corded, and corresponds in tinctures with the mantling. Up to the time of Henry V and perhaps later, no man below the degree of a knight had his crest set upon a wreath. This regulation, however, in more modern times has been disregarded. The wreath is sometimes substituted by a coronet or chapeau, the latter being known as "the cap of maintenance," but this did not come into general use until the middle of the sixteenth century. The wreath is supposed to signify military conquest and fortitude.

The torse is always tinctured to correspond with the principal metal and the principal color of the arms alternately, the metal toward the dexter side of the shield. Consequently it always begins with a metal and ends with a color. When depicted, only one-half can be seen, and six twists are always shown. The wreath is symbolic of hope and victory, and was used as an attire for the head by a knight when equipped for the tournament. It is now ordinarily used as a base or support for the crest. The earliest examples of its use in blazonry date from about the middle of the fourteenth century. It is placed between the helmet and the crest.

Wreaths have been used from the earliest times. The Romans bestowed a wreath upon the individual soldier who had performed a deed of special valor in the field.

* * *

The mantling, or, in heraldic terms, the lambrequin, shown on an achievement of arms, was attached to the basinet or helm, and hung down over the armor, serving to protect it from rain, rust and sun. It is now generally so adjusted as to form a background to the shield and its accessories. It is represented in fanciful twists and turns which are intended to convey the idea that it has been hacked and cut severely while floating from the head-piece of its owner in many a well-fought fight. The incisions in the mantling are, of course, honorable marks of glory, being evidence of the great dangers encountered. Being decorated with the arms and heraldic devices of the bearer, it helped to distinguish him in the field of battle. It was originally made of leather with escalloped edging, and later of velvet and silk. The mantling takes the two principal tinctures of the arms, the outside being of the metal and the doubling or lining of the color. The name is taken from the French word ***manteau***, and signifies "a long robe or cloak of state."

Ladies of rank also wore mantles decorated frequently with their husband's arms impaled with their own, or with the husband's arms only.

* * *

The scroll, or escroll, which in heraldic illumination is represented as a ribbon, is the ornament placed beneath the shield on which the motto is inscribed. Should, however, the motto refer specifically to the crest, it is then placed either above the crest or between the shield and the crest. Occasionally the motto encircles the escutcheon. The scroll or ribbon which bears the motto does not seem to have any proper place in a coat-of-arms, it being arbitrarily used by modern heralds both to contain the motto and as a standing place for supporters. The use of supporters is properly confined, with few exceptions, to peers of the realm, and, by courtesy, to their eldest sons.

The ribbon is supposed to have had its origin in a *gage d'armour*, or love token, and was thence adopted into heraldry. In form it represents a diminutive of one of the honorable ordinaries called the Bend, used as a charge upon the escutcheon. The tinctures of the scroll are usually regulated by those of the arms.

* * *

The tinctures which cover the shield are composed of metals and colors and sometimes furs. They were changed upon great occasions, sable or black being substituted as a sign of mourning, and vert or green as an illusion to a field upon which the head of a family might have been killed in battle. Each tincture was originally supposed to have an equivalent among the planets, precious stones, signs of the zodiac, months, days of the week, seasons or times of the day, the elements, the periods of life, the virtues and dispositions, the flowers and the numerals.

The metals and tinctures used in heraldry consist of the following:

Or—Gold.
Argent—Silver.
Gules—Red.
Azure—Blue.
Vert—Green.
Purpure—Purple.
Sable—Black.

Two others are sometimes added—Tenne, orange color, and Sanguine or Murrey, a deep crimson. As these two last are really stains and are very rarely met with in modern arms, more extended mention of them is not made.

* * *

Gold, heraldically termed Or, is, in addition to silver, the only metal employed in heraldic blazonry. It is represented by a brilliant yellow. Its name is taken from the Latin *aurum*, meaning gold. Ancient heraldic authorities in writing of gold state: "It doth lively represent that most excellent metal, the possession whereof enchanteth the hearts of fools and the color whereof blindeth the eyes of the wise, and as this metal exceedeth all others in value, purity and fineness so ought the bearer to endeavor to surpass all others in prowess and virtue." Its resemblance to the sun consists in the purity and lustre of its brightness. Heraldically, it is represented by the topaz, that stone having been deemed worthy "to be sette in the breast-plate of Aaron." It denoted "sincerity," and, according to Sir John Ferne, "elevation of mind," and is also supposed to represent "constancy."

* * *

Argent, or silver is, besides, the only metal employed in heraldic blazonry. For purposes of illumination silver is often represented by white. This is deemed wise for the reason that the metal soon tarnishes, while the white surface remaining free from discoloration sufficiently indicates argent. The precious stone corresponding to this tincture is the pearl, and its astronomical affinity is Luna. This metal symbolizes "peace and generosity" and "sincerity of life." It is considered "of exceeding light and purity, and was held in high esteem by sovereign princes of all nations." The ancients were accustomed to use this tincture to denote deeds well performed and worthy to be kept in memory. Silver being represented by white is of much dignity, and was held in particular esteem by the knights of the Middle Ages. It was preferred to other tinctures because it could be more easily distinguished in the field and seen at a greater distance.

* * *

The word "Gules" is Norman-French. *Ghul* in the Persian language signifies "a rose," or "rose color." It has been supposed by many to be derived from blood and, as stated by Hulme, it may be assumed that the wearer, proud of his shield besprinkled with the blood of some formidable antagonist, would determine that the ruddy coat should never again depart from his house. Gules, or red, might, in religious disputes, imply the willingness of the bearer to spill his own blood in defense of it. The red cross became a principal bearing in the Crusades or Holy Wars. Among heraldic tinctures Gules is esteemed the first.

Its corresponding precious stone is the ruby, that stone being of all the most durable. "The fire wasteth it not nor changeth its color." Its planet is Mars. The ancients refer to this planet as "the armipotent God of Battel, whose hearty desire is to be avenged with speedye boldness." It denotes military fortitude and magnanimity. It is also the martyr's color.

* * *

The term "azure" is a corruption of the Arabic "lazur" or "lapid-lazuli," a copper ore found freely in Persia, China, and elsewhere, and is the source of the beautiful color called ultramarine. It is one of the primitive colors of Nature, being that of the canopy of heaven, and it was, no doubt, introduced into heraldry to impress upon those bearing it an appreciation of its beauty and splendor. For this reason the old writers asign it a place among the most important tinctures of blazonry. It signifies "prosperous success and good fortune to the wearer in all his affayres." One writer says: "This beautiful color represents the clearness of the sky when all the clouds are exiled." Its planet is Jupiter and its corresponding jewel is the sapphire, which is said to be "a stone worthy to be worne on the fingers of princesses." "It betokeneth loyalty." It has long been held also to signify truth. It is the color devoted to the Blessed Virgin by the Catholic Church.

* * *

Vert was formerly called sinople, and it is still so termed by French writers. It has been affirmed that in olden times it was termed "prasm," from a Greek word signifying "a leek." It is but sparingly used in blazonry.

Vert is considered one of the superior tinctures, and several instances occur of its employment in the blazonry of coat-armor in the roll of arms in the time of Edward II.

Its precious stone is the emerald, "of all precious gems the most pleasing to the eye," and its planet Venus, "the beauty and loveliness of which has been said to inspire mortals with true feelings of happiness." This tincture signifies hope, joy, and sometimes loyalty in love. "Its purity and freshness is the symbol of delight." Its peculiar virtue is "continued felicity," and it is supposed to have become an armorial bearing in allusion to the beauty of "the earth clad in the livery of spring." It originally implied activity.

* * *

Purple is a compound tint of blue and red, originally intended to represent flames. It is considered a royal color and was held in such esteem that none but royal personages and those authorized by the monarch might wear it. Authority to bear it was considered a great honor. A purple robe was given to Joseph by Pharaoh as a mark of royal bounty. Armorists express this color in blazonry by the planet Mercury, and in precious stones by the Amethyst. It is supposed to represent "temperance." It denotes also royalty, majesty, sovereignty, justice and authority. It is called by the old heralds "the most majestical of colors."

* * *

The word "sable" is supposed to be derived from the Latin *sabulum* on account of "its heavy and earthy substance." An old writer says: "Sable is the tincture in heraldry which signifies meditation, solemnity and mourning. It has sometimes been borne in coat-armor with an allusion to the fatal execution of its bearer on the battlefield as a special mark of prowess, which signification, however, is not common. It is blazoned by the planet Saturn, 'that mighty ruler of the depths of time,' and its corresponding jewel is the diamond. It denotes 'prudence,' 'patience under tribulation,' and 'sorrow under bereavement.' It is also held to denote 'constancy,' and sometimes 'grief.'"

* * *

The furs used in heraldry consisted originally of but two—namely, ermine and vair. Later, however, the necessity for distinguishing the continually increasing number of coats caused the heralds to introduce six or seven other varieties of fur, named as follows: Ermines, erminois, pean, counter-vair, potent and counter-potent.

Ermine fur has black spots on a white ground; ermines has white spots on a black ground; erminois is black on gold, and pean, gold on black. Ermine is commonly met with, but its other three varieties are seldom seen. Erminite is very similar and is now never used. Ermine was considered an emblem of unsullied purity in the Middle Ages.

Hulme says: "It was an old belief that the ermine would rather die than soil its fur, and that if its place of retreat could be found, it could readily be captured by placing a little mud in front—hence the use of ermine fur for the monarch and the nobility of the nation was a symbol of purity and stainless honor that should be conspicuously placed."

"Vair is represented by a series of little shield-like or cup-like forms placed in rows and all standing erect. When they are alternately erect and reversed it is termed "counter-vair." Potent is when the field is covered with forms like the heads of crutches. When these are placed alternately erect and reversed the result is "counter-potent." Unless express mention be made to the contrary, these four forms, namely, vair, counter-vair, potent and counter-potent, are always blazoned argent and azure. Why these little crutch-like figures should have come to represent a fur does not appear, as the origin of the thing is lost. Vair was a fur or robe of state, formed by sewing together the white and gray skins of squirrels."

The wearing of fur in ancient days was considered a particular mark of dignity, and would not have formed part of the coat of any person of an inferior rank. Furs were not only used for the linings of robes and garments of state, for the linings of the mantle and for other ornaments of the shield, but were also used in the coat-armors themselves.

In addition to the tinctures and parts of an achievement of arms herein described, there are, of course, the charges proper which appear upon the shield. These are in great variety, each possessing some special significance, and a little heraldic research would amply repay all desirous of knowing the full meaning of each charge upon the family escutcheon.

Courtesy, The Page Company

THE WATCH ON THE RIO GRANDE

Texas, the Marvellous

By

Maurice Lombard

MORE thrilling than a romance and more fascinating than a "best seller" is a new book by Nevin O. Winter called "Texas, the Marvellous." In a colloquial and chatty way it tells the story of the "State of the Six Flags." If history were written as interestingly as this volume, there would be no difficulty in persuading children to study their lessons or go to school.

The frontispiece is a detail map showing each county, giving even the peculiar nomenclature of these subdivisions. One might find a number of Davis counties in the South, but Texas has a Jeff (not Jefferson) Davis County. It also has a "Tom Greene County," and up in the Panhandle there's a "Deaf Smith County," which shows that they are going to have the Smiths thoroughly identified in Texas. The full name of this man who was one of the heroes in the struggle for independence, was Erasmus Smith. The nickname was due to his infirmity—but he never was deaf to appeals for public interest. There is a "Jim Wells County," and Jim Wells still lives in the glory of a county named for him and a monument to his fame and name. There is a new county that has been christened "Jim Hogg," in honor of a former governor. In fact, there are two hundred and fifty counties in the state—none of them very small, while Hidalgo and Cameron counties in southernmost Texas would hold two and a half Delawares or one Connecticut within their borders and have room to spare.

While all the familiar traditions of Texas are included, the stories are told in a new way. The gigantic proportions of the state are again and again emphasized as the story unfolds of the early American settlements, the struggle for independence, the history of the Lone Star Republic and the Lone Star State. The wide variety of the climate and topography of this state is suggested in the varying form of government. The information oft repeated of the story of Texas gains by reiteration, but when the story is told of Sam Houston, the hero of San Jacinto, and Stephen F. Austin, the story thrills the citizen of Texas, whether native or adopted, and appeals to every red-blooded American.

The history of San Jacinto and the Alamo is told with the fascination of a war narration. And who could ever resist the spell of the story of Davy Crockett? When I looked upon his portrait and heard the story repeated in the shadows of the Alamo by one of his family, interest was whetted for all time in just such a book as Mr. Winter has presented, comprehending so completely the history of the stirring times. Replete with illustrations, not only of historic places, but of scenes that tingle with the activities of the times, the book glimpses the future as well as records the glories of the past.

Spanish explorers first colonized the Gulf Coast on New Year's Day, 1685. Chevalier de La Salle sailed into Matagorda Bay on the coast of Texas, believing at the time that it was one of the mouths

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***"Texas, the Marvellous." By Nevin O. Winter. Boston: The Page Company. Price, $3.50; carriage paid $3.75.**

Courtesy, The Page Company

HARVESTING THE COTTON IN TEXAS

FIRST HOEING OF COTTON IN THE BLACK WAXY BELT of the Mississippi River which he had discovered three years previous. He established a colony there, which he named St. Louis, in honor of the French king, but this settlement was short-lived on account of the assassination of La Salle, by one of his own men.

* * *

Texas was under Spanish rule for over a hundred years, and was governed by Mexico for fifteen. The first real invasion of the state by Americans occurred late in the year 1800 and the expedition was led by a man named Nolan. It has been said that the project was suggested by President Jefferson, who had a view of future expansion of the United States, though the expressed object was to capture wild horses. The little band was attacked by Spaniards and taken prisoners, Nolan having been killed in the skirmish. Then followed several filibustering incursions into the state. The first American pioneer in Texas who went there in a peaceable manner was Moses Austin, a native of Connecticut, who had taken up land in Missouri. His son, Stephen F. Austin, has been called "The Father of Texas." San Felipe de Austin, the colony founded by this intrepid frontiersman, still exists today. The author gives a thrilling account of "The Struggle for Independence," which reflects the spirit of the days of 1776 in the thirteen colonies.

Especially appropriate at this time is the chapter "Along the Rio Grande," which will doubtless be read with intensified interest by the thousands of young men who have returned from the watch on the Rio Grande. The book tells of certain phases of border disturbances, and describes vividly the border country.

Every phase of ranches and ranching, the varied productions of the state, the Panhandle and Staked Plain are encompassed in this book, which covers the history of Texas more interestingly and more comprehensively than any volume of its kind ever published. The early missions of Texas, although not so celebrated as those of California, are quite as notable, and around the story of the Mission Concepcion and the Alamo at San Antonio is a halo of romance that will always fascinate the lover of American history.

Texas is the one state in the Union that enjoys the distinction of having been under six flags, including the banners of three foreign powers—France, Spain and Mexico. First, the French flag, carried down the Mississippi River to the Gulf by La Salle; following was the Spanish emblem, brought by the Franciscan priests; then in succession the Mexican flag, the Lone Star emblem of the republic of Texas, and the Stars and Stripes, which was supplanted for a time by the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy.

The resources of Texas seem almost beyond computation in mere figures. The great ranges where roved the great herds of Texas steers in years gone by now pour forth a myriad of agricultural products; oil wells and artesian wells alike contribute to the wealth of the land. Were Texas as thickly settled as Holland, it would contain one hundred million human beings.

It was two hundred years after the discovery of America before Texas had a distinct official designation. The origin of the name is explained in several different ways, any one of which seems satisfactory to patriotic Americans. Some say it referred to the covering of the tents or wigwams of the Indians, the plural of which was "Tejas," the word meaning literally "land of tents." Another exegesis is that the Spanish explorers were greeted with the cry of "Tejas! Tejas!" which meant paradise. Texans, as a rule, are well satisfied with this latter explanation of the name, especially the land man conducting the excursions of homeseekers to the Southland. Many of the early Spanish manuscripts adopted the spelling "Tejas" in describing the Indian inhabitants of the Gulf shores.

Texans are naturally "boosters" for their home state. They insist that "you'll like Texas," and then proceed to prove why you should. In Texas it is felt that every man has a chance; his past, his ancestry are not questioned—he is accepted for what he is and what he can do. They are carrying on in Texas the work of our forefathers in developing opportunity for succeeding generations to make homes and in creating a citizenship staunch and steadfast for American ideals.

November

by William Edward Ross

WHEN the leaves are turnin' yellow,
So they tantalize a fellow,
An' the whole o' Nature's turnin' richly brown;
It is then that I remember
That it's 'long about November,
An' I hate th' stiflin' odor of th' town;
It is then my feet get itchin'
For the land of fields an' ditchin',
An' I hanker for th' sight of Old King Turk
As he struts the "light fantastic,"
Struts about with step elastic,
While pa stalks him with a hatchet an' a dirk.

When th' leaves are turnin' yellow,
So they tantalize a fellow,
An' th' bird-folk to th' sunny southland fly;
When th' sun in golden snatches
Dances on th' punkin patches
Where ma's picked a winnin' punkin for *the* pie;
It is then my feet get itchin'
An' my thoughts they won't stand hitchin'
But go gallivantin' 'long th' road t' hum,
And th' odors, rich, allurin',
That through life have been endurin',
From an open kitchen window seem t' come.

When th' leaves are turnin' yellow,
So they tantalize a fellow,
An' th' turkey's ceased to strut about th' yard;
When th' punkin's golden sweetness
Adds its wealth to th' completeness
Of an inspiration fit for any bard;
It is then my feet get itchin'
For a trip out to th' kitchen,
An' I long t' sniff each culinary pome—
Lawsy, children, it's Thanksgivin',
An' I'm glad that I'm a livin'
An' I'm glad th' leaves a yellowin' called me home!

When th' leaves are turnin' yellow,
So they tantalize a fellow,
An' a lump—in throat arisin'—almost chokes;
It is not th' turkey dinner
That's th' first blue-ribbon winner,
But ma's cheery cry of gladness, "Welcome, folks!"

The New York Community Chorus

by Myrle Wright

IN its present and peculiarly timely form the Community Chorus originated three years ago as the outcome of the thought and work of Harry Barnhart and Arthur Farwell. The re-action of a musician of intense democratic sympathies against the artificial and commercialized conditions of the "musical world" of America is responsible for this movement. Early in life Mr. Barnhart had operatic and concert ambitions which were in some measure gratified at a time when he saw no great progress in these directions.

During fifteen years he had organized and trained many choirs and choruses of various kinds in different parts of the United States, and on every occasion manifested an extraordinary power in inspiring and directing the people under him. But he was never able to separate himself from a most intense sympathy with the life of the people and could not forget that the concert and the opera were enjoyed by only a small minority and that the spirit of music as he knew it was still a thing denied to popular life. These questions he brought to the attention of Mr. Farwell three years ago.

The same matter had interested Mr. Farwell, who had approached it from a different angle. Trained in musical composition in Europe, his thought had been directed wholly to the abstract advancement of music, and like other composers returning from European study, he identified himself with the forces of the usual musical world. He had, however, in 1901, made a significant departure in the founding of the Wa-Wan Press at Newton Centre, Massachusetts, for the publication of progressive works by American composers which met with no interest on the part of commercial publishers. This effort to find the true creative American idea in music was one which could not broadly reach the people, although for more than ten years it gave great encouragment to composers who could find their way forward only through such an ideal enterprise.

* * *

In entering the field of the pageant and community masque Mr. Farwell found a far greater contact with people than previously, and in the writing of choruses and other works for such pageants—"Caliban" being the latest—he came directly in touch with the field in which Mr. Barnhart was working.

Mr. Barnhart reasoned that by bringing the people together they would become unified in the spirit of song, independent of any particular religion or *ism* of any kind whatsoever. He wished to begin among the people a movement utterly without pretensions, auspices or elaborations of any sort. "But," he added, "whenever I have wanted to begin this movement there has been one thing that has always come up to prevent me—the music does not exist."

This was a startling statement in view of the vast amount of choral music extant, but when one considers that a movement of this kind must be linked in its deepest issues with the nature and spirit of American democracy, it will be seen how few of the hymns and choruses of the Old World could, spiritually speaking, fit such a circumstance; not that the choral masterworks of the past could not play a great part in such a movement as Mr. Barnhart projected, but that there must always be a definite element of creative vision, something which would begin to lead at once into the new. Mr. Farwell then showed Mr. Barnhart a number of "people's hymns" which he had written for groups of people in different pageants, a new kind of song virtually as simple as the songs of Stephen Foster, with melodies which the people could learn to sing easily, but with richer harmonies that would satisfy the modern ear, to be carried by the orchestras employed in the pageants. Mr. Barnhart found these precisely what he was looking for, and the principles of the new movement were defined and actually placed on paper.

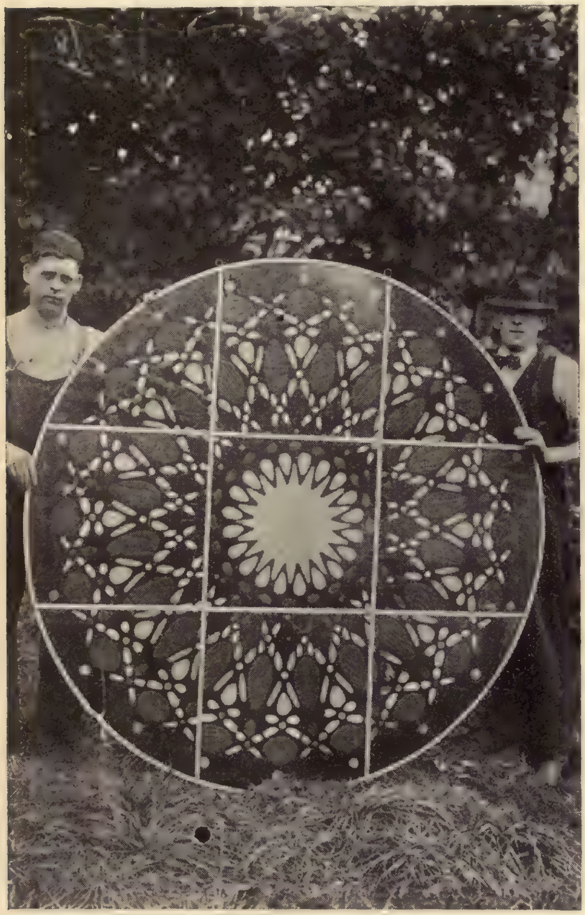
Photo by New York Edison Co.

SCREEN FOR PROSCENIUM OF LIGHT
Designed by Claude Bragdon for the New York Community Chorus

* * *

The first practical experiment in community singing was made in Rochester, New York. The opening for such a movement presented itself there by what might be regarded as a chance combination of circumstances. So strongly did the movement, headed by Mr. Barnhart, take hold and so swiftly did it surpass semi-defunct choral activities of an older sort that in the second year the various towns about Rochester decided to inaugurate the movement among their people. Mr. Barnhart thus had eight or ten community choruses at the beginning of his second year.

A distinctive point in these singing groups was that they were open to all without regard to previous vocal experience or musical training. More particularly the community chorus was a creative, forward-looking social movement, touching issues of democracy, music, recreation, community endeavor, and the spiritual life as it may be experienced in song. Mr. Barnhart soon discovered that a human force thus launched was likely to affect any issue with which the people were in any way concerned, for they needed a medium of self-expression. This meant singing in the open, which at once suggested the use of the city parks, bringing up the question of a municipal music appropriation, which in Rochester, as in other American cities and towns, had previously meant more or less perfunctory band concerts.

This same matter came before Mr. Farwell during the Gaynor administration in New York, when he was supervisor of Municipal Concerts in the Parks, and when, with the help of Park Commissioner Stover and Dock Commissioner Tompkins, he labored to enhance the character of the concerts and to clean out the graft which had brought the musical regime to a condition of scandal. In Rochester the Community Chorus at once became a political storm-center, despite the fact that it had no motive other than to bring people together to sing for the simple joy of singing. Similarly, on every hand, Mr. Barnhart found the Community Chorus exerting a stronger influence upon popular life than had been contemplated in the original idea.

Photo by New York Edison Co.

SETTING FOR SONG AND LIGHT FESTIVAL

Held by New York Community Chorus September 13 and 14. Scene from lake in Central Park, from Bethesda fountain, showing proscenium on northern shore, the light screens, also large screen in point directly opposite, the lanterns on the esplanade and in the trees; all arranged by Claude Bragdon

While the Community Chorus inaugurated various popular festivals in Rochester, its greatest triumph was a "Song and Light" night, given in Highland Park in midsummer. The Community Chorus contributed the musical element, while the "light" feature consisted of an illumination of the entire park effected by screens and lanterns designed by Claude Bragdon in exemplification of his ideas of ornamentation derived from the higher aspects of projective geometry.

In January, 1916, Mr. Farwell as director of the Music School Settlement in New York, and Mr. John Collier of the People's Institute, called a meeting which became the nucleus of a Community Chorus in New York, and Mr. Barnhart was invited to take charge of it. Weekly meetings were held during the winter in various high school halls and the Chorus gave its first public concert at the De Witt Clinton High School on April 22.

Rehearsals were attended by several hundred people to whom the movement came as a great inspiration. In the spring the Community Chorus held Sunday afternoon meetings before the regular orchestral concert in the Mall in Central Park under the auspices of the Park Department and with the hearty co-operation of the Park Commissioner, Hon. Cabot Ward. Even the onlookers were invited to sing. Song slips were distributed among them containing the words, though not the music, of many well-known songs, old and new. Mr. Barnhart made himself famous and at once became a popular figure in New York life through the remarkable characteristics which he manifested in directing these song meetings. His informal way of handling the crowd, his blunt and hearty manner of breaking down aloofness, suspicion, and egotism in the people before him immediately won him popular sympathy. These meetings were known as "sings"; the regular rehearsals of the Community Chorus were maintained on Monday evenings at the DeWitt Clinton High School. Recruits were drawn to the Chorus from the Central Park crowds and the movement grew rapidly.

To close the summer program it was decided to give a "Song and Light" festival in Central Park. Mr. Farwell, the president of the Chorus, who had intended to go west for a vacation, remained in the city to devote himself to this festival and the work of the Chorus; a similar devotion being shown on the part of Mr. W. K. Brice, Treasurer of the Chorus. Mr. Bragdon, in co-operation with the Edison Company, made a complete set of lights, both lanterns and screens, for the "Song and Light" night, which was scheduled for September 13.

By this time the number of members actually attending rehearsals had increased to about eight hundred. They had rehearsed all summer such works as "Hail! Bright Abode," the Pilgrim's Chorus from "Tannhauser," the Barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffman," and the Hallelujah Chorus. New songs were written by Mr. Farwell during the summer, notably "March! March!" an expression of the evolutionary progress of the people.

The Chorus was placed on the north shore of the lake at the head of the Mall in Central Park, the orchestra being in front of it on a platform over the water. Overhead a great proscenium of Mr. Bragdon's screens, centering about one very large one resembling the rose window of a cathedral, was arranged. High in the largest trees were hung lanterns of similar designs, and at different points of the landscape effects of striking beauty were produced by Mr. Bragdon's ingenuity. These screens were made of glass, backed by colored tissue papers held in place by lead strips. Every visible white light in the park was screened by some one of these devices, and many were placed where previously there had been no lights. Thousands of spherical Japanese lanterns were placed at various points to complete, so to speak, the framing of the entire scene.

At least some thirty thousand spectators gathered on the south shore of the lake to view this scene of magical beauty. The rising shore and high trees formed an

Photo by New York Edison Co.

"SCREEN" ON SHORE OF LAKE, CENTRAL PARK, BY DAYLIGHT

Photo by New York Edison Co.

THE SONG AND LIGHT FESTIVAL AT NIGHT

Showing the chorus, orchestra and proscenium during the festival, with Harry Barnhart conducting. There was an audience of thirty thousand on the opposite side of the lake

ideal background, which helped the sound of the Chorus and orchestra to carry well over the water. The whole effect, obtained by the simplest means, was surprisingly new and strikingly beautiful. The entertainment was, of course, free to all.

While singing "Old Black Joe," the Chorus and orchestra were suddenly silenced by Mr. Barnhart, and the song was taken up by the crowd in the darkness on the other shore of the lake. Never in concert or opera could such an impressive and deeply moving effect be possible. It was repeated again and again, ending with remarkable effect in the singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," coming directly after the Hallelujah Chorus.

The success of the "Song and Light" festival came to the city as a surprise, and the response from both public and press was of a nature to astonish and gratify the organizers of the movement. The Community Chorus has been supported by private generosity and such contributions as the members of the Chorus themselves could make. No appropriation to the Park Department from the Board of Estimate was available for furthering this work, though the significance of the movement will unquestionably recommend itself to such support in the course of time.

I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, in one of those low, sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from the sight, when, all on a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices, and the willing choir of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, "like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes."—*Hazlitt.*

In the Name of Justice

By

Harold de Polo

THE very first time I saw Graham I learned that he was a man who had a strict and rigid code of justice. I was assistant manager at a large lumber ranch down in the jungle of Mexico, Campeche. Our manager, a week previously, had gone back to "God's Country" after a good ten years of work, and the company was sending down another man.

Graham came into the main camp as the men were streaming in from the bush with their gangs of blacks and *peons*. Briggs—he was a surly devil with a nasty face—suddenly ripped out an oath and shot his fist to a *peon's* jaw as the poor fellow unintentionally brushed against him on his way to his hut to meet his family. The Mexican went down, quite cold.

Then we saw action. Graham, with his lean face flushed, his gray eyes narrowed, was off his animal on the instant. He walked briskly to Briggs' side and eyed him angrily.

"What cause had you to do that?" He snapped out his question sharply.

Briggs turned about and looked at the new manager in surprise. Also, there was a slight sneer on his lips. "What?"

"I asked what cause you had for your conduct?"

The other scowled. "Huh, the greaser knocked against me!"

"Is that all?"

The men had stopped and were looking on, interested. Briggs, always bolder before an audience, lifted his big shoulders and grinned wickedly. "Yes—that's all!" he mimicked.

I noticed a twitch of annoyance cause Graham's jaws to snap. Then, quite coolly, he doubled his fist and threw out his wiry arm. The blow caught Briggs directly on the point of the chin, and he went down in a heap.

Graham's voice was even. "Never let it occur again, please. I don't care for the unjust manner in which some of you whites treat your men—remember! That is all!"

Briggs, with a curse, flashed his hand to his hip.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," commented the new manager casually. It was noticed that he made no effort to get to his own weapon. Then, quite calmly, he turned his back and walked toward quarters, leaving the men arguing as to whether or not he had done right in knocking down a white man because of a blow given to a native. I followed to show him his room, rather glad that the new manager was a man with red blood and one who agreed with me as to the constant injustice meted out to the workers.

I think that proves my point about his being just a man above all else. He had run the risk of gaining the enmity of his men—and knew it—simply to do justice to one of his hundreds of *peons*. And a manager's life, with his own kind against him, can be made unbearable. Yes, Graham was decidedly a man who had a rigid code of justice. Anyway, that is what I wish to show here; that— But you will learn later.

As the months progressed, I found that my first estimate of him had been correct; justice came before everything. Also, he carried it out in such a calm, natural way, as if it were the only possible solution, that the men did not take it amiss and agreed that the new manager was a man whom one had to respect. He was a tall, rather slim chap, with a long, lean face, a strong, razor-edged jaw, and a pair of eyes that were absolutely unflinching. Somethimes, though, I noticed a bitter, saddened look creep over his face; but that was when he thought no one was near.

He was the kind of man to make few friends. I do not think that he was particularly—shall I say—stand-offish? I think, rather, that he had a natural reserve that was often taken in the wrong way. He treated everyone decently, and expected no more than to be treated so in return. Nevertheless, I found that we liked the same things and had more or less the same idea of the world in general. We became quite good friends, and many is the chat we enjoyed in the evening, over our pipes, relative to "God's Country" and the things back home. But then, after he had been down there some five months, came the day when I learned what justice really meant to him. This is the story.

We were at midday dinner one Sunday when we heard a horse gallop up and come to an abrupt halt. Fredericks, who owned a small rubber plantation about thirty miles away in the bush with a partner, burst into the room. He was as white as a sheet and staggering badly, while I noticed that his right wrist was bound in cloth that had a suspicious blotch of red on it.

We sprang from the mess-table, sensing trouble. Perhaps his men had revolted—a fairly common occurrence at the lumber and rubber and *chicli* camps when the masters became too hard. Yet Fredericks and his partner, Randall, were not hard men. In a moment we knew.

Fredericks spat out his words breathlessly. "There—there's been the devil to pay. Randall and I—at breakfast this morning—men away at their huts. Strange—strange chap came in. White man. Long, lean, hard-faced fellow. Held us up—wanted all the cash we had. Randall refused. Argument followed. Then—then he pulled the trigger and—and killed poor Randall in cold blood—defenceless. I grabbed my own gun. Before I could shoot he had me—caught my right wrist. Then he held me at bay. Got to our horses and went off on one—direction of the coast. My—my God, but it was horrible murder—*horrible!* Poor Randall didn't stand a chance—didn't know what was coming. I'm—I'm all in—ridden thirty miles—feeling loss of blood. Better—better send out men to scour the bush. Probably catch the cur—doesn't know the country, I— Phew! Let's—let's have a drink, please, I—" Then he collapsed.

* * *

When Graham was angry his face always went dead white. Now it was; more so than I had ever seen it, in fact. He sat there with narrowed eyes and taut lips and out-thrust jaw. "What a frightful cur! My God, shot him without the slightest warning!" Then, after a brief instant, he rose calmly and lifted his hand to still the angrily talking men. "Men, we'd better get on our horses and lose no time. If we stretch along the smaller trails leading into the main one for the coast, we can probably catch the beast. He can't get by! Come—let's hurry."

The men, again cursing the murderer, roared out with more fervor than ever and dashed from the room. In five minutes the corral was almost empty and we were making off into the bush. I rode by Graham's side, as we were to take up connecting posts.

We filed slowly along the narrow trail through the jungle that the fugitive was bound to pass. We were sure of this fact, for no man, with or without his horse, could ever hope to cut his way through that thick, black, impenetrable bush. Graham once mentioned the fact to me that it was a hard day to set out for a man with intent to take his life from him. The sun, blazing in all its tropical splendor, managed to cut its way through the heavy foliage above us—mahoganies, royal palms, rosewoods, *zapotes*. Gorgeously plumaged birds sang and flew about us, while the sharp, staccato cry of the parakeet would go constantly by. Occasionally we heard the chattering of playing monkeys; sometimes, too, the roar of the jaguar, and once a deer flashed by us. The bush, hot though it was, did seem a veritable paradise, with all its wonderful foliage of countless colors and its insistent song of animal life. It always has impressed me so, and I knew Graham felt the same way—it seemed so calm and peaceful, even though animal life was dominant.

Finally I separated from Graham, he to take up his post at a path that led onto the main trail about a quarter of a mile from me. We were to patrol them slowly. It must have been more than an hour that I rode back and forth the length of my allotted ground, and not a sight or a sound of the murderer was given me. Suddenly, on the hot, stagnant air there came a pistol report from Graham's direction—then several more in quick succession.

Like a flash I had spurs into my animal's rowels and was going madly in the direction of the shooting. It did not take me long to cover the distance. Once there, I saw Graham, on foot, doing his best to force his wiry form through the thick bush.

"What's happened?" I shouted.

"Saw the man. He shot at me—didn't get me, though. Jumped from his horse and is some place in the bush. I just saw his back. Come on—he's surely ours!"

Instantly we were both fighting our way through the thick undergrowth and prolific vines in pursuit of a crashing we heard in advance of us. Finding that no more shots came, it occurred to me that the fugitive might be out of ammunition. I mentioned it to Graham. Then, as the man in front suddenly came to a halt as he faced a bad tangle, Graham happened to get a bead on him through the trees and told him to throw up his hands or he'd be a dead man.

With a snarl of hopeless rage the other obeyed, and we were at his side in a moment.

As he turned and faced us, I received a great surprise. Graham, with a cry, dropped his hands and stood staring at the captive, open-mouthed.

"Good God! Is it you—*you, Jim?*"

The murderer, too, fell back with a gasp. "Ge—*George!*"

And so, for a moment, each stayed, staring wildly at the other with horror-stricken eyes. Undoubtedly they had been friends at one time, for I noticed, especially, the expression of extreme pain that was in Graham's eyes.

He spoke in a husky voice. "Did—is it—true that—that you—killed Randall as—they say? Killed him—without the slightest warning?"

The other, at that, dropped his head.

Graham's voice went high and unnatural as he persisted. "Tell me—*tell me!* Is—it true, Jim—*Jim?*"

The captive didn't raise his head: He spoke more like a bashful schoolboy than a man admitting murder. "Yes!"

"Then God help me—and you," said Graham, as if uttering a simple prayer.

* * *

At the words the murderer went down to his knees. He looked like a broken thing gone completely to pieces. "Give me a chance, George—give me a chance," the fellow begged, his voice really piteous. "I've been a fool—a fool all my life. I—for God's sake don't turn me over to the men. I tell you they'll string me up—they'll string me up right here! Give me a chance—give me a chance!" So he went on.

Graham, I noticed, stood over him with drawn, white face and working muscles. I believe he forgot I was there. Then he spoke. It struck me that his voice had the same tone in it as the first time we had seen him, when he had knocked down Briggs. "You deserve no chance—not the slightest chance. You're a murderer—a murderer and a coward! The penalty of killing, as you did, is to be killed. It is just—just, just! I won't let them hang you—here. You will be taken down to Laguna del Carmen and die by the hand of the law! It is justice—justice!"

The murderer clutched at Graham's knees. I noticed how weak and dissipated his face was as he shrieked out his appeal. "Give me a chance—dear God, give me a chance! George, George, you wouldn't kill me—*you wouldn't kill me, would you?*" So he continued, finally going off into an unintelligible rumble.

Still Graham shook his head, his face whiter than ever, his muscles working more perceptibly. I do not believe he could have said a word, so powerfully was he gripped by emotion. I pitied him; it was surely a hard ordeal.

Then came the sound of hoofbeats not half a mile away. It caused the captive excrutiating agony. He must have been a craven at heart from the way in which he poured out a steady stream of mumbling, imploring words. Yet all Graham did was to shake his head in that firm, decisive way. I saw that he was truly undergoing emotions that hurt him cruelly. He turned and spoke to me.

"Don't mention that we knew each other once—please," he nodded at the murderer. "It might make things harder and—and seem wrong!"

I nodded my head affirmatively.

Presently three of the men rode up. At sight of the captive they were on the ground in a moment and rushing for him fiercely, their faces crazed—for Randall had been liked and the murder had surely been a dastardly one.

"Got him, eh? Got the dirty beast! Come on, string the skunk up to the tree above his head—string him up, string him up!" And they went for him.

Graham stepped before his captive. I myself had my hand ready on my hip. It looked bad for anyone who would hold off the righteously angry men—for the creed of the bush, far away from courts and law, was that he who killed without provocation was hanged to the nearest tree when caught.

"We're not going to string him up," said Graham coolly. "It—it isn't the right kind of justice. The law must do it!"

One of the men—he was a particular friend of Randall's—laughed a harsh, strident laugh. "Won't string him up, eh? Isn't right kind of justice, eh? Let the law do it, eh? Ha—ha, ha, ha! By God, sir, it's our way with dirty killers and we're going to have it—that's all!" The others muttered approval.

Graham's eyes snapped. He raised his head proudly and clenched his right fist. "I tell you, men, that you're not going to string him up. I'll have justice above all else. I'm going to take him down to Laguna del Carmen and turn him over to the law. They'll see to him! That's all!"

"It's not all!" bellowed the men.

"It is! I'll have justice!" Graham stood straight.

There was a sudden rush as the three men threw themselves upon him, maddened and wild at being cheated of what they deemed their just prey. I saw one of them go down from a lightning-like stab of Graham's fist before I jumped in. But I had no need. Graham certainly had a terrific amount of strength, coupled with amazing speed. The two others, as I got to the manager's side, were staggering back, quite dazed.

Graham now had his revolver out, leveled. His voice was deadly cool—and deadly earnest. "Before God, men, I'll shoot the next one who interferes with his superior officer! I tell you that you'll see justice done. I intend starting immediately for the coast. I will arrive there in the morning and take the Company's launch across the lagoon and down the river. By Tuesday my prisoner will be in the hands of justice!"

The men, for a brief moment, looked as if they contemplated a combined attack on him. Then, as he stood straight and firm with his unflinching eyes and ready finger, they sullenly lowered their heads and walked silently away. In a moment their horses were trotting off through the bush, and I heard the prisoner heave a great sigh of relief and saw the muscles on Graham's face again commence working.

* * *

Graham thanked me for being ready to stand by him, shortly and sincerely, as was his way. The prisoner was strapped to a horse. Graham mounted behind him, and I led the way over the path on my own beast. I told Graham that I would accompany him, for the sake of precaution, to the main road leading to the coast. Again I vowed to myself that never had I seen a man who thought more of justice. He had risked his life—and undoubtedly gained the enmity of his men for all time—for the sake of seeing what he believed was justice done to a cowardly murderer. Justice, the thing obsessed the man, I think. I knew he had not saved him from the men because of their once being friends—it was simply that he considered it just.

Fortunately, on the way to the main

road we were not interrupted by any of the others, as they were undoubtedly far behind us and knew nothing of the capture. I was very glad of this, for it was the one thing I had feared. The second meeting—or perhaps third—might have ended disastrously for Graham.

All during the ride I heard him conversing with his prisoner. I wondered when they had known each other and just what good friends they had been. The captive seemed to be imploring Graham, for old-times sake, to let him make his escape. He was firmly and repeatedly denied. Once or twice, also, I caught a bitter, hopeless note in Graham's voice that made me believe they had in all probability been very close to one another and that he was feeling the strain of taking him to his death. Then, just as we came to the main trail, I knew that it was so.

"My God, Jim, why did you do it—why?" I heard Graham groan. "How did you sink so low, Jim? It's hard—it's hard! Dear God, but it's hard on me!"

Then he branched off and left me, saying that he would be back as soon as possible and bidding me not get into any trouble on his account by upholding his actions. And I rode into camp knowing that poor Graham was having a task that must have been torture in taking a man who had once been his friend to the death of a murderer that awaited him.

* * *

It was Thursday evening before Graham returned. We were in the big messroom eating supper, and the talk suddenly came to a halt as the manager entered the room. The conversation, chiefly, had been about his action in regard to Randall's murderer; they still harped on his cheating them.

At his entrance I unconsciously rose to my feet, my eyes wide. Seldom in my life have I seen such a change in a man. He had been gone just four days. When he left he had been a tall, wiry bundle of muscle, with a strong, powerful face and a pair of eyes as steadfast as any I had ever known. Now, indeed, his face was drawn and thin and white so that it seemed odd a man with life would possess it; also, those resolute gray eyes of his were bloodshot an nervous, with a frightened, hunted look in them. His frame, too, was stooped a trifle, while his shoulders were hunched forward as if with a great burden. It is a hard thing to picture with mere words, but he looked like a broken creature.

Yet he spoke in his usual voice. "Justice has been done, men; I turned him over to the court. His sentence will be death. Justice has been done—justice, justice!"

It was Briggs who spoke, I believe. He saw that he would probably have the sympathy of the men with him. "Justice—justice, eh? Ha, ha! What good does that do us? *We* wanted to give him justice, by God—give it to him as we've always given it to murderers! You cheated us!" I knew he said it chiefly in revenge for the blow he had once received, for he was a brute who cared not for right at all.

I snapped at him to keep quiet. None of them knew that the murderer had once been Graham's friend. But, before the words were out of my lips, almost, Graham spoke again. It was the first—and incidentally, the last—time that I had ever seen him lose his reserve entirely. His voice went high and weird as he clenched his fists and shook them in the air. His face, too, was like a madman's.

"Cheated you—*cheated you?* God—cheated *you?* Do you know what it's meant *to me?* No, no—you don't! The man I took down there—took down to his murderer's death—was—*my brother!*

"Cheated you—cheated you! God, how I've suffered! I tell you that we were inseparable—that we loved each other! Then poor Jim went bad—he went bad and we lost sight of him. I saw justice done, though—I saw justice done, though I had to take my own brother to his death! God, how he begged—how he begged and begged and begged for life on the way down! But I saw justice done—justice, justice!"

He stopped, quite suddenly, apparently regaining his self-control entirely. For a moment he stood looking at the quiet men with their heads now solemnly lowered before his grief. Then, with a deep intake of breath, he raised his own head high, threw back his shoulders, and walked from the mess into his own room.

I pitied him for the pain he carried in the name of justice!

Tributes to King Albert

by

George Willoughby

AMONG the real treasures of my library is the "King Albert's Book." It is so different from all other books, as it is a tribute not only to a man and a king, but to an ideal as well. Within its less than two hundred pages is found an outburst of idealism and sentiment that is unequalled.

The introduction was written by Mr. Hall Caine and the first edition appeared at Christmas time, 1914. It was prepared on behalf of the proprietors of the *Daily Sketch*, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Glasgow Herald*. Hearst's International Library Company is the exclusive authorized publisher for the United States, and the publishers' profits from the sale will go to the Belgian fund.

Bound in appropriate Belgian blue, the book is one that will be taken up again and again, and will, no doubt, in future years be looked upon as a rose appearing among the thorns of warfare.

Representative men and women throughout the world—princes, statesmen, diplomats, ecclesiastics, scholars, scientists, literati, artists, composers, etc.—all have contributed to this symposium of tribute. Profusely illustrated both in color and in black and white, it is truly a "thing of beauty," and the index of contributors in itself is an interesting glimpse of "who's who" in the realms of statecraft, literature and art of the world of culture not included in Germany's "Kultur."

An autographed introduction by Premier Asquith, dated at Downing Street, Whitehall, for brevity and breadth of purpose might have been penned by Abraham Lincoln. The tribute from Hon. Arthur Balfour is followed by Rudyard Kipling's ringing lines, "The Outlaws." The expressions of the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Grey; Lord Hardinge, Viceroy of India, and Sir Reginald Wingate precede a painting in soft colors of Her Majesty, Queen Mary, by John Lavery, R. S. A. Premier Borden of Canada pays his tribute, which is followed by a poem of Alfred Noyes; a tabloid essay by Frederic Harrison, to say nothing of the words of Lord Kitchener the soldier, the poem of William Watson, and the graceful tribute of Hon. Joseph H. Choate, former Ambassador to Great Britain from the United States.

"One Who Never Turned His Back," by Robert Browning, was chosen as the motif of a stirring song contributed by Alexander C. Mackenzie. "The Walls of Old England" is a painting in soft tones by Sir E. J. Poynter, P. R. A., and "Resurgam" by Frank Dicksee, R.A., depicts a figure in coat of mail, lifting aloft the flag and the cross from the encroaching flames which cast their lurid glow over the entire picture. "Motherless," by Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., pictures a bereaved father holding on his knee a small child wrapped in a ragged blanket.

Arnold Bennett pays tribute to "a crowned monarch who has earned a nation's affection perhaps more nobly than a nation's affection was ever earned before." "The Crown of Peace," by Sir W. B.

Richmond, R. A., is a symbolical painting in tones of pink and orange. "Pour La Patrie" by Victor Hugo is set to martial music by Andre Messager. Ella Wheeler Wilcox contributes a characteristic poem on "Belgium," followed by a most charming painting of "The Harvest Moon," by Sir E. A. Waterlow, R. A. "Justice," in black and white is a notable charcoal study by Solomon J. Solomon, R. A.

"Reveille," by John Galsworthy, is an allegorical prose poem of wonderful beauty and significance. "St. George and the Dragon," by Briton Riviere, a new treatment of an old subject, pictures St. George lying on the ground spent and exhausted, his horse and the salient dragon at his feet. Andrew Carnegie pays characteristic tribute to the courage of the Belgians, and Henri Bertson says, "A deed like this redeems the worst meannesses of mankind. It makes one feel more proud of being a man."

* * *

A hymn to Belgium composed by Frederic H. Cowen as a setting for John Galsworthy's poem "Hail," is followed by a poem by Eden Philpotts, "To Belgium." Arthur Rackham, R. W. S., has contributed his painting, "Unconquerable," in which the figure of a woman stands triumphant amidst ruin and devastation, raising aloft to the sun the tattered remnants of her beloved flag. An angel placing the laurel crown upon the brow of a dying soldier is depicted in "On the Field of Honour," by Howard Chandler Christy, which follows tributes from Cardinal Gibbons and William J. Locke. Marie Corelli, in her poem based upon a verse from the Song of Solomon, reaches great heights.

Each page carries a name known the world over. A most attractive painting of "Louvain Cathedral" before its destruction is contributed by W. L. Bruckman. Mrs. Humphrey Ward describes All Saints Day, 1914, in the valley of the Chilterns, and Sir Thomas Brock, R. A., in his "And for the Fallen," presents a picture of the aftermath of battle. Edmund Dulac's untitled impressionistic painting is vivid in its significance.

"Carillon," a stirring waltz by Edward Elgar, O. M., was inspired by the poem "Chantons, Belges, Chantons," by D'Emile Cammaerts. Sir Gilbert Parker expresses his admiration in ringing lines: "while Time tells its story the torch that Belgium lighted will burn, and the hands of the King that held it aloft will be honoured among men." Sir Herbert Tree's contribution is in the form of a playlet, followed by a pen and ink sketch of a forlorn little boy by Charles Dana Gibson. Gertrude Atherton's tribute is opposite the impressionistic painting "The Gloomy Thick Wood," by Kay Nielsen. "The End of Little Belgium" is the subject of a dissertation by Robert Hichens, in which he insists that the spirit of the Belgians is unconquerable.

The plaintive song, "By the Lake," by Liza Lehmann brings memories of the days of the gay opera. Sir H. Rider Haggard follows William Dean Howells in bowing before the shrine of the simple, modest hero who stands on the banks of the River Yser. Maxfield Parrish's "Dies Irae" is a shining example of his inimitable color and detail.

"Vive le Roi Albert!" writes Sarah Bernhardt in a most characteristic tribute. "A Study" by Seymour Lucas, R. A., is followed by expressions from Jack London, Alfred Sutro, a hymn by Charles Villiers Stanford, a charming eulogy of King Albert by Camille Saint-Saens; "Sympathy," a drawing by James Montgomery Flagg; and tributes by Lord Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England, and Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian historian.

* * *

There is no country that can better sympathize with Belgium than Poland, and Paderewski expresses this in a few eloquent lines that are intensely appealing. M. Jusserand likens little Belgium to David in his struggle against Goliath, and E. H. Sothern pays poetic tribute to "Elizabeth of Belgium." Edward German's hymn of homage and Joseph Pennell's sketch of the smoke-belching chimneys of Charleroi add to the interest of the book.

Winston Churchill, now in the trenches, writes with all the fire and vigor of his mother's American blood. In "The Largest Window in the World," Gilbert K. Chesterton has made another notable contribution to literature, while Claude

KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM

Debussy's melodic "Berceuse Heroique" is an addition to the music of the world. "A Glass of Wine with Caesar Borgia," a vividly colored painting by the Hon. John Collier, would seem to suggest that the unbridled passions and blood lust of the days of the notorious Lucretia, still run riot, even in these supposedly enlightened times.

The book might be called a reflection of the mental attitude of the world—from Spain comes the tribute of Don Antonio Lopez Monez; from Italy, that of the late Tomasso Salvini; from Sweden, that of Hjalmer Barnting. "Lamentation" is a tone poem by P. E. Lange-Muller; "St. Michael of Belgium," a beautiful symbolical painting by J. J. Shannon, R. A. Anatole France, with the passionate appreciation of a Frenchman, says, "My country owes a debt of gratitude to King Albert and his people which they will ever hold sacred."

"La Belgique, 1914" is an illustration by Bernard Partridge of a verse from the Lamentations of Jeremiah the Prophet. Harrison Fisher contributes the picture of a maiden with tearful eyes. "She Comes Not," by Herbert Trench and Johan Backer-Lunde, is a song of rare beauty. A. D. McCormick, R. A., gives his splendidly vivid painting of "The Death of Admiral Blake," and L. Raven-Hill's cartoon of two cockneys discussing the Kaiser has a droll humor of its own.

Perhaps the most pathetic of all the vast array of paintings is "The Belgian of Tomorrow," by William Nicholson. It pictures a small boy, ragged and unkempt, standing in the light streaming through the window of a wrecked room, striving to lift a large rifle which is much heavier than he for the defense of his ruined and devastated home.

A most fitting conclusion is furnished by Maurice Maeterlinck, when he expresses his gratitude to the editor:

> It is not for me to sing the glories of my little country at this moment, and indeed you have done so yourself with such a true and novel eloquence that it would be difficult to add anything to your Introduction. Your words brought tears to my eyes. They bear the highest testimony we can hope for in history, for they speak in the name of a great people to whom honor, loyalty, faith to solemn covenants, and silent, tenacious, invincible courage have always been the very law of life. With all my heart, thank you!

Out of the blackness of the pall that has hung over Europe the past two years there appears a star which would seem to herald a new order of things. Never before in all history has a like tribute been paid to a man and years may pass before the combined genius of these countries shall again respond so heartily, so readily and so nobly. Like the Magi in days a-gone, the world's most notable figures in art, literature and statecraft have come to pay their tribute to a king who represents not himself alone, but an ideal, and whose bleeding country was the manger in which was born a new civilization, fulfilling Tolstoi's prophecy of the "tall-blue-eyed prince who shall come out of the north" to remain the central figure of the tragic world holocaust.

Heroism is no extempore work of transient impulse—a rocket rushing fretfully up to disturb the darkness by which, after a moment's insulting radiance, it is ruthlessly swallowed up—but a steady fire, which darts forth tongues of flame. It is no sparkling epigram of action, but a luminous epic of character.—*Whipple.*

Thanksgiving Day

by Nixon Waterman

O RIPE, round year! Like a mellowed rhyme
  Told in the twilight's dew and dusk,
Rich with the scent of rose and thyme,
  Blent with the garden's mint and musk,
Is the harvest song when the tasks are done
  And the autumn fields of brown and gray
Are sombre, signs of the riches won
  For the joy of glad Thanksgiving Day.

April coy, with a dash of rain—
  Tears of joy from her sunny eyes—
Hiding her face in a silver skein,
  And a rainbow gladding all the skies!
May in her comely beauty blest,
  Putting the good, kind earth in tune;
Then field and forest richly dressed
  In the rarest, fairest robes of June.

Then comes July with her ardent rays,
  And over the earth a ripeness steals;
Till, with her lingering, languorous ways,
  Comes August yellowing all the fields:
Then bright September reigns her whiles,
  Till brown October holds her sway;
And then November wreathed in smiles
  Comes bringing the glad Thanksgiving Day.

Seed and soil and sun and shower,
  Each one doing his happy part,
Bringing the gifts of fruit and flower,
  But best of all is a thankful heart—
A thankful heart that is quick to trace
  The golden blessings along the way
That leads through the land of bounteous grace
  To the joy of glad Thanksgiving Day.

Mifflin versus Justice

by Robert Oliver Walters and Guy Lincoln Ralston

WESTERN UNION messenger 142 was Henry O'Neill. Look carefully at the next one you meet and you will have his description. He needed, and oh, so earnestly desired a bicycle to aid him in his work, but he had no money with which to buy a bicycle, or cigarettes, or a catcher's mitt, or bean soup and lemon-custard pie, or a revolver, or baseball tickets, or a new pair of shoes, or any other luxury.

George, who was Henry's "kid brother," was ill with typhoid fever. Pinched with poverty and striving incessantly to keep down expenses at their humble home on D Street, his mother needed all Henry could earn and more. It was nothing new for him to skip lunches and movies and carry all his wages and tips home to her, besides a few items of carfare stolen bit by bit from the company by means of running long distances instead of riding, then cashing in the resultant surplus of street car tickets.

Joe Deal, the tolerant delivery clerk, advised Henry to buy a bike. "Get it on payments," said Deal. "You can pay a dollar a week and you'll double your pay by faster work. It'll pay for itself."

"Sure," replied Henry, "lend me the first dollar."

Deal grinned. "Beat it!" he said.

* * *

Henry O'Neill, a sheaf of telegrams in his hand, was "beating it" along Fourth Avenue when he suddenly beheld, in a store window a sign that stopped him like a well-swung sandbag. The sign read:

> THIS AUTOMOBILE, HARRINGTON 6-50
> WILL BE RAFFLED
> FOR THE
> Benefit of the Associated Charities
> TICKETS, 10 CENTS
> Drawing 2 p.m., Saturday, November 7

Henry pondered a moment. He looked at the Harrington 6-50, a beautiful, shiny car. Inwardly he remonstrated, as many another has done—at the hell of wanting ten cents, and not having it. He was broke. November 7 was tomorrow, Mom would never lend him a dime for such a hair-brained scheme—pay-day was not until Tuesday, and not a five-cent tip in prospect.

"Must be worth a thousand dollars," thought Henry. "Gee! If I could only win it. Happy days! I'd sell it and buy the bike, and send the kid to the hospital, and then I'd send them both on a vacation to the country or somewhere, and that ice-box that Mom wants so bad and two books of ice-tickets, too."

When Henry returned to the office, Deal met him and inquired confidentially who had won the game. Despite this guying, the Harrington 6-50 remained persistently in the boy's thoughts. All day it worried him. At 4.30, as he was preparing to start on his last trip for the day, he cast pride into the waste-basket and asked the delivery clerk for a loan of ten cents, offering his next pay-envelope as security.

Deal looked keenly at Henry's face, then passed out the dime with a sneaking movement. "Don't you dare tell any of those other kids I let you have this," he ordered. "This is the first touch today, out of nineteen attempts. A delivery clerk would have to be a National Bank with a seven-million-dollar surplus and no examiners if he loaned you kids everything you ask for."

"I'll pay it back," said Henry earnestly.

"You just bet your sweet young life you will," Deal stated. "I'll attend to that part of it."

* * *

At 5.30 P.M. Henry delivered the last telegram. He was then on the South Side, nearly two miles from the Harrington 6-50, but he made the distance in twenty-five minutes, bursting excitedly and with red, perspiring face and shining eyes on the vision of the clerk who sold the raffle tickets.

"I want a chance on that automobile," gasped Henry.

"All right, but hurry up. I'm ready to close the store and go home. Pick the lucky one, Mr. Hesitation Waltz, and get the niftiest car extant."

Many numbers remained unsold and the choice was a hard one for Henry to make. Disturbed by the merciless commuting clerk's comments, Henry soon chose the ticket marked 14563, handed over his dime, and left the store.

"Come around at two bells tomorrow afternoon," called the clerk as he hurried up the street. She goes to the lucky number at 2. 15 sharp. Get over early and avoid the rush."

Henry O'Neill arrived home all tired out, too weary to eat—a fact which caused his mother to look at him anxiously and closely, her eyes indicating plainly the troubled state of her mind.

"Mom, I ain't hungry," he said. "My feet hurt awful bad. I must 'a' walked a million miles today. These shoes are all worn to flinders. How's George?"

"Just the same, dear. The doctor doesn't say much. I bought a dime's worth of ice for the ice bags today—it's there in the tub. The doctor says we must have it every day for three or four weeks, but I do wish we had an ice box to keep it in—surely it would last longer then. Try to eat something, Henry, and go to bed."

"Go to bed nothing! You go on to bed yourself. I am going to sit up with George. You're all in, Mom, and you've just *got* to rest yourself. We can't have you sick, too."

He put his arms about his mother's shoulders and kissed her, and, because both were tired with the work of the long day, they cried a little. After that they felt better. Henry persuaded his mother to retire, then went into the room where George lay.

George looked at his visitor, smiled cheerfully, and said, "I'm the devil; who are you?"

Henry soothed the sick lad into a restless sleep with a guarded story, told in low tones, of the stirring scenes he had witnessed in the busy outside world that day.

Once George raised his head from the pillow and cried sharply, "Henry, don't drop that paint—be careful!" After a moment, with a long choking sob, he settled back into sound slumber.

Bye and bye Henry fell asleep on his chair. He dreamed a dream. He saw himself enter the store where the raffle was to take place. He saw distinctly that the ticket he carried in his hand bore the number 14653. A tall man, wearing black clothes, jumped up on a table and called out, "The winning number is 14653. Who holds number 14653?" And, as Henry tried to shout to the tall man, someone in the crowd clutched at him and wrestled with him, trying to tear the lucky ticket from his grasp.

His mother stood beside him. "Go to bed," she whispered. "I think George is better. It's two o'clock now, and you must get your sleep. I'll sit up with George."

* * *

On the following morning Henry's mind was a strange riot of dream and reality. On his way to the office he stopped at the raffle store. "Can I trade my ticket in for another?" he asked.

"What's the matter—want your money back?" questioned the clerk, only half understanding the excited boy.

"No. I want to change numbers. I have 14563. I want 14653. Can I trade?"

"Surely, if the other isn't gone," replied the clerk, looking carelessly over the number-sheet. "It is, though. Sold yesterday morning, before you bought yours." The clerk grinned. "Did you have a hunch on it, kid?"

Henry's shoulders drooped. "Who got it?" he demanded.

"Great Scott! I'll never tell you. Why, we've sold thousands of 'em. Let's see—wait a minute—yes, I'll tell you. I know who got the other, if I can remember. Grouchy guy. Comes in here often. Bought twenty chances all in a row yesterday morning. Mullin? Mulford? No, that's not right. Mifflin! That's it, kid. Mifflin got that ticket, and say, your hunch is certainly working overtime for you or I'd never have remembered. Know Mifflin?"

"Yes," said Henry dully, "829 Snell Building—handles real estate. All right; thanks," and he turned away.

* * *

Later that morning the delivery clerk asked Henry if he felt sick or if he thought he was getting too old to work. The boy, discouraged, wanting sympathy, told of the raffle and the dream.

"Well," said Deal, "get another hunch, can't you? Old Mifflin has seventeen automobiles now—and never was known to take any person for a ride in one of them. G'wan over there and ask him to swap tickets with you. Tell him about the hunch and he'll do it. Anybody would. I'll give you twenty minutes, so beat it."

Mr. James B. Mifflin, pompous, fat, apoplectic, glared at Henry O'Neill. "A peculiar request," he roared. Henry jumped, felt cold chills mounting his spine, and turned toward the door. "Wait a minute," shouted Mr. Mifflin. "I've seen you before somewhere. Aren't you the boy that found me at the ball game last summer—with the cablegram? White envelope instead of yellow. Remember?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Henry O'Neill."

"Well, Henry O'Neill, I owe you something of a debt. Here's the famous 14653. Give me your 14563. What on earth do you want with a car?"

"Sell it," returned Henry promptly.

"Yes? Then what?"

"Oh, I can use the money," said Henry without a smile.

"No doubt," said Mr. Mifflin as, after a sneaking glance at Henry's shoes, he turned back to his desk. "I wish you luck," he yelled as Henry disappeared.

* * *

At 2.17 P.M., as the war correspondents, looking at greater tragedies would say—at almost exactly 2.17 P.M. the action began. It lasted eight minutes.

A short, wheezy man mounted the counter. Standing there above an eager, noisy, jamming crowd, he waved with his silk hat for silence. A tiny girl, dressed in white, was lifted up beside him. She was blindfolded and was told to draw a slip of paper from the hat.

"Now read the number," said the wheezy man, removing the bandage from her eyes.

"One—four—five—six—three—"

"Yes?"

"That is all."

"The winning number is 14563," shouted the wheezy man. "Who holds number 14563?"

Henry O'Neill looked down at the ticket in his hand. It read quite plainly "14653," and then it became a fuzzy white blur. His eyes acted queerly and he could not see the number at all.

But Mr. Mifflin, owner already of some three or four big cars and at least one roadster, saw *his* ticket quite clearly. Perhaps he also caught a glimpse of something else. He moved forward, shoving his way through the crowd. "I have the ticket," he announced, loudly and jubilantly.

The wheezy man examined it. "Yes, sir," he said. "What name, please?"

"Henry O'Neill," shouted Mr. Mifflin.

A RAMBLE *in* BOOKLAND

WHEN Rupert Brooke, the young English poet who met an untimely end in the war, first visited America he wrote a series of letters of his impressions, which were published in the *Westminster Gazette*, and have now been republished by Charles Scribner's Sons, in a book entitled "Letters from America,"* with an introduction by the late Henry James. The letters are written in a humorous vein, and illustrate how strangers view things which we regard as commonplace, such as the impression created by the Statue of Liberty, of which Brooke wrote: "It is fine, until you get near enough to see its clumsiness." As he gazed at it, a hand fell on his shoulder and a hearty voice said: "Look hard at that, young man. That's the first time you've seen Liberty, and it will be the last until you turn your back on this country again." In which saying there is truly much food for reflection. New York evoked wonder and a grudging admiration, and yet it had its amusing side for him also. The electric signs and trolley cars seemed to him particularly expressive of the spirit of America. Boston and its people reminded him of England, and a football game at Harvard College elicited more comment than the city itself, perhaps because it was more of a novelty to him. Being an Englishman, he would, of course, visit Montreal and Ottawa, Quebec, and the Saguenay, Niagara Falls, and all the show places of the Dominion. In Winnipeg he left the cities and went northward to a lodge, where he met with a heterogeneous company of Swedes, Germans, Welsh, Italians and Poles, not forgetting the American Indian, to whom he has devoted one letter. From America he went to the South Seas and visited Samoa, where he found that there's "more than luck or German wisdom at the bottom of the happy condition of Samoa," and though they had no complaint against the Germans, the people seemed to have a highly flattering preference for the English.

* * *

A detective story that you'll sit up half the night to finish is "Curved Blades,"* by Carolyn Wells. Miss Lucy Carrington is a wealthy woman, with an ungovernable temper, which her nephew and business manager Haviland, her niece Pauline, and Miss Frayne, her paid companion, who live with her, find it hard to endure. The opening chapter depicts her as trying to fascinate Count Charlier. One morning she is found dead sitting placidly in her chair facing her dressing table; in one hand the glove of the French Count, around her neck a paper snake—she hated snakes—and upon her face a peaceful smile. First one and then another of the characters is suspected, and the mystery is apparently unsolvable, as clues lead so many different ways, and sufficient motive might be attributed to each suspect. To add to the tangle, the dead woman's jewels are left untouched, which proves that the murder was not committed for robbery.

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*"Letters from America." By Rupert Brooke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.35 net.

*"Curved Blades." By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, $1.25 net.

Fleming Stone, to whom Miss Wells has introduced us several times before, solves the mystery and incidentally falls desperately in love with Pauline, to whom the finger of suspicion points most convincingly. Not a small phase of the mystery is the connection between the title "Curved Blades" and the murder—but this, as well as everything else, is cleared up by Fleming Stone.

* * *

Lovers of Goethe will welcome the appearance of the drama of his life as told in "Goethe's Life-Poem,"* by Denton J. Snider, who sympathetically relates the story of the beloved German poet from his young manhood to the time of his passing.

He was brought up in an atmosphere of literature, and from early youth he wrote poetry, in which he was encouraged by his parents. His life at the Universities of Leipzig and Strassburg was more or less irregular, and his contempt for the whole professorate and his revolt against their instruction was a logical result of the sternness of his bringing up. In later life he worked in association with Schiller, and he spent his declining days at Weimar, where he died in 1832.

* * *

If all men are brothers, they ought to act like brothers, is the idea upon which is built the story "Of One Blood,"† by Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps." At the George Stone Oratorical Contest, the contestants were of many races, and the first prize was won by a young man of negro blood, the son of a slave, while the second was given to Rufus Sevier, an American Highlander, and the third place fell to Andrew Strauss, of Jewish blood. There was much discussion as to the outcome, and Philip Stone, disappointed at his failure to win one of the coveted prizes, accused the negro, Elijah Ransome, of having stolen some of his essay from Wendell Phillips. Afterwards Elijah is exonerated from the charge, and as the outcome of the incident, the Cosmopolitan Club of Lincoln College is formed, having for its members men of the various races represented in the roster of the college, pledged to defend one another from unjust or discriminating action taken on purely race prejudice grounds. Through their later life they stand by each other and finally, after the lapse of some years, the remaining members of the society meet, call the roll, and find that their hearts are united in the common brotherhood for which they stand in purpose.

* * *

At last a sequel has been written to "Betty's Virginia Christmas," and the new book, "Betty at Fort Blizzard,"* a complete story in itself, is a delightful romance of army life. Of course it takes the combination of a dashing lieutenant—with "something besides his pay"—the pretty charming daughter of the commanding officer, Christmas Eve balls, exhibition drills and music rides, to make a really satisfactory army love story, and this is just what Molly Elliot Seawell has given us. There is Colonel Fortescue, somewhat stern perhaps, but kind-hearted nevertheless, wrapped up in his pretty daughter Anita. Betty, his wife, is as gay and happy and beautiful as ever, despite the ownership of a grown-up son and daughter, and the After-Clap, who helps along the love affair of Anita and Lieutenant Broussard, and is the especial pride and care of Kettle. After experiencing the many snags that in one form or another are incidental to every courtship—in this case stern parent, separation, suspicion and misunderstandings—Broussard wins Anita, and there is the prospect of a happy wedding at Fort Blizzard in the far northwest. Little Sergeant McGillicuddy and his capable spouse, who looks after everyone, and their encounters with Kettle, introduce a happy touch of humor. The story is written in an easy, natural manner, and the characters are charmingly portrayed. One cannot help wishing that there will be an opportunity in the future to follow the further fortunes of the Fortescue family. The book, with its red cover and colored illustrations, has an attractive Christmas appearance, and is most appropriate for a gift book.

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*"Goethe's Life-Poem." By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Company. Price, $1.50 net.

†"Of One Blood." By Charles M. Sheldon. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price, $1.25 net.

*"Betty at Fort Blizzard." By Molly Elliot Seawell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, $1.50 net.

* * *

With distinctly human perversity, Chloe Malone, the heroine of Fannie Heaslip Lea's new book, "Chloe Malone,"* after having decided to marry "money" for the sake of her mother, becomes engaged to a rich young man who is very much in love with her, but soon finds that her interest is held by Wheeler, a young entomologist of much ambition and slender means, whom she meets under quite romantic circumstances. Wheeler awakens Chloe to a realization of her butterfly existence, and she immediately tries to "reform" her fiance from his easy-going ways. One is constrained to sympathize with this young man, for he has the idea that because of his wealth, he should stay out of the game and give somebody else a chance—not so bad a philosophy at that, although popular opinion holds to the contrary.

The scene of the tale is in New Orleans, which lends to it a charming atmosphere of the old French aristocracy. Chloe's father, who died when she was small, was an irresponsible Irishman, and her mother a Frenchwoman. The girl herself is a refreshing and attractive personality, a type of the real old-family Southern girl.

* * *

Of recent years novels dealing with the life of America's highest society have not been as plentiful as those dealing with the demi-monde and New York Bohemian resorts. So it is a pleasure to welcome a book that is not reeking with the usual saccharine sentimentality and meaningless maunderings. "Man Proposes,"† by Eliot H. Robinson, though in a way a "triangle" story, surely proves that a love and adventure story can be clean and wholesome and interesting at the same time. Its beginning reminds us somewhat of "The Chief Legatee," one of Anna Katharine Green's resurrected books, but only in the fact that a young bride leaves her husband on her wedding day. Roland Willard, Boston society man, has married Margaret Lee, of the famous Virginia family of that name. She leaves him on the eve of their honeymoon, and secretly enters, through her lawyers, a suit for divorce. Willard, who is deeply in love with her, does not understand her action and seeks a reconciliation. Being rebuffed and unable to trace his wife, farther than "somewhere in Newport," he enlists the help of a young clerk in a Boston law office, John Alden Shaw. The plan is for Shaw to enter into Newport society, find the lady and reconcile her to her husband. Though not rich, Shaw's culture, natural refinement, ability to participate in society sports, especially tennis, and personal acquaintance, through Harvard association, with two or three of Newport's Four Hundred, secure for him an entry into the inner circles of Newport society. Here, as fortune favors the brave, he finally

ILLUSTRATION FROM "MAN PROPOSES"
"I went to my place with the cold determination to win that match"

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[*] "Chloe Malone." By Fannie Heaslip Lea. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.35 net.

[†] "Man Proposes." By Eliot H. Robinson. Boston: Page Company. Price, $1.25 net.

meets the object of his search, but in doing so follows in the footsteps of John Alden of old—inadvertently falls in love with Margaret Willard and pleads his own cause. He does this innocently enough, to be sure, for to preserve the secret of her retreat and not finding it easy to immolate herself from the life of pleasure and activity to which she has been accustomed, she and her sister have changed names. Shaw's avowal of his love for her and her reciprocation of it precipitates a disclosure of her real identity. In the blase state of the world today—that is the world that is talked about in the newspapers—Margaret would have obtained her divorce and soon after married Shaw. However, being a young woman of higher ideals, she does the unexpected thing and decides to return to her husband. Also, being a woman, she cannot keep a secret, and it is not long before Willard discovers that his wife loves Shaw. At first he is incensed, but with generous fairmindedness makes a proposition for a three-years' separation, at the expiration of which time she is to choose between the two. We would rather leave the outcome of the story for the reader to discover, and in making that discovery we will assure him—or her—a lot of good reading. Lovers of tennis will certainly enjoy the description of the championship tennis match which Mr. Robinson gives in the course of the story. Mr. Robinson, by the way, is an expert on tennis matters, and writes of the game as an authority.

* * *

In "Little Billy Bowlegs,"* Miss Emilie Blackmore Stapp has told a winning story of a quartette of ragged newsboys, and Miss Betty, a reporter on the *Evening Sun*, whom they adored. Billy and his friends, Pete, Skinny and Jake, are real boys, and the interest shown in them by the warm-hearted Miss Betty is shared by all who read the book.

EMILIE BLACKMORE STAPP
Author of "Little Billy Bowlegs"

Little Billy Bowlegs with his shock of red hair and his brave heart, makes an appeal all his own, and "Pete's Soul" is a gentle preachment against "things as are." "A Hospital Shirt Tale" gives a pathetic glimpse into the hearts of these little ragamuffins, while "The Rescue of Molly McGuire" is winningly true to boy nature. Perhaps the most appealing of them all is the last chapter in which Skinny tries to reinstate himself in Miss Betty's favor by manufacturing "scoops," which he had heard the young lady say "would please her more than anything." Disastrous results were inevitable, but Miss Betty appreciated the fact that the boy's efforts in her behalf were honest and sincere.

It would not be difficult to imagine the author herself in the role of Betty Wadsworth, as Miss Stapp is "Happy Tribe Editor" of the Des Moines *Capital*, and the originator of the famous Go-Hawk Happy Tribe, which numbers as its members children in almost every state. The volume is dedicated to the late James Whitcomb Riley, who was first Big Chief of the Go-Hawk Happy Tribe.

* * *

A new theory for success in life has been advanced by Mr. R. Sturgis Ingersoll in his book "Open that Door!"* Mr. Ingersoll contends that you have only to consult the literature of the world to gain an understanding of life. Literature is the key to the door of life for those who wish to open. Even fiction reading may become an influence for good if rightly applied, and the chapter on "History and Your Vote" will make you a wise man—or woman, if you've sense enough to live in a suffrage state—on election day. Live what you read and you will get the good things out of literature—but, it might be added, you can't be too careful what you read.

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*"Little Billy Bowlegs." By Emilie Blackmore Stapp. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.00 net.

*"Open that Door!" By R. Sturgis Ingersoll. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.00 net.

* * *

Because Janet Pierce* was not satisfied with the position her husband was able to give her, she insists, against the advice of her lawyer and members of her family, and with but half-hearted acquiescence of her husband, upon his going into business for himself. To that end she sells some high-grade stock, and with the capital Butler Pierce goes into business with a young man named Harsen, who gradually separates Pierce from his wife's money. From the beginning, Janet finds herself in all kinds of difficulties, and receives very little sympathy, because the difficulties are all of her own making. The collapse of the home and all that it has meant seems inevitable, when Janet finally comes to her senses and decides to be satisfied with "little income and little things."

* * *

Another story of "The Happy Family" is "The Heritage of the Sioux,"† by B. M. Bower. The central character, Annie Many Ponies, introduced in a former book, "The Phantom Herd," hurt at the indifference displayed toward her by Luck Lindsay, and piqued because of the appearance of a new leading lady for the "Flying U" Film Company, runs away from the camp to join her Mexican lover, who has promised to marry her. In the meantime, Luck has taken a picture of a bank robbery, and with this in mind Ramon, the Indian girl's lover, and Bill Holmes, whom Luck had befriended, succeed in robbing the bank and having the blame thrown upon Luck. In the chase of the real robbers, Luck and the "happy family," who have proved their innocence, encounter the hostility of the Navajo Indians, who think they are after some of their tribe, and some exciting complications follow. Annie Many Ponies discovers Ramon's perfidy, just as Luck comes to her rescue.

* * *

A wonderfully interesting book is "The Wonderful Year,"* by William J. Locke, author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "Jaffery," etc., and his merchant of happiness (Marchand du Bonheur)—there is room in the world for such a profession—is a quaint and lovable character. To be sure, Fortinbras learned his philosophy of life through bitter experience, and his advice is eagerly sought for by old and young, rich and poor alike. But when he sends Corinna Hastings and Martin Overshaw on a bicycle trip out of Paris to the Brantome Hotel, of which his brother-in-law was the host, he little dreams that Cupid will take a hand in affairs and twist them to suit himself. But this is just what happens, and both Martin and Corinna find their greatest happiness in the little French village where Bigourdin with Felise, the charming daughter of Fortinbras, manage the inn together. After various futile attempts to catch that will-o'-the-wisp, happiness—Martin in a chase to Egypt after a rich American girl,

WILLIAM J. LOCKE
Author of "The Wonderful Year"

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*"Mr. and Mrs. Pierce." By Cameron Mackenzie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, $1.35 net.

†"The Heritage of the Sioux." By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.35 net.

*"The Wonderful Year." By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company. Price, $1.40 net.

and Corinna, taking up suffrage work in England—they return to Brantome, there to find contentment—Martin in the love of Felise and Corinna in the love of Bigourdin. And Fortinbras? He is content that his dear Felise is reconciled to him for having kept her in ignorance of her mother's real character until after her death, and that all misunderstandings are at last cleared away.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN
Author of "The Chief Legatee"

A more appealing child than Evangeline Flagg would be difficult to imagine, and that Miss Theodosia Baxter thought her irresistible is demonstrated in "Miss Theodosia's Heartstrings."* Not since "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has so interesting a family been introduced to the reading public. How Stefana, the eldest of the Flagg children, little deaf Carruthers, Evangeline, and "Elly Precious" changed the life of the travel-weary Miss Theodosia is told in Mrs. Donnell's characteristic way. In ministering to the quartette in the little house next door, romance comes into her own life, and Miss Theodosia is no longer the anchorless woman who wandered up and down the world in search of something to interest her.

A fashionable wedding is followed by the disappearance of the bride, and the frantic young husband appeals to a detective for help in "'The Chief Legatee."* The only apparent clue lies in the fact that there was a strange man at the wedding reception, at whose appearance the bride seemed terror-stricken. The husband thinks that the stranger holds some power over his wife, which is not that of love, for the man's appearance would forbid anything of the kind. The mystery complicates, then complicates again, before a solution is reached. There are some tense moments, and some very miserable ones for the young husband, but, as is to be expected, the story ends satisfactorily to all concerned.

* * *

An odd story is "The Woman Gives,"† by Owen Johnson. The mystery of Dangerfield's life created conjecture among the Bohemian colony at the Arcade, and only one of them really respected his desire to remain unknown—Inga Sonderson, who never questioned or annoyed him. In his moments of despair and danger, it was Inga who followed him in his wild ramblings and always brought him back safely to his studio. It was her silent sympathy and her constant belief in his genius and ability that revived his long dead belief in himself and aroused a new hope and ambition. Talented and rich, he had dragged himself through Bohemian life in Paris, had finally married, and finding that his wife was untrue to him, had forced her to divorce him and to marry her lover against her will, because he wished to save his name from disgrace. Inga gradually draws him from the recklessness into which he has plunged himself, though he is most unwilling to return to a normal life. Dangerfield loves Inga and pleads with her to marry him. Realizing that he is dependent upon her, she consents to marry him, though she is reluctant, and reserves the right to leave him whenever she desires to. Their honeymoon is a most happy one. Refreshed and stimulated by Inga's presence and helped by the inspiration of his love for her, Dangerfield paints as he has never painted before. Still there is an elusiveness about her that piques his pride. The separation that both feel is to come eventually occurs, for Inga finds that the society life in which she is placed on their return to New York palls upon her, and she takes up her painting once more. At last she feels that she is needed by another, and true to his promise, Dangerfield allows her to pass from his life.

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*"Miss Theodosia's Heartstrings." By Annie Hamilton Donnell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.00 net.

*"The Chief Legatee." By Anna Katharine Green. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, $1.35 net.

†"The Woman Gives." By Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.40 net.

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When a friend mentioned a book called "What It Is to be Educated,"* I began to wonder if I would not better take a reckoning of myself. This title is carried on a volume of nearly five hundred pages, written by C. Hanford Henderson. From the very preface the volume itself is more of an autobiographic than a didactic treatise on education. Consequently, what Mr. Henderson has to say is more human than pedagogic.

OWEN JOHNSON

The author began publishing books on educational matters fourteen years ago, and this work serves in a way as a summary of his practical labor. Like an earnest teacher, he naturally begins with foundations, and treats education not as a science, but as an art, and shows at the outset that it will not do merely to point out the way and order the child, but when the teacher or parent can say "come" rather than "go," he has triumphed. "Art is to do," and this is the definition that convinces the author that art comes before science in education. Every school boy or girl is a challenge to the teacher, and he insists that it is not enough to teach them a trade for making a living, but above all to temper the soul and spirit of the individual youth.

The most tremendous progress made by industrious students in the simple acquisition of knowledge is not education, for to know how to use and apply this knowledge is the problem. There is a patriotic feeling rising up within me when I read that the author insists that one must be a citizen of the whole United States before one can be a citizen of any commonwealth or claim legal residence in any city. This indicates the breadth and scope of his ideals. Of delicate health himself in early youth, he knew what it was to overcome physical disability and become a virile man who loves the open air that makes the weak boys strong men.

The dangerous problem unsolved in the life of the rich man's son whose parents do not impress upon him early in life that clothing, food, tools and equipment are not supplied by nature, is graphically portrayed. Afterwards when an effort is made to correct the mistake and show him that all these things are only the product of human labor, the tragedies of life begin to appear. Tolstoi has aroused the conscience of the world to the moral necessity of productive work, so that all may labor and none need be bowed down by toil. It was Tolstoi who first gave usage to the term "bread-labor," which the writer considers an essential part of religion itself. He insists that labor may be given a broader interpretation, not always narrowed down to the direct production of food.

In the privileged leisure classes, sport is followed as a substitute for labor, and there is many an American millionaire whose labor-life horizon is bounded by the golf course, but this does not take the place of actual manual labor. For myself,

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*"What It Is to be Educated." By C. Hanford Henderson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Price, $1.50 net.

I have felt impelled at times to wash dishes, sweep the floor, or do some other so-called menial service, to keep in close and sympathetic appreciation with what work and service mean. For the old law prevails—"I must work or perish."

The last lines of his chapter on "Bread and Butter" suggested to me in reading—why not have a philanthropy custom that would give money direct to the state, and in that way let it go directly back to the people from whom it came and have them expend it for the welfare of all and not use it to perpetuate some hobby of an individual, no matter how good it might be.

There is something exhilarating in the description of the days spent in the woods and fields, giving the routine of building up complete health of the body as the first specific aim of education. As all know, the tragedy of the lack of health and strength, and the deterioration of the physical health of the people is a most pathetic phase of a nation's decline.

In the chapters of the "Years of Grace" and "The Spirit," Mr. Henderson digs for the tap roots, insisting that the "method to which those of us who reverently care for children are more and more turning, is the method involved in our Buddhist prayer, in German and Swiss reforms, in the teaching of Freud and Montessori, in the heart of our so-called modern education. It is summed up in the one word—to "unfold." Madame Montessori insists that a teacher cannot begin his work without first observing the child, and when familiar with his material, he can go to work with some hope of success.

Traditions concerning the Chinese philosopher Cyomei are still a vital force in Japan. "With him all knowledge was useless unless expressed in action. To know was to be. Virtue was real in so far only as it was manifested in deeds."

The boy is considered by Dr. Henderson, first as an individual, then as a social unit in his discussion, and he makes a plea to those who would stifle imagination and growth of personality in the child to desist. The story is recalled of the Boston mother who said to her little boy: "Now, Jack, tomorrow is your birthday, and I want you to have a very good time. Tell mother what you would most like to do." Little Jack was thinking straight when he answered: "Thank you, mother, I should most like just to be let alone." You will notice that his diction was perfect, and his spirit certainly craved the universal and dominant thought of the over-disciplined child. Children are quick to detect insincerity and are primarily initiative. Dr. Henderson calls attention to the fact that a child lies generally because he is afraid, either of ridicule or punishment, and that a little sympathy will do wonders in helping him to overcome his fear of telling the truth. If fear and lying go together, it recalls the school boys' definition of a lie: "An abomination unto the Lord, and a very-present help in time of trouble." The world of self is constantly enmeshed in life's drama, and this continues until the stage of what he calls "cosmic consciousness" results. This is simply a return to the beatitudes of early childhood.

The chapters on "Bodily Accomplishments" and "Sharpening the Tool" are a fascinating account of a trip around the world with a young brother of seventeen which glows with the adventure spirit of a travel book, but when he comes to that "awkward age—" you remember how it was, your feet and hands were in the way, you knew far more than you were given credit for knowing, and had a definite assertiveness that never comes again in life. Poems should be written on that "awkward age." It is then that the young man realizes that "our English vocabulary has been growing by leaps and bounds.

"In one generation it has increased from one hundred thousand words to over four hundred thousand, and apparently the end is not yet. Most of these words are non-literary and concern only the student of technology." The author does not seem in sympathy with crowding a child's mind with remembering past events and historical dates, but deems it more essential for the boy to know of the things of today and the issues of tomorrow.

The "Life Force" is a discussion that arouses the attention of parents, and the "Wanderjahr" is the German title of a chapter that is good reading even to those who have lost their worship of the widely reverenced and exploited German "Kultur." It is needless to add that in the present hideous and unnecessary war, Dr. Henderson is heart and soul on the side of the Allies.

Instead of having the "Question" at the beginning and the answer at the close of the book, as in the arithmetic of the old days, Mr. Henderson has reversed the order and put the question at the last and the answer first, for his complete and comprehensive discussion of education in his description of the foundations of "what it is to be educated" is an answer at the outset that invites attention.

* * *

As the "Father of His Country," George Washington is seldom thought of as a scientific farmer. Yet that such is the case has been carefully set forth by Paul Leland Haworth in "George Washington—Farmer."* He loved the soil, and having acquired much land, took great pains to inform himself in regard to agricultural matters and the best ways to develop his property. He was one of the first to conserve the soil, and performed hundreds of agricultural experiments. This neglected aspect of the career of the greatest of Americans is now for the first time adequately set forth and is combined with an interesting account of Washington's home life and a portrayal of his real personality, the facts being drawn for the most part from the General's own papers.

* * *

There are numerous books containing advice on "how to be well," some of them logical and some of them rather far-fetched. In the former category might be classed "Breathe and Be Well,"† by William Lee Howard, M.D., who has written a number of books on hygiene. It is a marvelously simple story of how easy it is to get the very best out of life by devoting a few minutes a day to proper breathing. One chapter which should be of particular interest, especially to people who travel often on sleeping cars, is "Snoring, the Causes and Cures." Women who are overly solicitous about the appearance of the face might profitably read what Dr. Howard has to say about "Breathing for Beauty." It would be well to find out some of the things that prevent proper breathing, and then correct them.

* * *

A good detective story is always interesting, and in "The Strange Cases of Mason Brant"* are revealed numerous unique ways of killing a man other than the primitive way of using a club. There was the case of Dr. North, who was first driven insane, and finally died from the effects of radium placed in his hat band. The suspect in the case was a young woman, who had last seen him alive, but who was freed from blame by the clever work of Mason Brant, an amateur detective. Those with a fondness for exciting and blood-curdling tales are recommended to this book.

* * *

Now and then someone puts a real boy into a story, and in "Gibby of Clamshell Alley"† we find such a boy. He named himself from a boat—he had no parents and no home, except a corner in the shanty belonging to the town bully. He was ragged, illiterate, running wild, yet he made a home of his own, cornered the clam business and developed a character. The first time he ever really felt that he belonged to anybody was when he and Granny, who was also homeless and friendless, became partners and made their home together in a little deserted hut at the end of Clamshell Alley. Eventually, Gibby discovers the secret of his parentage, and goes to live with his grandfather, Judge Tilton. It grieves him that Granny had not lived to realize that he was her own grandson, but he decides that he likes the new name Allan Ross Tilton very well, because it belongs to him.

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*"George Washington—Farmer." By Paul Leland Haworth. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.50 net.

†"Breathe and Be Well." By William Lee Howard, M.D. New York: Edward J. Clode. Price, $1.00 net.

*"The Strange Cases of Mason Brant." By Nevil Monroe Hopkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.25 net.

†"Gibby of Clamshell Alley." By Jasmine Stone van Dresser. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, $1.35 net.

The Lesser Life

by

Susan P. Atwood

HOW beautiful it was there in the heart of the green forest! The most beautiful place in the whole world. At least so it had always seemed to the brown rabbit, but then he had never been anywhere else. Indeed it was not so many weeks ago that he had been only a wee baby bunny—such a soft, furry ball.

The entrance to his home-burrow lay under a large lichen-covered rock, down a narrow winding passage, opening at length into a shallow cave strewn with soft moss and leaves which furnished a most comfortable bed for master bunny. Of course like all well-constructed houses there was a back door as well, so that in case of undesirable parties attempting to effect an entrance at one's front door one might easily run out the back passageway to the old hemlock stump and slip unostentatiously away.

At times it seemed to the little rabbit that he had a dim remembrance of other little rabbits like himself in the cave, rabbits bolder and more venturesome than he, who told wonderful tales of the world outside, but one by one they went forth and did not return until he was, at last, the sole occupant. But it was pleasant there in the forest to gambol about upon the soft moss, studded with tiny starlike flowers, to feel the soft air, to see the sunlight cast its checkered shadows through the fresh green leaves of the massive beech trees, to hear the soft sigh of the wind through the sombre hemlocks.

Today, however, the spirit of "wanderlust" had seized upon the tiny denizen of the forest. He had left the upland ridge, and here the ground fell sharply away, the familiar beech and hemlock giving place to trees of lighter growth, the slender white birches and the swamp maples. Every now and then he sat erect, his long, pink-lined ears pointed forward, the small pink nose twitching incessantly, the large bright eyes anxiously searching for possible danger. He was just pausing to nibble at a particularly delectable root when with a loud whirr a large brown bird fluttered heavily before him for a short distance and fell to the ground. As the startled rabbit crouched there, suddenly on every side a score of tiny brown-feathered creatures with slender legs and black beady eyes darted hither and yon, pattering across the carpet of dried and withered leaves, and lo! in a second not one was to be seen, no sound was to be heard. The rabbit was so consumed with astonishment that he forgot for a few moments the toothsome morsel upon which he had been engaged.

A short distance farther on he came to a little brook; this pleased the rabbit very much, for he was getting tired and thirsty. It was pleasant here, the sun filtered through the birchen trees and shone upon the little stream, at the bottom of which the yellow sand and shining white pebbles were plainly to be seen. Small speckled fish swam lazily about. The brown bunny slaked his thirst and hopped nimbly along the brookside. Farther on it was no longer the quiet thing he had chanced upon at first, for now it leaped and dashed noisily over huge rocks which churned the waters into foam, and here were black and sullen pools where lurked trout of much larger growth than their brethren in the sunny shallow stream, for as a slender, gauzy green-winged creature fluttered athwart the stream and rested for a moment upon its surface, from beneath a half-submerged and mossy log darted a leviathan and seized and bore the struggling creature down below the turbid water. Another moment and a loud splash sent master bunny scampering up the wooded slope, his absurd little apology for a tail just disappearing over the ridge as a green-coated, white-vested frog with protuberant eyes, the cause of the disturbance, solemnly seated himself again upon the dank rock from which he had just leaped for a brief swim.

* * *

The brown bunny, however, kept on running for some time before slackening to a more leisurely pace. He had just stopped, attracted by some sweet and succulent shoots, when his attention was drawn to a slight movement but a few paces from him. Some creature was stealthily gliding through the undergrowth; he had just time to see the sharp-pointed nose, the glittering eyes, the slender, elongated body, when with incredible swiftness the creature sprang upon something hitherto hidden from the rabbit's sight. There was a muffled squeak and the bunny saw the jaws of the strange animal fiercely fastened in a quivering rabbit's throat. Crouching close to the thick fronds of the ferns, with beating heart, scarcely daring to breathe, the brown bunny, little by little, increased the distance between him and his enemy, and when a fitting distance was gained, raced madly for home.

Here was experience gained; life had widened materially for the little rabbit. Thus the days passed, some fraught with danger, others uneventful, till summer glided into autumn.

One morning the rabbit awoke to find upon issuing from his burrow a changed world. The coppices were stripped of half their leaves, the green of the young birches turned to a sickly yellow; down in the swales the swamp maples had exchanged their dresses of sober green worn throughout the summer and flaunted gay robes of vivid scarlet and yellow; only the firs, the pines and the hemlocks seemed the same. There was a sharp tang in the air.

In his strolls that day the rabbit found his chattering cousin, the gray squirrel, too busy even to talk; he was constantly racing up and down to his nest in the gnarled oak, his cheeks stuffed full, now with an acorn, now a chestnut, now a walnut, and to the brown rabbit's inquiries as to this increased activity, he only chattered something about winter; winter, forsooth, and what of that? Had there not been always plenty of edible roots and things to eat? True, the brown rabbit had himself noticed that the ground seemed harder and the dainties of which he was especially fond somewhat more difficult to find of late, but what of that; they always had been there to be gathered, why should they not continue to be? Thus he reasoned as others had done before him. Day by day, however, the sun rose later and sank earlier behind the ridge of hemlocks that crowned the steep western slope; day by day the ground froze harder; roots were more difficult to dig.

* * *

One day the brown rabbit gnawed hungrily at the bark of a young shoot; it was not exceedingly palatable, but the rabbit was growing thin and hungry; he was not the same sleek creature he had been in the summer; his cousin, the gray squirrel, hung as he loved to do, head downward upon the trunk of the ancient oak, his home, his sharp claws firmly fastened in the rough bark, chattering volubly. Suddenly a harsh scream sounded aloft and almost instantaneously a dark form with outspread wings darted down upon the cowering form of the squirrel. The red-shouldered hawk! Vain now the ceaseless toil to provide food for the winter, vain the sumptuous store securely secreted in the leafy nest; the hawk rose, the struggling form of the squirrel held firmly in its talons and silently cleaving the air, winged its way swiftly to its nest in the weatherbeaten hemlock on the high ridge of the forest.

* * *

Next rain, and winter winds, and snow and sleet succeeded the cold and biting frost; a hard crust lay over everything. Even at high noon the sun seemed powerless against the cold and at night the trees snapped and groaned in the intense coldness. Now and again some branch overweighted with its burden of snow fell with a report like a pistol; in the dark vault of the heavens the stars twinkled and danced. The hungry little rabbit shivered in his nest of leaves and thought regretfully of the long summer days, of the warmth of the sunshine, of the fresh, tender grass-blades, of the soft bark of the young saplings.

At length a change took place; the sun rose earlier above the eastern hills and longer took to sink behind the western slope; the snow melted a little and the brown rabbit driven by hunger, ventured forth once more. One day, alas, he had wandered far in search of food, when suddenly he heard a noise, one indescribably terrifying, a sound once heard never to be forgotten. He at once sought safety in flight—to the safe shelter of his burrow. Nearer and nearer came the sound.

True to an ancient instinct, the rabbit circled his way through the underbrush, and as he crossed a narrow wood-path he heard a sharp crack, felt a stabbing, intolerable pain in his breast. One paw hung limp, shattered and useless; the soft fur of his breast was splashed and streaked with vivid scarlet now, yet with heart almost bursting against his ribs, with wild, dilated eyes, with long-drawn, sobbing breaths the terrified little creature hobbled on; he heard nearer and nearer that fearful sound, the baying of the hounds; they crashed through the undergrowth and seized upon their defenceless prey.

A moment later a rosy-cheeked lad kneeling in the soft snow was fastening with half-frozen fingers which sorely impeded him in his task, the leashes upon the collars of the dogs, impatient now to be off upon another scent, while his companion crammed the limp and blood-stained body of the brown rabbit into an already well-filled bag.

"A pretty good day's sport, I call it," he cried triumphantly. "Quick! let's get out of here before the sun sets," and throwing the bag upon his shoulders they hastily set off, the snow squeaking loudly beneath their high rubber boots.

The setting sun silhouetted for a moment the gaunt and somber hemlocks that crowned the western slope, then sank to rest, leaving the forest in gloom, but later the full moon riding high in the heavens looked calmly down upon the forest solirude; it shone upon the trampled, blood-stained snow where the little life had gone forth, while through the leafless branches of the trees the winter wind sighed drearily.

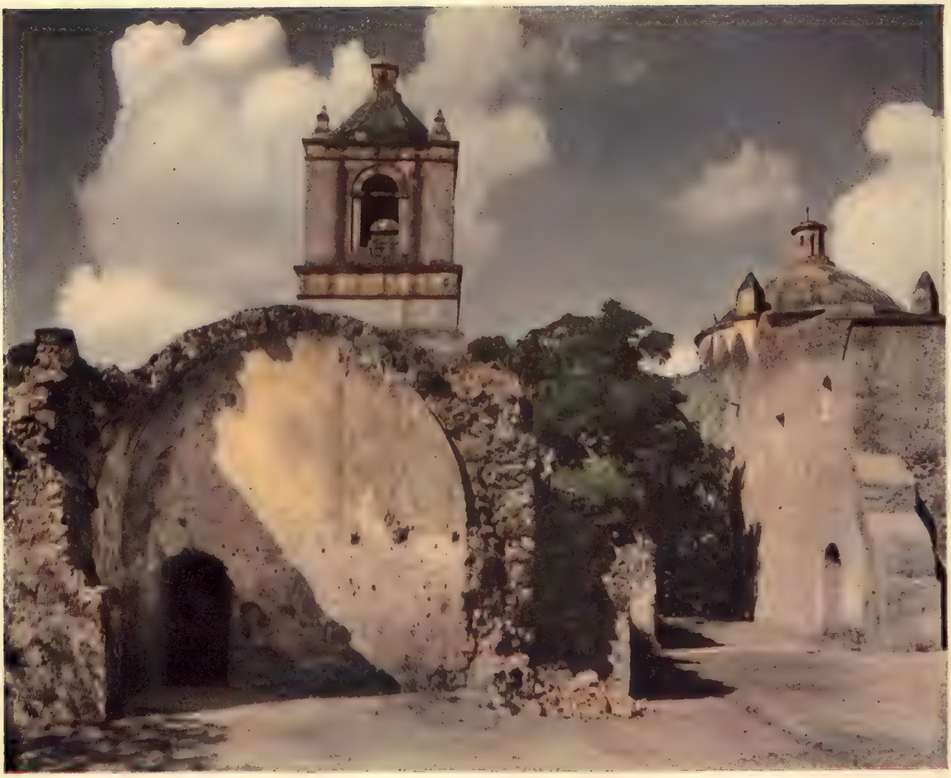
LULLABY

CLOSE your eyes and have no fear,
  Little one,
But a little hour, and then
  All will be done.

Silently, as evening comes,
  Or falling rain,
Death will close your tired eyes,
  Nor bring you pain.

All the anguish will be mine,
  Every tear!
I shall have no pleasure more
  In any year.

—*P. F. Kirby.*



MISSION CONCEPCION, NEAR SAN ANTONIO

The most fascinating phase of American history is the history of the old missions found in Texas and California. It is the one phase of American history that reaches back into the times when knighthood was in flower. Hundreds of miles of country in the Southwest are famed for romantic history in connection with these missions. In the cool shades of their walls, one understands the consecration and devotion of the early pioneers in carrying the banners of civilization to the setting sun, and in establishing missions among the Indians who flocked as neophytes to the standard of the Cross

The Swiss White Cross

by Mitchell Mannering

DURING his visit to America, I met Captain Remy Faesch of the Swiss Army. At a banquet table I heard him make an appeal for Preparedness that can never be forgotten. He described the transporting of prisoners across Switzerland from France to Germany and Germany to France—those who were too helpless and hopelessly injured ever again to return to the service of their country. His description of these trains sweeping across Switzerland, filled with thousands of wounded—maimed as war had never maimed men before—still lingers in the memory. In some of the cars were the hopelessly insane; men whose brains had been virtually shaken to pieces in the heavy artillery fire at Verdun, others whose nerves had been shattered by the gruesome scenes on the battlefields.

In the midst of the maelstrom of the great European war, little Switzerland has given to the world a great object lesson in Preparedness. With its federation of twenty-two cantons, or states, speaking three different languages, governed by a federal council elected every three years by the federal assembly, who also choose

ENGINEER TROOPS OF THE SWISS ARMY BUILDING A BRIDGE the president of the republic—usually a member of the council—it is one of the stable and permanent governments of history.

True to their traditions, the Swiss have always insisted that every able citizen must do military service, or, if not able-bodied, pay a military tax. Every soldier-citizen practices target shooting during the year when he is not called for service, as faithfully as did the famous archer with cross-bow and arrow. The uniform, equipment and arms are a part of Swiss home equipment. Even the horse he uses on his farm is furnished by the government, and paid for on the installment plan. The very products of farm and factory are at the disposal of the republic should emergency require.

The first class called for military service is made up of young men from twenty to thirty-two years of age, who must serve two weeks every year. The second class, from thirty-three to forty, is called out two weeks every three years. The third, while not able to run over the fields, or march long distances, are still sharp of eye, know every footpath in the country and are perfectly able to serve as guards at railway stations and the great Alpine passes. The army of the physically unfit take their places as bakers, butchers, and in ammunition factories, so that the military establishment, interwoven as it is with the everyday activities of the country, is perfect.

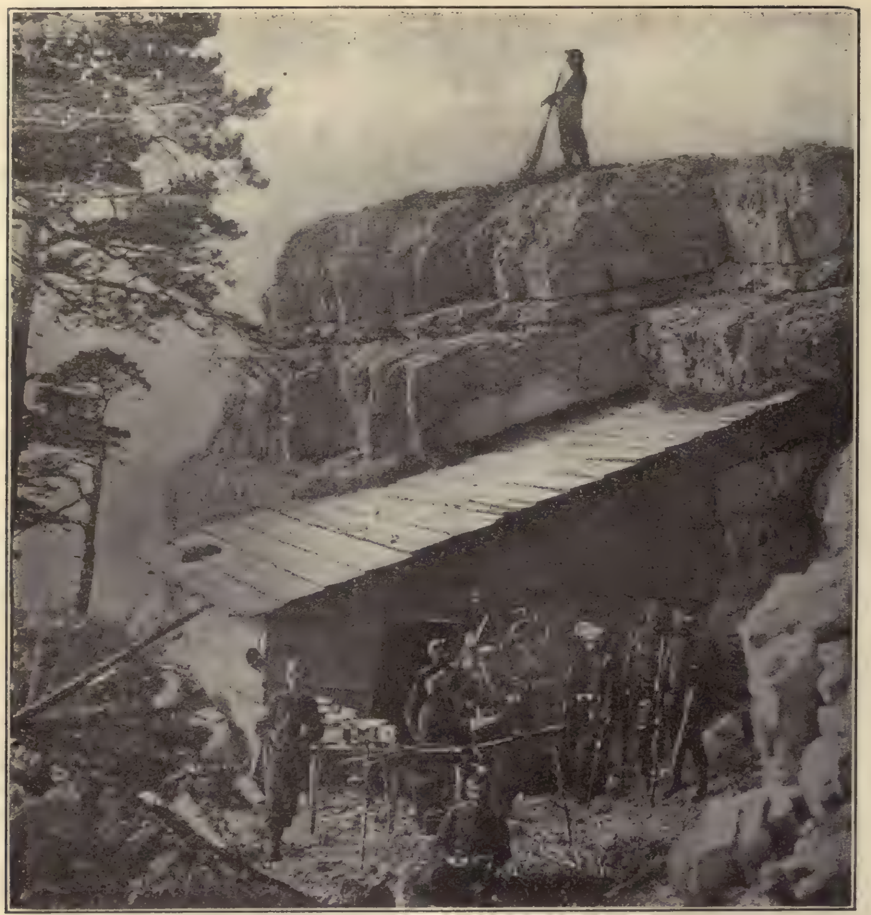
Captain Faesch is a banker and lives at Basle—upon the German border—and, as a Swiss, is proud to serve in the army and wear his uniform whenever required. The Swiss glory in conscription and gladly serve for the short time required, feeling that it adds to national unity, is an education for citizenship, and a thorough training for life. The engineer troops, machine-gun squads, the infantry on skis, the dash of cavalry patrols and the special training of the signal corps—all furnish interesting and thrilling experiences to members of the militia, without bloody adventures on the field of battle.

SWISS INFANTRY ON SKIS, SHARP-SHOOTING

The story of Swiss Preparedness has had much to do with arousing sentiment on this subject in the United States. The flag of the tiny European republic, which includes the "white cross," is emblematic of the humanitarianism of the "Red Cross" itself, for, as a nation, Switzerland is the one spot on the map of Europe which, by its influence, has pointed the way of profitable and peaceful preparedness to all nations. So devoted are the

AMBULANCE CORPS OF THE SWISS ARMY
Because of the short time the Swiss soldier has to serve, military authorities use as much as possible the knowledge which the young men have acquired in civil life, and the ambulance corps is made up of medical students for the most part

A PATROL IN THE MOUNTAINS



AN OBSERVATION POST IN THE JURA HILLS
Where the Swiss soldiers are patiently watching and waiting, and will continue to do so until peace dawns

Swiss to the success of their own operations, that they issued a book* this year, written by Captain Faesch, telling all about the Swiss army system. This book has been widely circulated in America, where Mr. Faesch has been given a hearty welcome.

Switzerland has had no little influence upon her big brother to the west, not only in offering suggestions as to a system of preparedness, but in the introduction of the referendum and other phases of government that have proven salutary, if not altogether resultful in the administration of our American affairs.

Well do I remember my visit with the Council of Seven some years ago, on a cold day at the capital, Bern. When their meeting adjourned, each member pointed to his budget of expenditures with the modest pride of an official who had performed faithful service. The President of the republic receives $3,000 a year, but they do not have to endure the expense and agony of a presidential campaign every four years. The old Radical party of years ago has been in power for many years, and has naturally become the Conservative party of later times.

It was in Switzerland that Rousseau

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* "The Swiss Army System." By Captain Remy Faesch. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co. Price: 25 cents; 2 to 100, 20 cents each; 100 to 500, 15 cents each; 500 or more, 10 cents each. Captain Faesch, whose address is 24 Newbury Street, Boston, delivers illustrated lectures on the Swiss Army System.

dreamed his early dreams of democracy. The country has offered asylum to the exiles who had visions of a Universal Brotherhood. It was on the shores of the Swiss lakes that many great writers and composers of the world received their inspiration; it was on the summit of Mount Rigi that Wagner caught the vision for the opening score of "Parsifal."

The sturdy spirit of William Tell, evidenced when he drew the long bow, and to the confusion of Gessler, shot the apple from his son's head, is typical of the Swiss people today. For generations they have cultivated the self-confidence characteristic of them, even in marksmanship, which they maintain in the defense of their homes and firesides.

A LOFTY AND LONELY POST IN THE ALPS

Floretta

By

Gertrude Robinson

GRANTHER KNOWLES was dead. The funeral was over and the house put in order again after the influx of relations. Now his daughter Lorinda Perkins and his granddaughter Floretta sat in the misty October twilight before the jumping pine-knot fire in the large open grate in the living room. On the table beside them, resting tenderly on a fine red Paisley shawl, lay the great gold-headed black walnut cane which had been the treasure of the old man's heart.

"If Granther had lived till Christmas Day he'd have been ninety-seven," said Mrs. Perkins suddenly. Her heavy pleasant voice fell with startling emphasis on the quiet of the the dim room.

Floretta did not answer. She leaned forward to put another stick of wood on the hungry fire. The blaze fell in a ruddy halo on her crinkly fair hair and gave a strange warmth to her creamy skin. Floretta Perkins was thirty and looked twenty. Tonight there was a tragic appeal in her unconscious beauty. She hastily drew back her hand from the fire glow as she felt her mother's eye resting accusingly upon its bareness. It was almost six months since she had taken off Lester Farley's ring. The only disagreement she had ever had with her mother had been over the breaking of her engagement and her refusal to explain the reason for it. Her mother had stopped questioning her about the miserable affair only after the girl had threatened to leave home and go to work in the Dorchester mills. But, with all her amiability, Mrs. Perkins still managed to make her daughter aware of her unspoken disapproval.

"It is a shame for the cane to go to a man who is only eighty," pursued Mrs. Perkins. "Abel Farley is only eighty and he doesn't anyways deserve the cane, if he does happen to be the oldest man in town. Eighty! a mere child compared with Granther!"

"You don't mean to let him have it, do you, mother?" spoke Floretta softly, the flute-like quality of her tones contrasting oddly with the rich shadings of her mother's voice.

"How can I help it, child? The *Post* gave it as a prize to the oldest man in Cheshire. Simeon Ludlow had it first and when he died it had to be passed on to the next oldest citizen. That was Zeke Holman. He lived to be ninety-three, and then your Granther had it and now—"

"But, mother, you promised Granther!"

"I know, child, I—I had to." Mrs. Perkins winked away a tear and bent over ostentatiously to wipe a non-existent streak off the head of the cane.

"It was just a week ago tonight he called me into the room yonder where he lay," continued Mrs. Perkins reminiscently. It was as though she were telling the story to someone for the first time, and not to the girl who had been an ear-witness. "He asked me to take the cane out of the cabinet where it stood leaning against his blue army coat and his Mexican War cap and beside his gun and bayonet. He rubbed up the gold head with his woolen blanket and then he said: 'Lorinda, I want you to promise me that if I don't live to be a hundred that the cane shall stay right there in the cabinet just the same, till I'd have been a century old. I meant to live that long and its got a right to stay here that long, too. I shan't die happy unless you promise me that Lorinda.'

"An' then I vowed it to him, Floretta, I vowed it to him, an' he died the next day, just as peaceful as a little lamb, with the cane beside him in the bed."

Mrs. Perkins finished her recital automatically. She was scarcely aware, in fact, that she had made it, so deeply steeped was her consciousness in the problem she had to face in keeping both the cane and the letter of the bequest which ordained that with the passing of Granther the title to the cane lapsed to the next candidate to the honors of age.

* * *

Floretta rose, banked the fire, and crossing the room threw up the window to the south. The pungent odor of the dank salt flats came in, mingled with the sweetness of the honeysuckle hedge along the lane. The soft lap of the incoming tide and the soughing of the wind in the branches of the stately elm at the end of the lane were the only sounds to be heard.

"What can we do about it, mother?" worried the girl.

"Don't you fret, Floretta. I—I am going to ask Eben Farley to let it stay. I'll pay him for it."

"Eben Farley has been lotting on getting it this year and a half, ever since Granther began to fail. And the selectmen are coming in a body to get it tomorrow and carry it in state to him. I heard them planning it today after the funeral. And they will say Granther was getting childish and his wish shouldn't be heeded." Floretta shut the window, took up the cane and disappeared in her grandfather's room with it. Her mother, following, saw her put it away in the cabinet where it had been treasured for fifteen years, ever since her grandfather's name had been inscribed on the handle, third in the line of possessors. Had Granther lived to be a hundred it would have gone to the museum in Hancox, and the *Post* would have offered a new cane to the next claimant.

Neither woman said a word, but each knew that the other was thinking that were it not for the quarrel between Floretta and Lester Farley, old man Farley's youngest son, it would have been an easy matter to keep the cane in their possession for the three years coveted by Granther.

The next morning Floretta came down the stairs rather late. She heard voices in the kitchen. She listened at the door. Her mother was talking to old man Farley. She heard her ask him to let them keep the cane for a few years, artfully explaining that only a really old man need be in haste to secure his turn at the guardianship of the precious guerdon of age. Presently she heard the two cross the kitchen, enter the living room, and pass through into Granther's chamber. They were going to look at the cane. Floretta followed. She stood in the open door, unnoticed, as her mother flung wide the cabinet and reached in to take out the cane. She saw her mother start back in amazement and turn a horrified face on the old man, who had tottered after her in eager expectancy.

"It is gone!" she gasped. "It is gone!" Her voice rose to a shrill crescendo of consternation. Never before had Floretta seen her mother go white, or heard her voice lose its full soft timbre. Sick with apprehension, the younger woman came into the room, crowded between her mother and the excited old man and felt for the cane. There was no doubt about it, the cane was gone. There were the gun and the bayonet and the spurs Granther had worn as a young man in the Mexican War when he had been a dashing cavalryman, but of the treasured cane not a trace.

* * *

Each woman looked at the other and the old man stared at both in open-mouthed astonishment. A querulous suspicion was dawning in his pale blue eyes. Presently he turned and ambled from the room. Floretta ran after him. At the gate she paused.

"Mr. Farley, Mr. Farley," she called.

The stolid old figure trudging hurriedly down the lane, did not turn. But in every line of his back Floretta read an outraged determination to secure his rights to the cane. Red-cheeked, she returned to the house. She found her mother on her knees peering under the bed in Granther's room. She rose to her feet shame-facedly as the girl came in.

"You thought—" began the daughter miserably.

"Yes," admitted the mother.

"But I didn't—I know I didn't walk in my sleep last night. And if I did why should I have hidden Granther's cane?"

"Because you were troubled about it and had it on your mind. We shouldn't have talked about it just before you went to sleep. You must have hidden it, Floretta. What else could have happened to it? Nothing else is taken, so there can't have been thieves in the house."

"Whatever can we tell people?" wailed Floretta. "And there will be dozens of them here just as soon as that old busybody can get to the village store and tell about it. He thinks we meant to hide it."

* * *

Mrs. Perkins stood thinking a minute. Then she deliberately went to the desk which stood in the outer room between the south windows, opened it, and disarranged the papers filed neatly in the pigeonholes. She unlocked a drawer and removed a roll of bills which she slipped in the front of her waist.

"You go get six of the silver spoons and the silver cake dish," she directed.

White-faced and shrinking, Floretta obeyed. Both women were compact of the traditions of their rigidly Puritanical ancestors. Both shrank from the perpetration of the web of deceit they were incontinently weaving. Yet each felt in her heart that it was a necessity. To walk in one's sleep, or to have any kind of a "fit," in neighborhood parlance, was to be eternally disgraced. And for the past four years, ever since the shock of witnessing her father's tragic death, when his fishing schooner beat to pieces in a gale off Norwood Light, Floretta had been given to walking in her sleep. Only once in a while, it is true. But one might as well be branded insane as a sleep-walker, in Cheshire. Floretta's reputation must be protected at whatever cost. So Floretta, white and trembling, brought the six best silver spoons and the great chased and cumbersome cake basket to her mother. Her mother took them, crossed the room, moved back the fender from in front of the fireplace and thrust the precious load far up the chimney. There was a deep shelf in there at the side where the silver, though it might get smoky, would be safe from the fire. Then they hastily tidied the room and fell to searching in every possible place for the cane each felt sure Floretta must have hidden during the night.

Suddenly Floretta flung herself in the great chair by the window and began to cry.

"There, there, honey, don't cry. You couldn't help it and maybe you will walk in your sleep again and find it for us."

"That isn't it," moaned Floretta. "It is Lester. He will think that we intended to hide it, too. He will never believe a thief took it. If only you hadn't told Eben Farley about Granther's wish and hadn't asked him to wait! It has just put the idea of our concealing the cane into his head."

"I didn't know it was gone, then, Floretta, you see," countered Mrs. Perkins.

"I know," admitted the younger woman, reasonably. "But Lester will think still worse of me than he did before."

"Floretta Perkins, you tell me what was the trouble between you and Lester Farley. You tell me right now," flashed Mrs. Perkins.

* * *

Floretta sat up twining the string of her apron miserably through her fingers. Her delicate face flushed a deep red.

"You might as well know, mother, I suppose. I told Lester I had to confess something to him before I married him, and maybe he wouldn't want to marry me then. I thought it—was—right—he should know about my walking in my sleep sometimes. And he wouldn't listen! And then I got mad and said I wouldn't marry him anyway. And he said he didn't want to marry a girl who had anything to be ashamed of. I gave him back his ring, and told him never to come to see me again. Then Aunt Samantha had to go there that very night and tell his father about my being engaged to that painter from Boston, five years ago. I think Lester thought that was what I had to tell him, for he sailed on his long cruise the next week and never said a word, or came around to make it up, the way I thought he would. That is the whole story, mother," finished the girl defiantly.

Mrs. Perkins wiped her eyes absentmindly on her apron hem.

Just then there came a thundering knock on the front door. She hastened to open it. There stood the first selectman of the town.

He came in with ponderous gravity, listened solemnly to the recital of the disappearance of the cane, inspected the rifled cabinet, glanced at the disheveled desk, heard the tale of the missing silver, and departed. In the course of the day the other selectmen and the representative of the *Post* came in to discuss the mysterious disappearance. After the first telling of the momentous lie the two women carried off the deception mechanically. Their tender consciences pricked them ceaselessly, but once engulfed in the maelstrom of deceit there was no escape.

Tongues wagged in Cheshire for some days, but gradually, as is possible even in a small town, the excitement died down. Only old man Farley, dropping in with the persistency of age to remind them of his deferred claim, kept alive in the hearts of the two unwonted mummers the fear of discovery. Neither woman had thought but that the cane would be found soon, but a search of the house and barn and the grounds failed to reveal it. Both women grew thin and pale under the unwholesome suspense.

* * *

One day, two weeks before Christmas, Mrs. Perkins went to Boston. When she returned late in the afternoon, she carried a long, umbrella-like bundle. She unwrapped it in the evening, beneath the glow of the great living-room lamp. It was a cane, the exact duplicate of the one that had vanished from the old cabinet! The three names of the possessors of the other cane were engraved on it's smooth brown surface, below the glistening head. Only no art could give the gloss of age to the rich black walnut wood.

"I'm going to give it to old man Farley for Christmas, in place of the other," explained Mrs. Perkins.

"Let me give it to him right away, mother," cried Floretta. "Lester will be home next week and I wish old Eben could have the cane first."

Mrs. Perkins looked critically at her daughter. A little of her old color was back in her face.

"Suppose you run right over with it. Tell him you don't think there is much chance of our ever hearing about the old one and we want him to have this one."

Floretta flung her long blue cloak over her shoulders, tossed the big hood up over her head, and started running down the ane. It was snowing and the flakes soon flecked her thickly. She lowered her head before the onrush of the storm and dashed on. Suddenly she ran into someone. The impact of the collision nearly knocked her down.

"Floretta," boomed a big voice.

Floretta tried to speak and could not. Her tongue clung to the roof of her mouth. Her hands grasped convulsively the handle of the cane.

The man catching her protectingly by the shoulders, shook her a little in his amazement.

"Floretta," he cried again, "what ails you? Can't you speak?"

The girl caught her breath in a frightened gasp. She shook herself free from the man's detaining grasp and faced him.

"Flory," he demanded, "haven't you forgiven me yet? I didn't dare write, for you told me not to. But I cut the cruise short on purpose to get home to see you, Flow."

"Lester," she spoke with a calmness that startled herself, so unprepared was she for the decision that prompted her. "I tried to tell you something before you went away. You wouldn't listen, then, but you've got to listen now. You've got to hear the whole story even though you never look at me again."

"Floretta Perkins, there is just one thing I want to hear first, and then you can tell me anything you please, and it won't make any difference with the way I feel towards you."

Floretta looked at her lover as he stood tall and straight and ruddy with months of sea and wind. The compelling look in his blue eyes awed her, in spite of the twinkle that belied his firmness. Hot-tempered, tender-hearted she had always known him to be, but there was a new quality, a masterfulness, about him now that was entirely strange to her and with which she was quite unready to cope.

"What I want to know, Floretta, is whether you still love me? That is the only thing I am interested in, just now."

* * *

Floretta stiffened with bewilderment. Her torn and irritated conscience had been so absorbed in desperate questions of right and wrong that she had lost all thought of whether Lester cared for her. She only thought of righting herself in his eyes. But after all, she had braced herself to tell the whole truth about the other things, and why shouldn't she tell the truth about this?

"Yes, Lester, I have always loved you, but you won't want me to when I tell you the whole truth, and I'm going to do it, Lester," she finished firmly, slipping resolutely away from the arm he tried to fold about her slender, shaking shoulders.

Some of the ruddy color faded from the cheeks of the man she faced on the snowy path. He realized the poignant importance to the woman of the confession she was about to make to him.

"To begin with," declared Floretta, "I was engaged to the painter chap only a week. I found I didn't care for him at all, and it was so long ago I had almost forgotten about him. I didn't tell you about him because I didn't suppose you'd care anyhow. Only Aunt Samantha had to go and tell you as though it amounted to something."

"Wait," she commanded imperiously, as the man opened his mouth to speak. "That isn't all. That wasn't what I was trying to tell you that day we got mad with each other. There is something mother and I are both dreadfully ashamed of, though neither of us is to blame for it. You must know it, I realized, before you married me. So I tried to tell you. You've just got to listen now." The girl's voice broke and her lover put out a reassuring hand.

"Never mind, Flory. Fire away and get it over with!"

"I—I—walk in my sleep—and—hide—things and—"

And then Lester Farley laughed, laughed as only a seaman can laugh, great booming peals that startled the sea-gulls foraging along the shore. Presently, Floretta, angry, hurt and tremendously relieved all at once, sat down recklessly on the snow-covered boll of the great elm, upturned in the last nor'easter, and was amazed to hear herself laughing, too. All of a sudden things began to assume sane proportions to her. Red-cheeked and bright-eyed, she told the rest of the tangling web of circumstance that she and her mother had woven about their innocent feet.

They had sat on the tree trunk, shrouded in the warm, soft-falling snow over half an hour when Lester Farley rescued from the snow-drift the forgotten cane, and tucked it under his arm.

"You run home and get dry things on. You'll catch your death o' cold in this snow so long. Then you fish out the silver from the chimney and clean it up and build a roaring fire in the fireplace. Father and I are coming over to dinner tonight."

Floretta was half way up the lane to the house when she heard him hurtling back to overtake her.

"Remember," he urged, "it is nobody's business about the sleep-walking and the cane and the silver and all the rest of it. I know and that is enough. I'm going to tell father we found the cane in the lane, just as we did, and he'll never know but that it is the first one. He'll think lots more of it that way. You can just tell folks your mother had put away the silver and was excited that day and couldn't find it, but you tell the truth exactly all the rest of your life," he finished decisively.

* * *

Floretta's laugh rang out silver-clear, as of old. She nodded over her shoulder and scurried on to the house.

Her mother met her at the door. "Why child," she chided, "where have you been?"

Floretta threw her arms about her mother's neck and gave her a tremendous hug. She flung the whole joyful news in her ears in a few chaotic sentences. Then the two women fell to work. The silver came down from the chimney, none the worse for its strange hiding. The chicken, boiling away meekly for a simple dinner, was taken out of the kettle and cut up and fricasseed. Pies and vegetables and preserves marshalled themselves as if by magic. When old man Farley, leaning proudly on his cane and followed by his son, with a whale's tooth in one arm and a chunk of genuine coral in the other, and his pockets bulging with other foreign-born treasures, came up the porch steps, Floretta and her mother stood ready to welcome them. A great fire danced in the living-room fireplace, the first that had been kindled there since the seclusion of the silver up the chimney, two months before.

* * *

Old man Farley, completely reconciled with his neighbors by the finding of the cane, sat in the great armchair in front of the fire, and nursed it lovingly between his knees.

"To think of a thief daring to steal you," he whispered to it tenderly.

Floretta, suddenly overcome by a rare attack of tumultuous laughter, dashed for refuge into her grandfather's room and leaned against the wall, shaking hysterically. Lester and her mother alarmed, followed her. The old man sat unobservant, content with his desired treasure.

"She has to go to a doctor in Boston and get treatment for her nerves right away," declared Lester with the masterful air Floretta had already noted he had brought back with him from his cruise. "She has had too much to fret her. A doctor can soon put a stop to sleep-walking and hysterics. It is lucky I came home to see to her," he finished, looking almost accusingly at Mrs. Perkins.

That lady fairly gulped in astonishment. It must be admitted that she was more accustomed to dictating than being dictated to. Nevertheless, she too, sensed that intangible something not to be resisted about her future son-in-law.

"We will go tomorrow," she acquiesced meekly.

"Nonsense!" protested Floretta, "I'm all right, only it seems so odd to be able to laugh at it all, instead of worrying about it."

Suddenly Lester Farley strode forward and ran his hand over the smooth surface of the bed. "You say you have looked everywhere for the cane? Have you looked in the bed?"

"No," admitted both women, simultaneously.

Lester Farley drew back the coverlets and raised one of the fat pillows. From beneath he lifted something and showed it to the two women. It was the great, shining, gold-headed cane.

Without a word he crossed the room, opened the cabinet, and put the cane back in its long accustomed place beside Granther's gun and bayonet and old blue army coat. He turned the key in the lock to the cabinet door and slipped it in his pocket.

"There," he announced, "Granther shall have his wish. The cane shall round out the century for him. Father is satisfied, and nobody will ever be the wiser." And thereupon he herded the two astounded women out of the room, and closed the door with the air of having laid all their troubles to rest forever and a day.

As they re-entered the living-room, old man Farley looked up from fondling the gold head of his shining cane.

"Seems to me this is even handsomer than it used to be," he cackled.

"Not a bit of doubt about it, father," agreed his son heartily. "You will look fine with it marching down the church aisle when Floretta is married to me on Christmas Day."

"O! Lester. I can't so soon," protested the girl.

"Yes you can, for I'm going on a year's cruise, and you are going with me," returned the man with the same air of finality with which he had locked the cane away in its cabinet. And Floretta, blushing as of old, skurried out to help serve dinner, for which they were all as hungry as though romance and mystery had not been stalking hand-in-hand through their hearts for the past hours.

LOUIS W. HILL
At the head of the Minnesota Club delegation in the daylight parade

MEMBERS OF THE ROTARY CLUB MAKING MERRY AT SOUTH ST. PAUL

The Outdoor Sports Carnival at St. Paul

by John B. Gorgan

PREPARATIONS are already being made for the great outdoor sports carnival in St. Paul to usher in the year 1917 with an event unrivalled in its way. The success of the carnival last year leads to this conviction.

Travelers and residents of those climes which know real winter weather ordinarily secure their supply of heat from fires and heavy clothing, but St. Paul supplemented these this year with a store of enthusiasm and exuberance which carried several hundred thousand citizens of the Northwest merrily through the first great winter carnival that section has known in recent years. Originating in the minds of citizens whose fond memories turned joyously backward to the days of the famous ice palaces of thirty years ago, this carnival idea caught the city, and the entire Northwest section of the United States in a flash, with the result that a midwinter festival rivalling even the glories of Mardi Gras was held during ten days of January and February winter weather.

For years St. Paul has relied upon the great Minnesota State Fair as its chief holiday attraction. It has seen this fair grow to huge proportions, but in its growth it has become an affair of honor to Minneapolis and the entire state, and its glories could not be claimed by the North Star state capital city alone. So last winter St. Paul decided to have a good time of her own, for her citizens and for those of the Northwest who might choose to become her guests. Other cities of the state might participate as guests, but St. Paul was to be the host, and such was the success of her undertaking that already it has been voted an annual affair.

This carnival was no side-show revel nor

THEY'RE OFF—TOBOGGANING

GLACIER PARK JUNIORS AND THEIR GOAT

QUEENS' FLOAT IN THE DAYLIGHT PARADE

one-night stand of a few winter enthusiasts, but one in which thousands of lovers of outdoor sports participated, while hundreds of thousands stood about and watched and learned to love for the first time the pastimes peculiar to the snows. Instead of huddling about fires indoors the entire population of the city and many thousands besides rushed madly and gayly out of doors to play about on toboggan slides, snowshoes and skates, in parades and pageants, the while their winter monarch, Boreas I, Rex, King of the North Wind, smiled upon their fun.

This outdoor sports carnival—a revival of the ice palace revels of 1886–87–88—when originally suggested in the early days of winter was not accepted with great enthusiasm by the masses, chiefly because they did not appreciate its possibilities Over night, however, as it seemed, many of the leading business men of the city took up with the idea, and the result was that L. W. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad, was named as president of an incorporated carnival association. Displaying the same vigor and enthusiasm as he would were he racing across the continent with construction crews to beat some rival road to a vital pass in some continental divide, the new president soon had the city wild with carnival enthusiasm, and from the moment of his selection the outdoor festival was an assured success.

THE KING OF THE NORTH WIND, BOREAS REX (J. P. ELMER)

His appearance each day weeks before the carnival opened in some brilliant carnival suit led others to follow suit, and

IT WAS A KID'S CARNIVAL, TOO

THE "HOOK 'EM COW" BABIES

the consequence was that on January 27, the opening day, some fifteen thousand enthusiasts in two hundred and eight marching clubs, lined up for the opening parade. The success of this function created an unanimous demand for a second parade, which was held on an afternoon, and twenty-two thousand revellers marched in this, while close to two hundred thousand spectators cheered the merrymakers along the line of march.

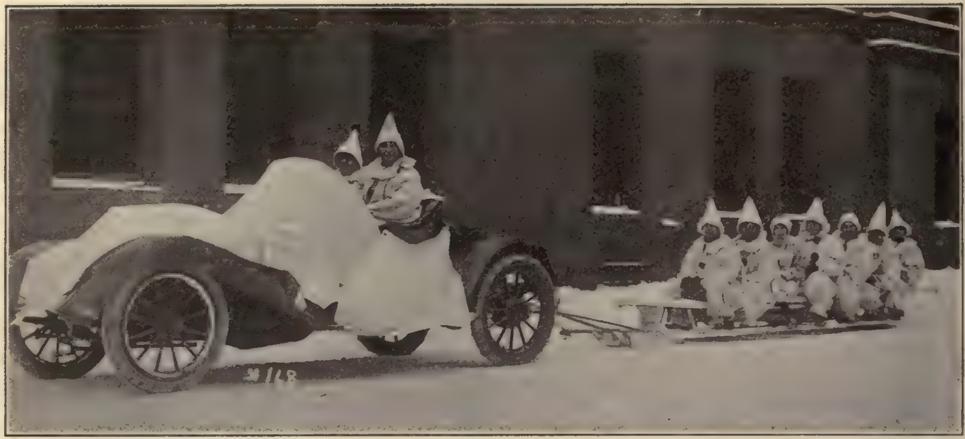
Throughout the carnival period, individual clubs with their bands of drum corps started daily impromptu marches through the downtown sections, and in each instance these grew to immense traffic-blocking spectacles hardly before the march had begun.

The carnival was not a hit-or-miss affair, but not only included a complete program of winter sporting events, but also carried with it a distinct plot in its pageants and spectacles.

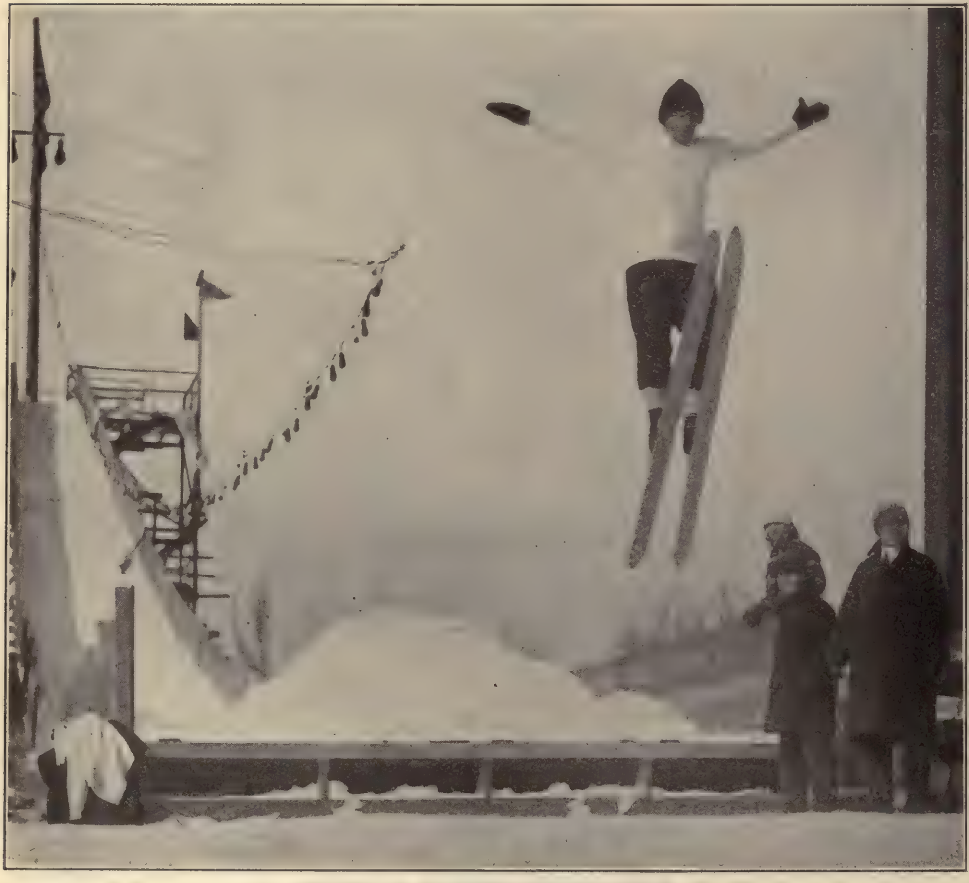
Boreas I, Rex, King of the North Wind, entered the city on the carnival's opening, and on the night of January 27 the first huge parade, with its thousands of brilliantly-costumed marchers and many floats, was held in his honor. The following night, while seated on his ice castle throne on an island in the Mississippi, Boreas was routed in an attack led by Ignis, King of Fire, and the King of the North Wind with his faithful subjects, were put to flight. Plot and counter-plot followed, with the Fire King supreme for three full days, until on the following Tuesday night Boreas with his forces, in a return attack, again gained the ascendency and the Fire King was placed in chains. Three days of merry-making in honor of the victory followed, while the carnival wound up in the oft-told "blaze of glory," with a coronation ball and pageant on Saturday night, February 5.

One hundred queens, all crowned, because Boreas could make no choice in such a bevy of beauties, accompanied the

THE FIRE KING, IGNIS REX (RONALD STEWART)

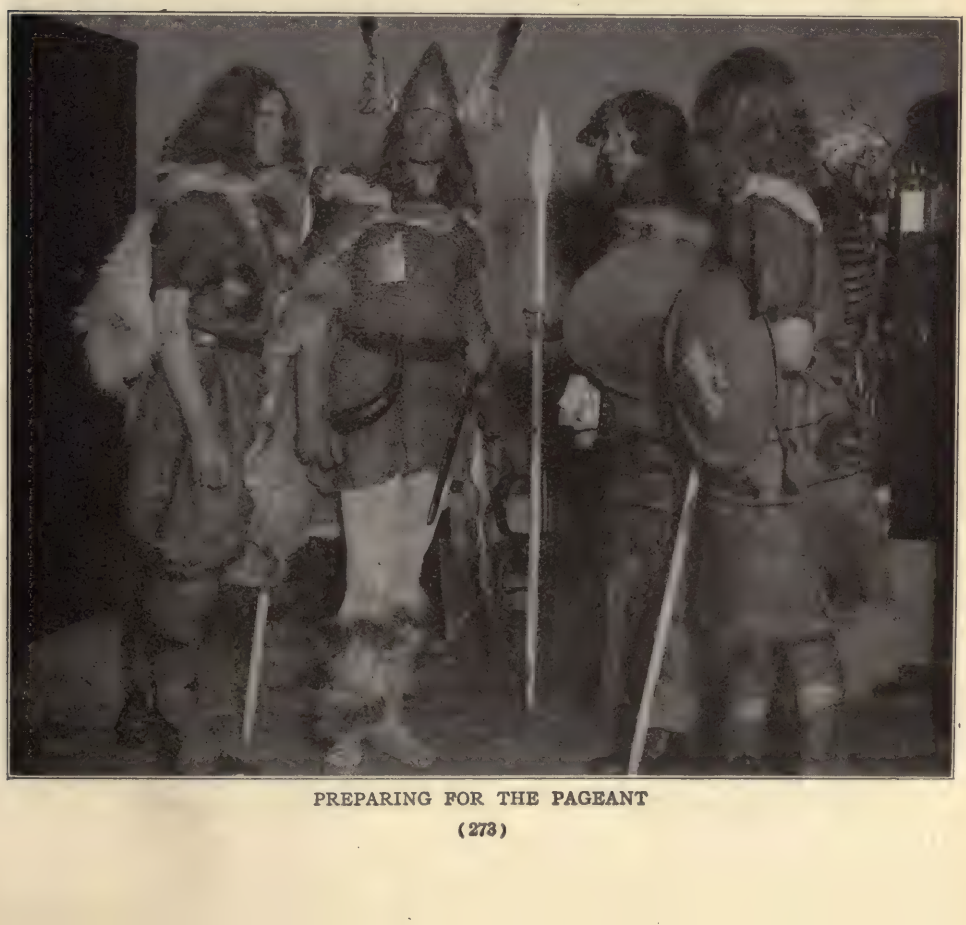


THE APPERSON JACK RABBIT CLUB



SKIING AT HARRIET ISLAND SLIDE
Alex. Hendrickson, who afterwards broke his leg at Madison, Wisconsin, giving an exhibition of skilful skiing

MRS. LOUIS W. HILL IN THE PARADE



PREPARING FOR THE PAGEANT

THE PUSH-BALL GAME AT HARRIET ISLAND

WEEQUAH CANOE CLUB INDIANS READY FOR CARNIVAL FUN monarch wherever he journeyed during the carnival period and, as part of his court, took part in the immense pageant which preceded the coronation ball on the final night. In their carnival costumes they contributed much to the gayety and splendor of the occasion. Ten thousand costumed members of clubs—all that the St. Paul Auditorium could hold—participated in this event, while countless thousands outside clamored for a view of the spectacles which attended the closing moments of the court of Boreas.

THE NATIONAL GUARD

THE NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

MAKE IT A HOT ONE
DREAMS

A QUEEN REPRESENTING J. GEORGE SMITH

Each day of the carnival sporting events provided entertainment for the guests of the city. Snowshoe, ski, skating, harness horses and freak races had a place on the program with trap-shooting, push-ball, hockey, curling, ski-jumping and tobogganing, while indoor crowds at night were entertained with boxing matches, tugs-of-war, dances and other carnival features.

Already formed as a permanent organization, the St. Paul Outdoor Sports Carnival Association has its plans ready for 1917, and has secured the National Ski Tournament for St. Paul during that period. Instead of two hundred and eight clubs of this year, it will be the aim of the association to have five hundred in the parades, and a total of fifty thousand marching enthusiasts in line. Clubs are being formed in many northwestern cities for participation in the events, and without a doubt the carnival will become annually the one great winter event of the North.

"Make it a Hot One," the carnival slogan, represents the idea of the entire section regarding the carnival, and though held in winter, it has already become the "hottest" thing known to the northern amusement world.

SYMPATHY

A SILENT, unseen sympathy
 Throbs through the soul of man,
As vast as all the universe,
 As wide as God's own plan.

When sorrow lays its heavy hand,
 Along life's winding road,
The one you least expect it from
 Oft helps to bear the load.

—*Bennett Chapple.*

Of Others' Weaving[*]

by

M. E. Richardson

CHARACTERS

Simone de Martin, a young gentlewoman of Alsace, aged twenty-three.
Karl Von Volder, fiance of Simone, an Alsatian officer in German army, aged thirty.
Victor de Martin, brother of Simone, aged nineteen.
Madame de Martin, mother of Simone, aged forty-five.
Colonel La Mare, Colonel in French army, aged forty.
Madame de Somiere, a gentlewoman of France in Red Cross service, aged thirty-five.

Place: Alsace. Year: 1914. Month: June.

Scene—*Living-room in an Alsatian home. The room is suggestive of old-time luxury; rare tapestries mellowed by age hang upon oak walls; the furniture is of austere antique lines and a rich blue rug covers the dark floor. At the right is a carved fireplace, over which a coat of arms, dimmed with age, bears the inscription, "Loyaute me lie" (Loyalty binds me). At the rear is a long French window opening upon a small balcony, evidently overlooking the street, for its mingled sounds, the gay rusty rattle of carts bumping over cobblestones, the raucous sing-song of the hucksters and the high-pitched voices of children stir to life the dignified quiet of the room. The bright afternoon sun flashes in through the windows, striking into light, sudden gay patches of color. At the rear, left and right, are massive paneled doors. The room itself is blithe with flowers—flowers of all kinds, from the childlike bluets of Germany to the deep-hued, fragrant roses of France. There is an air of buoyant festivity everywhere, which even the haughty aristocrats, frowning down from their softly gleaming frames, fail to daunt. The room itself is distinctly French, although German taste proclaims itself in certain details. Madame de Martin, a stately woman of forty-five, with soft, white hair and dark, intense eyes, is arranging flowers at a table on the left. She hums a quaint folk-song in a sorrow-softened voice as she caresses them with lingering touch. In a gentle flutter of excitement she goes every now and then to the long French window and looks out, scanning the street below, then again returns to the flowers, lifting her head from time to time as though listening. After a few moments she turns toward the door on the left and calls.*

Madame de Martin—Simone! Simone! It grows late.

Simone (*in a clear, girlish voice from the other room*)—Yes, Mamma cherie!

Madame—You will be late, my Simone.

Simone—No, never, mamma. Oh! (*in an excited, happy voice*) my dress is lovely—the train (*a joyous laugh*) is miles long!

(*Madame de Martin, a happy smile on her face, goes toward the door as though to open it; an alarmed cry greets her.*)

Simone—No! no! wait, mamma; you must not see me in my wedding gown; it is ill-omen, mamma.

(*There is a moment of silence, Madame de Martin returns to the window and stands waiting. The door on the right opens softly and the slender figure of a girl is framed in the old oak doorway. Simone is a graceful, fragile creature of rare persuasive distinction, spiritually appealing—her face like the face of a quaint Perugino Madonna. The pale slenderness of her expressive hands, her eyes, deep and intense like her mother's, the proud lift of the little head, all individualize her—the worthy descendant of those noble women that look so proudly down at her from their age-worn frames on the panelled oak walls. Her face aglow with happiness, she hesitates a moment in the doorway, then steals toward Madame de Martin who still stands looking out of the window. With a quick pretty gesture, she covers her mother's eyes with her fingers.*)

Simone (*standing on tip-toe and speaking with pretty playfulness*)—It is Victor!

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MADAME (*laughingly*)—No; you and Victor are much alike, but never—the same.

SIMONE (*gayly brushing her cheek against her mother's shoulder*)—Is that a reproach, cherie?

MADAME (*turning and taking Simone gently in her arms*)—You—you will never be a reproach, my little one.

SIMONE—Then (*taking her mother by the hand and drawing her to the fireplace*)—then come and talk to me instead of waiting there for Victor.

MADAME (*sitting down and taking Simone's hand in hers*)—I can't get over being absurd about Victor; his furlough is passing like one short day! Oh! this brutal military service, and yet—

SIMONE (*tenderly*)—It means he has grown into a man.

MADAME (*dreamily*)—A man—my Victor! and thou, my little Simone, on the threshold of womanhood, only today looking at thy bridal gown (*sighing slightly*) waiting for the morrow (*takes Simone's hand tenderly in hers and gently kisses the betrothal finger*). You will be happy (*her hand closes over Simone's*) very happy, my Simone!

SIMONE—Ah! If I were happier—this—would not be earth (*a flutter of pink in her cheeks*). I—I—

MADAME (*drawing Simone closer to her and completing her phrase*)—love him so? (*Then suddenly*) I am glad the old abiding place is yours, Simone; it suits you, *ma petite* (*her gaze wanders to the coat-of-arms over the fireplace*). It has sheltered dreams, this fireside! (*Reverently*) The noble dreams of your father, the best heritage a soul can have, "Loyalty binds me," will come to you and Karl—here!

SIMONE (*quickly*)—And you also, mamma—you will stay with us—always!

MADAME (*pressing her hand lovingly*)—Of course, my Simone—of course. Ah! (*listening*) there is someone—

(*The door opens, admitting a tall, powerfully built youth, whose big blue eyes belie the sternness of his firm set jaw. He moves with a swinging vigor, an out-of-door stride, and his voice is vibrant with the healthy joy of life. Madame half rises from her seat, Simone runs to meet him, her face alight with love.*)

MADAME—Oh, it is thou, Karl.

(*Karl kisses Simone tenderly on the forehead and together they go over to Madame de Martin.*)

MADAME (*as Karl lifts her hand to his lips*)—You have not seen my Victor today?

SIMONE (*scolding prettily*)—She speaks continually of Victor—my mother—one would never know (*gently*) that these last treasure days were mine.

KARL (*his arm about Simone, looking down at her tenderly*)—But we—you and I—we know—and dream.

MADAME (*softly*)—Yes, dream, dear romance weavers, dream and build. Enter softly into the rose garden (*a slight sadness in her tone*) the gates of love open only for two.

KARL (*still holding firmly one of Simone's hands, reaches over and tenderly takes Madame's hand in his*)—Now—we three, together shall enter.

MADAME (*rising and going toward the door, looks back at them smilingly*)—Vain promises! So send Victor to me when he comes. He is looking ill these days. He is so high-strung—so sensitive (*in an undertone*) this military training—

KARL (*completing her phrase in hearty assurance*)—is splendid! It makes men.

SIMONE (*in pretty protest*)—And we women—are we so weak, then, without it?

KARL—Weak? You are strong with the strength of the home—the strongest strength man knows. A woman's place is here (*gathering Simone to him in a close embrace, then holding her off and looking at her lovingly*)—dear little Simone! You have shown me the sapphire path to joy.

SIMONE (*in pretty remonstrance*)—Foolish man! It was always you who led.

KARL—But always you (*kissing her*) who first awakened the impulse that moved me—guided me.

SIMONE—You, guided! My big, strong man!

KARL—Every man needs a beacon light—it is the far-reaching lights of the home that show him the safe, foot-worn path.

SIMONE—And now—O think, in a few days—

KARL (*resting his cheek against her soft brown hair*)—You'll be tending my hearth fire.

SIMONE (*with a slight tremor in her voice*)—Yes, and a lot of other—foolish delightful things—just as we used to plan when playing "house" in the garden.

(*Moved by the same impulse they go to the French window and look out.*)

KARL (*reverently, lost in reminiscence*)—Those happy, happy garden days!

SIMONE (*a trace of sadness in her tone*)—The dear old garden—see how the street cuts through it now!

KARL (*kissing her gently*)—But—the garden will always be fragrant!

SIMONE (*softly, caught by the evening spell*)—How peaceful all the world is!

KARL (*quickly responding to her mood*)—The sun has almost set—

SIMONE (*vaguely uneasy*)—How red it is—what is the old legend about a sun bathed in red. It means—

KARL (*putting a protecting arm about her and drawing her to him*)—Nothing but love—my Simone!

(*As he speaks, Victor, a young lad of nineteen, bursts into the room. He is very slight, but of wiry build; his slender nervous hands, his dark flashing eyes, his lithe body are all alive with suppressed excitement. Without noticing Simone or Karl, he goes directly to the old armoire at the left and takes out a folded flag—the tri-color of France. Startled and amazed, Simone and Karl watch the boy as he presses the flag fervently to his lips. Slowly the glowing pride fades; and as his eyes linger on the dim colors, they themselves grow dim and widen *with pain. His whole being seems stripped of its young vigor, and he stands there very quiet and still, his eyes on the tri-color.*)

SIMONE (*softly*)—Victor, brother!

(*Startled at the sound of her voice, Victor half turns towards Simone, his grasp on the faded colors tightening convulsively.*)

VICTOR (*speaking in a voice husky with emotion and quite unconscious of Karl's presence.*) I—I found it—the flag—I remembered! All those years it has lain there, but I remembered.

SIMONE (*with a nervous effort to give the conversation an ordinary trend*)—You are late, Victor—Mamma—

VICTOR (*repeating with a far-distant look in his eyes*)—Yes—late! But not too late!

SIMONE (*in a light tone shielding his eyes from the brilliant glow of the setting sun*)—The afternoon sun is fading; it will soon be gone.

VICTOR (*dully, half to himself, half to Simone and always with that same distant look*)—Gone! The sun gone already! But (*exultantly*) suns rise again—they—rise again—tonight it was a ball of fire, red—very—red.

SIMONE (*in quick response*)—You noticed—then! You too!

VICTOR (*as though amazed at her question*)—Noticed (*with intensity*) tomorrow the whole world will have seen it. Ah! tomorrow—

(*He turns and looks at Karl, as though seeing him for the first time. He pales, then sets his teeth firmly into his lip and is silent.*)

KARL (*laughingly coming forward*)—Tomorrow—you receive your new commission (*Victor flinches*) so they tell me. Felicitations! Lieutenant de Martin! (*Salutes Victor with exaggerated formality.*) Tomorrow you ride an officer in your regiment.

VICTOR (*speaks, catching him up defiantly*)—Tomorrow—I ride across the border—(*softly*) to France!

SIMONE (*startled, turns to Karl*)—Why, he talks of going, Karl? (*To Victor*)—Surely you have not forgotten?

VICTOR (*in exultation*)—I forget—nothing!

KARL (*laughingly*)—Only—our wedding!

(*At the word "wedding" Victor blanches, a look of horror flashes across his countenance; the boyishness quite gone, his face hardens into stern lines.*)

SIMONE (*hurt*)—Surely you are forgetful.

VICTOR (*grimly*)—Forgetful I was, but (*chokingly*) not now.

KARL (*still puzzled*)—But Victor, brother! Why this sudden decision to go? You, of all others, should share our happiness (*taking Simone's hand*) Simone's and mine! Surely there is nothing so important that—

VICTOR (*as one astounded*)—Not important! the blast that will sweep us like mere foam-flecks, into nothing! We and our personal lives! Like sparkling bits of white froth we shall vanish before the storm!

(*Simone, apprehensive, goes closer to Karl.*)

KARL—And why—what—

VICTOR — Because — because the swirling wind will drive us—Simone—you—our petty plans in opposite ways (*proudly*). We are the de Martins!

KARL (*with an attempt at banter*)—Since when this sudden discovery?

VICTOR (*passionately*)—Sudden! I have always felt it! The blood of France throbbing in my veins, but now, like a fresh tide it sweeps the débris from my soul and brings new hope for France.

KARL (*vaguely understanding*)—Oh! So—o. Since when this sudden boundary line, my brother? (*triumphantly*) You, yourself, serve the German Emperor.

VICTOR (*in a sudden flame of anger*)—You dare taunt me with these months of dishonor—of degradation! You! One of those who thought to smother the fire of patriotism in our hearts; it will but flame the more fiercely for the repression. A word now and all Alsace will be ablaze. (*noting Simone and Karl's incredulous expressions*) I know it!

KARL—You imagine, boy, 1870 is an old-wives' tale now, listened to only by a few hot-heads and dreamers, romance-weavers. Why! we are bound together by a thousand practical ties. Oh, what nonsense we are talking. Alsace today is German to the heart.

(*Simone, vaguely uneasy, clings to Karl, who is smiling indulgently as if reasoning with an impulsive child.*)

VICTOR (*depressed momentarily by Karl's words*)—Small wonder if the poison-weeds of your planting have choked the fragile flower of France. But (*exultantly*) remember, wind-blown seeds scatter wide! Who knows what blooms the first blood baptism will call to life?

SIMONE (*alarmed*)—Oh! Karl—if anyone should hear him—

(*She rushes to the window, looks out, then closes it.*)

KARL (*laughs reassuringly and a bit scornfully*)—It would only amuse them—this hot-head speech; Germany, the empire does not war on boys for groundless accusations!

VICTOR—Groundless! God! All Alsace cries out to France? It is in the throb, the pulse of every loyal heart (*struck with sudden amazement*). How can you fail to sense it? Why, the very earth is sick with pity, the air pulsates with it, the earth vibrates to it; the old wounds of Alsace wake and quiver with pain. Tomorrow! and every loyal Alsatian will be across the border singing the Marseillaise.

KARL (*staring at him in a stupor of surprise*)—You mean—

VICTOR (*confronting him*)—War! It is here—war!

(*As Simone draws away from Victor in fear, the door opens and Madame de Martin enters.*)

MADAME (*bewildered by their aspect*)—What does all this mean?

VICTOR (*a prophetic light in his eyes*)—It means—France!

MADAME (*in a terrible flash of instant sympathy and comprehension*)—France!

(*Victor turns quickly to his mother in instinctive glad response; it is almost as though a veil between them had been rent; a startled moment *of sudden-at-one-ment, and nothing exists for these two, but France and each other.*)

VICTOR (*in passionate avowal*)—I will live this lie no longer. My heart is open to the world—it holds but France!

(*At his words Madame de Martin vibrates with emotion, as one in whom long-hidden sorrows are stirred to sharp pain. She looks at Victor, passionate agony in her eyes. Simone in quick alarm clings to her in a sudden, vague panic, fearful of the nameless force that moves her mother. Karl's mild blue eyes light with a sudden steely fire; race-instinct roused to arrogance and scorn.*)

KARL (*scornfully repeating Victor's words*)—Holds but France—a dreamer's country!

(*As a little despairing cry from Simone reaches Karl, the tense painful lines of his face soften, the blue glint fades from his eyes, and suddenly, tender with love, he turns toward her. Madame de Martin, startled by the cry, looks dazedly at them, slowly her rigid body relaxes and her face grows almost peaceful as she gazes. Victor alone is keyed to painful intensity.*)

MADAME (*turning to Karl in fluttering, pleading indecision*)—Oh, what can all this have meant?

KARL (*who has thrown his arm reassuringly about Simone, speaks soothingly in a calm, even tone, almost matter-of-fact.*)—Oh! Victor thinks war will be the outcome of this Servian affair.

MADAME (*to Karl in a panic of anxiety*)—And you?

(*Victor, his nails cutting into his clinched hands, stands watching in dumb, white torture while the glow of understanding in his mother's eyes slowly fades and is gone.*)

KARL (*to Madame de Martin, with quiet assurance*)—Madame! Think! The year we live in! Only look from that window— What do you see? What do you hear?

SIMONE (*in quick response from the window*)—Children's voices!

VICTOR (*in a hoarse undertone*)—War!

KARL (*ignoring Victor*)—There is your answer (*gently*) the children!

MADAME (*only half relieved*)—Oh, I am glad to hear you say that! But oh! (*suddenly pale with premonition, she goes over and rests her hand lingeringly, soothingly on Victor's shoulder*) this rash boy of mine!

KARL (*soothingly*)—You were always a firebrand, Victor.

SIMONE (*pleadingly*)—Why here we have been living, side by side, friends—Victor!

(*There is a hushed moment of uncertain silence.*)

KARL (*vaguely alarmed and making a desperate effort to convince them all*)—Why, we speak German on the streets—we sing "Die Wacht am Rhein" and (*gently*) we are—friends. The German flag flies over us both—protects us. Alsace is German today!

VICTOR (*fired by hatred*)—Yes, and the answer—Force! They forced us to speak their hated tongue; they forced us to sing their hated song, and by force they planted their despised flag above us, and made us serve them—(*a world of bitter sarcasm in his voice*) Oh, yes! Alsace is German! When the hearts under the heavy German uniforms still beat to the "Marseillaise" (*he laughs bitterly*) I tell you, the "Marseillaise," the song "*verboten*" (*scornfully*) shall ring once more through these German-disciplined streets; once more the sorrowing sun shall greet the flag of France floating wide over Alsace.

MADAME (*wearily, pitifully*)—Oh, it has been so peaceful these last years, so pleasant, so happy! All the old, sharp pain forgotten! What need, my son, to open an old wound?

SIMONE (*pleadingly*)—Surely you can forget if mother can.

KARL (*touched*)—My brother! You would not want fresh blood shed for an old grievance! It is old, very old, that grievance, and now—

SIMONE (*hurriedly*)—We are all friends now! So happy, Victor! (*with a glance at Karl*).

VICTOR (*in despairing misery*)—Lotus eaters! Ah! the fruit of forgetfulness is sweet to the taste, but poison to the soul! But (*triumphantly*) some day even the lotus lovers biting into it shall find it acid to their tongues.

KARL (*sternly, resenting the reproach to Madame de Martin and Simone*)—Your youth takes liberties! (*Simone puts a restraining hand on Karl's arm, who, at her touch as though ashamed of his display of feeling, caresses her reassuringly and with a quick change of manner turns toward Victor, his hand outstretched.*) We should not quarrel, you and I, brother!

(*At the word "brother," Victor averts his face. His unseeing eyes rest for a mute moment on the coat-of-arms above the fireplace, then the locked pain in his face melts away as the motto flames into his consciousness. He turns sharply to Simone.*)

VICTOR—Simone you are—a de Martin. (*with a dramatic gesture toward the motto*) *Loyalty binds you!*

MADAME (*catching him up quickly*)—Loyalty binds—of a surety!

VICTOR (*pointing to Karl*)—But he—

KARL (*coming forward*)—He loves Simone—

VICTOR (*proudly, with a gesture of dismissal*)—Simone is a de Martin, sir!

(*The two men confront one another, one proudly, the other patiently.*)

SIMONE (*in a panic of fear*)—What do you mean—not marry Karl? But I will! I will! (*flinging herself into Karl's arms*). Nothing can separate us—nothing! nothing!

KARL (*tenderly anxious, to Simone in an aside*)—Even if—

SIMONE (*defiantly to Victor from the shelter of Karl's arms*)—Why ever since I have known what love is, I have loved Karl.

KARL (*in tender assurance*)—And now—

SIMONE (*fiercely*)—I shall go on loving him.

KARL (*pressing Simone closer to him*)—Darling!

VICTOR (*desperately to his mother*)—But you, mother—to forget all these (*with a sweeping gesture towards the portraits*) and that (*indicating the motto*) and—France, and yet we come of a race who suffered for her—died for her. (*Reproachfully*) A moment ago, mother, and you vibrated with me—you remembered!

Madame—A moment ago, selfish, we were at-one, but now, for them (*pointing to Simone and Karl*) we must vibrate with the life about us—the united life!

Victor—United—there is no union! The whole world is torn asunder, vibrating to different tones—and yours should be—France!

Simone—Karl and I have nothing to do with nations! Healed wounds! Mouldering plans!

Victor—Save this: he belongs to them, and you belong to us. Surely you would not renounce your people and their wrongs? Think little sister (*tenderly*) think what you are saying!

Karl (*as though sweeping away all obstacles with a gesture*)—But love—it has nothing to do with war, politics, or country! Love binds together—it never separates; it makes men one.

Simone—It is useless, Victor. Nothing you can say will change me. I shall marry Karl (*with passion*). He is mine—mine!

(*The sound of military music and measured tread is heard from the street below. Victor's eyes blaze with hot hate. Then as shouts and cheers ring out triumphantly, a ghastly whiteness spreads over his suddenly averted face. Karl turns toward him.*)

Karl (*in a soothing tone with a shade of condescension*)—Victor—you see all Alsace like (*drawing Simone to him*) Simone!

Victor (*in passionate intensity*)—Yes Alsace, asleep! But Alsace awake will show the blazing paths that loyal feet can tread—undaunted go (*beside himself*) you (*turning to Madame de Martin*) shall see what hot hate smoulders beneath (*ironically*) this peace—you so love—this pleasant happiness. And you (*to Karl in fierce sarcasm*) you shall observe how your valiant empire disregards the hot-head speeches of boys; gives them (*his face illumined*) freedom; and you (*to Simone very tenderly*) poor little love-blind sister, you shall know the bitterness of this love—the hatred it shields—a hatred so intense it will stop at nothing—nothing (*his face ablaze*) you shall see all this, and (*triumphantly*) you shall see Alsace awake!

(*As they look at him, astounded by his incomprehensible words, he flings wide the French window, and springs to the balustrade, his voice ringing out sharply, fiercely, in clear tenor notes, "Allons, enfants de la patria—Le jour de glorie est arrivé, Contre—" The marching military feet halt; a harsh command breaks the sudden silence of the street below; a rifle shot cuts in upon the song. A terrified instant of silence within the room, and Victor staggers back, the pallor of death and triumph on his face. Madame de Martin springs forward, flinging out both arms toward him.*)

Victor (*transfigured, clinging to his mother*)—I was right—they war—the hate is—there—but for me—peace! Little sister—

Madame (*a great sob choking her*)—Victor—my son—my little son—Victor!

(*Karl's horror-glance falls on the blood-stained flag still held tightly in Victor's grasp. His face darkens, and a stern look crosses it as the whole significance breaks upon him. Simone stands dumb—dazed. Madame de Martin holds Victor to her in an anguished embrace.*)

Madame de Martin (*turning on Karl in a frenzy of pain and scorn*)—Germans! Cowards!

Voices (*from street below*)—Traitor! Traitor!

Victor (*opening his eyes at the word "traitor," and with a broken laugh of happy scorn*)—Traitor! *Non!* for the first time—patriot—true! (*With an exultant gesture towards the coat-of-arms*) "Loyalty binds"—(*his breath fails, but his dimming eyes are still fixed on the motto*).

(*In Madame de Martin's eyes, following Victor's, there slowly dawns the light of supreme sacrifice and patriotism. Simone is on her knees, clinging to Victor's hand, but her gaze, pitifully pleading, is fixed on Karl. As their eyes meet, Karl's frozen look gives place to pity and love, and he opens wide his arms. Simone with a cry half pain, half weariness, wavers toward him and is folded to his breast.*)

Madame de Martin (*horror and alienation in her voice*)—Simone!

CURTAIN.

Scene II.

Time: Three months later.

Scene: The same as Scene I.

The stately living room of the De Martin residence, now stripped of all comfort, is almost dismal in its barrenness. The sturdy tables and chairs look out of place, interlopers who have pushed their way into the quiet age-old room. Scattered over the tables are rolls of cotton and gauze, and here and there stand leather cases, hampers, bottles of antiseptics and other hospital necessities.

Madame de Somiere, a gentlewoman of about thirty-five, is sitting near one of the tables making entries on a hospital bulletin. She is in Red Cross uniform.

Colonel La Mare of the French army enters. He is a handsome, keen-eyed military man of forty; although evidently very weary, he moves with alertness and surety of bearing. He salutes Madame de Somiere in response to her smile of greeting, then sinks into a chair, his hands dropped between his knees, his eyes fixed on the floor, the grave, resolute lines of his relaxed face showing careworn and dispirited. As he sits there waiting, he lifts troubled eyes, now and then, to Madame de Somiere as she continues her entries on the bulletin.)

Colonel (*in the flat tone of exhaustion*)—There is no more room here?

Madame de Somiere (*reluctantly*)—We have already more than we can care for, sir. Are there many more?

Colonel (*dispirited*)—Always more and more. The cathedral is filled with cots, the hospital, every available place, and each day adds to the number (*pause*). Little Simone, Madame Von Volder, where is she?

MADAME DE SOMIERE—She went to take some bandages to the Cathedral. Every spare minute she spends in making them. She looks so—(*hesitates*).

COLONEL—Yes, I have noted it. Who would think one small woman capable of so much? (*softly*). Ah! these weak women, how strong they are!

MADAME DE SOMIERE (*suddenly*)—Then you have noticed how depressed and worn she is (*continuing as the Colonel looks up with quick concern*) it almost makes me fear for her at times. She sits for hours and hours mechanically making bandages; it is as if she dared not stop—and always with that same set look.

COLONEL (*shaking his head*)—Poor little Simone! Too much work!

MADAME DE SOMIERE—No, it is not that, Colonel. She is as well and strong as the rest, only she is always thinking—thinking of her husband. Every wounded soldier brought in here is only another reminder of what he may be suffering; the very sound of the "Marseilliase" must be to her like his death march. Of course it is only natural; love and duty at war, as they must be in her! Why, I have seen her at the word of some victory flinch as though she had been stabbed. Oh, if we could only do something for her.

COLONEL (*softly, reverently*)—Our poor little Simone! It is small wonder! They say her husband is a fine fellow. Did you know him?

MADAME DE SOMIERE (*shaking her head*)—No, sir. I never saw him.

COLONEL (*admiration in his voice*)—He must be a man to have won our Simone.

MADAME DE SOMIERE—Yes, so I understand; but even so—she should never have married him.

COLONEL (*reminiscence in his voice*)—Love outweighs all else; it muffles the sound of reason and veils the sight (*rousing himself with an effort*). Well, it is late and (*smiling sadly*) there are duties, but it is always good to come to your haven of rest.

MADAME DE SOMIERE—Of rest!

COLONEL—Very heaven compared to the others, this room of yours. (*He gets up to go out.*)

MADAME DE SOMIERE—Simone will be here any minute now. It is late; she should have returned; from eight until three is her watch here—

COLONEL (*from the doorway*)—I must give a message to one waiting; I shall be back.

(*He goes out, and Madame de Somiere begins to fill a hamper from the table. While she is thus occupied Simone enters, a sadly changed Simone. Girlhood and womanhood have met across the span of the three bitter months that have elapsed. Heavy with pain and anxiety, the eyes of a woman look out from a delicately shadowed face, still girlish in contour. Her step so light and blithesome is now slow—dragging.*)

SIMONE (*in a pain-deepened voice*)—They need more bandages at the Cathedral. Oh, God! Where will this all end?

(*She sinks into a chair, putting a pale hand over her eyes, as though to shut out the sight she has seen. Madame de Somiere, all sympathy, reaches over and rests her hand tenderly on Simone's clenched hands. Simone, rousing herself, takes up the linen and begins folding it.*)

SIMONE—Bandages! Always more bandages! Sometimes it seems that I shall go mad making them. (*Her hands fall lifelessly and she gazed blindly into space.*)

MADAME DE SOMIERE (*in an effort to arouse her*)—You are exhausted, Simone. You'd better rest, dear—forget all this in sleep.

SIMONE (*passing her hands over her eyes in a bewildered way*)—Sleep? Sleep? Yes, it is awful to sleep and dream like this. If they would only wake me (*pathetically*), wake me!

MADAME DE SOMIERE (*shaking her arm gently, alarmed at the state into which she has fallen*)—You are so very tired. Oh, I wish you would rest.

SIMONE (*with a pitifully helpless gesture*)—No, it is not that—it is this constant torment here (*clutching at her heart*) this wondering always if my Karl is safe, thinking—praying—hoping from day to day—for a word from him. The torture of simply waiting.

(*A great sob almost chokes her, and she clutches at her throat feverishly as though to ease away the pain. Madame de Somiere puts an arm soothingly about her shoulder, but as she bends toward Simone there is a moan from the inner room at the left and she hastens to respond. Simone, too, is at once alert awaiting her return.*)

MADAME DE SOMIERE (*returning, in answer to Simone's questioning look*)—A new soldier, one of the 20th division that fought so gloriously.

SIMONE (*in awed surprise*)—I thought they were all (*softly*) lost on "le Champ de gloire."

MADAME DE SOMIERE—A few—returned.

SIMONE (*reverently, in a hushed tone*)—And he—in there—is one of them.

MADAME DE SOMIERE—Yes, and strange, he is always delirious, that one, and yet he has no fever. It would puzzle one—were there time to think of individuals now.

SIMONE (*bitterly*)—Individuals! Time to think! I have too much time. That new patient! I envy him—to lose oneself even in—delirium. Will they never stop coming and going, these broken, bruised lives?

MADAME DE SOMIERE (*with weary acceptance of the situation*)—When there are no more to come.

SIMONE (*speaking with an effort*)—The bandages! They must have fifty more; I promised fifty.

MADAME DE SOMIERE (*with a sigh*)—Ah, yes, I'd almost forgotten. I'd best take them now.

(*She takes up the hamper and goes toward the door just as the Colonel enters. Simone has begun rolling bandages again. The Colonel salutes Madame de Somiere as she goes out.*)

COLONEL (*going over and resting his hand affectionately on Simone's shoulder*)—Still working, little one? We have much—much to thank you for, but you must not make yourself ill. We cannot afford to lose you, little faithful!

SIMONE (*smiling wanly*)—Work never hurts, it is worry that kills—to be tormented in brain and heart!

COLONEL (*soothingly*)—There, there, my child, I know!

SIMONE—I am always thinking of him—my Karl! You never knew my Karl, Colonel?

COLONEL—No, Simone, but as your husband he already has my friendship and admiration.

SIMONE (*catching her breath quickly*)—Oh! He is noble, my Karl, noble (*paling slightly*). It is terrible to love like this.

COLONEL (*softly, tenderly*)—But in that brief space the full glory of life is revealed.

SIMONE (*glorious memory in her eyes*)—The full glory of life and (*in sudden fierce revulsion of feeling*) the bitterness! The thoughts—how they crowd in upon me—crushing me—everywhere (*in a husky whisper*) his face—and—the lilies of France.

COLONEL (*soothingly*)—There, there, child.

SIMONE (*looking up at him in piteous appeal*)—Where do I belong?

COLONEL (*taking her hand gently*)—Here—here, where you are.

SIMONE—Oh, if I had to choose (*gaspingly*) I—I would not have the strength.

(*A man's figure appears stealthily in the doorway behind them. His head is bandaged, but his eyes are keen, alert. As his glance falls upon Simone, his face softens and he makes a slight gesture toward her, but quickly checks himself; then draws back cautiously—very cautiously, and remains there quiet, listening intently.*)

COLONEL (*with assurance*)—You—you are a de Martin.

SIMONE (*softly*)—Yet—yet I have changed my name to Von Volder.

COLONEL (*with quiet conviction*)—The name—but not the heart.

SIMONE (*a shade crossing her face*)—I sometimes wonder—

COLONEL—"*Pauvre Petite*"—you will never fail us; you, of all women! Ah, France is based deep in the loyal hearts of her children and (*lowering his voice*) it is well, for we approach a crisis.

SIMONE (*paling with fright, eyes wide open with alarm*)—A crisis!

(*As the Colonel lowers his voice the listener in the doorway noiselessly takes several steps into the room; every nerve tense, alert.*)

COLONEL (*depressed, sick at heart*)—Every move we make is known to the enemy, checkmated in advance! This whole district is webbed by spies, and from this point, it seems, the threads lead out.

SIMONE (*appalled*)—And you have no clue?

COLONEL—Clue! If we had but one—just one—we could cut their network. It is like a web, woven so subtly that our best agents are at a loss—yet they are here—among us, in our very midst. That we know! All France knows it! This is why they are able to push us back inch by inch—step by step—until soon they will have us over the very borders of France—aye, even back into Paris. We are fighting an unseen enemy.

SIMONE—Are you sure you have trusted the right people—your officers?

COLONEL (*looking at her in horror*)—You almost ask me to doubt yourself, Simone.

SIMONE (*averting her gaze and speaking under her breath*)—Perhaps even that were best!

(*At her words the man who has been listening at the door quickly disappears, and an instant later a husky voice from the adjoining room cries:*) Water! Water!

COLONEL (starting)—What is that?

SIMONE (*going toward the door, taking a glass from the table*)—It sounds like the voice of the new soldier; he was brought in quite delirious—of the 20th division.

COLONEL (*with enthusiasm*)—That noble regiment! All France pays tribute to it!

(*Simone leaves the room. The Colonel remains looking after her, sadly. Suddenly the crash of a glass falling is heard through the half-open door. As the Colonel springs to his feet, Simone appears in the door and stands half-barring the entrance. The Colonel, his face full of alarm, goes toward her, but Simone puts out her hand as though to ward him off and leans against the doorway, white and gasping.*)

COLONEL (*alarmed*)—Why, what is it?

SIMONE (*with a painful effort*)—Nothing. I feel a little weak, that's all.

COLONEL (*concerned*)—Oh, but you are ill.

SIMONE (*gaspingly*)—No, no just faint—here (*with a hand over her heart*).

COLONEL—I'll call someone—you must be relieved. Someone must take your place here (*he goes toward the door*).

SIMONE (*wildly*)—No! No! It is my place here—mine!

COLONEL—But you are pale—ghastly.

SIMONE (*in desperate control*)—Oh, you would not ask me to go—I could not sleep knowing I failed tonight in my duty, for (*hoarsely*)—France. This is my hour—of duty—here—see! My faintness has quite passed. I feel better now. The dizziness is quite gone.

(*The Colonel responds by placing his hands gently on Simone's shoulders and scanning her face intently, anxiously. Simone makes a pitiful effort to smile back at him. As a slow flush creeps over her face, the Colonel slightly reassured, starts toward the door. There he pauses a moment, and looks back still undetermined, but Simone smiling bravely, makes a little gesture of farewell and he goes out shaking his head. As the echo of his step dies away, Simone crumples down against the wall—a pathetic figure. At the moment a man, the unseen listener, appears in the left-hand door. He goes toward Simone, his arms outstretched, his face aglow. He catches Simone to him,* *who, with a half sob, buries her face on his shoulder.)*

Simone—Karl!

Karl (*very tenderly, holding her off from him and devouring her face with his eyes*)—Oh, I've waited so long for this—so long (*kissing her*) my little Simone!

(*She clings close to him, then, with a shuddering cry draws away.*)

Simone (*hoarsely*)—What brought you here, Karl?

Karl (*drawing her to him again*)—You!

Simone—Oh! but if you are—caught.

Karl (*clasping her closer*)—Oh, it's worth the risk, dear (*in a burst of emotion*) how I have missed you, little wife!

Simone (*in a frenzy of fear*)—But it would mean—death.

Karl (*passionately*)—Ah! death would be better than this tortured living. Those unholy horrors are driving men mad out there in those gaping jaws of hell. But is it really you? (*feasting his eyes on her face*). All those awful days out there! I'd have gone mad but for you and the knowing you were waiting here; and now—to be near you! I have lived for this hour.

Simone (*vibrating between fear and love*)—An hour is short—so short, Karl!

Karl (*cooling his cheek with her hand*)—But the memory, little one.

Simone (*bitterly*)—Memories!

Karl (*speaking in a dreamy voice*)—Carry us over the rough spots. (*Gathering Simone to him in a sudden tumult of emotion.*) We will always remember this hour, Simone.

Simone (*in sudden alarm*)—Remember (*clinging to him in a panic of fear*). Why shouldn't this—last? Why should we ever part again? Oh, do not speak of remembering (*gripping him convulsively by the shoulder*) take me with you where you go—take me. The horror of these long months! The fear of you! I could not stand it again (*pleadingly*). Say you will take me!

Karl (*closing his eyes as though in pain, but speaking in a soothing voice*)—Not just yet—a little later—then I will come for you.

Simone (*in an agony of despair*)—And I must stay without you—you have been so long in coming (*pathetically*) I must go back—into that terrible dream—that sleep torn by anxiety. Say you will take me—

Karl (*speechless with emotion, holding her two hands to his breast in a strong grip, then brokenly*)—I must return—I—I only came for an hour with you—the army—

Simone (*looking at him as one dazed*)—Armies? Oh—yes (*recoiling*) I—I had forgotten them (*desperately*). Oh, the cruelty of it all—so wicked—so needless!

(*A sound is heard in the hall. Simone starts away from Karl, intense fear in her face; they stand listening, breathless.*)

Simone (*staring at him in a trance of fright*) If they should know you—did you not hear?

Karl (*in tender reassurance*)—Nothing, my foolish little Simone.

(*Simone, white with fear, moves cautiously to the door and peers out into the hall looking right and left. Karl furtively takes some papers from his person, and with a quick glance at Simone, touches a secret spring in the wall behind him, at the left of the fireplace. A panel slides back, revealing a small recess in which he hastily conceals a paper. He then advances towards Simone as she turns and comes back into the room.*)

Simone (*relieved*)—There was no one!

Karl (*laughing uneasily*)—All these precautions (*taking her in his arms*) A little woman protecting a big man like me. It almost makes me ashamed. Such precautions!

Simone (*as though torn by the mere thought*)—Oh, I couldn't lose you now, dear.

Karl—There is no need.

Simone (*happily; pressing close to him*)—All those long, dreary days are fading away. It all pales now with your strong arms about me.

Karl—And with you the dead world comes to life again.

Simone (*reverently*)—Our precious hour! Some day we'll be sitting by this very fireside—you there and I here—you'll be toasting your shoes and I'll be sewing silly, frivolous things. Ah, what will anything matter then? You'll be there, and oh— (*she springs up and goes toward the fireplace. Karl instinctively bars her way, holding out his arms to her, with a nervous laugh*).

Karl (*persuasively*)—Come back here, dear—

Simone (*in gentle joy*)—Wait! I have something to show you, *mon amie.*

(*Her hand is on the spring when Karl springs forward as though listening.*)

Karl (*in a hoarse whisper*)—Simone, did you hear?

(*Simone turns, catches his arm in quick fear and then runs to the door and opens it. She glances out quickly, her gaze hardly leaving his face.*)

Simone (*from the doorway, laughingly*)—Now, who is foolish? There was no one!

(*She starts again toward the secret panel, but he catches her to him with forced playfulness.*)

Karl—Come, come back to the fireside and dream of a cozy fire—with you on one side sewing, and—

Simone (*with sweet insistence*)—But no, first let me open this (*with her hand on the panel*).

Karl (*pleadingly*)—Simone, do not open it.

Simone (*in laughing surprise*)—Why, Karl?

Karl (*unsteadily*)—Secret panels make me think of—

Simone (*tenderly scornful*)—Foolish!

(*Simone evades him and with a quick movement touches the secret spring. The panel slides wide. Karl stands tense, his face white with anxiety. Simone tremulously takes out a baby's garment, a sheer white slip, and turns to Karl, her face love-illumined. Karl's fear changes to joy, great wordless joy, and everything else forgotten, he stares at the little garment in mute reverence. Simone silently holds out the dainty slip toward him. As he reaches out* *his hand to take it, a thin blue paper flutters to the floor, opening as it falls. Karl does not notice it, his heart and mind holding only the one thought, but Simone stares at the paper intently, and a growing look of horror comes over her face. She turns toward Karl in dumb questioning appeal, but Karl, oblivious, takes her to him gently.*)

KARL (*in a choked, husky voice, awkwardly touching the dress*)—Simone, my brave little woman—and I did not know!

(*Simone, her eyes still on the paper which stares up at her from the floor, flings herself away from Karl, her face agonized and white.*)

SIMONE (*perfect comprehension in tone, in an agony of reproach*)—Plans, Karl! No! (*as Karl starts to interrupt*) do not lie to me; it will only make it harder. I see it all now. I understand (*piteously*). Oh, why did you let me find them? Why did I have to know? I was happy, so happy—but now—

KARL (*calmly, simply, without any effort to deceive*)—Simone, these (*pointing to papers*) have nothing to do with us but—love has.

SIMONE (*misery in her face and voice*)—Oh, it wasn't for love of me that you came. It was to use me! Oh, Karl! You could use our love as a screen to shield you while you spied on France. My France (*at the word "France" the nisery gives place to sudden scorn*). But then, why should that—why should anything surprise me now? It's a German's tactic to use woman and children as screens—even from the cannon's fire.

KARL (*in an agony of reproach*)—Simone—Simone! My little one!

SIMONE (*fiercely, deaf to his words*)—Yes, yes! But oh, why could you not have been different from the rest? Germans! Bah! It's in the blood! Cowards! Oh, I could endure knowing that you were fighting in the open as a man—as a soldier—but this underground work, this hidden—God! Oh (*in the wide-eyed horror of dawning comprehension*) now I know—you! You are the one—the hidden man of Germany! You! You were willing to sacrifice me for these (*catching up the paper and crushing it she flings it from her in strong repugnance*).

KARL (*wincing at her words*)—Simone dear—you don't understand.

SIMONE (*with a passionate gesture*)—Understand! What is there to understand? My course is clear. You are a spy! Oh, it was heartless enough to use me, but to force me with my own hand to destroy the shrine of love we built, that was brutal! You, my husband, to make mine the hand that crushes—Oh! I must be weak to hesitate, where you were (*scornfully*) so strong!

KARL (*in strong self-justification*)—I obeyed orders—I acted here as I would have done in any other place. It was the post they ordered, like any other to them, but to me it held the hope that I might see you, and I came almost with gladness. Oh—I would have given my life, and you know it, to have spared you this.

SIMONE (*scornfully*)—Spared me? What power have you to spare or to destroy, you little pawn in the game they play, your masters! Only a god could have spared me. But (*meaningly*) pawns block pawns, so I, you! Pawns we are, both! (*Then scorn giving place to sorrow, sorrow to dull despair*) Oh, the world has gone to pieces for us two—everything is ended now, everything! Death would have been so easy! But now the very earth has yawned beneath our feet. You and I are standing far off from each other on the opposite edges of a crumbling world, a widening gulf between. There is nothing left.

KARL (*in agonized reproach*)—Nothing! Simone (*his eyes search hers a moment*) darling! (*exultantly*) Our love is left! It stands firm even in the ruins; not even a crumbling world can sweep it from us. This moment is ours. Give it to me as I would give it—(*advancing toward her*).

SIMONE (*wrenching herself free*)—No, no! Never! A spy!

KARL (*his arms outstretched pleadingly*)—For this one hour forget these bitter cruel things between us, darling; it may be our last together; make it ours!

SIMONE (*waving him from her with a fierce cry*)—No, no! There is bridgeless gulf between—you are the enemy of France—therefore—

KARL—Enemies—gulfs! We are husband and wife, bound by the holiest, strongest tie of all—love! There is nothing other in the world between us but love, Simone.

(*He attempts again to take her in his arms, but Simone repulses him.*)

SIMONE—Oh, everywhere, turmoil and shame (*striking her breast*) there (*hand at brow*) everywhere (*with a fierce sweeping gesture*) tumult, hopelessness, and strife!

KARL (*softly, lovingly*)—But not here (*with his hand over his heart*).

SIMONE (*looking into space with blind, haggard eyes*)—I see a whole world helpless, tangled in a web of flame—I—I—cannot see my way clear. There is a burning here (*clutching her throat*) I—I cannot tear my way free to anything, not even to God.

KARL (*in tender remonstrance*)—But the way to me is clear, my Simone, a sure path for your little feet.

SIMONE (*going towards him gropingly like one blind, then shuddering back, white with pain*)—No, no, France stands between!

KARL (*sweeping her into his arms and holding her to him*)—No, not even France can stand between us, if you are as I am (*in passionate scorn*). Nations! All that is apart from us—

SIMONE (*in a tumult of broken, incoherent thought*)—Oh, but a spy!

KARL—We fight no less honorably—we who fight in silence and in the dark. You have cared for—even reverenced, those who thus serve France. It is for my fatherland to command; I serve as she sees fit. My loyalty and my honor lie with her—

SIMONE (*in painful indecision*)—Loyalty—honor—then what of mine?

KARL (*with deep emotion*)—Darling! You are my wife—my all, the one dear thing that is really mine. Surely here lies your world, dear (*holding out his arms to her*).

SIMONE (*pitifully*)—Oh Karl, my dear, dear husband.

KARL—Even by the law of men and of nations it is true—how much more by the higher law of God—of love—you are mine!

SIMONE (*in a hoarse whisper*)—And you—you belong to them (*in passionate avowal*). Oh, my love bids me lose my own will in yours, but my blood is the tear-blood of France. Oh, Karl (*half senseless with grief*) I cannot! I cannot! I must do my duty for—France.

KARL (*as though soothing a tired child*)—*Petite amie*, little one, it was not like this when you bade me go? What has changed you?

SIMONE (*pleadingly*)—Oh, I was a child then—nothing but a child, Karl (*piteously*). It made me proud even to see you dashing down the street on your big black horse, your sabre gleaming and the sun striking across your burnished helmet. I loved to see them bright and shining. They (*brokenly*) were such pretty toys, but I didn't know (*chokingly*) war then. It was all just parade and uniform and shining brightness. But now, now with my suffering France all about me, my smothered love for her rises up until it almost stifles me (*appealingly*). France is in my blood, as Germany is in yours. Oh, cruel—cruel weavers! We are caught in a tangled web of other's weaving (*to Karl*) what shall we do? You and I; my heart cries out to you even in the midst of devastated France. Oh Karl, my dear, dear husband, what can I do?

(*She goes towards Karl, gently he takes both of her pitifully groping hands in his strong, firm grasp*).

KARL (*in a firm, even voice*)—The decision rests with you, Simone. My life and my honor lie in these two dear hands.

SIMONE (*weakening*)—But to aid the enemy—

KARL (*firmly*)—You would not be aiding, dear, only keeping silence; even the pettiest court in all Europe grants every woman that. No nation requires of a wife that sacrifice.

SIMONE (*clinging to his words in a fierce desire to be convinced*)—But that—that is in time of peace.

KARL—In all times! It's the first law of the world, and every living creature of God knows it. Why, even the nesting birds, the wild beasts and God's lowest men cling to their mates and together—face the world. That is marriage. Love—home—children—they are always sacred—first in the eyes of God and man.

(*At the word "children," a look of pain crosses Simone's face.*)

SIMONE (*in a hushed voice*)—The little one!

KARL (*very simply*)—You hold us all in your hands, Simone. All!

(*Simone, tense and rigid, is fighting a silent terrible battle with herself. There is a quick reaction, an expression of joy flashes across her face and she fairly throws herself into Karl's arms, outstretched to receive her.*)

SIMONE—Oh, I cannot give you up—No! No! You are right. We do not belong to nations, you and I. I have nothing to do with—these papers, have I, Karl? (*in childlike appeal*). See! We will burn them.

(*She breaks away from Karl's close embrace and picking up the paper, savagely hurls them into the fireplace among the dying embers. Karl starts forward instinctively to rescue them, then checks himself. There is a tiny spurt of flame and the papers are gone. Both watch them as they fall away.*)

SIMONE (*imploringly turns to Karl*)—Now everything is right, isn't it? (*Karl remains silent.*) It is right, isn't it, Karl? (*gripping him by the arm*) I have made things right, quite right (*checking herself in startled despair*). Oh, but you know—you have seen and heard all that has been said and done, but—(*clinging to him in a delirium of fear*) we—we—our love lifts us above nations. I cannot give you up—I will not—I will not—

KARL (*taking her to his heart*)—Poor little soul!

SIMONE (*insistent, pleading*)—Tell me what I do is right.

KARL (*reverently*)—"Whither thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

SIMONE—Yes, yes, even as Ruth, your people mine, your loyalty mine—I owe that to you—to our love—our home. They—they shall not take it from us, Karl.

KARL (*firmly*)—No, dear, that belongs to us.

SIMONE (*with a pathetic attempt at happiness*)—And all our fireside dreams—

KARL (*tenderly*)—We will make them all come true.

SIMONE (*in a sudden panic of fear*)—But oh Karl, the danger! My dear husband hasten—hasten! Someone might come, and then—

KARL (*takes Simone in his arms and holds her close*)—My darling! We have had our moment and now I must go.

SIMONE (*in a stifled voice, but leading him with clinging hands toward the door*)—Yes, yes, go quickly—now!

(*As Karl rests his hand upon the door, it opens wide and the Colonel stands on the threshold. Simone falls back ,white with fear; the Colonel remains in the doorway staring at Karl, evidently astonished.*)

COLONEL (*to Simone*)—I came back to see if you were quite well; but you, Sir?

(*Karl quickly recovering himself, salutes the Colonel.*)

SIMONE (*breaking in hurriedly*)—One of our wounded soldiers, Colonel, but now quite recovered, and—anxious to return to his regiment, sir.

KARL (*quickly*)—The 20th division, sir.

COLONEL (*a trace of huskiness in his voice*)—Oh, the famous 20th! All France is proud—your division had the spirit of Alsace, my lad, the spirit that makes France. (*With quick concern*)—You, though, are you strong enough to go?

KARL (*with decision*)—It was nothing, sir, slightly dazed and delirious, that was all.

COLONEL—Well, I like the spirit—go back—join your regiment, and fight.

(*Karl salutes the Colonel, who is about to step to let him pass, when the sound of tramping feet, of music, and huzzahs is heard from the street below. Nearer comes the music; the "Marseillaise" rings out triumphant, a bugle call sends its clear summons above the loud cheers of the men. At its rousing call Simone starts, draws her figure to its full height, her head held proudly.*)

SIMONE (*a ringing voice*)—That man—stop him—he is my husband—a spy!

(*The general draws his revolver and covers Karl, who stands unflinching, a proud, manly figure. Madame de Somiere's frightened face is seen in the corridor behind the Colonel. Simone still stands with lifted head, a straight, brave little figure.*)

GENERAL (*to soldiers off stage*)—Guards here!

(*At the command Simone's noble little figure suddenly loses all its bravery. She lifts eyes full of leaden pain to the Colonel, then turns slowly to Karl in an agony of love and dumb appeal. She takes a faltering step forward, then hesitates, looking at him uncertainly. Her husband, smiling tenderly, holds out his arms to her, and Simone, with a cry, is folded to his heart.*)

KARL—Little wife, you are brave—even braver than you know. In this precious hour here, you have given me all. You gave me life a moment ago—you give me freedom now.

(*The Colonel, his head bowed, has turned away in silence. Madame de Somiere is furtively brushing away the tears blinding her. After another long look into Simone's eyes, Karl turns to go, but Simone, with clinging hands, restrains him.*)

KARL (*holding her close*)—We neither of us have failed. It is well, little one—well (*his eyes seek the coat-of-arms above the fireplace*). Loyalty binds us (*face illumined*) peace at last!

SIMONE (*with a bitter cry*)—Peace? . In death and separation?

KARL—Love—not even death can slay it.

(*He takes her pale face between his hands and kisses her reverently on the brow, then with firm, even step passes out between the guards. Simone stands for a moment very quiet and still as their ringing footsteps slowly die away.*)

SIMONE (*wildly*)—What a web they have woven about us. We are all struggling in it—a web of other's weaving. Oh my husband my husband! God! What have I done? (*She sinks to the floor in a spasm of sobs.*)

COLONEL (*white and shaken with emotion, goes over to Simone and reverently raises her*)—If you had loved him less you might have been less noble. Your women's heart may fail you now, but that—that was—"France!"

(*The strains of the "Marseillaise" are softly borne from the distance; the faint, clear notes of a bugle echo from afar and quiver in the air. Simone lifts her head, her face illumined.*)

SIMONE (*very gently, but with finality to the Colonel and Madame de Somiere*)—It is my hour on duty here.

CURTAIN.

INSPIRATION

ONE fragrant morn, when Spring was young,
I roam'd the glen in eager quest,
Hoping with careful eye among
The grass to find the violet's nest;
But not a leaf or bud seem'd sprung
Up from the couch of wintry rest;
And yet, when all my greedy search was o'er,
By chance I spy'd the flow'r I miss'd before!

One night, within my chamber pent,
I strove my fancies to enchain
In breathing numbers, and to vent
Some portion of my bliss and pain;
But strife of soul my musings rent—
The sluggish pencil mov'd in vain;
Yet out upon the mead the starlight brought
The long-wish'd song, unbidden and unsought!

—*H. P. Lovecraft.*

The Creator of Pollyanna and Just David

by

The Editor

LIKE morning sunlight, "Pollyanna" came into the book world, radiating cheerfulness and gladsomeness, and bringing warmth to the hearts of the thousands who gave the book a royal welcome. Mrs. Eleanor H. Porter, the author of "Pollyanna," was born in Littleton, New Hampshire, a descendant of Governor William Bradford of the Mayflower. It is evident from her books that she was born with the musical spirit and a rebellion against the stern Puritan opposition to music is indicated. As a child, she began to play on the piano little improvisations which were expressive of her childish moods and fancies.

The family and the neighbors considered her musical, but this little dreaming girl had also a facility for writing verse and conceiving wonderful stories. As she related the products of a roving imagination, she was disappointed that more serious consideration was not given to the heroes of her childish fancy. The children loved her because she could tell a story, and on every occasion little Eleanor was expected to have a poem and take part in the school exercises, which were considered incomplete without her. These activities of early youth demanded a penalty. During high school days she broke down in health and school books were banished.

Later she came to Boston to continue her musical studies, afterward singing in concerts and church choirs. In 1892 she married John Lyman Porter, and now lives in historic and classic Cambridge, in a cozy apartment, amid books and flowers, about which she writes so much. Her first book was entitled "Cross Currents"—a story of a child of wealth who was lost, with vivid descriptions of the slums and sweat shops. This proved so popular that a sequel was written called "The Turn of the Tide," carrying the little heroine back to fortune. One of her most popular series was inspired by her curiosity as to the logical effect of a feminine influence in the home life of three bachelors who lived together. "Miss Billy" was the result, and "Miss Billy's Decision" and "Miss Billy Married" formed the conclusion of that cycle. There seems to be a spirit of genuineness gleaming through her books. "Pollyanna," which grew out of the idea of the "glad game," burst forth like sunshine through the miasma of sex and problem novels.

Her work is done during the morning hours, and she does it as systematically as though she had an office in her own home. She keeps a file of newspaper and magazine clippings, and while she insists that nothing really exciting has ever happened in her literary career, she has a keen appreciation of happenings in the lives of other people. She declares that if the characters are truly drawn, the story will tell itself, and this is why one has little difficulty in completing a story by Mrs. Porter—it just reads itself.

It may as well be confessed that I was one of the many acquaintances of Mrs. Porter who did not realize the great power and scope of her work in the early days—yes, there is a returned manuscript charged against me—but the charm of her personality and ideals was apparent in the way she met early discouragements.

The expression of her life philosophy is crystallized in her latest novel, "Just David." There is something in the name "David" that is appealing. When I had my first copy of the book, I was in a far-off city—a friend had presented it and said "Just read it." A little boy whom I met at a hotel, catching a glimpse of the red cover, came up to me and said:

"JUST DAVID"

"Oh, have you read 'Just David'?"

"I have just started to read it."

"Well, I have read all about him, and he is a wonderful boy." And this little fellow of ten proceeded to tell me about "David."

The description of the mountain home, where the motif is disclosed, is like a musical prelude. The story actually "tells itself" and pictures an ideal condition of a boy taken far up on a mountain and taught only those things which are good. The little hero was trained in early life to interpret on his violin the language of the flowers and the songs of the birds in the woodland—all interwoven with the phrases of the masters. The story of little "David" startlingly reveals how much drivel is permitted in the early years of childhood, and carries a suggestion of training children more carefully in the tender years to know the good. There is a glisten of tears in the eyes of the reader during the early chapters, when quick sympathy goes out to the little lonely lad. Then comes the sharp contrast from the cabin on the mountain, the sudden transplanting to the home of farmer Simeon Holly, with his stern puritanical notions. The chapter on "Discords" possesses a minor cadence.

In the last chapters, it is revealed that David is the only child of a noted violinist. The wife and mother had died, and the father, intent upon developing the boy's talent and character away from the empty mockeries of the world, carries him away to the cabin in the mountains and passes six perfect years of happiness. There is a touch of the appeal of "David Copperfield" in the way that little David tugs at the heart-strings and diverts from petty troubles and annoyances. David humanized Simeon Holly, and Miss Holbrook and Mr. Jack came to understand each other with the little hero as Cupid's ambassador.

There is always a quaint and cheery mysticism in Mrs. Porter's stories, and in "Just David" is enough mystery to make possible a chapter entitled "Puzzles." The "Remodeling of the House" and the closing chapter, "The Beautiful World," bring David to find new songs in his violin.

The parting between the boy and the rough Simeon Holly, when David was taken away with the gold pieces left by his father, is a dramatic touch. With the plaudits of an adoring public, and with the golden coins increased a thousandfold, David held in tender memory the little cabin on the mountain and the farmhouse where the little boy tramp was befriended. He continued to play with a feeling that some day in the far-off land he would again meet his father and tell him of the beautiful world he had left behind.

ELEANOR H. PORTER
Author of "Pollyanna," "Just David," etc.

When the book is finished, there is a wish to know just a little more about David. When the gracious lady of the house read this story aloud at the home of a friend, the eyes of the children sparkled in wide-open wonder as the story was unfolded. There was a sigh at the last words. "Why couldn't we have more?" they cried. The children, too, felt that the chronicle of David's life ended all too soon, and when they awakened in the morning, what a tribute it was to hear the little voices ringing out, "Oh, I wish we had another 'Just David'[*] to read."

No wonder the dramatization of "Pollyanna" has proven a success; it is such a refreshing reflection of the latent impulse of the average human to want to be glad and happy. After all, happiness is the supreme end sought in life. It seems, sometimes, as though we do everything but what we should do in order to be happy.

It is doubtful whether Mrs. Porter will be able to resist the appeals of the little men and women who are coaxing for another chapter, just as they did after "Pollyanna." In "Just David," there is a revelation of how it might be possible to attune one's life to the very spirit and feeling of Nature itself.

Mrs. Porter has, to my mind, surpassed all previous efforts in "Just David," because it has a touch of her own biography. No one who is at all musical could fail to catch the irrepressible desire to express emotions in music. That rare moment in a dream is recalled when it seems as if the voices of heaven are ours; we have become masters of a melody that touches our inmost souls, and hold within our hearts the harmony of gladness and happiness.

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[*] "Just David." By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Price, $1.25.

The Veiled Prophet Pageant in St. Louis

by Mary Everett Carroll

STRANGERS to St. Louis are often bewildered by some chance allusion to the Veiled Prophet. "Who is this mysterious person," they ask, "who seems to be the patron saint of the city?"

For thirty-eight years the pageant of the Veiled Prophet has been a feature of the annual Fall Festival in St. Louis. The Veiled Prophet himself is a purely mythical personage drawn from some legend of the past which tells of a Veiled Prophet who surrounded himself by a company of whole-souled men who devoted their lives to good works. Each newcomer to this mystical following was compelled to prove his eligibility by looking into a magic mirror which laid bare to the prophet's gaze his very thoughts and feelings.

From the first the organization promoting the Veiled Prophet celebration in St. Louis has been shrouded in mystery. It was generally conceded that the expenses were borne by some of the principal capitalists and business men of the city, whose identity is never disclosed. In 1878 the city, though even at that time the metropolis of the state, was provincial in character rather than metropolitan. Year by year this pageant has grown in grandeur and prestige, bringing into the city many people from surrounding towns and rural communities. It has had the inevitable effect of increasing the trade of St. Louis, and has benefited to no small extent the wholesale houses in the downtown section.

In 1893, due to the great cost of the festivities, no doubt, and the feeling that St. Louis no longer needed this celebration to bring people within its gates, it was suggested that the Veiled Prophet be abandoned. Immediately such an outcry arose from press and people that the festivities were held on a larger scale than ever before. The Veiled Prophet has become an institution, and the interest which it evokes, far from diminishing, seems to increase year by year.

* * *

At the sixth annual convention of the Drama League of America, held in St. Louis last April, particular attention was given to Shakespearean programs, and at that time also the Washington University Association presented three plays of the Shakespearean period. During the ceremonies at the Shakespeare statue in Tower Grove Park, William Faversham read an Ode to Shakespeare, composed in honor of the occasion by Mrs. Sara Teasdale Filsinger. Early in June, "As You Like It" was produced under the direction of the St. Louis Pageant Drama Association, on a natural stage in Forest Park, by a double alternating cast headed by Margaret Anglin, and including Robert B. Mantell and other famous professionals.

The sixty-thousand-dollar float pageant of the "Veiled Prophet" in October, commemorating the Shakespearean Tercentenary, formed probably the most spectacular of the many Shakespearean celebrations held in various cities of America and Europe.

Of the twenty-two floats, the first bore the mysterious "Veiled Prophet" himself; the second portrayed Shakespearean plays collectively, and each of the twenty others depicted a scene from a particular play, as follows: "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Julius Caesar," "As You Like It," "King Lear," "Cymbeline," "Coriolanus," "Twelfth Night," "Comedy of Errors," "King Henry VI," "King Henry IV," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Troilus and Cressida," "The Winter's Tale," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Tempest," "Hamlet," "Love's Labours Lost," "Much Ado about Nothing," "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

"THE COMEDY OF ERRORS"

Duke—These two Antipholuses, these two so alike, and these two Dromios, one in semblance.
Dromio of Ephesus—We come into the world like brother and brother; and now let's go hand in hand, not one before the other

The pageant moved through prominent streets over a route six miles in length, terminating at the Coliseum—where the Democratic National Convention was held last June—and there the Prophet crowned as his queen Miss Mary D. Jones, one of the prominent young society girls of the city, at the elaborate ball which followed.

Every little society miss of St. Louis dreams of one day being chosen Queen of Love and Beauty by the Veiled Prophet. It was in 1894 that the first Veiled Prophet's queen was crowned, as before that time the Prophet chose his partner at the ball. The first Veiled Prophet queen was the late Mrs. Carlo P. Pfister, wife of Captain Pfister of the Italian Embassy at Washington, D. C. A list of the queens since then includes names of women well known in St. Louis society circles. Miss Mary Jones, this year's queen, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Breckenridge Jones. Her father is president of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company of St. Louis.

To have seen one Veiled Prophet pageant makes one wish to see others; among them all that of 1916 stands out as the most notable. Shakespeare's plays lend themselves to the elaborate display of color and light. During Veiled Prophet week, St. Louis is in carnival array; buildings along the route of the parade are decorated in flags and bunting, and on the pageant night tiers of roughly-built seats mysteriously appear on the streets. The glamor of the Prophet and his wondrous pageant never ceases to attract; thousands of St. Louisans and visitors

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"

Enobarbus—The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails and so perfumed that
The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver.

"THE WINTER'S TALE"

Perdita—Sir, welcome; it is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess—ship o' the day. You're welcome, sir.

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA"

Cressida—I have loved you night and day for many weary months.
Troilus— Why was my Cressida then so hard to win?
Cressida—Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

"KING HENRY IV"

Sir John Falstaff has come into the tavern at Eastcheap, where he finds Dame Quickly, hostess of the Inn, gossiping with Doll Tear-Sheet. Upon the entrance of Captain Pistol, Bardolph and the page, Pistol and Doll engage in a verbal duel so violent that Falstaff calls upon Pistol to discharge himself. When Pistol replies insultingly, Sir John draws his sword and runs him downstairs from contiguous cities, towns and villages stand for hours holding fast to points of vantage, even in the gutter, awaiting the blazing floats and regalia.

Enthusiasm was evoked by the float representing a scene from "Romeo and Juliet"—seventeenth in line. The lure of the moonlit night was secured by pale blue and green lights illuminating the lovers on the balcony. Perhaps it is because all the world loves a lover that a mighty cheer went up from the streets as the float passed. The title of the Julius Caesar float called for that monarch's assassination, but such a gory scene was not practicable for the parade. That he was not assassinated in the going caused a group of people at Garrison and Washington Avenues much concern, and a youngster, prompted very likely by some one in the crowd, cried, "Kill him!" The music was instantly drowned by the resultant uproar.

The Shakespearean personalities presented by the Prophet were representative of the wide range of Shakespearean genius. There were the droll Dromios, scheming Shylock, amorous Antony, hopeless Hamlet, murderous Macbeth, ranting Romeo, all like resplendent ghosts of a past age, condemned to dance madly down the streets of a modern city. The contrast was wonderful, thrilling and fascinating, causing regret in its brevity. The costuming was accurate in its garish wealth, and the insignia correct in every detail.

From the windows, the parade appeared more stately, the distance enhancing its glamor and impressiveness. It was seen as a perfect whole, beautiful in every detail, luring *en masse*. After the parade is over and the crowd dispersed, to walk through the down-town section of the city gives one the same sensation as awakening from a dream of fairyland; one can almost hear the echo of the many feet, the laughter of the good-natured throngs; the sights and sounds of the beauteous pageant are still in the mental picture, but the streets are empty, the mysterious Prophet and his attendants gone, to return next year with a new pageant and to crown a new queen.

"KING HENRY VI"

Queen Margaret has made her last effort in the plains near Tewksbury to regain her power, and has been taken prisoner. In her presence the prince is stabbed to death, King Edward, Gloster, and Clarence each inflicting a wound on the youth. The Queen cries out to Gloster to kill her, too, but, as Gloster advances, the king stops him and orders the queen away to the Tower, where later King Henry is stabbed by Gloster

In Gloria Peoria

by

Malcolm Graeme

WHO can doubt that the American genius is still president? If any there be, let him draw nigh and give heed.

When Lord Kitchener canvassed the world for a steel expert and a steel factory to supply shells by the billion and guns by the shipload, it was not to France he went, nor Russia nor Italy nor Britain—but to Bethlehem, Northampton County, Pennsylvania—and the man was Charlie Schwab.

Now comes a still more picturesque astonishment. It arrived at the front "somewhere in France" ten days ago, to the confusion of military formulæ, upsetting the calculations of war machines of fifty years perfecting, and behold it an armored, caterpillar-crawling dinosaur "tank,"—hatched neither in Europe, Asia, nor Africa, but in *Peoria, Illinois.*

Wherefore and verily I say unto you "*in gloria Peoria.*"

Above is a drawing of the British "tank" —a traveling armored fortress. Wheels that never touch the ground, but run on steel rails, which it lays itself as it goes. It climbs walls, smashes fences and trees, moves placidly and lumberingly up hill and down dale, overcomes obstacles impenetrable to anything else, flounders down a gulley and clambers up the other side, straddles ditches daily and becomingly carries cannon under its shoulderblades and hurls death-dealing bombs from nose, ears, mouth and eyes.

No invention in a hundred years has so successfully commanded world attention on sight as the British "tank" from Peoria, Illinois!

They say that the soldiers in the trenches when they first saw it laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks. Superstitious ones sought anew whatever fetishes they had to keep the devil away; valiant guardsmen who had not been in church for years said their prayers instanter, and Sir Douglas Haig moved the allied front forward some hundreds of yards—and all in the wake of the British "tank" from Peoria, Illinois.

Which again evokes the patriotic sentiment: "in gloria Peoria."

"In gloria Peoria" (at least in Peoria, Illinois) bids fair to become the catch-line of the Holt Manufacturing Company of that warlike community.

* * *

Mr. M. M. Baker, vice-president of the Holt Manufacturing Company, says: "These British tanks, as they are now called, are simply enormous tractors; they weight about twenty-five thousand pounds each; they have a horse-power development of about one hundred and twenty, and are built of solid steel. They crawl on two belts. These belts take the place of legs and run lengthwise on each side of the body. This is what we call the caterpillar feature. The corrugated surfaces strike the ground. Inside the belts, on each side of the body, are two lines of steel rails, making four lines in all. These rails are in short sections, jointed, and operate over cogs which actually lay them down by means of a belt as the tractor moves ahead, and then picks them up again. In this way the car lays its own track as it goes, runs over it, picks it up, then lays it down in front again. The short joints in the rails are so adjusted that the engineer can turn to the right or left as he pleases.

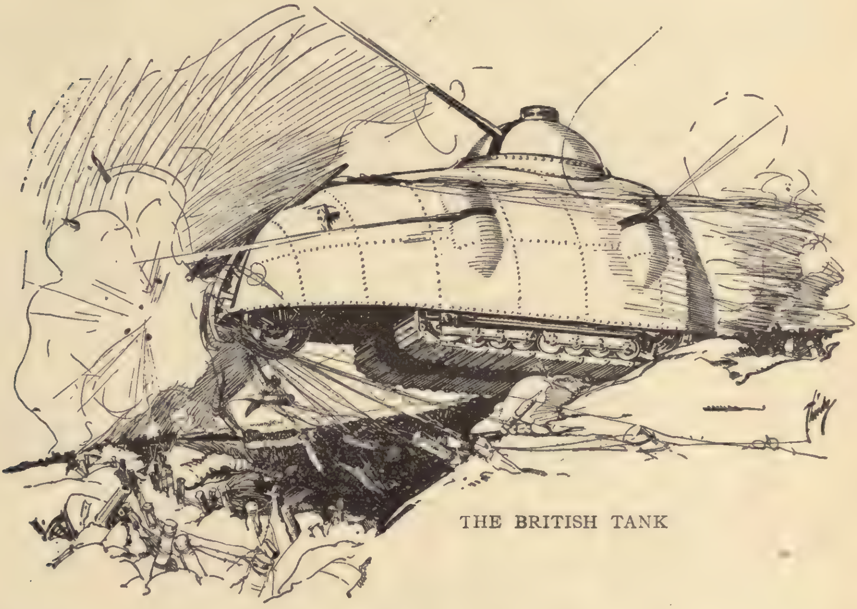
"How many of these tanks have you manufactured?" was asked.

"We have made over one thousand for the British government," said Mr. Baker, "but the invention was not made for any war purpose. These tractors were designed several years before the war and were produced to enable the American farmer to negotiate the difficulties of farming, plowing, ditch digging and so forth in rough country, uneven surfaces and treacherous soil."

Continuing, Mr. Baker explained further: "I wish you would note particularly the body of these tractors. Each body is supported by trucks, and each truck has seven wheels, a good deal like small railroad trucks. This is one reason the tank is able to bridge any ditch that is not wider than the length of track laid on the ground at one time. Even when the 'bow' strikes the far side of a trench below the top, and though the 'stern' may sink a little, still the tenacity of the tractor will enable it to go ahead as if nothing had happened and climb out on the other side as calmly as you please.

"When completely equipped with armor plate, cruise guns and machine guns, the tanks weight about thirty-one thousand pounds."

"What carries this enormous weight?" asked an engineer.



THE BRITISH TANK

"The bearings—the Hyatt bearings are all we use, and they are specially constructed to withstand the most severe strain. This is evidenced by the fact that they carry with ease all the tremendous weight of these monster tractors fully equipped with machine guns, munitions and heavy armor," explained Mr. B. G. Koether, general sales manager of the Hyatt Roller Bearing Company.

There are two Hyatts in each wheel of each truck, two in each sprocket. This means that thirty-two Hyatt bearings carry the entire load and stand all the gaff.

"I tell you these tanks are marvels of American ingenuity," continued Mr. Koether. "These steel land tortoises can do some of the most amazing things you ever heard of. I saw one of them maneuver in and out of a crater. They will take the highest grade, pick their way down hill as gingerly as a girl, and then ram through a stone wall with equal equanimity. We give them the most strenuous tests in this country before we send them out, and you may be sure that before the "tanks" are shipped to England, where they are mounted on the chasses, they have to be absolutely right in every detail, built and tested to stand up under the fiercest punishment imaginable. The bearings stand the worst abuse in a most satisfactory manner. Some of the caterpillar threads that have crushed through forests, ditches, trenches and the whole topography of the War Zone still show their Hyatt bearings intact. We never knew anything that would give a higher maximum of carefree service than these Hyatts, and the British front is no playground, believe me."

In view of the arrival of the British "tank" from Peoria, Illinois, under the auspices of an American manufacturer with an American name and without a hyphen, the American citizen, be he pacifist, belligerent, or neutral, may rest easy and sleep o' nights, for the inventive faculty which gave to the world the telegraph and the telephone, the steamboat and the steam engine, the electric light, the repeating rifle, the telescope sight, the aeroplane, and the submarine itself—has many another surprise ready and in hatch, should occasion arise and any "Meddlesome Mattie" try to start something with your venerable, energetic, good-natured, but always dangerous, Uncle Sam.

And if everything else fails, even Bethlehem, Pittsburgh and Wilmington—we know where to go; namely, that war center of the combative state of Illinois—Peoria!

Therefore, we point with pride and exclaim with patriotism and unite in congratulation—"IN GLORIA PEORIA."

THANATOS EROS

By P. F. KIRBY

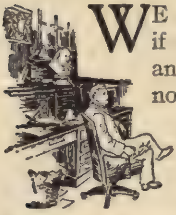
SWEETHEART, all our songs are over,
All our roses withered lie,
All the summer turned to autumn;
Even so—all things must die.

One word, ere we part forever,
Ere we say the last good-bye,
One walk hand in hand together;
Strange that love like ours could die!

Here it was love first was spoken,
Here we dreamed that first long kiss.
Ah, Love, who could have foretold us
All our vows would end in this?

Yet we leave each other, smiling,
We who found love sweet an hour;
So, I think, without regretting,
Every petal leaves its flower.

LET'S TALK IT OVER



WE are a part of nature, and if we fail to act naturally and live naturally, we are no longer in tune with the purpose of the Creator. Everything good in the world is in more or less complete harmony — for the same harmony that makes music, ensures the cheerful disposition, overcomes failures and misfortunes, brings the broken chords of experience together and again makes life harmonious. Even in lives darkened by sorrows and misfortunes, we find that there are certain compensations—if brave and helpful they attain strength and virtues which those who seem to be more fortunate do not possess.

The great Creator has never overlooked balancing every natural picture in the landscape, with just the right colors, and if you will look at Nature's handiwork understandingly, you will see that it is balanced. How, or why, no one can tell. In paintings, if all the colors are not harmonious, there is no picture—balance is the harmony in mechanics. If the machine is not perfectly balanced—it is out of harmony. The same force that makes the wheel turn, throws off the oil, and it has been discovered now, that there is a material provision for oiling whirling things, not by outward application, but by the oil oozing out from the bearing itself.

Harmony is alliterative with home. The home that is harmonious, to carry it further, is happy, and around that one letter "h" clusters the mysterious significance of the "swastika" cross, out of which the letter was formed. If you would take a dictionary and study "h," you would find that it is a lexicon of life in itself. As Dr. Johnson, in a cynical mood, suggested many years ago that "sympathy" was found only in the dictionary, he had the focus of the purely intellectual, without the harmony that would have proven to him that life in itself pulses and throbs with not only the work and achievements of the head and hand, but of the heart. Here again, we have a trilogy of "h's," all-comprehensive.

How many of us stop to "tune up" every day. We insist upon tuning a violin before trying to produce melody, making the E sharper, or the D flatter, but we never think it necessary, with our own egotistical ideas of perfection, to stop and tune ourselves. If we did it about six times a day, we should find that we need quite as much attention and tension as the slender E string.

Above the music of the birds in the morning in the forest, you may hear the screech of the owl, the call of the crow, but there is harmony in it all, even in the echo bringing back the warbling of the mocking-bird or the plaint of the whippoorwill.

* * *

FONDLY we cling to our peculiar impressions of some distant town, state, or country, formed from what was read or heard, or from an isolated incident.

After many years of travel, I have concluded that the so-called difference and types of humanity exist chiefly as figments of the imagination, purely fallacious in conception. In the play, the old farmer, to be true to type, must wear chin whiskers, and "chew tobaccer, b'gosh," the Englishman must have his eye glass, and so on.

Some people think of Boston as a place where people sit stiffly and sedately, never unbending so far as to smile; that they live on beans and codfish, and that their conversation, never frivolous, is replete with the transcendentalism of Emerson and the poetry of Whittier. These erudite inhabitants, when one comes to know them, are just "folks," like the people in Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, Kankakee, or Oklahoma.

Thinking of the West, fancy runs to the cowboy swaggering in his picturesque sombrero and chaps, swinging his lariat and spending his money like seed cone. This character, beloved of the "movies," is an exception, and only dominates as a description between the covers of some thrilling tale of the wild and woolly region where the Indian and the humped bison bellowed over the prairie. The modern cowboy is just a regular chap, perhaps with a snug little savings account in the bank, and may own a townsite.

The much-vaunted hospitality of the South—southern people are hospitable, but indulge in extravagant expressions of welcome—goes far to create favorable impressions. The western farmer, with his ham and eggs, is as hospitable, although he may not greet the guest with such glowing phrases.

These impressions of types are passing like the belief in Santa Claus, dissolving in the light of wider knowledge of affairs. Americans are beginning to understand each other better and the general impulse is to do the right thing by one another.

* * *

A MILLION of books! Did you ever stop to consider how a million books would look if stacked up before you? And when you realize that we have distributed over a million of the world-famous "Heart Throbs," you will understand what a glow of pleasure comes to us with the thought that we have made happier, through these books, one million people of a world whose total population is almost two billion. But we are not satisfied. We want the other billion and some odd millions also to enjoy the delights of these books. It's a big undertaking, but we feel very cheerful about it. Do you belong to the fortunate million who possess a copy of this great book? If not, we would like to supply you with several that you may have one for yourself and send the others to your friends who are without copies.

We publish other books, too. There is "Heart Songs," which, like the "Heart Throbs," was made up of contributions from the readers of the NATIONAL.

You could not conceive of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE without thinking of "Heart Throbs," and "Heart Songs." It is the only magazine in the country that has been so closely identified with the making of books by its subscribers.

Indeed, "Heart Throbs" is already a standard in the homes of the world because it is a wonderful collection of prose and verse, and "Heart Songs" is dear to the hearts of people everywhere because it includes the old and new melodies with which they are familiar. This year we are making a special Christmas box offer on these books, and we hope the people will take advantage of it.

Every time we receive a letter about our books we want to share it with some one else, and who would be more appreciative than the readers of our magazine? Tributes that come from every state and territory in all parts of the world speak for themselves and here are a few:

I have just received the Memoirs and the "Heart" books. I have added them to my library with much pleasure.—DAVID BELASCO, May 15, 1916

Now that I have had your book, "The Poets' Lincoln," long enough to really appreciate it, I send to you my hearty appreciation of your work. The book has not only been a pleasure, but a help as well. I prize it highly. —C. L. KOONS, Ashland, Wisconsin, May 12, 1916.

The "Heart Songs" are quite worth while. I notice that when we get along in life, feeling that we have acquired some foolish importance, we have a very strong tendency to go to a Russian ballet, and show a preference for problem plays, and try to enjoy the latest radical composers. But after these diversions we drop back to those "heart throb" things, and they always seem like a breath of fresh air after spending the morning in a barber shop. I play one of those "foot pianos" at home in the evening sometimes, and while I have a grown-up child who loads the roll cabinet up with "high brow" compositions, I must confess that I enjoy "Mother Machree" and some of the other mushy old things along that line better. This must not be taken as a confession that I am not modern, because I am very definitely so. Nevertheless, I feel that many of these old things are just as much real classics as some of those fine old cathedrals which the Germans have been busy battering down in the past few years.—E. W. Davis, New York, May 4, 1916.

I have read and re-read "Heart Throbs" with much pleasure. It contains many of my old favorites, and is a book which I can open at random and always find something restful and pleasing.—Helen M. Bowman, New York City, April 20, 1916.

We have received the three books, "Heart Throbs," "Heart Songs," and "The Poets' Lincoln." The first two contain more good, old-fashioned sentiment than I ever expected to find in any two volumes, and more real sentiment is what the country needs today. The Lincoln book of poems gives me a great deal of new information regarding that wonderful man, and I can't tell you how often I shall refer to all three of these books, and how much I shall enjoy reading them.—Charles S. Parsons, April 6, 1916.

* * *

TOWARD the close of the year it is always interesting for a magazine editor to take an inventory of himself and see how things are coming on with his constituents and readers. The most gratifying thing that we can offer in this connection, to encourage readers for the National is to state what our friends say, who seem to understand and appreciate our purpose. There is nothing so inspiring as just a kindly word from some friend. That is, after all, about all we live for, and when I find an accumulation of expressions concerning the National Magazine following—only a portion of hundreds of thousands—I feel that our own readers would like to see how we stand. There is, of course, a tinge of modesty to an editor in re-publishing such words of praise, but it is the only way we can give you an idea of the splendid progress, growth and development of the National Magazine.

My opinion is often asked as to the value of the National Magazine as an educator of this great republic, and my reply has always been, "There is nothing better on sale, for it illuminates and convinces."—Loring W. Puffer, Brockton, Massachusetts, May 31, 1916.

I have been buying your magazine monthly as I cannot get along without it. It is the best magazine that I get.—Henry D. Moore, May 1, 1916.

I have many times told you how good you are making the National, and what a wonderful editor and journalist you are. I note the work also of Brother Bennett as a poet, and can say you are *par nobile fratrum*. What praise is due others of your family for the excellent features of the National I do not know. I am greatly admiring "Judge Koons," and "Gentleman Roddy" is a fascinating story. I hope to live yet a year or two to enjoy the good things in the National, but especially I want to see your face and talk heart to heart with you this year if possible. —Granville Fernald, South Waterford, Maine, June 14, 1916.

* * *

IT is not often that an article titled negatively proves positively so popular, but the "No Clip Fastener" is accounted one of the most convenient and economic labor-saving devices that ever found place in a desk equipment. It is simple of operation—all you have to do is to use it as a railway conductor does his punch, and it is astonishing how readily it becomes indispensable as a pencil or a pen. It is certainly setting a clipper pace in popularity.

It has always been my habit when I find a good thing to tell about it. With all equipment working as efficiently and effectively as "No Clip," the value of the stray moments would be soon appreciated, and once used, it will seem just as natural to handle the "No Clip" as a knife and fork. I understand this device is manufactured by the Stamping & Tool Company of La Crosse, Wisconsin.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

HOLIDAY CANDY BOXES

BY MRS. J. J. O'C.

Candy boxes for the holidays may be made from oranges. Cut the orange in half, remove the inside, fill the shells with candy, nuts, popcorn, or raisins, and put the two shells together, sealing the orange with paraffin. Tie a ribbon around it and hang it on the tree, or they may be used on the Christmas dinner table, piled in the center, or one at each place.

Prevent Knots in Thread

The woman who sews is very often annoyed by having the thread twist into knots, especially if she is using a long thread. Waxing the thread by running it over a piece of beeswax is the proper way to avoid this trouble, but wax sometimes discolors the thread, and it is not desirable on that account. For either silk or cotton thread, use a piece of white soap, that is hard and dry, as you would wax. This makes the thread slip through the material easily and does away with knots.

TO SOFTEN THE HANDS

BY F. M. B.

The hands may be softened and whitened by this simple treatment: Take four parts of glycerine, and five parts yolk of eggs, and mix thoroughly. Rub on after washing the hands.

A REAL HELP

BY E. E. D.

Instead of scouring or scrubbing the soapstone radiators of the fireless cooker to remove unpleasant discolorations, rub with fine sandpaper, and then wash off. In this way they will easily be kept looking almost like new. Please try this.

FOR DRESSING

BY MARGARET

In making dressing for roasting fowls, try mixing a spoonful or so of baking powder with the bread crumbs. Do not make the dressing too sticky and do not pack too tightly in fowl. Can be used with any dressing recipe. You will be delighted with the light flaky dressing.

TEST FOR SILK

BY L. P.

Pure silk burns quickly with a clear, crisp, gray ash. If it smoulders with a heavy reddish-brown ash, it has been treated chemically and will not wear well.

To Clean Lamp Burner

Clean lamp burners by boiling in water from parboiling beans, or use the poor beans for this purpose.

LAWRENCE
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NATIONAL
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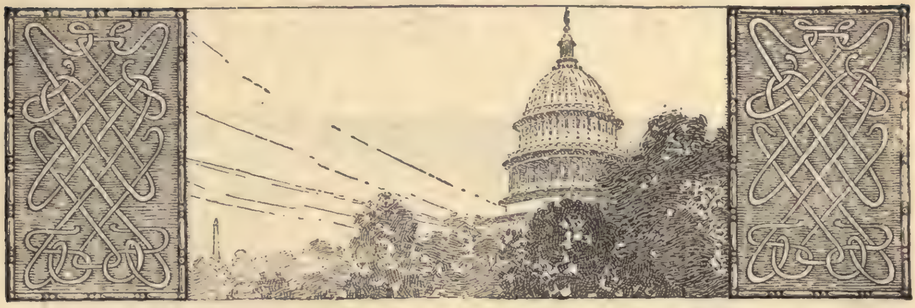

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE nation's political whirlwinds found Washington calm and serene. The morning after election, congratulations poured in to Charles E. Hughes as the next President. The early returns, based upon the vote of previous years, indicated Republican success. Ohio went smashing into the Democratic column, and private telegrams from the Pacific Coast advising "Wait for California," kept the light of hope burning at Shadow Lawn. The re-election of President Woodrow Wilson followed a close contest. Despite new devices for counting ballots, the returns came in slowly, and the shadow of suspense hanging over doubtful states was moved farther west. Political tradition was defied, and a Democratic President was elected without New York, Indiana or Illinois.

There seemed to be a jangling bunch of "keys to the situation." Everybody has a theory as to how it all happened. The election presented a curious paradox: the women in California cast a decisive ballot, while the women in Ohio and eastern states were denied the privilege. Can the country long endure being half woman suffrage and half otherwise, when the election of a President is heralded as the "voice of the people?"

In a happy mood, the President returned from Shadow Lawn, and Mrs. Wilson, as chatelaine, has already determined upon an inaugural ball for 1917, which formality the President dispensed with in 1913.

ONE new Congressman from Pennsylvania made his arrival in Washington by aeroplane. There is a sort of airiness about many things nowadays. It has even crept into the political deliberations of a hundred million people. Going to Congress in an aeroplane is a novelty, and the spectacle of four hundred and thirty-five aeroplanes arriving in Washington and circling around the monument at one time might add to the list of casualties recorded every Monday morning in the newspapers.

The flight of Miss Ruth Law from Chicago to New York, breaking all records, adds another gleam of triumph to the achievements of women. When she arrived at Governors Island, New York City, she was given an ovation worthy a real military hero. And it was no strapping Amazon that stepped from the aeroplane, but a dainty little lady with yellow curls, whom you might rather expect to find entertaining her friends at a pink tea.

DECLARES AERIAL TRAVEL SAFER THAN AUTOMOBILING

Representative-elect O. D. Bleakley, of Franklin, Pennsylvania, the only Congressman who ever came to Washington by aeroplane, believes that within ten years aerial travel will be safer than any other means of transportation. "In an automobile," he says, "you are at the mercy of fool drivers who may run into you on the road. In an airship, however, that is properly balanced, you have an unlimited choice of paths." Mr. Bleakley owns the machine he came to Washington in and is treating his Washington friends to short flights. In this picture Mr. Bleakley is sitting forward in the machine, while in the rear Aviator Ocker is conversing with spectators

Air lines are no longer visionary schemes. Little Ruth Law made the air line from Chicago to New York, eight hundred and thirty-two miles, a reality rather than a fanciful line, and covered the distance in one minute over nine hours, averaging nearly one hundred miles an hour. Visions of scaling the Alps, the Andes, and the Himalayas as a little jaunt before breakfast are no longer flights of imagination, and aerial legislation may some time rival railroad legislation in a contest for popular favor and public leadership.

IT is often remarked by tourist guides in Washington that in these days visitors are not so keenly interested in the pictures or models of large guns, formidable coast armament and large ships, as in the years gone by when war was not even considered. The psychologist suggests that this drifting of interest from instruments of destruction augurs well for a long, if not a permanent era of peace. Has the zenith been reached, and will the present war reveal the futility of modern warfare as an expression of national power? Will the huge cannon and armament of today be sometime preserved in museums for the edification of future generations, who will wonder how men could kill their fellows so ruthlessly?

War is no longer a matter of individual valor, bravery, or courage. It has become a question of death-dealing machines where no element of real sportsmanship prevails, and where individual military glory is considered as a negligible quantity.

The humdrum of army life has less thrill than the activities of the factory or farm, which are becoming more alluring than ever since the experiences of contestants in the oozy slime of the trenches, the hazards of the submarine or aerial flights. Army officers still argue preparedness with all the fervor of their profession, but world sentiment is settling upon the fact that the steady glow of peace, if not so thrilling, is more desirable than the glare of war.

AS New Year's approaches, I am reminded that this is the date fixed for the enforcement of the Adamson law. While in Washington, during the settlement of the great railroad strike, I mingled among several hundred engineers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen, many with their wives and daughters, who were awaiting the result of the conferences at the White House. The hours were long and tedious, while the President was conferring with the railroad executives, and later with the brotherhood leaders.

The railroad man never gets over thinking of his "road," because it is his life. Each man extolled the virtues of the railroad on which he was employed. It was "our company" and "our line." I heard the Great Northern men boosting for Glacier Park, indicating the personal interest in the road which existed even under the strain of the conferences with a strike impending.

When I spoke about this to Mr. Louis W. Hill shortly after, he remarked: "Our trainmen always boost points of interest on our line; they are eternally boosting for the road. They have traveled over the line so many times that they know what they are talking about."

This was confirmed in the chats I had heard in little groups, where the virtues of competing systems threatened to present a new complication.

ON a Saturday afternoon—glorious day outside—when everybody was rushing for the outdoors, I saw Mr. Louis K. Liggett, president of the United Drug Company, packing in his leather case—a real "Boston Bag"—an accumulation of printed matter. He showed it to me with a quizzical look in his eye, and I saw that it was one-cent mail matter that usually finds a resting place in the waste basket. I couldn't help asking, "Has the waste basket given up its dead?" and he smilingly replied:

"Yes, I find many ideas and suggestions coming from this material which most people throw away in disdain. Each circular and pamphlet is sent out with a purpose, and it is interesting to analyze these purposes. Some circular that may seem pitifully ineffective in accomplishing its mission, may be fruitful of suggestions in some other direction. It is the overlooked and unconsidered pamphlets, oftentimes, that count."

This remark appealed to me, for Saturday afternoons is my time for cleaning the desk and looking over the mail matter that has been put aside during the week. As I look it over, free from the rush of routine work, I am often amazed at the suggestions offered one mind in observing what other minds are trying to do. The myriad appeals that are made on all sorts of subjects to the average business concern are permeated with an earnestness that is impressive and suggestive, if it does not always result in an order. Even in the waste-basket may be hidden a ray of thought supreme.

Photo by Hanson Studio

WALLACE H. WHITE, JR.

AN interesting phase of the personnel of the next Congress is the appearance of sons and grandsons of men who have previously served at the Capital. Congressman Wallace H. White of Maine won his election after a hard-fought contest. He is the grandson of Senator William P. Frye, one of the stalwart characters of the Pine Tree State, and while secretary for his grandfather in the early days, he made up his mind to some day be a Maine Congressman. In those days, Mr. White had a training that will serve him well as a Congressman, for few men in public life were ever more thorough, broad in vision, and more effective in work than William P. Frye of Maine, who began his career in Congress, was elected to the Senate, of which he was later President *pro tempore*.

His life was devoted to the rehabilitation of the American merchant marine, and the passage of the Frye Bill in the Senate was a triumph, although it failed by a small margin in the House. Congressman White will doubtless give especial attention to the measures advocated by his distinguished grandfather, the details of which he became so familiar with in his early youth. Congressmen who come to Washington with a knowledge of the routine of the work, or who have served an apprenticeship as secretary to prominent men, naturally have an advantage in knowing how to best do things and accomplish results.

NOW that election is over, a new crop of biographies will appear in the Congressional Directory. In these practical days, there is increased appreciation of the work of those who have done something for the material welfare of their fellow-men and actual development of their country. Heretofore, Senators, Congressmen, public men, painters, teachers, soldiers, authors, explorers and members of professions, eminent in their way, have dominated the biographical records, although they may have done little to add to the happiness or benefit of their kind.

What the business and industrial men of the country have accomplished for the good of the nation is too seldom found in works of American biography. The lives of these sturdy pioneer merchants, railroad builders, and manufacturers constitute a portion of the nation's history that is of vital importance. Men who fearlessly pushed out on the frontier with railroads, steamboat lines and canals, organizing means and methods of transportation, introducing new processes in science and mechanics, and reducing the cost of production, have contributed much to the real power and prosperity of the nation.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

As at present constituted. Two members of the Court have been added since the last previous photograph was taken, namely, Louis D. Brandeis, who succeeded the late Joseph R. Lamar, and John H. Clarke, who succeeded Charles E. Hughes. The members are, from left to right, top row: Louis D. Brandeis, Mahlon Pitney, James C. McReynolds and John H. Clarke. Left to right, bottom row: William R. Day, Joseph McKenna, Chief Justice E. D. White, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Willis Van Devanter

After the work is accomplished and the sacrifice made, an undertaking does not look so difficult, but those who have faced pioneer conditions and almost overwhelming discouragements, know what it is to blaze paths in new development. All over this country, colleges, schools, churches and philanthropic institutions have been founded by these men—the results of the creative genius which is often ignored when the record of American biography is made up.

Even in the realm of education, men who were denied many privileges in early youth have done much to provide institutions that make for the progress of the country, but their lifework is given scant attention unless they are elected to office. These rugged pioneers have collected many of the paintings which fill the galleries of the country, and the books which fill the libraries, at the same time paying a large part of the taxes, sustaining political campaigns and civic movements, and are ready always to provide substance for the activities that go to make up the prosperity of the country. And yet few of these men are known in the pages of biography.

The life-story of a prominent hard-headed business man is of more general interest than that of many men eminent in public life and scholastic achievement. It is replete with romance and shines with successful endeavor. It means something more than mere information. The lives of men who have made their way in life, who began with no capital other than their health and common sense, and pushed the developments of mine, mill, or railroad, form the real biographical romance of the age. They are the ones who have written the books of the future in deeds rather than words. They illustrate the fact that America is indeed the land which has thrown wide open the doors of opportunity.

Here it is possible for an individual to rise from obscurity, if he is willing to pay the price of self-sacrifice and face courageously conditions from which other men shrink. Men born on the farm, compelled to face hardships in the tender years of youth and forced into the arena of life activities with inadequate education, have been able to initiate important movements; found great institutions of learning; exercise a beneficent influence in the highest social circles, and sway the destinies of a people by their talents in the field of practical affairs. A review of their achievements would make the lives of some public men seem dull and commonplace.

If more of these biographies, which teach a lesson of initiative to young men, could be published, and less attention given to abstract demagogic propositions, that tear down rather than build up, the youth of America would enjoy a heritage of inspiration to do things that would obviate the tendency to wait and wail for opportunities which so often lie before them.

ONE of the prominent statesmen in Washington was greeted one day by an admirer: "Do you know, I have always had a most profound admiration for you!"

Immediately the p.s. began to swell up, eager to hear the words that might tell why he had impressed himself so strongly upon this individual.

"I met your wife recently, and I made up my mind that a man who could hold his wife's confidence and keep her enthusiastic interest and belief in himself for thirty years, must surely amount to something. I don't know that I have been especially impressed with anything that you have done, but I infer that you must have really done something, else you could not have maintained the unfailing and unreserved admiration for so long a time of one so close to you. The fact is established among your friends that your wife is an able woman."

The p. s. began to analyze himself, and stoically muttered, "Well, I guess this is a reflection of the progress of suffrage; it reveals the true status of woman's influence in public affairs. I see the signs."

AN intrepid world-traveler is Mrs. Harriet Chalmers Adams of Washington, D. C., who has recently visited the French first-line trenches at Rheims. In these gruesome reminders of continuous graveyards, while German shells exploded overhead at the rate of several hundred a minute during the bombardment of Nancy, Mrs. Adams had her view of modern warfare from the trenches. After it was over, a picture was taken, which does not indicate much of the grim horror of those hours of the death harvest. It was an experience that would not be sought by many women, but Mrs. Adams, wife of Mr. Franklin Adams, of the Pan-American Union, is known as one who likes to see things at first hand. She is the only woman who was permitted to visit the first-line trenches and take actual photographs of battle scenes in France. At Rheims, while she was being shown the submerged battlefields, the party of which she was a member was driven out of the trenches by an unexpected German bombardment. Later, at Nancy, Mrs. Adams, with some twenty-five others, was compelled to seek shelter in a deep dugout, where they remained for eight hours while the bombardment continued.

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PICKS FLOWERS FROM FIRST-LINE TRENCHES

Mrs. Harriet Chalmers Adams, of Washington, D. C., well-known magazine correspondent and lecturer, is the only woman correspondent who has been permitted to visit the French first-line trenches. The accompanying photograph shows her in the firing zone wearing a bouquet which she gathered from the sides of the trench. She returned to the United States in November to lecture for the benefit of wounded French soldiers. Her experiences so far include hiding in a deep dugout for eight hours while German shells screamed overhead

In gathering material for lectures to be given in the United States for the benefit of wounded French soldiers, she was peculiarly fortunate. She has had experiences that come to few American women, and in her lecture work she will be able to present actual views as well as personal word pictures in her appeal to awaken the generous heart of America to help the wounded and stricken.

WHEN prices go a-soaring, every man sees his own ox being gored. The paper man blames the paper barons; the copper man says it is the copper barons, and the flour man lays it to the flour barons—each one wants his own particular need investigated to determine the cause of the high prices. All agree that there should be some way of regulating the costs of the necessities of life, as Germany and Japan have done. War teaches nations many things and nothing more than this, that in food, clothing and heat there should be no compromise with greed. If a man or business is determined to make money "hand over fist," let him select some other way than cornering wheat or other products of general consumption.

Naturally there is, and will be, every so often, a readjustment of values. In the future a better equilibrium must be maintained. A remedy for the high cost of living will undoubtedly be one of the problems before the next Congress.

HARRY S. NEW
The newly-elected Republican Senator from Indiana, who defeated Senator John W. Kern

IN mid-November, the regular routine was taken up again at the White House, when the Presidential family returned from Shadow Lawn after the last spectacular days of the campaign. Indications already point to a lively social season. Mrs. Wilson, as first lady of the land, has enjoyed the novel and exhilarating experience of campaigning with the President.

The members of the Cabinet will all submit their resignations on March fourth, as is the custom, but whether or not any changes will be decided upon by President Wilson, has not yet been indicated. There is a feeling that official Washington will continue with about the same personnel as in the past four years. The absence of the office-seekers and the time required in the organization of an administration, will likely result in more attention being concentrated on official business than on the patronage question, as in the first year of the past administration.

With a Republican Congress on his hands, the President is already planning on ways and means of pushing forward his legislative program, although the patronage will not be available and so effective in the House as heretofore.

ILLINOIS Congressman-at-large is Mr. Medill McCormick, of the Chicago *Tribune*—a tall, slender, blue-eyed young man; the very antithesis of his colleague in physical appearance. Mr. McCormick was the vice-chairman of the Progressive National Committee in 1912. This year he made an active campaign for the Republican Party in various states before giving attention to his own campaign in Illinois. His wife is the daughter of the late Marcus A. Hanna, and an active leader in the Suffrage movement. Nearly three-quarters of a million women voted for President in Illinois this year, and it is significant that Mr. McCormick received a most overwhelming endorsement.

From early youth Mr. McCormick has taken a very active interest in public affairs, and possesses something of the fearless, independent and fiery spirit of his distinguished grandfather, Joseph Medill, founder of the Chicago *Tribune*. That newspaper enjoys the distinction of being one of the most influential in the country. Mr. McCormick was born in Chicago in 1877, and is a graduate of Yale. He has been an extensive traveler, not only in all parts of the United States, but abroad, and is keenly interested in all matters of public welfare. His Congressional career promises to be one of unusual activity, as his work heretofore would seem to have given him especial training for the legislative duties.

THE time has arrived when thrift and extravagance will contest for supremacy in the country, and the result will be influenced largely through channels of education. When Commissioner P. P. Claxton of the Bureau of Education of the United States, gives such thought to the subject of thrift, as expressed in the following letter, I feel that the solution of one of the great problems coming after the war is being effectively anticipated. In recognizing the pre-eminent importance of this matter, the commissioner has done honor to the memory of Benjamin

MEDILL McCORMICK
Congressman-at-large from Illinois

Franklin and the early fathers of the Republic, who made this country possible in the beginning through thrift.

Commissioner Claxton's is one of the most stirring appeals for thrift and saving that I have ever read. It was written recently, and will stand as a classic for many years to come. Few can read these words without being impressed by the importance of putting aside a few dollars every year for the rainy day which never fails to come, and help not only himself, but the country in which he claims citizenship, for the thrift of the individual insures collective and national solidarity.

MR. JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, October 4, 1916.
Editorial Department, NATIONAL MAGAZINE,
Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Sir:

On this hundredth anniversary of the establishment of savings banks in America, I gladly take advantage of the opportunity you offer to say a few words to young men and young women and to the boys and girls in our schools and out on the importance of saving.

Advice on this subject is more needed in this country and at this time than in any other country or at any previous time in this. Within recent years this country has accumulated wealth beyond all precedent. No other people have ever been so rich as the American people. The foundations of this great wealth were laid in the habits of industry and thrift of our forefathers of three or four generations ago, and there is danger now of our becoming a spend-thrift people and acquiring habits of recklessness and waste which can only result in poverty and grief to many.

Not only for economic reasons, but for the sake of personal character, every young person should acquire the habit of saving. Every individual must have food, clothing, shelter and means of transportation, and some of those things which contribute to higher life. For these someone must pay, either the one who consumes or another. If another pays, then the consumer can hardly escape consciousness of being a parasite on society as a whole; certainly he can never feel the joy of independence and self-support. The self-denial of present appetites and impulses exercised in saving a few dollars a month will contribute to that self-control which may sometimes be worth more than any amount of money, and the dollars saved may at some opportune time make possible investments or the beginning of a business that will lead to wealth or to life-long usefulness, and possibly to both.

All who are responsible for the instruction and guidance of youth in America at this time should encourage the habits of honest saving and generous thrift. This is a patriotic duty, for, after all, we as a people are not yet wealthy in any large sense. Neither we nor any other people have ever been above the line of real poverty. No nation has ever yet been rich enough to feed, clothe and shelter comfortably and well all its men, women and children, to give them all the comforts of life which all men and women should have, to educate all its children, to give proper medical attention and nursing to its sick, to build its streets, roads and bridges, and pay decent living wages to its laborers and its professional servants.

For the first time in its history a few countries of the world had arrived at the point where they could hope to begin to do these things, when through the criminal ambition of a few of their leaders, and the ignorant and passionate folly of the masses, most of these countries were plunged into a carnival of murder and destruction which is leading them back toward darkness, weakness, and poverty. From the direct effects of this, we in the United States are exempt, though we must sooner or later suffer our full share of its indirect effects. For these countries the hope of better things to which they seemed about to attain before the war began must be postponed for at least a generation, and the relief of much of the misery of their people must finally come from us. We must, therefore, by our good sense, our industry, our saving and our generous thrift, lead the way to help the world to that degree of intelligent wealth which will make possible decent and comfortable living and the attainment of higher ideals for all.

Yours sincerely,

P. P. CLAXTON.

OF the making of photographs there seems no end, but of the making of good photographs there is a keener appreciation than ever in noting the development of the art. The new president of the National Photographers' Society is Mr. Rylander Phillips, of Philadelphia. His work alone would entitle him to the distinction he enjoys, aside from the enthusiastic executive ability that has helped to make the association one of the most important of its kind in the country. Mr. Phillips believes that only a beginning has been made in the development of photography. He is constantly experimenting, and has personally achieved wonderful results.

There is no longer the old-time professional jealousy among photographers—a good thing is passed along the line for others to try. Suggestions are as free as the sunlight they use. The tendency is toward naturalness, and putting into a picture an expression that may be as distinctive and personal as that carried in a painting.

RYLANDER PHILLIPS
President of the National Photographers' Association

JUST "how it happened" in this or that district was the main topic as the Congressmen gathered in the cloak room. A western Representative could not resist telling of the time he visited the East to look up his family tree while enjoying a vacation. An expert in Boston informed him that his—the w. R's.—mother's mother bore the same name as his—the B. e's—mother's mother, and that he had a complete genealogy, with all facts, ready for delivery fresh from the records.

The Congressman found that among his forbears was one man whose chief claim to distinction was that he was the father of nineteen children. The first wife's name was Experience, and the second wife had been christened Patience. Patience took care of the nineteen children, grown and half-grown, while Experience rested peacefully in the country churchyard. This, the Congressman thought, was a good joke to tell his wife, and he recited it in high glee. She replied: "My dear, if you spend your campaign days in churchyards down East, there will be a political funeral, and you will remember bitterly the names of your forbears—Experience, when you are defeated, and Patience, when the returns come in from the precincts where you have been so busy helping the political ingrates who lose their memory on election day."

"You know," added the Congressman, who, by the way, had barely squeezed through by a narrow margin, "Mrs. Caudle never delivered a better lecture than that. And saddest of all to relate, she was dead right!"

STEAM LOCOMOTION IN ITS INFANCY
The DeWitt Clinton locomotive and train on the New York Central Railroad in 1831

EVER since the first rail was laid, railroads have been the target for those seeking popular fame. It was in Lancaster, Ohio, in 1827, that application was made to the school board for the use of the schoolhouse for a debate on the question "Are Railroads Practical or Not?" The board refused to consent to the opening of the schoolhouse for a debate on such a foolish proposition as railroads. The answer is recorded and reads as follows: "You are welcome to use the schoolhouse to debate all '*proper*' questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelities. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam, He would have foretold it through His holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell."

They could not see the vision of the future, and when railroads did arrive in defiance of Providence, they required that a fence ten feet high be put up in the vicinity of the canals, so that the mules hitched to the canal boats would not be frightened by the engines. At the same time some undaunted soul offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for an engine that would run by steam at the rate of ten miles per hour.

Do you wonder that those old pioneers who absolutely forced railroads upon the people, ought to have more consideration when the record of national history is made up? Here was an opportunity when the people could buy and invest in all the railroad stock they wanted, but few had faith enough in the future to do so.

When I see the smiles and sneers that meet those who try to sell stock in an air route from Chicago to New York, this old railroad story comes to mind. No one dares to say what the future will bring forth—many improbable things have come to pass and may yet come to pass—but it is well to keep in mind the story of the railroads when predicting so defiantly and confidently what will or will not happen in the future.

THE real test on the Adamson bill is yet to come. The chiefs of the brotherhoods were on the ground in Washington soon after election to watch the progress of things. The legislative program is being prepared, although little is done in the short session preceding Christmas. It has always been deemed fortunate that Thanksgiving Day and the glow of Christmastide follow a Presidential election. This year's campaign, however, was notably free from personal or bitter acrimony, and the high character of the candidates compelled the respect of all the voters.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND SECRETARY TUMULTY

A sudden slump of interest after election was indicated in the indifference as to the political complexion of the House. Political students have agreed that the election was a personal triumph for President Wilson rather than for his party. "He kept us out of war," the keynote of ex-Governor Glynn's speech at the Democratic convention, was an important factor. The close vote, however, indicates that the country is by no means unanimous, but the majority declared their appreciation of having escaped the ghostly apparition of war, and being permitted to continue to live in a neutral country where H. C. of L. reigns, secure and serene.

What a splendid spectacle is presented in seventeen million voters making a change of administration with scarcely a ripple on the surface. One cynic has insisted that the Republicans seem better satisfied with the result than some Democrats who voted one way by force of habit, and prayed another because of a feeling that the Republican protective policy would have meant much to the country in a business way after the war. As long as the war continues, protective tariffs will be unnecessary. Whether real or imagined, the idea of prosperity is prevalent, and the people voted on the questions of "let well enough alone" and "he kept us out of war."

The President has been busy receiving his congratulations, and waited long for the greeting from Charles E. Hughes, the opposing candidate. The returns were so slow in coming in, and at the suggestion of Chairman Willcox, the conventional telegram was withheld until the result had been verified by the official count. Washington was aglow with jubilation meetings, and the throngs followed with "long live the king," for there is nothing Americans worship more than success. And there are enthusiasts who declare President Wilson will run for a third term if the war continues another four years.

REPUBLICANS emerging from the gloom of the returns the day after election are greeted with the cheering news that "Billy" Mason is coming back. In my twenty years of monthly visits to Washington, I never met a man that radiated so much good nature and kindliness as Billy Mason. He was the last, if not the only real wit of the Senate. He was equal to every occasion, and he suffered for it. The people, in general, did not understand that underneath his dry and often rollicking humor, Billy Mason was a real statesman. His sympathy and knowledge of human nature were profound, and during his time in the Senate he was given the confidence of those who knew him as few men in public life.

In all the list of the new members of the Sixty-fifth Congress, there is none whose return is more sincerely welcomed than Billy Mason. His election as Congressman-at-large from Illinois is an honor to his state and to his country. It was no less an authority than James G. Blaine of Maine, who insisted that William E. Mason was the best stump speaker this country had ever produced, and those where the days of rough and ready discussion on the stump. But woe betide the heckler who undertook to interrupt Billy Mason at his best.

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"THE PRESIDENT'S OWN," THE LATEST CAVALRY FAD
Troops A, B, and C of the District of Columbia National Guard, composed mainly of college men, have designed a uniform which ranks in splendor with the blue and gold of many foreign legions. They call themselves "The President's Own," and their equipment lives up to the splendor of the idea. This poster, attractively displayed, has proved an excellent drawing card for recruiting

Although frequently the victim of the ingratitude of those whom he had helped, that made no difference with Billy—he kept on helping others just the same. It was Billy Mason who in 1896 insisted that "nobody seemed to be for McKinley except the people." He has been the originator of more quaint phrases filtered out through other sources than any other man in public life.

WHEN I saw Ambassador Cecil Spring-Rice stop in one of his daily walks and make memoranda in his note-book, I decided if we could all jot down thoughts as they come to us, we would be amazed to see how much real wisdom surges through one head. One difference between the average man and the philosophers, the diplomats and statesmen, is that the latter make note mentally, or otherwise, as they pass along, of a thought, an obsession, or an incident that may have value in the future. They are willing to get up in the night and wrestle with an elusive idea until it becomes a permanent thought.

* * *

THE personnel of the sixty-fifth Congress will furnish an interesting study. There were many surprises in the election, but the one election around which clusters the most unique interest is that of Miss Jeanette Rankin, of Missoula, Montana, the first woman to be elected to Congress in the United States. The National rarely indulges in political predictions, but in looking over the pages, we find that as early as last July the election of Miss Rankin was anticipated.

Unless an extra session is called, Miss Rankin will not take her seat until next December. She is one of Montana's two Congressmen-at-large, and made a sweeping contest in the August primaries. Her platform was national woman suffrage, child welfare, tariff revision, prohibition for state and nation, and greater publicity in Congressional records. She was elected as a Republican, although the other Congressman was a Democrat.

Already it is predicted that the presence of this lone woman in Congress will have much to do in changing the customs of the national legislative body, for it is felt by her enthusiastic supporters that hereafter there will always be at least one woman in the halls of Congress, from one state or another. Miss Rankin lives in Missoula, Montana, and is known as the Hon. Jeanette Rankin. She is a graduate of the University of Montana, and of the School of Philanthropy in New York. It would be impossible to describe her, even as a Congresswoman, without referring to the fact that she is of medium height, slight, with brown hair. She makes her own clothes and hats, and is an excellent cook. She is an effective campaigner, and the keynote of her campaign was "Let the people know what is going on." She insisted that it was not her own personal campaign, but principles, for which she was fighting.

The lady from Montana is pronounced attractive and intelligent, and when she goes into the cloak room it will be "Hats off, gentlemen." The newspapers have already anticipated the romance of the event, and have called her the "Maid of Missoula." She will take her seat with four hundred and thirty-nine men, and when the clerk calls the roll, the lady from Montana will respond instead of the gentleman from Montana.

Miss Rankin is far from fulfilling the usual portrayal of suffragists, for she is not masculine in appearance, but retains the feminine charms still possessed by many of the modern suffragists. If Congressman Mann is elected Speaker, his early speeches on the equal suffrage amendment will not make it embarrassing for him to preside over Congresswomen, whom he pronounced as "our partners and our equals," and declared entitled to "a share in the responsibility of upholding the government."

Behold, We Read

THE ages come,
the ages go,
And pass like
a tale that's told,
While o'er the earth
Time's mantle falls
In ever-lengthening
fold.

✣ ✣

Entrapped in war
the nations fight,
Caught in a world
of flame;
Yet none among
them dare to halt
And cry Peace
in His name.

✣ ✣

The night of travail
sears the soul
In agony and fire.
Mortality, through
suffering,
Immortal, leaps
the higher.

the Tidings Clear

What message then
shines in that star
That gleams this
Christmas morn?
Behold, we read
the tidings clear—
A new Christ-
spirit born.

✢ ✢

Great tides of
human sympathy
Rise o'er the
world today,
Resistless as
the Infinite
To sweep war's
Wrong away.

✢ ✢

From terror, horror,
madness, hate,
A world re-born
again,
To know the joy of
"*Peace on Earth,*"
To feel "*Good Will
Toward Men.*"

—*Bennett Chapple.*

THE WHITE HOUSE

Although not the front, this is the side most familiar to the public

The Process of Making a President

by Vernon Alden Langdon

WHEN the returns were coming in election night, thousands of people in every city, village, and hamlet gathered before the bulletins and telegraph offices, where the flash of the wires was unfolding the verdict of a sovereign electorate. This was the climax of the marvelous process of making a President of the United States of America. In Boston, the heavens were swept by searchlights from the Custom House tower, recalling Paul Revere's signal. It was to be "one" if Wilson were elected, "two" if Hughes—and "three" if the result were uncertain. It was a gala night; everywhere crowds were clustered, and interest focused on every report from the close states. The number of close states seemed to increase as the dawn approached.

All over the country on that glorious November day, an alert electorate had decided who was to guide the destinies of the country for the next four years. As I went to the polls that morning, one of the seventeen million voters, I felt a thrill that mine was the privilege of casting a ballot, and hoped my choice would prevail. No matter for whom that ballot was cast —there never has been a political campaign heated enough to make me forget that others may disagree with my political convictions, for they remain real Americans for all that. And to drub and be drubbed in politics is part of our citizenship heritage.

The spectacle of the greatest government on earth changing or maintaining its administration at the behest of the individual sovereign voter is a most brilliant and dramatic incident of national history. The same results are achieved which, in the old days, were thought possible only through armed force or revolution. The balance of power and the billions of dollars involved in this transfer of government, wherein "the fate of a nation" is oftentimes decided, is so well adjusted in the free expression of the voters working out the destiny of their country in the silent ballot that we must hail it as a triumph of our republican form of government.

When I approached the polls, I observed that the country's flag was nowhere to be seen. This was in Boston—and the polling place was in a school named for Charles Sumner. There were a number of naturalized citizens present, and all of them called my attention to the absence of the country's ensign. They were quick to note this breach of respect to the national colors at an election.

* * *

With scarcely more interest than evinced by the average voter, the returns were received at Shadow Lawn by President Wilson, and at the Hotel Astor in New York by Charles Evans Hughes. Governor Hughes was greeted with congratulations as the early returns were received.

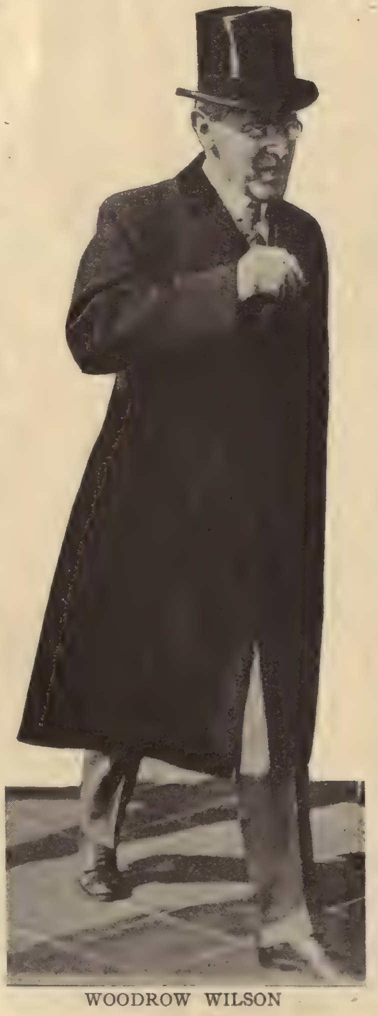
There was nothing in the manner or character of either man to indicate that there was anything personal in the result. It was a declaration of the people, pure and simple, as to the man and policies.

Whatever regrets there may have been as the returns came in, there was a conviction in the minds of both candidates that they had done their best in submitting the issues to the millions of voters in the country who were now sending back their answer. While this answer may change in one day the entire administration of the government, the result is accepted in good faith, with no rancor and no ill feeling.

The Republicans, with a united party, felt confident, and thought, if they suffered defeat, it was their own fault. They hoped that the punishment of being excluded from voice in affairs of government might only last four years, but now they know it will at least be eight years.

It was a titanic struggle for patronage and power among political leaders, and the processes of making a President in 1916 again proved the stability of our form of government. Among the first magazines to discuss at length and in detail the Presidential possibilities of 1916 was the NATIONAL. In writing concerning each possibility, an effort was made, not to show the chances this or that one might have, but to present all the names likely to be entered in the lists. There was a feeling expressed at the time—long before the date of the Convention had been announced—that the Republican nomination might go to Justice Charles Evans Hughes, and that the renomination of President Wilson was assured, but it was not stated as a prophecy.

The idea of Hughes' nomination was at first pooh-poohed—"to think of a man resigning from the Supreme Court!" Even in my talks with the Justice, this matter was referred to only once, and then he earnestly requested me to put aside all thought of such a thing as his nomination for the Presidency. I knew the man well enough to know that he meant what he said, and the subject was never referred to again. There seemed to be no possibility of his securing a unanimous nomination, and that was the only call which, as a true citizen, he could consistently heed. There was a strong feeling that if the Republican party was to "come back," it must do so by coalition with the Progressives, and Justice Hughes was considered the logical leader under existing conditions.



WOODROW WILSON

Early primaries did not give promise of his being called. Favorite sons were entered by many of the various states. In the history of political conventions, it is suddenly discovered, the favorite son has never been elected, but is usually the lead card for the game. It is further disclosed that no member of the United States Senate, one who has served in that body, has ever yet been elected for the Presidency. Here were six candidates for the Republican nomination responding to a Senate roll call.

A forecast as to what decisive phase of a public question will sway the electorate in a Presidential election has never yet been accurately made, although many post-mortem predictions appear afterwards. There is a subtle psychology in elections no one may analyze. Even the wise George Harvey, who first acclaimed Woodrow

Wilson, and later disclaimed, missed it when the New York state election was impending, and shot far of the mark in his Presidential prognostications.

Delegates from the states where names were mentioned were pledged for favorite sons, except in Michigan, where the wheels of Henry Ford's juggernaut upset political calculations. In the meantime, there was quiet talk here and there of the nomination of Hughes. It was first heard in California, in Oregon, in Michigan, in Indiana, in New York. He had already proven an intrepid campaigner in his fight for re-election as Governor of New York. The majority he rolled up on that occasion was repeated this year—but alas, it is no longer true "as goes New York, so goes the country." New York is no longer a pivotal state, in the erstwhile sense.

In Chicago enthusiasm among the Progressives for the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt was the dominant feature. They wanted their leader chosen by the Republican convention. They were ready with a cheer on the slightest provocation. The Progressive convention at the Auditorium was enthusiastic and earnest. It seemed impossible that this gathering, with its bitter flings and retorts to the Republican convention, flouting the Old Guard to its face again and again, could or would ever support the nomination of the solemn and august assembly in the Coliseum.

The Republicans appreciated the importance of harmony, and yet harmony would seem to point to the elimination of all the old leaders. With Chairman Harding's speech the keynote was struck, but he did not evoke the enthusiasm which greeted the demand for Colonel Roosevelt.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

The delegated body at the Coliseum was composed of business men—firm and determined. They had come there to nominate one they felt to be the logical candidate. Their attitude was to select first the man they felt to be best equipped for the emergency, and, next, the man who could be elected by reuniting the party.

It is like a dream to look back upon it all now, to think of the delegates of those two conventions amalgamating in the support of one man. There was much sulking when the letter of Theodore Roosevelt was read at the Progressive Convention, announcing firmly, finally, and emphatically that he would not be the Progressive candidate. His suggestion of Senator Lodge as a party leader was met with cries of "No, no!" from the floor, demonstrating that no American has ever yet been big enough to transfer his bigness to another man. There is no political primogeniture in the United States—so far.

When the news came to him that the Republican Convention had called him almost unanimously, Charles E. Hughes was at dinner. Tears burst in his eyes when he realized that the call had come which, though never fully expected, no true American has a right to disregard. He sat down at once and wrote his resignation as Justice of the Supreme Court; then, with that facility characteristic of him, he wrote his note of acceptance. With promptness he went to New York to prepare for the campaign, fully realizing what it meant, and that he must be up and at it.

He decided to make his campaign direct to the people; Colonel Farnham was called upon to manage the tours across country; Mrs. Hughes was to accompany the candidate; he was

HOTEL ASTOR, NEW YORK CITY
Where Governor Hughes had his headquarters during the period of his campaign

off for the Pacific Coast. He covered more miles and made more speeches than any political campaigner in American history, outdoing even the records of Roosevelt and Bryan.

The process of making public sentiment and of winning the popular favor is a most fascinating drama of national life.

First, the great American people size up their man—take his measure, so to speak. They are not particularly enthusiastic in the beginning, but soon the bands begin to play the "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail to the Chief" when he arrives, and "America" when he leaves.

Day after day Mr. Hughes went forth bravely, making speeches in the open air and under most trying conditions, sometimes sixteen addresses in one day. It would seem that no man would stand such a physical strain. Day after day, with the poise and earnestness that had made him a popular leader, never considering this leadership as a personal advantage, meeting the people by the million and talking to them frankly, Charles E. Hughes made one of the most remarkable single-handed campaigns ever known in political history.

At the White House, for four years, President Wilson has proven a keen observer of events. With Congress under his command, there came the desire to complete his legislative program and place the record of his stewardship before the people. He planned to conduct a porch campaign, much as McKinley did, but found that it would never do, with the surging tide following the Hughes train. Several trips were made and planned with enthusiasm by his friends and supporters, and the popular wave that followed him to Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and elsewhere, and the meeting in New York, were indeed a tribute of which any President, re-elected or rejected, might well have been proud.

His campaign committees were organized and national headquarters established in New York and Chicago; state headquarters, county headquarters and city headquarters covering every section of the country. The raising of money was carried on by both parties in their appeal for support. Over two million dollars were raised by the Republicans, and one and a half million by the Democrats, to keep well in hand the expenses of the campaign as it progressed. There were Hughes Clubs and the National Hughes Alliance, with state and city headquarters. There were Woodrow Wilson College Clubs, business clubs, women's clubs—every appeal was made to organize and crystallize the sentiments of voters. When the returns came in, the value of some of the auxiliary helping and hindering was inventoried—*ad valorem*.

The G. O. P. Women's Special was the first of its kind. Its progress was feared by the old Republican leaders, who saw danger in the innovation and feared the ridicule it might evoke. But it was realized that Governor Hughes, in his address of acceptance, had supported the Republican platform and insisted that the giving of the ballot to women might as well be considered one of the inevitable events of the future.

The later days of the campaign were exhilarating. This was when men began to question the real sanity of their friends in thinking this way or that way; but the differences between parties were less bitter than that between the Republican factions in 1912.

The national political convention is the real crux in political life. The Progressives naturally dissolved, with the belief that there is room in the country for only two great political parties, and that political battles must be continued on that line.

During the campaign was that notable meeting of the Union League Club in New York, when Elihu Root, in his masterful way, gave an introduction to his fellow-member that was a classic. In the line receiving were former Presidents Roosevelt and Taft. The hatchet had been buried, but someone evidently knew where it was buried. Then came the vision of why Charles Evans Hughes had been nominated. During the trouble and schism, he had been cloistered in the Supreme Court; he had not been affiliated with either faction. He had been identified as progressive in his beliefs, and yet conservative enough in those convictions to hold fast other factions.

It was an inspiring scene to see two former Presidents of the United States on one platform, one former Secretary of State, and another a candidate.

During the campaign there were legions of speakers here, there and everywhere, young fellows trying their wings for the first time as political orators and old-timers reviving their youth. The returns indicate that the larger number of first voters turned to Hughes. The eyes of the country centered on the two candidates; everywhere, glee clubs, brass bands, torchlight processions—in some cases reviving the old "wide-awakes" of Lincoln's time. Torrents and floods of literature

SHADOW LAWN, THE SUMMER WHITE HOUSE

Where President Wilson received the news of his election. Though he had decided at the outset of his campaign to confine his activities to addresses on the spacious grounds about the house, still he made a few trips to the western part of the country during the last weeks of the campaign were sent out, good, bad and indifferent, and a characteristic feature was the elimination of the old Congressional speeches, formerly franked by the million at the expense of the government.

And through it all there was a peculiar quality of steadiness. As President Wilson remarked in one of his addresses at Shadow Lawn, "What is the use of getting excited about it?" when, up to the last minute, claims were made by both sides that seem almost ludicrous in the light of results. Few elections have been held in which there was less personal animosity.

The greatest glory of the result of the election is not that one side or the other side succeeded, but that the American people, through the silent voice of an electorate, has come to a better understanding of itself, and expressed itself, rightfully or wrongfully, as we may think, in a manner that is frank and decisive.

On January 8, the electoral college will meet in Washington and cast the votes of the respective states. The telegram of congratulation was sent by Governor Hughes from Lakewood, New Jersey, to President Wilson at Washington, even before the official returns had been announced from California. The broad spirit of Governor Hughes was seen in this, as he was insistent that he could not encourage technicalities.

There were millions of dollars wagered on the result, which were officially liquidated when this telegram was sent.

Charles E. Hughes emerges from his campaign with the poise of a leader who has done his best, a conscientious trustee of duty entrusted him. There was the same smile on his face after as before election. He responded to the call and did his duty as he saw it, as an American citizen, and did not shirk responsibility. Mrs. Hughes in the same way insisted, "I have always called the Governor the candidate," and he was a candidate in the best sense of the word. The unexpected that happened where least expected indicated that the old wounds of 1912 were not quite healed.

With an electorate so evenly balanced, petty racial or sectional issues detracting the American voter from expressing his individual and discriminating opinion as to who should be the President of the United States are effectively eliminated. The result was a direct expression of the sovereign voter exercising his individual judgment, irrespective of party conviction.

A remarkable commentary upon the whole procedure is this: The Presidential campaign of 1916 bids fair to put a period to the American folly in exhausting its President-to-be in demanding a campaign which satisfies curiosity rather than makes votes. The process of electing a President in the United States will undergo a radical change in the future. While Mr. Hughes, with Henry Clay and James G. Blaine and Samuel J. Tilden, has the record of just missing the Presidency as disclosed by the electoral vote, there is a satisfaction in knowing that each led a most formidable and united opposition. It was the closest great election in the history of the world in which there has been no suggestion of fraud, claiming a victory on technicalities. It expresses a faith of our policies. Altogether a clean fight—a square finish.

Christmas in the War Zone

by

Major A. Gale Straw, M.D.

B. E. F. in France

IT was a time never to be forgotten when the party of one hundred and seven doctors and nurses embarked upon the good ship Noordam for service in the Great War, for it was the fruition of long-cherished hopes and earnest desires which had persistently enshrined our hearts and minds. And now at last had the supreme moment arrived; we were actually on our way, willing and eager to do our full duty as it might come to us, in the service of suffering humanity.

It was a cheerful party, but each face bore the imprint of sincerity of purpose and each was cheerfully making a great personal sacrifice for this great work. Burning with enthusiasm to be at the tasks for which we were best fitted, we seemed to creep snail-like over the vast expanse of waters. But since all things human must have an ending, so at last our seemingly interminable voyage came to a close, and we were again on *terra firma*, the land of our desires.

It was a cold and dreary ride from Falmouth to London, and though the train was equipped with heating devices, yet in the main they failed to perform their functions, and after a six hours' ride, our frost-covered train drew into Paddington Station.

It was the witching hour of midnight, and we gathered on the platform to get what was, to most of us, our first view of London. How different was the reality from what we had pictured in our imagination; how dismal were the brilliantly lighted streets that we had expected to see; all was gloom impenetrable, for the street lights were all obscured, and no light was visible from any window, lest it be seen by enemy aircraft; all was shrouded in sepulchral gloom, and to a stranger it was bewildering.

However, three o'clock in the morning found us all very comfortably housed in the various hotels. After ten days, during which time we were outfitted with our uniforms and equipment, we embarked for "sunny France," and were established in a hospital "somewhere in France."

Our hospital was one with six others of a similar type in that area, and was situated in a very delightful little village which, in normal times, was a resort where fashionable France sought the cooling breezes in the summertime, as social pleasures of the Cinema, the ball room, the concert and the casino of the games.

Alas, what a change had been accomplished by the frenzy of man; this once peaceful village was filled with soldiers, and the hotels which had hitherto known only the froth and frivolity of life were converted into hospitals and were filled with mutilated and shattered humanity, rescued from bloody battlefields.

But mangled and torn as these men were by the cruel bullet, and by the still more terrible shrapnel, the hospital presented a scene of quietness and order; the long lines of white cots were filled with the flower of the nation's young manhood, each of whom showed, though wounded in body, a serene spirit and a brave heart with a fixed purpose to "do his bit" for his country; and accepted the attentions of the skillful surgeons and the motherly nurses with uncomplaining cheerfulness.

Here was not the professional soldier, but the banker, the bookkeeper, the artist, the merchant, men from every class of society who had taken up the profession of arms, not by preference, but from necessity—brave, uncomplaining, gentle, courteous and profoundly appreciative of the efforts made by their medical attendants to bring about their well being. One can but admire and love them, and do all that they may to make their pain lighter or their lives happier.

Already the frosty air and the fitfully falling snow heralded the approach of Christmas, that one day of the year which we are wont to celebrate amidst happy surroundings, with light hearts, and cheerful voices singing carols, and proclaiming with joy the anniversary of the nativity of the Saviour of the world.

Here were we, sisters, officers, and men, all strangers in a strange land, surrounded by the sick and the dying, all far from their cherished firesides, their mothers, wives, children, sweethearts and friends—what more melancholy situation could one conceive for a Christmas observance?

Yet this deplorable state of things was the one great spur which urged us on to do our best to prepare an enjoyable celebration of this feast of feasts of Christendom. The countryside was searched for anything green from which to fashion a Christmas tree, for of real trees suitable for the purpose, there were none. Here and there were gathered sprigs of all sorts, and sisters vied with each other in the sumptuous decoration of their wards; stores of nearby towns were ransacked to unearth some little gift to make every soldier glad, and when Christmas morning dawned, the wards were resplendent with little touches of greenery, with here and there a spray of mistletoe, which was the only thing the country furnished in abundance. The general effect was either grotesque or beautiful, and one was as satisfying as the other to the men. At the foot of each tree was a huge pile of parcels containing a present for every patient, and attached to each was a card bearing the name, and a jest or perhaps an apt quotation fitting as closely as possible the individual to whom it was to be given.

The preparations being thus completed, the festivities began in the early morning, when a chorus of sisters and medical officers, passed through the wards singing Christmas carols and appropriate hymns. After breakfast was served and the wounds dressed and the regular routine work attended to, the remainder of the forenoon was passed in the singing of songs by the men themselves. At the noon hour a dinner, somewhat more elaborate than usual, with an English Christmas pudding, was safely stowed away where it could be best appreciated by the men, and then followed the rest hour.

About two o'clock in the afternoon a male quartet which had been organized for the occasion among the medical officers, sang a repertoire of American songs, in which were mingled numerous "coon chords." When we finished, we had given eighteen separate and distinct concerts, and felt amply rewarded by the happy smiles which greeted us as they sat up and yelled for "more," and we had not the heart to refuse.

Then in the early evening the presents were distributed in true American style by one of the doctors connected with our unit, a plump and dapper individual. Arrayed in a Scottish kilt and a red jacket and be-whiskered and be-wigged with curled hair removed from a stuffed chair which had passed its usefulness, the whole surmounted by a little red hat and a sprig of mistletoe, he disported himself as St. Nicholas, much to the merriment of all.

The presents consisted of such toys as could be got together—a bag of candy, or perhaps some fruit or nuts. Anyway, all went merry as a marriage bell, and though far from home, that Christmas will never be forgotten by many a wounded soldier.

* * *

And now a third Christmas in the trenches has come, presenting much the same scenes as last year. Locations may be slightly changed—the soldiers more grim and hardened to their work—but in the dark grave-like lines extending zigzag across the continent of Europe Christmas

THE CASTLE AT DINANT, AN HISTORIC CITY OF BELGIUM

The castle crowns the rocky limestone hill between which and the River Meuse lies the city of Dinant, about twelve miles south of Namur. Gay Christmas festivities of former years at Dinant are but a memory to her inhabitants today. Held by her foes and with deportation in full swing, Christmas celebrations must seem a mere mockery to these unfortunate people will come again, with its tidings of old: "On earth peace, good will toward men."

There will be remembrances and boxes for the boys in the line, and the cessation of hostilities on Christmas Day will mark an armistice as in previous years.

* * *

On the firing line are trenches six feet deep and three feet wide, where the men stand day after day, watching and waiting—for death signals. Modern warfare carries with it none of the glories of Napoleonic days. There is no marching into action with rolling drum, resplendent uniforms and "battle's magnificently stern array"—the trenches suggest the grave itself. There is usually very little seen of what may be a battle greater in losses than Gettysburg or Borodino.

After the trenches are dug—zigzag like the edge of a saw—the earth is taken out and placed in bags in front. The enemy may be only thirty yards away—the space between is known as the "Twilight Zone," though it could be more rightly called "Death Valley." The men dig ceaselessly, fourteen hours a day. It seems like the burrowing of moles, but sometimes the opposing trench is taken by digging a tunnel through, emulating submarine warfare in this terrestrial burrowing.

Trenches are first stormed by the artillery under direction of scout aeroplanes overhead. When the enemy are driven out, the bags of earth are moved to the opposite side for defense. Trees are cut down, bridges built, and almost miraculous feats are accomplished. The wounded are carried back to the lines during the night—a ghostly procession. Within the trenches, men stand day after day, and paradoxical as it may seem, there is very little rheumatism or pneumonia. The soldiers were never more healthy, or apparently, happy—free from the scourge of civic life, dividing a cracker and even sharing the whiffs of a single cigarette. Among them there is little grumbling or complaint. The wounded go to the hospital with the hope that they may return to the first-line trenches for a "rest," as they grimly write.

It is the work of the bombers that is horrible beyond description. The bomb is little larger than a baseball, contains seventy-two pieces of explosive and will kill any living thing within fifteen feet of it. It is thrown by hand and is timed to explode a few seconds after the trigger is drawn to press the percussion cap. These bombs sometimes prove boomerangs, for they have been picked up by soldiers attacked and hurled back before they exploded, killing the very men who first threw them. When the dread gas fusillade is used, the men are taken out of the trenches more dead than alive, and only at times is it possible to revive them and keep them alive with oxygen. Each man is given a bayonet to wear on his hand like a brass knuckle, and he fights with this like a demon when it comes to hand-to-hand conflict.

The scenes defy and contradict all poetic description of martial glory. The famous "tanks" spread their devastation like cyclones, yet through all this horror, the people are becoming disciplined and hardened to the perils of war.

All manner of prophecies are made as to "when will the war end," but in the meantime the guns are cracking the doom of nations all along the battle front, and trench lines are swaying, now forward, now backward. Never is a bit of earth more valuable than when its possession costs thousands of lives—a bit of earth which a few dollars might buy in time of peace.

There may be virtue in war, but peace and plenty are the first objects of war. The iron in the prowess of nations may ooze out in the pursuit of pleasure, and days of prosperity, but in the approach of Christmas Day, there is many a heart praying for the war to cease and the Peace on Earth promised in the message that came with the blue dawn of Bethlehem, nineteen hundred years ago.

THE ORIENT

One of the famous mural paintings at the Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, picturing Chinese and Japanese themes, showing the Manchus, Samurai and peasants

A Ritual for Citizenship

by

Myrle Wright

ONE of the effective movements toward carrying out Secretary Lane's policy of giving the Indian full control of his individual affairs was to have them fully understand the meaning of the rights and benefits of American citizenship. An interesting tour was planned to South Dakota, where one hundred and eighty-six Yanktown Sioux were initiated as full-fledged members of Uncle Sam's family with impressive ceremonies. The old-time method of transacting all of his business for him and doling out money in small amounts has had the influence of encouraging idleness and dissipation among the Indians.

The ceremony for conferring citizenship upon the Indians was known officially as the ritual, and Secretary Lane was present to act for the "Great White Father,"—the President of the United States. The Chief Executive desired that the Indians who had outgrown tribal relations should no longer be controlled by the Bureau of Indian Affairs as wards, but given the full rights of American citizenship and deeds to their lands—freemen in the broadest sense of the word.

This new and incomparable privilege, it is felt, could be pointed out by symbol and by word so that no man or woman would misunderstand its meaning. Each Indian was called by his white name and then requested to tell his Indian name. As he responded to his name he was handed a bow and arrow and directed to shoot.

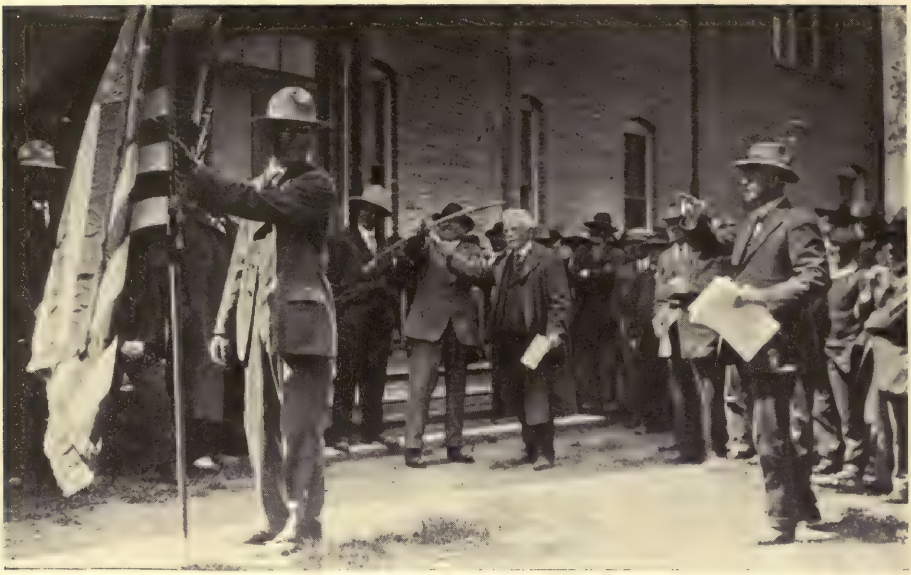
"————, you have shot your last arrow," said the representative of the President in impressive tones. "That means that you are no longer to live the life of an Indian. You are from this day forward to live the life of the white man. But you may keep that arrow; it will be to you a symbol of your noble race and of the pride you feel that you come from the first of all Americans." Before the arrow had touched the earth, he called the Indian by his white name and addressed him in the following words:

"Take in your hand this plow." As the Indian took the handle, the Secretary said: "This act means that you have chosen to live the life of the white man—and the white man lives by work. From the earth we all must get our living, and the earth will not yield unless man pours upon it the sweat of his brow. Only by work do we gain a right to the land or to the enjoyment of life."

The Indian was then presented with a leather purse and small flag and a golden-colored badge bearing the simple but glorious inscription: "Citizen of the United States." In the center was the miniature figure of an eagle bearing in his talons the American flag.

These ceremonies were repeated to each individual Indian admitted to citizenship, and then, as a fitting climax to the ceremony, the President's representative addressed them with a touching tribute to the American flag:

"This purse will always say to you that the money you gain from your labor must



HIS LAST SHOT
Moses Redowl shooting his last arrow during the citizenship ceremonies at the Santee Agency

be wisely kept. The wise man saves his money so that when the sun does not smile and the grass does not grow, he will not starve.

"I give into your hands the flag of your country. This is the only flag you have ever had or ever will have. It is the flag of freedom, the flag of free men, the flag of a hundred million free men and women of whom you are now one. That flag has a request to make of you (calling the Indian by his "white" name): that you take it into your hands and repeat these words: 'For as much as the President has said that I am worthy to be a citizen of the United States, I now promise this flag that I will give my hands, my head, and my heart to the doing of all that will make me a true American citizen.'

"And now beneath this flag I place upon your breast the emblem of your citizenship. Wear this badge of honor always; and may the eagle that is on it never see you do aught of which the flag will not be proud."

When the ceremony was completed, the audience joined in singing "America" and hailing each Indian by his white name.

There was also a ceremony recognizing the women or "squaws" as citizens with all the rights of suffrage, so far as compatible with the various state laws. Each woman was called by her white name and was tendered a work bag and a purse and instructed to hold them in her hand as the Secretary addressed her.

"This means that you have chosen the life of the white woman—and the white woman loves her home. The family and the home are the foundation of our civilization. Upon the character and industry of the mother and homemaker largely depends the future of our nation. The purse will always say to you that the money you gain from your labor must be wisely kept. The wise woman saves her money, so that when the sun does not smile and the grass does not grow, she and her children will not starve." And the same message that accompanied the gift of the flag and badge to the men was repeated to the women. The ceremony concluded with the audience shouting the woman's "white" name and in extending congratulations.

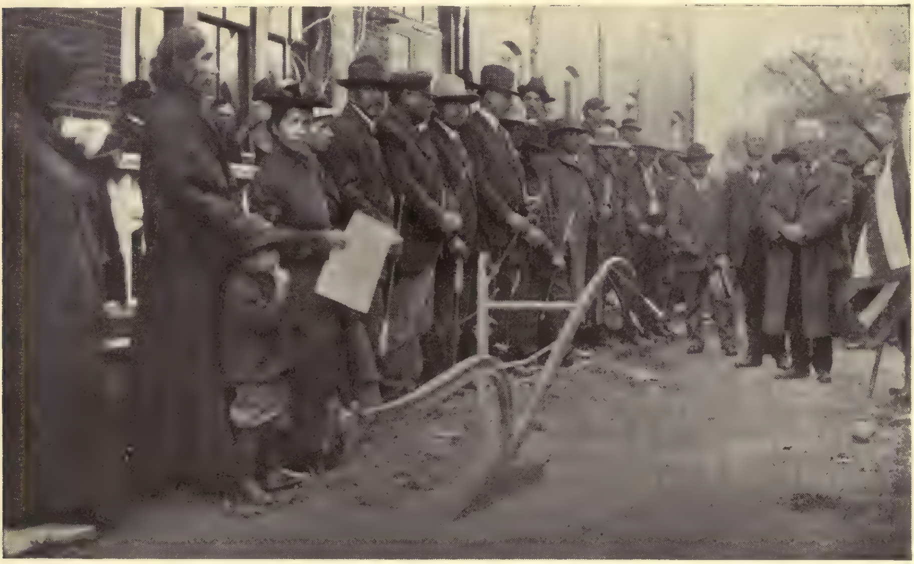
Before these ceremonies the commissions engaged in examining each individual Indian as to his qualifications for citizenship made their reports after thorough investigations. Secretary Lane made his trip among the Indians with Major James McLaughlin, who has been connected with the Indian service for over forty-five years, and is thoroughly conversant with every phase of the question. A rigid inspection was made of the manner in which the Indians were living before any steps were taken toward awarding citizenship. Some who had been given their legal competence are now presidents of banks and prosperous farmers.

Only those who are able to care for themselves and who are intelligent are awarded citizenship rights. The old and incompetent are still retained as wards of the government. This was only one of the many innovations that Secretary Lane has introduced into the Interior Department. The crux of the whole Indian question as outlined by him in his reports is to make them more self-reliant, and illustrates how much, after all, the spur of necessity means to all human beings, whether red, white, or black.

The Secretary's proposition to teach the Indian to handle his own affairs, appears to be the way in which to meet the Indian problem, and it has developed into a definite policy which will be maintained. Many different policies have been tried under the various commissioners of Indian Affairs; each one with a new idea, but none in office long enough at a time to try out a plan to a definite conclusion.

On July 1, 1915, the Cherokee Nation ceased to exist, such act being the culmination of a treaty promise made over eighty years ago, and on September 23, 1916, the Seminole tribal government was abolished. The word of the white man has been made good to his red brother, and the Cherokee Nation with its legislature and tribal officers exists no longer. It is only a memory, and the Indians are at last becoming an integral part of American citizenship.

There are now over 333,000 Indians in the United States, as compared with 254,000 in 1860, which shows that the Indian population is actually increasing. It was Secretary Lane's idea, as outlined in his report, to do away with the orphan asylum idea and to have as his goal the free Indian upon whom should be cast the full burden of independence and responsibility. A systematic effort is being made to determine which individual Indians are competent to transact their own business affairs and conserve their property interests. Some of the Indians show a remarkable thrift and farsightedness in the management of their affairs. The full burden of independence and responsibility is being placed daily upon an increasing number of Indians of all tribes.



THE PLOW REPLACES THE ARROW

Inspector McLaughlin delivering the address that made seventeen Santee Indians United States citizens

The Morris Plan

By

Joe Mitchell Chapple

IN October of this year there gathered in New York City the managers and representatives of the fifty-three Morris Plan Banks organized and operating in the United States.

Their reports showed that over twenty million dollars have been loaned in small amounts to people who needed immediate help. The average loan is around $100, and the majority of the borrowers are men with an average income of twenty-five dollars a week. Three times as many married men as single men are borrowers.

When I looked into the faces of these fifty-three managers of The Morris Plan Banks and realized that their number had been doubled within one year, I felt that I was in touch with a great national movement. The evolution of the idea of fundamental justice between man and man is as much an economic as it is a moral question, and the earnest and enthusiastic manner in which these men have built up their business on these great twin principles reveals at once the limitless possibilities for the upbuilding of a stronger, more self-reliant and independent citizenry than the world has ever known.

The Morris Plan of banking at once won the unreserved confidence and regard of both borrowers and depositors. While they know it is a business proposition, they realize that the Shylock element is eliminated. The moral responsibility of repayment is always felt by the borrower, for he knows that he is using the hard-earned savings which a fellow-worker has left with the company for safe keeping and safe lending. He knows that in this bank a large portion of the money that is loaned comes from the sale of investment certificates to thrifty workers like himself.

It is an inspiring sight to see the long lines of people at The Morris Plan Bank, paying in their weekly installments, and also to see at the same time a group of fellow-workers waiting to establish credit and to be helped with the money that is being deposited. The Morris Plan permits the borrower to clean up minor debts that harass him and gives him time to gain a new foothold. It has been more of a body blow to the loan shark business than any law designed to establish municipal pawn shops, for it is a combination of banking and building loan principles *through the people themselves.*

It is strange that so important a phase of banking should have been overlooked so long. The Morris Plan has come at a psychological moment when the limitations of mere savings banks have been proven. They are not elastic enough to meet the emergencies which every working man knows are likely to come when he may need not only what he has saved, but more—and cannot get it.

A review of the occupations of the list of customers of The Morris Plan Banks shows that it includes clerks, post-office employes, machinists, tailors, doctors, dentists, telegraphers, secretaries, stenographers—in fact, people of all trades and professions. The reasons for borrowing

ARTHUR J. MORRIS
Vice-President of the Industrial Finance Corporation and originator of The Morris Plan System

Press Illustrating Service

CASHIER'S DEPARTMENT OF THE MORRIS PLAN COMPANY OF NEW YORK

are most interesting. Illness and births predominate. Education and weddings are about on a par. Many redeem pawns and chattels and repay loan sharks. The borrowers include a large number who have just begun housekeeping. Others borrow for business expansion, to pay taxes or insurance premiums, or to assist an unfortunate relative, and for many other necessary purposes.

Whether The Morris Plan is the outgrowth of the experience of a young barrister having to do with the fag ends of practice—cases of impoverished men burdened with debt striving in vain to escape the bondage of usury—whether from trials like these or the brilliant conception of an original mind, doesn't really matter. The essential fact is that Mr. Arthur J. Morris, a young attorney of Norfolk, Virginia, has devoted his life to this work, and has incorporated into the plan every possible idea tested in other countries that could be utilized. Fourteen years ago he devised a plan by which the working man and the salaried man, although lacking resources and collateral, may nevertheless borrow the legitimate maximum his necessities may require, and yet do so with as much self-respect and on as equitable a basis as the business man. This is the basic idea of The Morris Plan, and the whole secret of its marvelous growth and success lies in the fact that it takes into consideration the collateral value of character in making loans.

Press Illustrating Service

APPLICATION DEPARTMENT OF THE MORRIS PLAN COMPANY OF NEW YORK

For instance, here is a clerk in a small store, sober and industrious; he has a wife and two children. On account of the daily demands on his small salary he has saved up nothing for emergencies. Illness has exhausted the family pocketbook, and another birth is expected. Where is that man going to get one hundred dollars without imposition upon grudging relatives, or complete hypothecation of his future to the money lenders?

Yet this case, instead of being theoretical, is almost universal. Many a man, honest, deserving, and of good character, but with no assets, is unable to raise a dollar. Under The Morris Plan this worthy fellow has no need to sacrifice; no need to worry. He can go to the bank that is made for him—The Morris Plan Bank—where his application for a loan is treated with as much respect and courtesy as though he were handling a financial transaction for some great business institution. And he brings into the negotiation the only collateral required—good character, earning capacity, and a clean record. Possessing these, his credit is as good as gold. He signs his contract, obtains his loan at legal rate of interest—without a mortgage and without humiliation—and goes home with his head up. Is it not indeed high time that the genius of American economics took cognizance of such situations as these?

* * *

In Europe, industrial banking has been in successful operation for half a century. The Bank of France in 1913 discounted 30,041,247 loans, amounting to $4,001,410,800, of which over half were for sums less than twenty dollars. In Italy in 1908 six hundred and ninety people's banks discounted over 2,500,000 bills of an aggregage value of about $329,212,000, and in Germany co-operative credit societies did a business of $5,000,000,000 in 1912.

Press Illustrating Service

W. D. McLEAN

General manager of The Morris Plan Company of New York, and treasurer of the National Association

The first Morris Plan Bank was organized by Mr. Morris in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1910, quickly followed by the organization of companies in Atlanta, Georgia; Washington, D. C.; Baltimore, Maryland; St. Louis, Missouri; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and in many other cities of equal consequence.

Men and women of good character in all walks of life may qualify for a loan, and the same consideration is given to the industrial worker as is given to his employer who might face an immediate need for additional funds. One finds, in The Morris Plan, that good character is a basis for credit. The borrower, for example, of one hundred dollars gives his note, due in one year, signed by two co-makers. He receives his money at the legal rate of interest, practically the same rate that the commercial bank charges a borrower. The borrower is enabled to meet his note when due by making installment payments to the company of two dollars each week. At the end of fifty weeks, these payments aggregate the amount of the loan. His note falls due two weeks later, and his accumulated funds are applied to its payment. Thereafter, freed of debt, he realizes how easily he can lay aside two dollars a week. He has accomplished what he thought was impossible, and for the first time has been made to feel the necessity for thrift. He decides now to purchase what is called an "Installment Investment Certificate," issued in units of fifty dollars, for which he pays at the rate of one dollar a week for fifty weeks. When he has paid twenty-five dollars on this certificate, it begins to earn four per cent interest. When fifty dollars has been paid, the certificate is exchanged for a "Full Paid Investment Certificate," bearing five per cent interest.

R. O. JOHNSTON
President of the National Association of Morris Plan Bankers, and president of the Industrial Bank & Trust Company, Memphis, Tennessee

There is no chattel mortgage in The Morris Plan, and the borrower receives his money at much lower rates than the minimum charge made by chattel loan companies. The Morris Plan Company makes no investments except in loans. Its profits are made by loaning its capital at the legal rate of interest, re-loaning the aggregate funds resulting from interest paid in advance on loans, and from payments received on full-paid and installment certificates.

The Morris Plan recognizes industry as the real basis of credit, and offers a helping hand to people who wish to help themselves. It is a practical and yet scientific indemnity against want and distress.

* * *

In order to ensure the maximum efficiency of The Morris Plan it was early discovered that there was a necessity for a strong central organization, national in scope, that would standardize its operations—an organization that would not control an individual company, but would co-operate with it in order to insure success through local management. This need crystallized into The Industrial Finance Corporation, which has become virtually a national clearing-house. The experiences of each company are known to this central body and results carefully watched. The Industrial Finance Corporation is organized with preferred stock for five million dollars and common stock for two million dollars. This stock was underwritten without expense to the corporation and held in reserve to furnish at least twenty-five per cent of the capital of new local Morris Plan companies organized from time to time.

The Morris Plan offers possibilities for an improved system of insurance and old age pensions, and who knows but what this industrial thrift system may some day serve to do what governments have failed to do in providing against want and distress in old age? It is believed that insurance could be managed on the group plan, by adding a small amount to each weekly payment on loans or investments. This, it is believed, would give encouragement to the man who wants to provide for his family in the event of his death.

* * *

When it is desired to establish one of these new institutions, a number of representative citizens of the city or community make application to the Industrial Finance Corporation. These citizens are always of the highest and best type, and in fact are the endorsers of the local organization. The stock is sold to subscribers at not less than ten per cent above par, payments to be called for as needed. It is provided that a cash dividend not exceeding six per cent per annum is paid on the book value of the stock, and a return to the stockholders based on this increment should result in increasing cash dividends. Earnings are provided from the interest charged borrowers, and the funds for loaning are provided by the sale of investment certificates. The company's capital is turned over twice in a year. The machinery of the plan produces the profit, instead of charging the borrowers a high rate of interest.

In reloaning the borrowers' weekly payments and likewise re-loaning the interest that is deducted in advance from each loan, it is apparent at a glance that The Morris Plan is banking on a solid and conservative basis.

The Morris Plan Bank stands out as the one institution that presents attractive, conservative investments for a person of large or small means, for the money is loaned to an army of industrial workers, thereby ridding the country of the loan sharks, and helping self-respecting citizens. No expensive exploitation is required, because the very fact that money is loaned at the bank brings in depositors. No varied departments of high-salaried officials to watch market conditions are required. No investments are made in fluctuating securities. It is not necessary to carry idle or uselss large balances for emergencies, and they are never forced to loan their funds at a disastrously low rate.

It is estimated that every thousand dollars invested in the purchase of capital stock in The Morris Plan Banks assists at least seven to ten individuals to tide over emergencies and induces a large percentage of them to become permanent depositors.

Photo by Pirie MacDonald

CLARK WILLIAMS
President of the Industrial Finance Corporation

Because of its quasi-public character, its clear and well-defined usefulness and practicability, The Morris Plan has received the hearty endorsements of nearly all the leading newspapers in the country. Curiously enough, it has had a tendency to restrain rather than encourage borrowing by emphasizing the thrift idea—and is constantly recruiting the savers.

It is certain to become a gigantic banking proposition for the industrial population, besides furnishing safe and profitable opportunity for the large or small investor. Its application is as broad as the nation, and is striking the shackles of debt from the hands of thousands of people. To be identified with The Morris Plan Bank is great credit to American citizenship. Owners of the seven billions of dollars lying in savings banks might well consider the good they could do by investing in The Morris Plan—good not only to others, but to themselves as well. They may spend their savings, but they cannot borrow on them.

It recognizes the value of labor and industry, and does not give "something for nothing." It is a distinct aid to citizenship and is proving as necessary to the welfare of any city or community as libraries and schools. It is immersed in a spirit of self-sacrifice, and shows the disposition at least, to want to understand and help the other fellow. It has revealed clearly a great unexplored field of credit, and has proved that there can be real heart in business and a real soul to corporations. It has raised the eyes of the miser from gloating over his gold, his stocks, or collateral, to see that, after all, the world is made up of men, and that nothing can exceed in value to the nation the sturdy brawn and spirit of its workers.

* * *

The second annual convention of The Morris Plan Companies ended with a banquet, presided over by Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, chairman of the Legal Advisory Board. Enthusiastic addresses were made by Mr. George F. Canfield, a Director of The Morris Plan Company of New York, who explained clearly and logically the developments of the plan; Mr. Eugene Lamb Richards, superintendent of the Banking Department of the State of New York; and Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne. There was also a rousing response by Mr. Louis N. Hammerling, President of the American Association of Foreign-Language Newspapers, who insisted that the fourteen million readers of foreign papers in America were to be made acquainted with the principles of The Morris Plan because it appealed strongly to him as an intelligent means of conserving the energy and happiness of the readers.

Many prominent men, including foremost bankers of New York, in their comments at the dinner, manifested an earnest interest in a project which would be instrumental in building up a strong and more contented citizenship, and would thwart the loafer, the demagogue, and the loan shark in their designs upon the people.

The officers, executive committee, and directors of the various Morris Plan Banks all over the country include men of means. They lend not only moral, but substantial financial support to The Morris Plan, because of the good that it has already done, and the great good it will continue to do as the plan is further developed.

* * *

At this convention of The Morris Plan companies which was held in New York City in October, a very important organization was formed, known as the National Association of Morris Plan Bankers. Its purpose is best told in the preamble of its constitution—"to increase the usefulness and efficiency of corporations operating The Morris Plan, to promote the general welfare of the institutions under their care, and to secure practical benefits to be derived from personal acquaintance and discussion of subjects of common interest, and to more effectively assist in its national development, and for the maintenance of the integrity of the system in order that our citizens may enjoy its benefit." This co-operation will assist materially not only in perfecting the present system, but will spread the gospel of thrift to many cities who await the installation of similar institutions.

The honor of the first presidency of this association fell to Mr. R. O. Johnston of Memphis, Tennessee, a member of the bar of that city and active in its financial circles. He represents the aggressive type of the younger men of the South who are making financial history for that section of the country where The Morris Plan had its inception and early development. Under his leadership the association will make vast strides before the next annual meeting of managers.

The Vice-President, Mr. Thomas Coughlin of Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the most popular men of that city, with a distinct personal charm. He was Director of Finance of the city of Cleveland during Secretary Baker's incumbrance as Mayor, and just prior to his election to the office of Vice-President and Manager of The Morris Plan Company of Cleveland, he was resident Vice-President of the National Surety Company. He is one of those congenial types of a hearty golfer, but, says Coughlin, "I can always make a better shot after helping a Morris Plan applicant." He takes a keen human interest in his work and finds a great deal of satisfaction in helping others.

The Secretary, C. R. Huff, of South Bend, Indiana, is a progressive young man of the Middle West, a firm believer in The Morris Plan being the most effective agency to develop thrift among citizens in both city and rural districts. His enthusiasm and persistency to bring about results will accomplish much in the co-operative work that has been started by the association. Mr. W. D. McLean of New York City will guard the funds, another duty to his already busy life in his work as General Manager of The Morris Plan Company of New York.

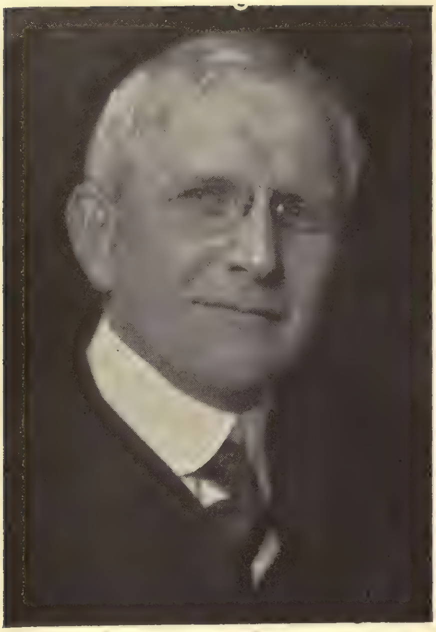
Mr. Clark Williams is President of the Industrial Finance Corporation of New York, which corporation is engaged in the organization of Morris Plan companies throughout the country. Not only is he one of the trustees of Williams College, from which he graduated in 1892, but he is also a trustee and director of the Teachers College of the City of New York. Since 1892 he has been identified with financial institutions of the metropolitan city, first with the Guaranty Trust Company, and later as Treasurer and Vice-President of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company. In 1905 he organized the Columbia Trust Company and became its Managing Vice-President. He was Superintendent of Banks, State of New York, 1907, and Comptroller of State of New York in 1909. During 1911 and 1913 he was president of the Windsor Trust Company, and in June, 1914, undertook the important work in connection with The Morris Plan development. Mr. Williams is a conservator of safety, the high type of the trustee. He feels most intensely the relationship between trustee and any interest under his protection. He believes that accuracy and conservatism always beget safety, and this he is constantly advocating as a watchword of The Morris Plan industrial system.

The originator of The Morris Plan, Arthur J. Morris, is Vice-President and General Counsel of the Industrial Finance Corporation and director in several of the institutions operating the plan in this country. He is southern by birth, having been born in North Carolina some thirty-eight years ago. Reared among the traditions of the South, educated at the University of Virginia, in both academic and legal departments, and coming from a family of lawyers, he entered the profession in Norfolk in 1901. Soon he developed a financial and corporation practice, and his special knowledge and training in this

McDonald Studio

C. R. HUFF

Secretary of the National Association of Morris Plan Bankers, and secretary of The Morris Plan Company of South Bend, Indiana



THOMAS COUGHLIN
Vice-President and Manager of The Morris Plan Bank of Cleveland, and first Vice-President of the National Association of Morris Plan bankers

line is largely responsible for his success in the spread of The Morris Plan. He is a student of sociological subjects, and of analytical mind, believing in scientific and practical methods.

The President of The Morris Plan Company of New York, Henry R. Towne is Ex-President of the Merchants Association, a Director in Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and author of several important works. He is an executive master of essential detail. Most executives are distinguished for their capacity for policy and selection of men, but Mr. Towne goes far beyond this, excelling in these capabilities, and seeing that no important detail escapes his analytical mind; he has keen human observation and practical insight, and as a well-known financier recently said: "The country needs just such men as Mr. Towne. He knows the big and little things of life. He has made a study of human affairs and business conditions, and has a high guiding influence upon all who come into contact with him."

The General Manager and Secretary of The Morris Plan Company of New York, W. D. McLean, is a graduate of Princeton, receiving later his law degree in Columbian University, Washington, D. C., in which city he was in active practice of the law until 1913. Mr. McLean received his first financial training in the office of "Loans and Currency," United States Treasury. He made a study of corporation law and efficiency in corporation management. He was called to New York early in 1913 as assistant to the President of the United States Express Company, and appointed General Manager of The Morris Plan Company of New York in December, 1914, opening the first unit in that city in January, 1915. Under his management the company has made rapid progress, and is now known as one of the largest and most influential industrial financial institutions in the city. "The work here," says Mr. McLean, "has only started. Branches will be established throughout the city, and every possible facility will be afforded the public to establish financial credit and lay aside small sums in an institution of thrift where over two thousand people come daily to make their weekly payments." A list of The Morris Plan Banks appears on page 456.

HENRY R. TOWNE
President of The Morris Plan Company of New York

The Jungle-Buried Cities of Indo-China

by Edmund Mitchell

Author of "The Call of the Bells"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This remarkable article by Edmund Mitchell, the renowned world-traveler, is without doubt the most thrilling story of the jungle-buried, unknown greatness of a re-discovered civilization of the past that has yet been published. The illustrations were made from pictures taken by Mr. Mitchell, when he traversed this almost inaccessible and unexplored country in French Indo-China four years ago. The appearance of the article at this time, with France in the glories of her supreme struggle, is of world interest, and reveals the great work France is doing, which America has left undone in its own hemisphere in revealing the glories of past civilizations in South and North America*

IN their gallant fight to stem and thrust back the tide of ruthless invasion, the French have once again established their reputation as the greatest soldiers in the world. "They shall not pass"—the watchword of Verdun that went from lip to lip along the trenches, came from the very soul of a gallant and indomitable people determined to safeguard their beloved Paris from destruction. For Paris is essentially the heart of France—the vital spot where the genius of the nation is enshrined.

We are accustomed to think of Paris in this light, but are apt to forget that France herself is the center of a vast colonial empire. Frenchmen today on the stricken fields of the Somme and the Meuse are not merely fighting for the sacred motherland, but for Algeria, Tunis, the French Congo, Madagascar, French Indo-China, the Society Islands in the southern seas, and other princely domains which have come under their enlightened and splendid administration and must never be abandoned to the despoiling Hun. For the quiet steady progress of the French colonies during recent years has been one of the nation's greatest gifts to humanity at large.

During the closing quarter of the last century it was rivalry over colonial expansion that frequently brought France and Great Britain to the verge of war, culminating in the Fashoda episode of 1900 when Marchand tried to block the natural line of expansion for British power in the Egyptian Soudan. I was in Paris in the summer of that year when a tremendous ovation was given to Marchand in the Place de l'Opéra. He stood at one of the windows of the Military Club, and the shouts of "*A bas les Anglais*" that rent the air were unmistakable in the virulence of their hatred.

* * *

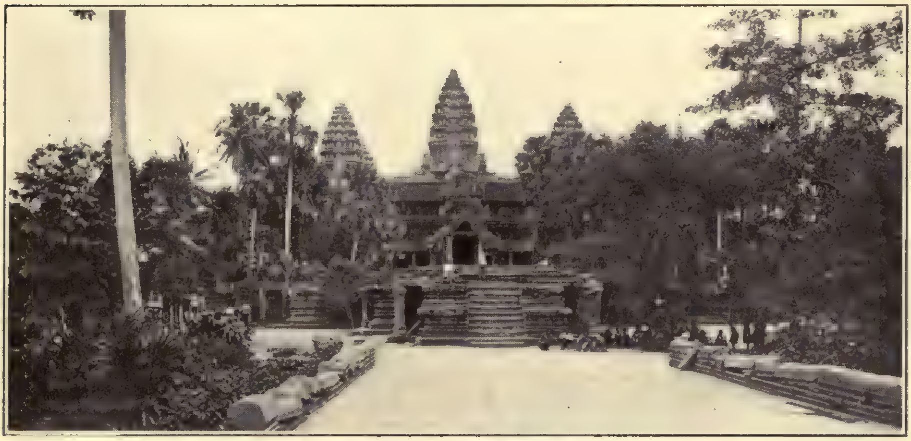
It will always redound to the honor of two men, King Edward VII and Lord Salisbury, that within a few years all these rancorous feelings were swept away. Fashoda had been the warning how slender the thread that had restrained the two countries from going to war. King Edward had always enjoyed great popularity among the French people, and he set his suave diplomacy to work to bring about a calm examination of all possible causes of dispute between Great Britain and France. And the signing of the treaty in 1907 was undoubtedly the crowning achievement of

Lord Salisbury's life of splendid service to his country.

By that treaty of world-wide comprehensiveness the French secured undisputed control of Tunis and of the great island of Madagascar, and also received recognition of their paramount status in Morocco, while in return they withdrew all claims in regard to Egypt and surrendered fishing rights in Newfoundland that had been a source of dispute for a hundred years; furthermore, in the proper spirit of give-and-take, boundary disputes in Indo-China and in Nigeria were settled, and an equitable division of authority was made in the New Hebrides. Thus the two nations in 1907 woke up to find, after several decades of constant, widespread, and dangerous friction that every possible cause of quarrel between them throughout the length and breadth of the world had been eliminated.

Undoubtedly so far back as those days the real purpose of German aggressiveness had been realized both by French and British statesmen. The treaty of 1907 was the beginning of the *entente cordiale*, which grew stronger year by year, and also paved the way for a similar understanding between Great Britain and Russia, whereby long-standing differences in regard to Persia, Afghanistan, Tibet, and the Far East were removed.

Among the numerous adjustments made by the Franco-British treaty of 1907 was one that brings me to the subject of this article—the jungle-buried ruins in Cambodia. There had been boundary disputes affecting Siam, the British in Burmah, and the French in Indo-China, and as one result of the triangular settlement arrived at two Siamese provinces, Siem-Reap and Battambang, were handed over to France. Hitherto these remote regions away to the north of the Great Lakes of Cambodia had been virtually a sealed book to the civilized world. But it was within the knowledge of the French administrators in Indo-China that locked up in their vast jungles was a wonderful secret—the ruins of great cities that had belonged to a vanished race which about one thousand years ago had been in the highest state of civilization.


THE TEMPLE OF ANGKOR-VAT
These ruins buried in the remote jungles of French Indo-China proclaim with grim, mute eloquence the genius and strength, the patience and skill, the wealth and power of a race that vanished from the face of the earth a thousand years ago

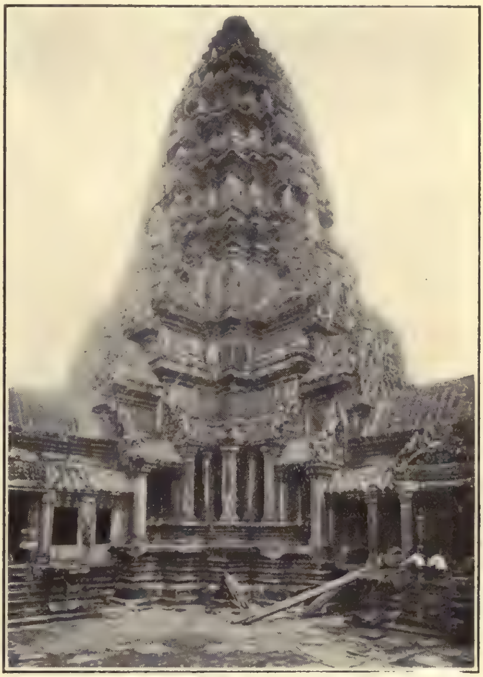
* * *

It was consistent with the French genius for exploration manifested in many parts of the world that they should lay claim to these mysterious provinces. And no sooner did they gain possession than they at once proceeded in the most systematic manner to dig these buried cities from out the dense jungle growth that had literally swallowed them up and caused their disappearance. When I was in Cambodia four years ago I gazed upon the temple of Angkor-Vat, the most stupendous edifice ever erected by the hands of man, covering one hundred and seventy-two acres, rising in three successive terraces to a height of two hundred and nine feet, an achievement of engineering architecture that ranks as one of the marvels of all ages. It had taken six years to cut out the jungle which had smothered this immense building, and the story of the people who had erected it was being deciphered from the miles upon miles of stone-carved galleries that had been revealed.

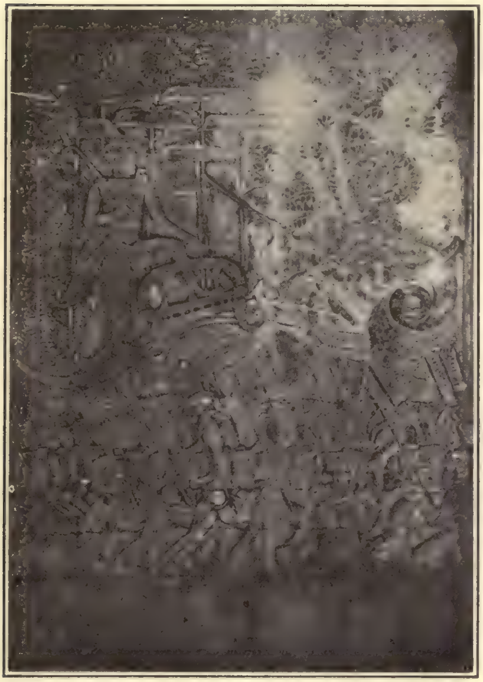
And let it not be forgotten that it is to preserve and continue such intellectual work as this that the guns of France today are thundering from the shell-torn defences of Verdun.

To reach the ruins of Angkor, the traveler takes a steamer from Saigon, the capital of French Indo-China, and sails up the Mekong River to Pnom-Penh, a city of some thirty thousand inhabitants, full of interest, with its royal palaces and richly-decorated pagodas. Here dwells the King of Cambodia, a mere *roi faineant*, for the government during the past half century has been entirely in French hands. For about a hundred miles due north of Pnom-Penh flows the Tonle-Sap, a river that alternately fills and drains the Great Lakes of Cambodia. These lakes present one of the most remarkable phenomena in nature. During the months that the mighty Mekong is rolling down in full flood, the Tonle-Sap ceases to be a tributary stream, reverses its course, and flowing due north, carries the Mekong waters into the Great Lakes. But toward the middle of January, when the volume of the big river is diminished, the Tonle-Sap again becomes a tributary, and flowing south begins rapidly to drain the basin it has previously filled. And hereby hangs a story into which kingly power, popular credulity, and commercial gain are all curiously interwoven.

A few days before the changing of the current the King of Cambodia emerges from the seclusion of his well-filled harem in Pnom-Penh, and, mounted on a richly-caparisoned elephant, with great parade of state, attended by courtiers, soldiers, and dancing girls, proceeds to the confluence of the Mekong and Tonle-Sap. Here a river procession is formed, with hundreds of gaily-decorated junks and sampans participating. An ascent is made of the Tonle-Sap stream, and at the appointed place, fixed by the usage of centuries, the King cleaves the water with his sword. The thousands of spectators congregated along the banks accept this as a royal decree that the river shall now change its course, and the Great Lakes be emptied of their waters. And lo! within a day or two the miracle of the reversed river flow is accomplished. The divine attributes of the monarch are held in more sacrosanct veneration than ever, and the people proceed to secure the rich fish and grain harvests that will nourish them during a whole year.


CONICAL TOWER SURMOUNTING TEMPLE
Its height is 209 feet above the plain. The size can be estimated by the human figures in the picture

For with the subsidence of the lake waters, with the uncovering of the submerged forests and agricultural lands, countless millions of fish are easily caught, while the rich alluvial deposits left by the flood are sown to rice and other crops.



MILES OF SCULPTURED GALLERIES
Forming a veritable lacework in stone. The French government has in preparation an elaborate series of photographs of these galleries

The Tonle-Sap itself is dammed by hurdles and interlaced branches, so that all the fish above the barriers are held captive. As the fall in the level of the water amounts to no less than thirty feet, the lakes become a mere string of small basins, almost dry, with nowhere a greater depth than three feet. These pools thus become natural traps for the finny spoil. From February to May the work of capturing, salting and sun-drying the fish of many different species continues, while myriads of birds grow fat on the offal. It is estimated that fifty thousand people make their living by these fisheries, and that the value of the annual catch exceeds $4,000,000. Junks in great numbers come up the Mekong to carry away the dried fish, not merely for the Indo-Chinese markets, but to Singapore, Java, Hongkong and even far-away ports in northern China.

By the time that the fishing is over, the rice fields and vegetable patches have yielded a bountiful harvest. So all the people are fed and also amply provisioned with their staple of life, rice, together with its most appetizing accompaniments. And the glory is accorded to the mighty monarch who in his all-puissant beneficence a few months before, cleft the river with his sword and turned the waters! Surely in no corner of the world has a little knowledge of Nature's workings been more cleverly and cunningly adapted to raise a buttress of superstition for the support of a throne. The story throws a flashlight into the darksome history of remote ages, and helps to explain the almost god-like power wielded by the old Cambodian kings of Angkor, and the reverence among the masses of the people which their effete successors even today enjoy.

Near the head of the Great Lakes are the jungle-buried cities, many in number, for the work of extricating these ruins from the dense forest growth has only just begun with the uncovering of the temple of Angkor-Vat, and the partial clearing of the adjacent city of Anghor-Thom.

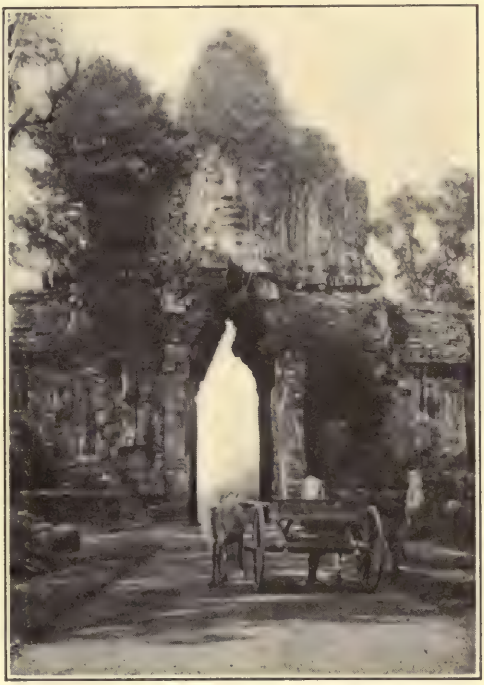
The philologist informs us that Angkor in the Sanscrit means metropolis, that Thom signifies great, and Vat stands for temple. So Angkor-Thom was the great capital city of the ancient Khmer or Cambodian kings, and Angkor-Vat one of the many temples raised at their command. The archaeologist now comes in and by comparison of architectural styles, sculptured decorations, and deciphered inscriptions, decides that Angkor-Thom must have been built during the ninth century of the Christian era, and that Angkor-Vat, the monumental temple a mile beyond the city walls, was erected some three hundred years later, that is to say, in the twelfth century. The comparative state of decay supports this interval in dates—the city is a mass of ruins in the grip of the devouring jungle, the temple structurally is still complete and shows only minor dilapidations.

Now, what does tradition say? Little indeed, for during a period of five hundred or six hundred years, those deserted ruins virtually vanished from human ken, lying hidden and forgotten amid the dense forests of a depopulated region. The decadent descendants of the Khmer monarchy and nobility had been gradually pushed south—beyond the Great Lakes, as far as the Mekong River, where stands today the modern capital of Cambodia, Pnom-Penh, the seat of power, as we have seen, of a mere puppet king who, under French protection, draws a liberal yearly allowance, maintains a famous troupe of dancing girls, and lolls away a sequestered and otiose existence.

However, tradition gives us some added information in regard to the jungle-buried city of the ancient Khmer kings. Away back in the early centuries of the Christian era a powerful Hindu prince had been vanquished in war, and pushing eastward across the regions now known as Burmah and Siam, had at last reached the valley of the Mekong. Further he did not go, and easily subduing the native tribes, established the first beginnings of the vast ancient empire of Khmer. In the train of this adventurous leader had followed soldiers, priests, scholars, artists, architects, builders, workers in gold, weavers of silk, craftsmen of every kind—in effect, the civilization of Hindustan was transplanted to the further Orient. But such came to be the might of the new empire that civilization could progress during a long cycle of centuries uninterrupted by the defeats and disasters that periodically swept away ruling dynasties in India. And thus was the grand climacteric of Hindu art in all its branches attained, not in the motherland of northern India, but in far-away Indo-China.

From the elaborately-carved walls, as I shall presently show, we can learn a great deal about the religion, customs, manners of life, methods of warfare, pastimes and intellectual pursuits of the people who reared these colossal edifices. But the how and the why of the passing of their power remains a mystery. No earthquake shook these ruins—the ruins themselves attest the fact, and the records of history show the entire region to be free from seismic disturbances. Did gaunt famine or the breath of pestilence wither the land and destroy its teeming humanity? Did the powerful fighting races on the borders of the empire, Siamese or Annamites, at last gain the ascendancy and exterminate with the sword the outlander horde of usurpers when pride and wealth and luxury had reduced them to effeteness? Or did internal dissension heave the Khmer kingdom asunder? Or did the gentle leveling power of the Buddhism that supplanted the Brahmanism, and swept away all distinctions of caste, gradually reduce the preponderating influence of princes and military leaders until these were dissolved into the mass of the common populace, so that the imperial social edifice crumbled away and disappeared from lack of cohesion and masterful guidance?

The queries might be multiplied, but the answer remains invariable—no man can tell. Sculpture so far portrays and records the Khmer empire in its making and in the plenitude or the gentle gliding of a rock into deep water, with only a quickly-vanishing ripple on the fathomless pool.



LOFTY GATEWAY IN THE CITY WALL

Through this gateway—there are four others—crowned by a huge carved head of Siva, elephants with their howdahs could pass. The author's bullock cart is in the foreground of the picture

And the sombre, silent, lonely ruins

preserve their secret well. Here are the stone steps worn smooth by the feet of numberless worshippers and pilgrims. There are the deep ruts in some paved gateway cut into the hard rock by the wheels of bullock carts. Yonder in the temple is the unfinished frieze work of a master chiseler. Everything speaks of a busy life that has been—of teeming multitudes and throbbing human passions. But now only utter desolation and stillness profound! And at the end of each long, dim-columned gallery sits a great stone Buddha, meditative, serene, inscrutable, giving an added touch of eerie mystery to the scene.

IN THE GRIP OF THE DEVOURING JUNGLE
The forest has been partially cleared during the work of exploration

These galleries, supported by square columns and open to the air on one side, are graven with the chisel over every square inch of their surface. And the columns, too, are carved; even their bases carry each a little story in stone. "A story in stone"—apt phrase, for as we move along we begin to realize that we are reading pages and volumes of history—that we are, indeed, studying history in its best form, the history that reveals the manners and customs of a people.

Here along the lofty wall in three sculptured scrolls arranged tier above tier is an army procession, with men in front sounding trumpets and beating gongs, then a leader mounted on a richly-caparisoned elephant and surrounded by the umbrella bearers that proclaim his high rank; next soldiers in war chariots armed with lances and shields; thereafter armor-clad men on horseback, followed by warriors on fighting elephants; then foot-soldiers with bows and arrows, swords, battle axes and clubs. Group after group, right to the slaves and ox wagons bringing along the provisions for the mighty host; servants in every grade to attend to the wants of the soldiers; musicians and dancing girls to cater for their amusement. And every detail is carved with a minuteness and delicacy of treatment that defies any mere word description; the grayish sandstone which closely resembles marble in closeness and fineness of grain having lent itself to the chisel and also stood the weathering of centuries admirably. The bas-relief figures, in their scores and hundreds and thousands, are full of vigor and verve; their grouping is excellent, their attitudes are natural and lifelike, the faces full of expression—one showing triumph, another grief, yet another lordly indifference, and so on. Even the feelings of the brute beasts are revealed—this elephant has a merry twinkle in his eye, yonder bullock displays the patience and docility of his race, that boar is protesting anger because of the goad in the hand of the slave who prods him along the road. The sculptors also had a keen sense of humor; here, for example, is an elephant driver glancing furtively around, while with one hand behind his back he pilfers from a sack of provisions.

So picture succeeds picture, panel after panel in gallery after gallery, pillars and lintels and friezes all carrying their decorations or supplementary contribution to the general story. There are battle scenes with the actual fighting portrayed, hunting scenes, boating and fishing scenes, religious processions, and ceremonials, royal parades and receptions, scenes in which gladiators and wrestlers play the leading part, domestic scenes showing life in the home, the preparation and cooking of food, the making of garments—the whole a veritable picture gallery in stone reproducing the manners and customs of a people with absolute fidelity as to physiognomies, garments, ornaments, weapons, and utensils in every-day use. The worship of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, the three gods of the Hindu trinity—the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer—is also dealt with frequently and in close detail.

Then every here and there we get fascinating sculptured snapshots of scenes at the street corner—for instance a juggler balancing on his head a pole with a cross-beam to which two boys are hanging by their legs, while attendants stand below with upraised eyes and outspread hands ready to catch the performers should their equilibrium chance to be disturbed. We are also introduced to every type of domesticated animal; we see precisely how the howdah was attached to the elephant's back, and note with interest that the oxcart in which we have been driven this very morning through the jungle is an exact replica of the ox-cart in use ten centuries ago. And we know the denizens of that old-time jungle to have been just the same as we know them to be now — elephants, rhinoceroses, panthers, tigers, wild boar, deer, monkeys, serpents, peacocks, with crocodiles in the swamps and myriads of fish in lake and river waters. We even get an insight into the fairy tales of this vanished people—we see fearsome dragons scaring presumably naughty little girls and boys, and ogre-like giants stealing and devouring tiny Khmer babies.

Now with some understanding of ancient Angkor-Thom and its inhabitants, we can ascend to the roof of the Bayon, or treasury building, to the base of the great central tower amid its clustering smaller towers, fifty-two in number, all conical shaped, each with four colossal graven faces of Siva placed uniformly to the four cardinal points of the compass. And from this lofty height we can gaze down and around upon the great city—a city greater in area than the Rome of Nero. Today the vast quadrilateral inclosure within the nine miles of circumvallating walls is a dense forest, with here and there only an exploratory patch as yet cleared, glimpses of ruined palaces and temples showing through the greenery.

But thanks to the bas-reliefs, we have just been studying, we can in imagination visualize the scenes of long ago. That gray pile of masonry was the royal palace. Yonder stood the principal temple. Not far away was the forum or public place facing the terrace of honor, the well-preserved facade of which is embellished with a long train of life-size elephants. All around were the palaces of the princes, as ruined walls still show. Near by were immense storehouses, with a goodly-sized fish pond just beyond. Then came row after row of bamboo-framed and leaf-thatched

TEMPLE OF ANG-KOR AS RESTORED

Here forest trees and jungle growth have been cleared away so that the architectural lines of the building are displayed. All woodwork has disappeared, but the stonework is practically intact houses, light, cool dwelling places of a type still surviving today in every Cambodian village; these, of course, have long since vanished, but their location is shown by fragments of bricks, tiles and pottery.

Engirdling all was the great city wall, more than thirty feet high and pierced by five lofty gateways through which elephants with their howdahs could pass. Without was the broad deep moat, and still further afield were two immense artificial lakes, east and west, used for keeping large quantities of fish alive during the dry season when the Mekong River had drained the lakes. Within the walled city dwelt at least two hundred thousand inhabitants; without lived the common soldiery, the slaves, the working people, a vast and innumerable horde.

Such was Angkor-Thom in the days when King Alfred was repelling the Danes and saving England from the danger of becoming a heathen Scandinavian power.

Angkor-Thom was three centuries old when, a mile away, Angkor-Vat was constructed. Here again we have a complete city although on a much smaller scale—the palace and temple of a king with accommodations for a great retinue of priests, soldiers, courtiers, and retainers. For all the world it looks like a Cambodian Versailles—a royal place of retreat from the busy, noisy metropolis. The encompassing moat and walls, the big gateways, the spacious courtyards and basins, the three superimposed galleries, each smaller than the one below, the subsidiary temples within the galleries, the crown of five great rounded towers with the central one rising to a dominating height—such are the main features of the vast enclosure extending over some two hundred and fifty acres. Here forest trees and jungle undergrowth have been cleared away, so that the architectural lines of every building are revealed.

The general effect is that Angkor-Vat looks as if it had been abandoned only yesterday. In Angkor-Thom we see still going on the fierce struggle between Nature and the monumental handiwork of man—the stems and roots of giant trees forcing massive buttresses asunder, toppling over columns, inserting destructive wedges into every nook and cranny; while from above the seeds deposited by birds and monkeys are sending down roots in search of soil which, when once firmly established, form a tangle of vines, embracing, rending, demolishing. At Angkor-Vat six years' work of restoration has arrested these destructive forces, and now only the silence, stillness, and grayness of death rest upon the mighty ruins. With only the occasional flitting figure of a yellow-robed bonze to break the spell, the sense of desolation is complete and overwhelming.

* * *

After the war the world will visit the soldiers' graveyards in France and pay reverential tribute to the heroic dead. But travelers will also visit Angkor away in the outskirts of the far-flung French dominions, and honor the great work of the nation in uncovering for the enlightenment of mankind this story of a race that vanished mysteriously from the face of the earth, but left behind them monumental ruins that are at once an inspiration for the poet and artist, a lesson for the architect and engineer, a theme of profoundest interest for the students of history, religion, and oriental philosophy.

THE BACHELOR MUSES

Wonder why they call it
"Mistletoe"?
It doesn't misle anybody
That I know.

There is just one reason
Why they grow
"Mistletoe":
(It makes a fellow
Kiss a miss—
Kiss a miss, not
Miss a kiss)

"Mistletoe"?
Mercy, no!
They ought to call it
"Catchabeau."

—*Harry V. Martin.*

Albert Spalding—American Violinist

by Maurice Lombard

THE last strains of the first number of a memorable concert in Boston had scarcely died away when I felt impelled to shout "hurrah," for I recognized in the young man before me the greatest American violinist. Albert Spalding has blazed the path for American genius, and has already taken his rank with Kreisler, Ysaye and Elman. This is not the verdict of enthusiastic or partial countrymen—it is the judgment of that international, universal court that never yields a jot or tittle from unerring appreciation of genius.

In the audience that day were many students, with their violins and music rolls, and I could see in their eyes a longing to do the things the young master was doing. I knew what it meant for him to shift positions; to throw the stress of tone now on string, now on bow, and blend the emotions of his soul with the music of the violin.

To have heard Cesar Franck's "Sonata in A Major" as the opening number of a program was something never to be forgotten. This was followed by Bach's "Prelude and Adagio" (from Suite in E minor), and "Fugue in G Minor." Then followed those Swedish "Folk Dances," by Max Bruch, the first time ever played in America, and one could feel the very rhythm of the dance in the lilting strains. The Prelude of Saint-Saens' "Deluge" would have delighted the ear of the master could he have heard this interpretation. The last three numbers were equally well received. Mr. Spalding modestly admitted his own arrangement of Paganini's "Caprice", Numbers IX and XXIV, and it seemed as though, with one mighty sweep of his bow, he ran the gamut of tone production, from the deep, 'cello-like notes of the "G" string to the trilling, bird-like harmonics.

After every number came first the silence of profound appreciation, and then a thunder of applause. Encore after encore demanded by a Boston audience is a compliment indeed, and with a smile and a grace all his own, he gave music lovers that afternoon a pleasure that will never be forgotten. With the most subtle and keen appreciation of the human emotions, he does not forget the simple melody that touches the heart. He is almost Lincolnesque in his musical scope; his compositions are widely-varied from the severely classical to improvisations of the airs of Stephen Foster, and the records made by him for the Edison Diamond Disc will carry the golden tones of his Guarnerius all over the country.

At the piano presided Mr. Andre Benoist, one of the best accompanists in the world, who has been with Nordica and other famous singers. He displayed that quality of precision, blended with a sympathetic sympathy which is so rare.

* * *

In the green room after the performance, with his black hair combed back—not unlike young men in the business world—free from affectation or airs, simple and natural in manner, he was greeted by enthusiastic admirers, who were loth to leave the atmosphere which his music had created.

"Music has been the ruling passion of my life since I was a toddler," he said, in response to a chorus of inquiries. "It seemed that I could never get enough. I wanted to be near it, to hear it, to make it all the time. I wanted to live in a world of music.

THE SPALDING GUARNERIUS
This $20,000 instrument, on which Albert Spalding plays all his big concertos and sonatas was made in 1735 by Guiseppe Antonio Guarneri at Cremona. It is large in size and richly varnished, the color varying from a deep cherry red to a pale amber. It is considered one of the best-toned instruments in the world

"My family are all musical, so I suppose it is only natural that I should be a musician. Since I was seven years old I have had a violin and bow in my hand. I never had any idea of doing anything else. I can't conceive of myself in any other occupation. My life has been one direct line of purpose. Nothing else occupied my thoughts but my violin, and I am glad of it. I do not regret a moment of the past, for at last I am realizing my ambition.

"My most famous violin teacher was Lefort, who is one of the great masters of the Paris Conservatory of Music. However, I studied at all of the European centers of music for eight years. I made my debut when I was seventeen years old. Since then I have been fairly successful."

* * *

In a case on the table were his two violins, one made by Guarneri in 1735, and the other by Montegnana, a pupil of the great Stradivarius. Speaking of the instrument on which he plays the great concertos, and the compositions demanding volume of tone, Mr. Spalding said:

"My violin is a very famous one. It is a Guarnerius Del Gesu, and is nearly two hundred years old and beautifully preserved. It has both the mellowness of age and the fresh tone of a young violin. Sometimes this old violin actually surprises me. I get to wondering where the beauty, the richness and the charm of its tone all come from. It seems so wonderful, and it is wonderful to think of the music that sleeps in a violin."

The Guarnerius might be said to have a "story," as do all famous instruments. The wood from which it was made was obtained some two centuries ago, from a pine and a maple tree—whose branches had laughed, sighed and sung in leafy summer; moaned and tossed in barren winter. These trees had their moods, not unlike human beings. A wise old violin-maker, Guiseppe Antonio Guarneri, knew this, and wishing to prolong the songs of the trees, fashioned from them a violin. A master craftsman, he put love into his work—and his violins are singing his dreams and his songs down through the ages.

To the violinist, however, the most precious instrument in his possession is a half-size "Unknown," costing the princely sum of four dollars, on which he first learned to play "Yankee Doodle." This was the first piece he learned to play—early in life evincing that patriotic spirit which has been so characteristic of his entire career. Today this little "fiddle" is a priceless treasure, and regarded by Mr. Spalding as too valuable to carry about.

"I will never forget the morning my little fiddle occupied the most prominent place on the Christmas tree," he says. He was then living in Italy, and when his first music teacher asked him what tune he wanted to learn first of all, he promptly replied, "Yankee Doodle."

Albert Spalding was born in Chicago, and his parents, appreciating his love of music early in life, took him to Italy, where he studied with Chito, of Florence. When he was seventeen, he made his debut at the Nouveau Theatre, Paris, and in the words of a French critic, he "conquered Paris at once and forever." Soon after, at the invitation of Coquelin, he appeared with Patti at the Chatelet, and achieved a marked success.

The first American who has won for himself a European reputation as an instrumentalist, Albert Spalding has appeared in every country of the globe where music plays an important part in the national life of the people. His triumph in Cuba against tremendous obstacles indicated that he has the typical spirit of young America. He has appeared in La Scala Opera House at Milan—one of only five violinists who were ever invited to play there—the others being Paganini, Sarasate, von Vescey and Fritz Kreisler.

Albert Spalding, like a typical American, is an athlete; he is a tennis player and an expert swimmer—in other words, he is a modern artist; no long hair, no flowing tie, none of the usual "tricks." Quite natural it is that Americans should take the same pride in Albert Spalding that Europeans do in their virtuosi. Still, it is only recently that he has received more than passing recognition at the hands of his countrymen. Now, as though to atone for past delinquency, they have been more than enthusiastic in their appreciation of his artistic achievements.

It could not be said that Spalding is a prodigy; his has been a natural, normal growth, not only in execution and technique, but in creative capacity. His appearance in Boston was greeted as a triumph by the most austere critics, for they found in him not only transcendent genius, but a musicianship which has sounded a note of American aspiration in matters musical. His triumph in foreign countries was most spectacular. Perhaps he was given the same degree of enthusiasm there that we accord foreign artists in this country. But he does not look with any apprehension upon the European invasion.

ALBERT SPALDING

The young American violinist whose superb musicianship has caused him to be ranked with Kreisler, Ysaye and Elman. His tone is replete with color, vibrates with warmth and life, and his mastery of the instrument is such that he plays with perfect sincerity and naturalness

"No, no," he insists, "we are not afraid

ROSE ROOM IN TALLEYRAND PALACE, FLORENCE, ITALY

For fifteen years the parents of Albert Spalding have been in possession of the home of the Talleyrands. The house was the rendezvous for famous men of several generations, and it was here that the musician Liszt used to spend many of his happiest hours

of them. The best will survive, and in the final test will be proven which ones are deserving of the titles of 'great' and 'foremost.' American musicians have long held their own in Europe. We have no trouble there. But an American at home has found many obstacles which he does not encounter abroad, where the real value of art is appreciated above all else. We must expect keen competition. We must work" (with quick decision) "and the time has come when musicians who have spent their lives in musical education want to see national control of orchestras, conservatories, and opera.

"Such a plan would save the public millions, and would be a paying proposition to the government. But without government aid, as given in Europe, American musicians are not afraid. They know that they must depend upon themselves. But our development would be more satisfactory if we had a kindly nod from those in authority now and then. The hardest fight that American-born musicians have is to prove their worth here in America."

* * *

The versatility of Albert Spalding is almost incredible. Frequently there are men of several talents, all giving promise, but none developed beyond mediocrity. But Spalding, besides being one of the four greatest violinists of his time, is an accomplished pianist and a baritone singer. And now comes the secret of his splendid stage presence, that perfect poise, that ease, which marks him as a master before he touches bow to string.

While he was studying in Paris, he used to "go on" as a super, if nothing better offered, at the Comedie Francaise, for he reasoned that this experience would rid him of self-consciousness or the million other things which prevent the artist from being at his best before his audience. Last summer he proved the artistic sensation of The Friars "All-Star Frolic," at which performance he scored artistic honors by his playing of a Chopin Nocturne, besides

—imagine it!—making a decided "hit" as the interlocutor of a minstrel show.

Among the favorite authors of Mr. Spalding is James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet. The quaint philosophy and real musical value of Riley's verse appealed to the composer's creative genius, and he has set several of the poems to music. He has also taken a great fancy to some of the verses of Eugene Field, which are typically American and quaintly humorous, and these also he has given a musical setting.

* * *

"There is no such thing as a 'low-brow' audience," declares Albert Spalding. "When a concert or recital is a failure, the fault lies not with the audience which couldn't understand what the performer was trying to say, but with the performer because he couldn't communicate his meaning to his hearers." The art of communication Mr. Spalding possesses to an unusual degree, so he speaks with authority.

I realized he had strong convictions on this subject, so I asked him why, in his opinion, the majority of people—in this country at least—seemed to prefer light and frothy music.

"I do not believe it is because, as a rule, they are too light-minded," he answered. "People have been made actually afraid of music by being told, over and over again, that it is a matter of extreme culture. They have been told that Bach is complex, intricate and high-brow, so Bach on a program strikes them with terror. But I know that the greater the composition, the greater the response it will evoke from any average audience—provided only that it is well done."

There may be many who disagree with Mr. Spalding, arguing that the people in general do not like so-called classical music, but really prefer the "hits" from the latest musical comedy. Perhaps these very people would be the most passionate devotees to high-class music if they knew

MUSIC ROOM IN TALLEYRAND PALACE
To visit the Spaldings came frequently Camille Saint-Saens, the noted French composer, and it was in this room that Spalding and Saint-Saens rehearsed the latter's famous second sonata for piano and violin, which was afterward performed for the first time in the Pergola Theatre, Florence

it more intimately—if they were better educated musically, along right lines. And that is what the phonographs are doing, for it is a significant fact that, although ninety per cent of the records sold with the machine are of minstrel or vaudeville origin, as the machine owners go on buying, the ratio steadily changes until the purchase is ninety per cent good music.

* * *

In Mr. Spalding's opinion, too much attention is given to interpretation—so much, in fact, that the composition itself receives secondary consideration. "The interpreter's ideas," he insists, "must always be subordinate to the composer's. His highest function is to reproduce what the composer says. Take, for example, a performance of the Bach chaconne or of any of the great violin concertos. The important consideration is not what this or that artist does with the work; it is how this or that phase of the writer's thought is realized."

On technique, also, he holds positive and illuminating ideas. "My candid opinion about technique is that it is just the same today as it was two hundred years ago. I can hardly see where essential innovation has come into violin playing since the six sonatas of Bach were written. Whoever can play those works is fully equipped to undertake any modern piece. I can think of only one man who has added anything to the scope of violin execution in the last one hundred years, and that is Paganini."

In explanation, Mr. Spalding referred to Paganini's achievements in developing the higher positions for the left hand. "But the fact remains," he commented, "that a player, in order to perform the music of Bach with correct intonation must have a technique that will take him over the whole fingerboard.

"Bach is the father and fountain head of melody. His supply is so comprehensive as to include everything found in the other great composers. He can be tender, and he can be passionate. There is not a quality in which he cannot compete with those who have followed him. He is as deep as Beethoven, as gay as Mozart, and as flowing as Schubert. Bach's skill and his knowledge of the rules of composition set his powers free. For the man who lacks knowledge of the laws of writing is held down and chained. Tradition is of great value to the composer and to the player, too—it is the vital element in which the musician thrives."

* * *

Among his own compositions is the Suite in C, which has been performed in New York and Boston with great success. Having heard some discussion of this piece, and not a little protest from some friends who are constitutionally opposed to anything new, I asked him if he had really used the rhythm of the fox-trot in his composition.

"The third movement, the vivace," he replied, "is the rhythm of the fox-trot, which is clear, though very elusive. My idea of applying the much-discussed fox-trot to serious composition is new, but it is the kind of thing composers have always done.

"Some of the syncopated rhythms of our modern American dances are complex and fascinating, though they are treated in an unimaginative and inartistic way in the music of dance halls and restaurants. They are a great source for a writer of concert music to draw from. They represent a tremendous popular interest in new rhythmic forms.

"Rhythm in serious music has progressed but slightly in recent times—great names in composition of late have rather been associated with progress in harmony. The rhythms of Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert are more complicated than those of Wagner, Strauss and Debussy. The re-entry of rhythm as a factor in chamber music and symphonic music will be important, especially, I believe, in the work of American composers. The fox-trot rhythm is purely an American invention. It is of the soil, just as the tunes of Foster were. Its intermittent syncopation lends itself to humorous treatment, and I have written the third movement of my suite as a scherzo. The rhythm of the fox-trot has the breath of America in it." And Mr. Spalding, being fearlessly, youthfully American, immortalizes the dance which has set the country's toes a-twinkling.

One could not imagine Albert Spalding being other than triumphantly American, and this year he exercised for the first

ALBERT SPALDING

Spalding and Goldberg, the cartoonist, are warm friends, and Mr. Spalding's appreciation of this picture indicates that he does not take himself too seriously. Mr. Benoist also expresses his approval of this portrayal of the violinist in action

time his prerogative as a citizen of the United States—he cast his first vote. At the prospect he was like a child with a new toy, and he forbade his manager to make any engagements for him either immediately prior to election or following that eventful day.

There is romance in the fact that the parents of Albert Spalding lived in the famous palace of the great Talleyrand, overlooking the Arno—one of the most beautiful homes of Florence. From its early history, the Talleyrand palace has been the home of music, art, and literature;

it was a favorite spot of Franz Liszt, who never failed to visit the family when he was in Italy. "When I am in Florence," he once remarked to a friend, "I really become a boy again. I feel free from all care, and if I choose to play a boyish prank, I can do it at the home of the Talleyrands."

Since the Spaldings came into possession of the Talleyrand Palace, they have continued the tradition of entertaining famous musicians. It was in the music-room that Camille Saint-Saens and Mr. Spalding rehearsed the famous second sonata for violin and piano, which was later given by the composer and the noted violinist at the Pergola Theatre in Florence.

The Talleyrand palace contains many very large rooms which have a sun exposure, and when the Spaldings learned that Italy had entered the war, and that in all probability Florence would become the capital for the time being, they immediately tendered their home to the Italian government for such use as could be made of it. The Spaldings are great admirers of the Italian people; in fact, that country would like to claim Albert Spalding as an adopted son.

There is a philosophy in this young man who has seen so much of the world, and his advice to ambitious young musicians is worth heeding. "There are two classes of people whom I would dissuade from entering the musical profession," he declares—"those who think they could not do without it, and those who think all will be lost if they do not get to the top." For he frankly admits that luck figures enormously in the making of an artist's success. "To win great fame is often only a trick of fortune. There are many fine artists who never become famous though they deserve it."

ALBERT SPALDING AND ANDRE BENOIST

Himself a musician of ability, Mr. Benoist plays the accompaniments of Mr. Spalding in a most happy manner. The Franck Sonata, at the beginning of the Boston concert program, attested to Mr. Benoist's powers as a pianist

* * *

It is most interesting to hear him relate many incidents connected with his globe-encircling tours. After many concerts in Finland, he and a friend were returning to Russia. The Finns were so enthusiastic over Mr. Spalding that they gave him a set of old Finnish knives as a souvenir, which the violinist carried in his dress suit case. When they came to the Russian border, the officers examined their baggage and were just about to let them pass when the knives were discovered. Then there were some questions asked, and Mr. Spalding found it difficult to prove his identity. He brought forth posters announcing his concerts in Russia, but that was not sufficient. At last he offered to play a movement from a Russian composition, and after playing a movement from the Tschaikowsky Concerto, the officer was convinced—he knew there was no question as to identity after that, so Spalding's musical genius was his passport into Russia.

* * *

Of Mr. Spalding's recent compositions, "Alabama," a melody which savors strongly of the South, has attained universal fame and popularity. The wistful sadness of the plantation negro is contained in the first part, and the boisterous gayety of the levee darky is depicted in its "raggy" second part. Why Mr. Spalding chose such a simple theme with so plain a name is most interesting, especially as he relates it:

"In Copenhagen about two years ago, while lunching with a musical friend, a Dane, named Haakon Schmedes, our talk was largely about music, and in particular the value of folk songs. After lunch he played to me some very eloquent Scandinavian melodies, which are so singularly expressive of the beautiful country which gave them birth. Schmedes then asked me what I had been writing lately, to which I replied, 'Very little—but while we are at it, let me play to you a theme which has been running in my head for some time.' This was the melody which afterwards came to take shape as the song and dance published under the name of 'Alabama.' Schmedes was so enthusiastic and insistent that I develop this tune without delay, that I set to work immediately, and under the stimulus of a conviction that this melody, while not a folk song, was yet something quite expressive of our own country, only a few days were required to complete the piece.

"Folk songs are the backbone of a country's music, because they are the simplest and sincerest form of expression of the people in melody and rhythm. Now simplicity is, in music (as it is in all else), of a two-fold nature. It serves as expression to people of primitive lives by necessity, and to people of complex lives it is the highest form of luxury, for it is clearly the result of a culture that has passed through the entire gamut of technical studies, which once acquired must be forgotten so as to leave the mind unclouded by the smoky machinery of education.

"Before Americans can hope to express their ideals and aspirations in songs that will endure, we must learn to have the courage to perceive beauty through the windows of our own temperament, rejecting as false the traditional field glasses with which countries of an older established art culture try to impose their will on us.

"In writing 'Alabama' and playing it in recital, together with classic works, I have tried to show my faith in the power of the much-despised 'rag-time.' It is high time that this singularly persuasive and fascinating rhythm should take its place in stimulating original expression. It is splendidly American in feeling. It is born of our own soil; and though its early life has been sadly debauched and coarsened by ignorant treatment, its awakening to better things is now at hand. I do not pretend or hope for 'Alabama' to do more than give a miniature glimpse of the wealth of possibilities which are inherent in Southern music. In writing it, my idea was not to give an effectively artistic violin composition, but to try and present with reverence and sincerity an American ideal expressed in American idioms."

The Riley of Song

by

Mary Everett Carroll

A POPULAR song sometimes possesses as fascinating a history as the song itself. Consider, for instance, "A Perfect Day," that masterly blending of plaintively appealing melody and inspirational poetry. Song writers and music dealers marvel at its wide appeal. At the dedication of the Hubbard Memorial at East Aurora, Carrie Jacobs-Bond, composer and publisher, sang "A Perfect Day"—a picture of happiness as she sat at the piano playing her own accompaniment. Her voice on that occasion blended perfectly with the inspiration of her song; when she sang "Just A-Wearyin' for You," and several of her other songs, the audience responded—now grave, now gay, now joyous, now sympathetic, but always human, as she entertainedthem in the gathering twilight. She is, in truth, the Riley of song.

Above medium height, rather slight of figure, with iron-gray hair and kindly blue eyes, Carrie Jacobs-Bond little suggests that she is an unusual poetess, for she has the genius of being herself at all times. She has sung her songs again and again, and she sings them with the mastery of a creator. Her interpretation of the spirit of her songs and her improvised accompaniment are always peculiarly her own, irrespective of what may appear in the musical score. She writes with a firm

THE FIRST BOND SHOP

In the Chicago hall bedroom, on the second floor back, where the publishing of songs was originally undertaken by Carrie Jacobs-Bond

RECEPTION ROOM OF PRESENT BOND SHOP
An air of homelikeness and gracious invitement greets the visitor to the Bond Song Shop, and he may pass here many a pleasant hour

hand—and her works are true. There is no great striving for effect, no forced construction in the lilt of line or measure, in anything that she has composed.

With the genius of adapting suitable words to express her musical ideas, Mrs. Bond has won a pronounced distinction as a composer. She writes songs around old-time memories—memories as sweet as the scent of lavender and wild roses, but she knows how to exploit these songs so they will reach the hearts of the people.

Though a dreamer, she is always awake during business hours; an executive who may be meditative and given to poetic fancy, but she knows how to take advantage of an opportunity. As the head of the music publishing house which bears the name of Carrie Jacobs-Bond & Son, she has earned her laurels as a business woman.

Her concerts are not in the stilted manner of a professional; they rather reveal the rare combination of poetess, singer, and composer. Her voice might not be called a singing voice exactly, but seems more adapted to a recitative—a voice that in speaking is music itself. Even when she "talks" her songs, or half sings them, there is the joyousness, the note of pathos that would make Mrs. Bond famous as an actress if she were not a composer.

She is a born philosopher, and started out in life as do most American girls—with the dream to do things. She took up the study of water-color painting; to her the piano was a pastime, and she never dreamed that in later years it would become a part of her work as one of America's most popular song writers and publishers. Then came her romance. She married Dr. Frank Lewis Bond and went to live in northern Michigan. There among the pine, hemlock and cedar she lived close to Nature in the logging and mining camps. The folk among whom she lived displayed the emotions common to all humanity, and she there learned to appreciate the bigness of little things; she learned to understand the value of simplicity. In those happy honeymoon days, amid the joys of establishing her home, she little dreamed that later these experiences would be so useful to her.

WHERE ORDERS ARE FILLED
On the shelves, reaching from floor to ceiling may be found songs of all descriptions to suit the taste of the buyer

When the sudden summons came to her husband, she found herself a widow with a young son to support. She left the land that had meant so much happiness and content for her, and went to Chicago.

In the lonesome moments of city life, she put into verse the philosophy of little things which camp life had taught her. This verse naturally found expression in bits of improvised music with which she at first tried to while away moments of sadness. These impromptu songs charmed the little home gatherings, and she finally decided to put her work on the market.

Professional discouragement is the usual overture to success, but in those dark hours she found friends in Chicago, among them a kindly printer, Nelson by name, who helped her put out her first song. It struck the right chord, and her compositions were soon in popular demand—the songs seemed to sell themselves right from the start.

The result of this was the establishment of the Bond Shop, Chicago' most unique publishing concern. It wa originally a hall bedroom, many mile removed from the business center of th city. In anticipation of a few uncertai straggling orders, were a card index an equipment required for the conduct of real business. In three years it wa possible to engage larger quarters o Drexel Avenue. The dining room wa converted into a work shop, and later i was found necessary to use other room for storage of stock and supplies.

In 1910 the growth of the busines necessitated down-town offices, and quarters were leased in the Fine Arts Building which, in a short time, were found inadequate. The present Bond Shop is locate in the Colonnade Building. with five larg rooms devoted exclusively to the variou departments of the business of producin and selling the songs of Carrie Jacobs Bond. In the offices, the peace, contentment and good cheer of the presidin genius is felt.

One thing which impresses the visitor i the fact that this has been accomplishe by one persevering and talented woma The Bond Shop, through the genius o the composer of "A Perfect Day," who i now associated in business with her so has created a bond of interest betwee the public and the producers that has peculiar harmony of its own, and ha made "the whole world kin."

THE STORE ROOM OF THE BOND SHOP

The Lost Brigade

By

Charles Winslow Hall

(CONTINUED)

Synopsis—*In 1739, with England and Spain at war, in the struggle that took place in the West Indies, England is valiantly assisted by her loyal colonists. Stephen Hay, son of a prosperous Cape Cod farmer, hears that Captain Timothy Ruggles is to raise a company in Barnstable County to go out against the Spaniards. An Indian apprentice boy of Elisha Hay, Stephen's father, plans to accompany him, while Lish, the youngest son, also longs to go. They talk it over while out fishing in the bay, but are interrupted by Uncle Zenas Freeman, who warns them there is a storm coming. Uncle Zenas is upset, and is saved from drowning by Stephen, who takes him to his home and then returns to his own home at Ploughed Neck. Here he receives a visit from Mr. Timothy Ruggles who enrolls Stephen as a member of the company which he is gathering, as a sergeant. Stephen accepts the commission and on the next evening calls to see Uncle Zenas, and incidentally his daughter Margaret, to whom he is betrothed. Shortly after, Squire Ruggles again visits the Hay family, urging the necessity for haste in recruiting the members of his company. Untequit, who is to accompany Stephen, secures ten Indian warriors among his people for the expedition, though Stephen cannot bring himself to take part in the "bond of blood" which Untequit requires before letting him know the secret reason which prompts him to go to Cartagena. Before leaving home, Stephen sees an old sea captain, Hewson by name, who lives in retirement. Hewson tells Stephen the story of his life, and of his participation in a former struggle at Cartagena. He desires Stephen to look after his brother, whom he has not seen since that time, and who still lives at Cartagena. To this end he gives Stephen his brother's ring, which he takes from a heavy sea chest. By this token the brother will recognize that Stephen is a friend and comes from Hewson. After making his will, Stephen leaves home to join his company, which, not being supplied with arms, is disbanded by legislative act. But Stephen and Untequit join a company raised by Captain Stewart, and soon embark for the West Indies. Here Stephen saves Untequit's life by drawing the poison from a snake wound, thereby unconsciously completing the "bond of blood" which he refused before*

CHAPTER X

IT was nearly noon the next day before the friends received leave until the next morning, a privilege only obtained at the urgent solicitation of Captain Stewart, to whom Stephen had explained that peculiar circumstances had induced his servant to come upon the expedition, which were unknown even to himself.

"It is wholly against rule to grant your request," said his indulgent superior, "and in most cases I should not hesitate to refuse you at once. Have you no idea of the purpose Untequit has in view, in this night journey?"

"None in the least, and I do not know that I can enlighten you on my return. Of this I am certain, however, that I shall return promptly and that Untequit will accompany me also."

"Where is he now?"

"I left him talking with a stranger whom I took to be an Indian at first, but from his dress I suppose he must be a descendant of one of the native chiefs of this part of the world. But here he comes, and seems anxious to speak with you, captain."

The Indian came forward and saluted as he halted before the captain, but his face seemed even graver and sadder than ever, and in his dark, deeply sunken eyes there was that eloquent look of supplication, of wistful entreaty, which is seen only in the animal kingdom, and in human beings whose emotions and passions are still untrammeled by artificial restraints.

"What is it, Untequit?" asked Stewart gently.

"My brother has asked leave to go yonder to the hills?"

"Yes."

"I have come to ask still more. I would ask you to go with us."

"For what?" asked the surprised captain, while over Stephen's face a shade of doubt, suspicion and alarm showed that even his trust in Untequit wavered.

"There is a sick and, I fear, a dying friend awaiting me in the hills, one whose blood runs in my veins, whose name I bear among my own people. I must save his life if I can. The captain is a great doctor, and can heal him if it is not too late; and if he wants gold he shall be paid; if he requires service I will follow him to the death."

"How far must we go, Untequit?" asked Stewart, quietly, as, taking out an old medicine case, he examined the tiny phials, and then on a slip of prescription paper wrote a brief note, with which he despatched his orderly to the colonel's quarters.

"Will you go without asking who or what the man may be, and wherefor Untequit is so interested in one who may be a slave, an outlaw, or at best an obscure and poor mountaineer?" asked Stephen, in surprise. "I, indeed, who am bound by many ties to him, am content to risk all things for him; but why you should be ready to do so surprises me I must confess."

"I do not care who the man is," said Stewart quietly. "If he is sick, the true physician cares to know nothing more, except how best to restore him to health. For the rest, although I am your captain, we are still comrades, and if I cannot join you in a night march, I am scarcely fit to lead you in the sterner work before us. As to Untequit, he has, I doubt not, good reasons for being silent in the city and where the walls are but of canvas. He perhaps will tell us more in the greenwood."

The Indian's eyes fell, and for a moment he seemed troubled to give expression to his utterance, but at last he said:

"There is nothing that you shall not know in season, nor shall you find Untequit ungrateful. But let us take yonder canoe, and cross to the other shore."

"But shall we not take our arms?" asked Stephen. "The mountains are full of outlaws, they say, and even now a reward is offered for the head of Caneotus and his sons."

"You may take your pistols if you will, captain," said Untequit, "and had we good muskets we might bring back a wild hog or some parrots to eat, instead of this half-spoiled beef we are receiving; but where we are going we shall not need arms to protect us—unless, indeed," he added bitterly, "we fall in with white men in the hills."

* * *

Half an hour later the three, armed and provided with rations for a day's absence, went down to the dockyard, and from a raft of floating mast-logs, embarked in a Jamaican canoe brought there by the stranger who had been seen conversing with Untequit. The latter took a paddle, and heading to the north, they crossed to a comparatively unfrequented part of the shore, and, ascending the bank and following a winding forest path, found themselves on the highroad leading into the centre of the island.

Suddenly their guide turned into a narrow path, leading up a ravine between two spurs of the lower ranges of the Blue Mountains, and after following the winding trail a mile or more bade his companions refresh themselves and await his coming, striking off on a cross path by which scarcely half an hour later a boy, laden with fruits, came in search of the party.

"I wish our poor fellows might camp here until the fleet comes," said Captain Stewart sadly. "We are losing men nearly every day, whose lives are thrown away by the stupid officials yonder. No fever is found up here, and yonder you can see where the semaphore stands, not two hundred yards from where the port-admiral lives in perfect safety, while men are dying like rotten sheep in that fleet of transports."

"It is a pity that so many should die within a day's march of safety, for they tell me that fever is unknown up here."

"'Tis so, doubtless, and what is worse is that this matter of moving troops disembarking here inland, has again and again been urged upon the government on every possible ground of argument that could be used. Any one can see that even those who are not actually down with fever are growing thin, haggard and unfit for duty, and of what avail is it to embark on the most trying service imaginable, skeleton companies of weak and inefficient soldiers?"

"Well," said Stephen bitterly, "let us pray for the coming of the fleet, and perhaps it may get in before our journey is ended. But truly my heart bleeds to see poor fellows buried out yonder on the palisades to be eaten by the land crabs, who have done our colony good service in the Maine garrisons and against the Spaniards."

As he spoke their guide returned, leading three small but sleek mules, saddled and bridled, and addressed Untequit in a tongue which, while neither English nor Spanish, seemed not unfamiliar to Stephen, although he could not readily remember where he had heard it before.

"He says that we have yet ten miles to go, and that the way is steep and rocky much of the way, but that these beasts are sure-footed and used to the road. If you are rested, captain, we must hasten on, or we may be too late."

* * *

Mounting the animals, the party in single file rode up hill and down dale, winding among rocks and tangled copses, climbing up ledges of disintegrated rock where a single misstep would prove fatal, and descending others where the riders were fain to bend backward until nearly prone along the animal's backbone, to avoid pitching head first over the ears of their sure-footed beasts. The night came on, and their guide, lighting a torch, led the way for a short distance until a mountain stream, whose fall over a ledge had been audible for some time, seemed close beside them; and as they came out upon the plateau beside it, the guide gave a sharp whistle and the mules came suddenly to a halt.

Before them lay a narrow valley; above them a steep ravine extended up to the higher mountain ridge; through it flowed a brawling stream to plunge a good three score feet into the chasm below, and around them a score of men, half naked and armed to the teeth, stood watching their every movement; while as many women, catching up the brands of their bivouac fires, came to light up a scene which to even Stephen's nerves and Stewart's confidence was sufficiently trying.

It needed no second glance to tell who these rovers were, for the gay toque or brilliant kerchief turban, their dress of light calico and leggins of hide and slave cloth, their rusty Spanish fowling pieces, blunderbusses and knives, long curved powder horns, and moccasins of untanned hide, proclaimed them at once to be of the untamed blood of the Maroons, even then half at peace with and half outlawed by the Jamaican government.

They, however, made no hostile movement, but, at a signal from their guide, took charge of the animals, and led the newcomers to the side of one of the fires, where bundles of freshly-cut aromatic herbs and grasses were spread for their reception, and after some little delay a simple repast was offered them, to which Captain Stewart and Stephen did full justice; but Untequit slipped away unseen, accompanied by the guide, who shortly returned, and in fair enough English asked them to accompany him.

"Untequit asks for the captain and his white brother, and the sick man wishes to see his physician."

Taking his pocket-case, Stewart arose, and accompanied by Stephen, followed their guide to the side of the ravine, and saw that a gigantic wall of rock rose almost perpendicularly above their heads to a height, of which the darkness precluded an estimate, but which was evidently immense. By the light of a brand carried by their leader they ascended a narrow path which wound suddenly around a projecting spur, on turning which they found themselves at the entrance of a cave into which they entered. They were left standing in the presence of an aged man, reclining on a kind of dais of skins and rugs, supported on either hand by rude pillows, and attended by women who fanned him assiduously, and seemed expectant of his slightest wish.

But one man, beside their guide and Untequit, occupied this presence chamber, on whose walls were hung more weapons than would have armed the whole number of men already met with.

Even the sick man was armed; a keen dagger and a brace of handsome pistols lay within reach of his nerveless hands, a long rifle leaned against the rocky wall close at hand; and as the visitors came forward, the failing eyes seemed to regain something of the fire of former years, and the attenuated form sought to attain and assert the dignity of conceded leadership.

"It is the first time for two-score years," he feebly faltered, "that a white man has heard words of peace from the lips of Caneotus."

"Caneotus," exclaimed both in one breath, "are you Caneotus?"

"Caneotus I was called many, many years since, after one who was a dear friend of Philip of Pokanoket. There are three of the name now, and each has made it a terror to the white destroyers of all whom the Great Spirit has not pleased to make of their race. I had sworn never to spare a white man's life, but my hands are feeble as an infant's, and you are from the land of my youth and the friends of my grandson."

"Your grandson?" said Stephen wonderingly.

"Untequit is the grandchild of Caneotus," said the volunteer proudly, "and if the captain can heal him, the outlaw of the Yallah and the Blue Hills shall return to his kindred, for all are dead who sought to do him harm."

* * *

Captain Stewart unfastened his belt, first laying aside his pistols, and stepped to the side of the aged outlaw, for he saw that he was in sore extremity, if not in the very article of death, and as he noted the thin and hollow temples and snow-white hair, the face seamed with scars and corrugated with wrinkles, he shook his head ominously, and pouring out a cordial, held it to the lips of Caneotus, who had fallen into a sleep, half doze, half stupor. The stimulant acted promptly, the dim eyes opened and gathered something of the old fire and energy, a slight fever flush glowed on brow and cheek, and the thin voice seemed to gather strength, as the veteran again strove with mortal weakness to maintain his ancient bearing in the presence of one of a hatred race.

"Why does a white man wait before Caneotus," he asked angrily, "take him away and slay; but no, he is a friend, touch him not; he comes to heal, to strengthen the tree rent by the storms of an hundred winters."

"An hundred years old," repeated Stewart inquiringly. "Can it be that your grandsire has outlived a century?"

"I have little doubt that it is so," said Untequit respectfully. "Old Molly Pognet, whom he left a young girl, is nearly an hundred, and he must be some years older."

"And how is it that he is here?" asked the captain in a low tone.

* * *

But Caneotus had heard the question, and as he answered it the false strength of passion and the hatreds of a wronged and blasted life kept the attenuated frame erect and gave dignity to the wasted face, and strength to his voice until it rang out like a clarion through the rocky cavern, and up the clefts of the sharply-defined cliffs forming the crest of the mountain range.

"Why is Caneotus here, far from the forests of Mashpee, and the bright, swift tides of Cohasset? Why are the bones of his fathers torn up by the plowshare, and the ashes of the fire of council scattered over the white man's cornfields? Why does the Indian live poor and despised where his fathers roved free and happy; and why is the daughter of a great chief almost a beggar in the land of her fathers? Listen, captain of an hundred, to the words of Caneotus, for he is very old, and hearken to the story of a wrong done so long ago that the child then unborn has been laid in the grave by his children's children.

"Caneotus was once young, and in all the tribe of Iyanough none could equal him in war or hunting; he was the friend and ally of the whites, and more than once he guided their musketeers through the forests, into the hunting grounds of the Pequots, and the Narraganset lands. But he was the friend of King Philip, and inherited the broad lands by the southern sea, and the white rulers feared the hand that had struck the war-post for them, and their people looked with ravenous eyes upon his hunting grounds and broad meadows; for he would not sell his heritage for fire-water, or the graves of his fathers for a woman's toys.

"So he who had never taken a nail that was not his own was charged with robbery of many goods, and a chief taught to ask admittance to a summer lodge was brought before the council for breaking into a white man's dwelling. Two more were charged with the crime, and all were condemned, for we had no counsel, and the people laughed at our words when we said that we did not know how the goods came to be hidden near our lodges; for among the whites they believe that the Great Spirit only punishes the liar who calls upon him to bear witness to his words.

"The punishment was death, but they would not have our blood on their hands, and we were sent here, away from home and friends, to be sold as slaves. One died of a broken heart and was thrown to the sharks, the other sold to a planter, was taken away by the first fever of the lower lands, but Caneotus was taken to a farm in the hills and set to tending cows and the milking of goats.

"All weapons were kept away from him, but a knife; but he who has a knife has all, and Caneotus bore patiently with his captivity, until he had all that a warrior of the Massachusetts could need for war or hunting. A bow and quiver of arrows headed with sharks' teeth and spines of the stingray, a lance headed with a rusted file, and a knife ground down by days of labor to edge and point hung in a cleft of the rocks ready for the day of freedom; and the Maroons, hunting through the forests, came to me and told me of their freedom, and promised that I should lead their band if I would leave my white master.

"But he was old and poor and feeble, nor did he strike or threaten, but was ever kind and gentle, and he died in my arms, thanking me for good service and faithful nursing in his need. But the heir, who had left him to die alone, came for his heritage armed with pistol and cutlass, and with cowhide in hand ordered me to gather in the cattle and be ready to go with him to the fever swamp below; and when I spoke of my master's promise that I should go back to the Massachusetts a free man, he laughed scornfully, and with a blow across the face, sent me to my work.

"I felled him to the earth and fled to the forest, but he rose and followed after, and as I reached my weapons was close upon me. He fired, and missed me, but I sent an arrow to his heart, and since that day have been an outlaw. I have never known want or fear; I have had children born to me who bear my name and will lead my people when I am gone, and I have spoiled the oppressor and plundered and slain the dealers in human flesh.

"But I would go back to my own land and die amid the scenes of my childhood and lie amid the graves of the chiefs of my father's house, although there only poverty and degradation are the lot of the sons of Iyanough."

"Then drink of this draught, and sleep until morning," said Stewart in mild, calm tones, "and we will see what can be done to restore you to your home." The potion was taken without hesitation, and almost as he sank upon his pillow the dreaded outlaw of the Blue Range was buried in a profound sleep.

* * *

As they went out into the night and descended the winding path to the ravine below, Stewart halted and motioned to his companion to survey the scene before him, for the whole ravine was now ablaze with the fires of the Maroons, fifty at least of whom stood, torch in hand, at the foot of the cliff.

When the whites, accompanied by Untequit and his newly found relatives, had reached the foot of the cliff, at a signal from one of their leaders, the Maroons passed out of the ravine and disappeared from view, with the exception of a kind of reserve, or picket guard, who posted themselves at the entrance of the ravine, on a small platform of rocky and open ground.

No question was asked until a second repast, more varied than the first, was set before them, and bundles of country-made cigars and long-stemmed earthen pipes were offered for their gratification; but at last the elder son of the sick man removed the long cane pipe-stem from his lips, and spoke the thought that had for some moments troubled him.

"What has the god of the white magician said of the life of Caneotus?'

There was an uncertain ring in the outlaw's tones, as if he was in doubt, but Stewart was as shrewd at need as he was brave and fearless, and had heard something of the savage and superstitious nature of the lawless men in whose power he had placed himself; while Untequit, no less watchful, made an almost imperceptible movement, which had been agreed upon as a signal of caution in case of danger or treachery.

Stewart drew from his breast a pocket Bible and held it up to the fire. "Does my brother know what book this is?" he asked quietly.

"It is the fetish of the white priests of the city below us," said the chief gravely. "What has that to say of Caneotus?"

"For every man this book has a message," said Stewart solemnly, "sent by the maker of all men to his children alike, whether they be crowded in the city or rove freely and without care in the wilderness. In it is a message for the chief, your father."

"I will hear it, for he sleeps, but he shall know it when he awakens. If it please him you shall have gold and pearls; if it be ill, Caneotus has many followers and knows how to punish."

"The message is not mine," said Stewart, without a trace of trepidation in voice or manner, "but gold cannot purchase the good will of my God or change His decrees. Listen and you shall hear what He says to Caneotus," and in the almost fearful silence he read as follows:

" 'The days of a man are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow.' "

* * *

The savage turned to Untequit, and as they conversed the latter grew more and more earnest, pointing by turns to his comrades, the cavern and a huge cottonwood which stood in the light of the fire. The Maroon's face at first was fierce and malign in its expression, the Indian's sorrowful in the extreme, but both at last became calmer; the son of the outlaw at last arose and extended his hand to the physician.

"It is well. You have spoken truly. Untequit will hear your words, and bear them to our father in the morning," and so speaking the friends saw him shoulder his gun and stride away into the darkness, as if he wished, like some dying animal, to be alone in his agony.

"What did your uncle say, Untequit?" asked Stephen of his servant as soon as they were again alone.

"He called the captain a treacherous sorcerer, and said we should all die if Caneotus was not restored to health," said the Indian quietly.

"How did you appease him?"

"I said to him, 'See yonder great tree. Is it old, very old?' and he said, 'It was old and decaying when I was a boy.'

"I said, 'Is it firmly rooted and solid at heart?' and he said that its roots were strong, but that he could sleep inside its trunk when the rain was pouring; and I asked if anyone could make it young and strong again, and he answered; 'No one.'

"Then I said, 'Caneotus is an old tree, deep-rooted here, but weak and infirm; for many years have whitened his hair and decayed the strength of his youth. It would kill him to go back to the cold northern land, and he may not be cured of the weakness of many years and much sorrow, but he may yet be many months among his children in the shelter of the mountains.' "

"You have said well, Untequit," said Stewart, admiringly, "for my skill cannot heal the decay of years or stop the ravages of time. Your grandsire would die if you tried to remove him thence; he may yet live some months and perhaps years among his kindred."

In the morning they paid a last visit to the exile, who awoke apparently refreshed by needed repose, and calmer than the evening before. He had first sent for Untequit, and when Stephen and his companion entered the cavern, the old chief had again assumed his weapons and apparel of state, and with a calm and even pleasant voice bade them welcome.

"Untequit has told me what the skill of the white physician has determined, and repeated the message of the great book given by his God. Caneotus has often heard it read in his younger days, for there came among his people just men who loved the Indians, and read it to them in their own tongue, and, had the whites kept its sayings, many would not have died who have fallen in battle and perished in great torments.

"But Caneotus knows that he is old and weak, and he could no longer bear a long journey or the tossing of the great sea, and only in the land of spirits beyond the setting sun can he hope to see the bride of his youth, now old and weak like himself. So when you may tarry no longer with us, take the thanks and gifts of Caneotus and his message of farewell to the remnant of his people."

* * *

Stewart took from his case a small flask and affixed to it three strands of a tough creeper and a tiny measure made from the shell of a gourd. "The pure air, clear water and delicate food of your hills are better than any medicines of mine, Caneotus; and with rest and a quiet mind, your life will last longer than in anger, revenge and vain regrets. God, who knows neither white, nor red, nor black, but only just or unjust men, will avenge all wrongs in His own good time and comfort all who carry their sorrows to Him. But should sudden faintness come upon you, let him you trust most give you as many measures of this cordial as there are strands around the neck of the flask; not all at once, but the second only when the first fails to bring you clear sight and perfect speech, and the third only when the second is no longer sufficient. In no case let them dare to give you more, for then no power on earth can save you from certain death."

"It is well," said the exile. "Untequit, come and hear the words of the last chief of Manomet," and as he spoke the soldier knelt at his feet and laid thereon a small belt of ill-shapen beads, rudely made of the shells of the quahaug, and curiously strung, apparently without pattern or design.

"You have borne the wampum and proved yourself of my blood, and you have given to Caneotus messages from those he has never hoped to hear from again, since the days when a lie sent him across the sea to a strange island and a slave's doom. Now you shall be my son's son, and lead with him when his father is old like myself and I am no longer with the living."

Untequit took the belt again and reversed it in his hands. "The wampum asks for an answer, O my father, and an old woman will weep for the boy she nourished, and the messenger she waits for in vain. Besides, a brave on the warpath must not lie, and we must be in the camp by the sea before the setting sun."

"It is well, Untequit," said the exile calmly. "Bear back the wampum and tell the wife of my youth that, if the Master of Life wills it, I will wait for her at the first night encampment on the crowded pathway of souls. Tell her that I have never forgotten our betrothal by the grave in the forest, and let her not want while the gold I give you can buy her food or shelter."

"White men," he continued, "do not fear to receive from my people the gifts of Caneotus, for we have little need of gold, and you are the first who have met us in peace for many years. We shall never meet again under the sun; perhaps in the land of the hereafter we shall look again upon each other, and see that we are indeed the sons of one father."

* * *

They left the cavern, leaving Untequit at his grandsire's feet, and how they parted none else ever knew, but at the foot of the cliff their animals stood saddled, and all the band crowded around them to shake hands and bid them "good-bye." To each saddle was slung a small basket, tightly covered, and at Untequit's hung a finely ornamented Spanish musket and a curious hunting knife, such as the Albacete manufactories of Spain have for generations sent out to her colonies in the new world.

The descent was easy and rapid compared with the ascent, and by midday they had crossed the Yallah, and reached the foot-hills and the skirts of the lowland along the coast. Suddenly the mules stopped at a signal from their driver, and from the thickets on either side rose the son and grandson of Caneotus and the outlying members of his band.

The elder man greeted them warmly, while their guide of the day before opened the baskets beside them and took from each a small, square package of rawhide, wrapped in a curious scarf of woven fibre as red as blood.

"For this," said the elder, "the whites will risk all dangers and commit all crimes, and in the years to come the men of the red blood and the black will become so many that they will be crowded into the sea and so perish forever. But, if in that day you or yours shall be here, let them send me this toque, or wear it, and I will burn alive with fire whoever shall touch a hair of your head."

As he spoke he delivered to each a package and the accompanying token, and an instant later was lost in the thick, tropical forest, while the friends following the path soon struck the post-road and saw below them the white walls of Port Royal and the fleet of Lord Vernon, which, with transport and storeship, still awaited the coming of Sir Chaloner Ogle and the great Armada.

"We need not speak further of these adventures," said Captain Stewart, "than to say that we have camped a night in the mountains, and had our fill of fruit and clear spring water. We have been good comrades to each other, but henceforth, as your captain, I must show you no more favor than is due to good conduct and brave men. Perhaps, should God spare us to return to the Massachusetts, we may meet as friends and talk over our strange adventure in the recesses of the Blue Mountains."

They entered the encampment as the sun was setting, and Stewart, at the request of the others, took the musket given to Untequit and the packages of native gold (for such they indeed were) with the intention of sending them home by a Captain Barker, master of the transport Two Brothers, soon to sail for Boston. He met his mate at the landing the next morning and hailed him cheerily.

"Good morning, Mr. Atkins. Where's Barker? I've a little business for him to attend to, and some letters to send by you."

"He'll carry no more letters for any one, poor fellow," said the mate wearily, "and although I'm willing enough, it seems as if I couldn't bear to try to do aught. We were eight in all when we cast anchor in this accursed harbor, and now but three of us, and what niggers I can pick up, must take the old hooker back to the owners and poor Barker's widow."

"It is indeed a deadly port. Would to God that the fleet would come, for the troops are sickening fast, and I have had to turn surgeon myself to help our wearied doctors."

"Yes, 'tis a bad port, but I never saw the fever so bad before in a dozen voyages, and what is worse, our colony boys are so despised and insulted by the regular officers that they've lost heart, I think, and the fever takes such hold that they can't shake it off. Poor Barker was struck by a drunken major, and would have thrown him into the street, but he had him taken by a file of men and ironed, and let him go at the pier, after cursing him to his heart's content, and the captain never got over it. All the time he was sick he was moanin' over the disgrace, and I hear that our poor boys in the regiment fare even worse."

"Well, well, Atkins, it's bad enough, but it can't be helped. You'll take the package and the letters, won't you, for I don't like to trust them to the packet-masters."

"Ay, ay, sir, I'll do my best, though between fever, an' Spanish privateers an' the perils o' the seas, 'tis a question if either I or the sloop ever reach home agin."

The mate's apprehensions were but too well founded, and although a crew was procured and he sailed in a small convoy for New York, the little fleet was scattered by a storm off Hatteras; and neither the household at Ploughed Neck nor the family of Captain Stewart ever received the letters or gifts of the exiled chief of Manomet, the outlaw of the Jamaican mountain ridges, Caneotus.

Chapter XI

Day by day the men sickened and died in their encampments; the crews of the transports wasted away more than decimated by the fatal fever, until over forty mates and captains had perished, and Phillips's company alone had lost more than one-fourth of its whole muster roll, including Ensign Christopher Goffe and Lieutenant Vryling.

For some reason, however, the other companies suffered less in proportion, and good Captain Stewart won the praise and love of all the battalion by his skillful treatment and generous care of the sick.

But worse than the fatal malaria which claimed its victims every hour, and threatened every day to become irrepressible in its ravages, was the attitude of insult and contempt already taken by the officers of Lord Vernon's fleet towards the hapless colonists, whose patriotism had urged them into the false and trying position of a private soldier.

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It was, therefore, with a general sense of relief that the Americans learned from the semaphores, used to telegraph the approach of vessels, that a large fleet was off the coast, and was supposed to be the long-expected expedition.

On the morning of the ninth of January the whole population of Spanishtown and Port Royal, and the soldiers and sailors already at the harbor of rendezvous, gathered on the shores of the bay to watch the imposing spectacle of the entering fleet.

As far as the eye could reach, the ocean was covered with sails, and the larger ships of the fleet, in three divisions, came on before the sea breeze, their huge hulls surmounted by lofty pyramids of canvas, and the emerald seas foaming under each massive cutwater, while from their open ports long tiers of black cannon told of the care with which the English ministry had chosen the flower of her famous navy for this supreme effort against the Spaniard.

Behind them, flanked by frigates, bomb ketches, sloops and fire ships, came nearly eighty transports and hospital ships, and from every friendly island passed in their tedious voyage, had gathered such English merchantmen as by good fortune were favored with the sure protection of the great expedition.

And now, after nearly eleven weeks of unwontedly tempestuous weather, in which the fleet was for several days utterly dispersed, the great armada had gradually reassembled, and, with the exception of a small squadron, sent two days before to observe a French fleet of equal force, all the war ships and most of the transports safely entered the chief port of Jamaica.

"They're no fools at shortenin' sail," said a veteran privateersman at Stephen's elbow, as he stood upon the seawall of snow-white limestone. "Jest see them take in their kites," and as he spoke the leading division let go their lighter sails by the run, and the heavy yards were alive with topmen, who secured the canvas as if by magic, and with equal celerity lay down to await the next order of the admiral.

"'Tis a splendid sight," said Stephen enthusiastically, "and they come in good time. God grant we have no more delays, for we have left enough of the poor fellows yonder to the landcrabs of the palisades, who had far better been killed under the walls of Cartagena."

"Thet's so, mate," said the stranger gravely, "but ther won't be no gret of a hurry to get to sea again, when once the anchor is down. Thet fleet hes hed its share of bad weather, an' yonder's a seventy ther's got a jury mainmast, an' thar's plenty of light spars missin' among the transports, too."

"We ought to get to sea again in three days at the least," said Stephen, "and it seems to me that a week would be a fatal delay, if the men on board suffer as we have done."

"Thar'll be plenty of food for the landcrabs yonder," replied his companion coolly, "an' ef we sail in less than two weeks, I'll lose all my share of the gold of Cartagena. But there's the flag-ship leading in, and they're takin' in sail now in earnest."

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The huge Russell, carrying the blue pennant of Sir Chaloner Ogle, was now fairly within the entrance, and under her heavy foresail alone swept slowly but majestically up the bay to her anchorage beyond the fleet of Lord Vernon, saluting as she passed. The great flagship in answer opened fire, which was taken up in turn by the other vessels of both squadrons and the forts of the harbor, while the light guns of the transports, privateers, slavers and even more questionable small craft congregated in the port, added their sharper reports to the heavy thunder of the great ordnance of the fleet.

All day long the excitement continued, and when the careful tactics of the heavier ships was succeeded by the loose seamanship of the transports, there were many staved bulwarks and broken spars to employ the carpenters and sparmakers of the port, and to add to the general causes of delay.

But as the Torbay forged in beside her sister ships at the anchorage, the seaman pointed to her ensign floating at half-mast and said, "'Tis for no common man thet

thet flag hangs thar, an' as fer me I'm positive thet we shall hev bad news by the first boat thet reaches the shore."

"Don't talk so, man," said Stephen impatiently, "'tis only a colonel of marines or perhaps an officer of the ship. Hear the men cheer as they man the yards. Why should we borrow any more cause of trouble than we have already?"

But boats were already manned and waiting at the gangways, and the admiral's barge was soon seen to push from the side of the Russell and seek the flagship of Lord Vernon. There was the usual ceremonial of reception, the regulation salute, the sound of martial music and the guard of honor, but when all was over the news spread like wildfire that the great general who was to command the land forces of the expedition, Lord George Cathcart, the veteran of more than one successful campaign under and against the great leaders of continental wars, was dead and buried in the ballast of the Torbay. Owing to his death the command would devolve on Brigadier-General Wentworth, of whom little was known and less expected, if one might judge by the comments made by military and naval critics, even amid the unexampled rejoicings which filled the towns of Kingston and Port Royal on the night of the safe arrival of the fleet.

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It was nearly midnight, when Stephen, who had been sent to care for a comrade just committed to the hospital, set out on his return to camp; and as he emerged from the guarded gateway and found himself in the street, he saw on every hand that reckless pursuit of unlicensed pleasure which, strangely enough, is most noticeable where death comes most suddenly and unexpectedly.

Through the open windows of the finest residences he saw on either hand the tables burdened with choice viands and varied vintages, and around them the best blood in England, in the gorgeous costumes of that age of personal display, engaged in the aimless and unceasing round of "healths and bumpers," which left few in possession of their senses at the close of the orgies. From others came the sound of sweet music and the rhythm of dancing feet, where the pale, dark-eyed beauties of the tropics joined in the dreamy waltz, with partners rejoicing in their temporary escape from narrow quarters and the unstable footing of the sea; while in the illuminated gardens and under the shadow of tropical trees glided in couples those who chose the subtle charm of sweet converse and fair companionship, in the stillness of night, under the strange spell of the voiceless stars.

But around him the streets were thronged with revellers, the soldiers from the camps, seamen of many nationalities, the burly captains of colonial transports and English merchantmen, the free negroes of the town and their companions still doomed to bondage; and Stephen caught a glimpse of one or two, who from their dress, springy tread and wild bearing he knew must be of the blood of the Maroons, and he thought of the band of Caneotus himself.

* * *

Suddenly there issued from a tavern near by an officer of the American contingent, a young Virginian of herculean mould and graceful proportions, notorious throughout the battalion for his wealth and even more so for the boldness with which, even in that day of gaming and its kindred vices, he vied with wealthier if less powerful revellers.

He was evidently in complete and extreme accord with the general spirit of rejoicing, and held high in air a slender crystal goblet full to the brim, while on his arm hung one who, even in that cesspool of tropical passion, was alike notorious for her beauty and for her crimes.

"Here's to all loyal hearts and gallant men," he shouted wildly. "Here's to Lord Vernon and his brave tars, and Wentworth and his grenadiers. Fill your glasses, comrades," he continued as several officers came near.

"Long live war and love," he cried in ecstasy. "Drink, Cerise, to the toast, the only labor worthy of a gentleman, the only pleasure which even the gods cannot despise. Come, comrades, fill your glasses again. Here's to the loyal Americans. May they be first in the field, as they have been first at the rendezvous."

One or two drank to the toast, but a third handed the cup back untasted. In an instant the American flung off the arm of the flower-crowned Creole, and confronted the stranger who had refused his pledge.

"Why do you refuse my toast, sir?" he cried, angrily. "How dare you offer such an insult and to me?"

"I dare," he said quietly. "I would as soon drink with the overseer of the colony negroes as with one of the officers of your contingent. You are to perform the same duties, I hear."

* * *

The blood receded for a moment from the American's face, and then surged into his temples until his face was crimson with pent-up passion. "Give me a glass, Forbes," he muttered, and the next moment the contents were dashed into the Englishman's face.

There was neither anger nor annoyance visible in the air of the latter, as he wiped off the wine with a laced kerchief, and turned for a moment to one of his companions, but a slight compression of his lip and the relentless gleam of his steel-blue eyes told that he intended to exact complete vengeance for the insult.

"At once, if you please," said he, pointing to the outskirts of the city. "There is plenty of space on the sands, and we shall have light enough before yonder bonfires burn out, if we hasten."

"As you please, sir. Forbes, follow me. I have no second, and must request one of your companions to perform that office," and with a word and a smile he bade adieu to his companion and walked arm- in-arm with one of the strangers down to the sandy peninsula, on which a tar-barrel or two still gave ample light for the tragedy about to be enacted.

Without a word, each threw off his coat, waistcoat, and belt, and the seconds, having measured the rapiers, returned them to their owners, and, placing the duellists on guard, drew their swords and stood ready to strike in at the first wound given or received.

They had not long to wait. The American, though powerful and no mean master of his weapon, was no match for the Englishman, who met his fierce attack with almost imperceptible guards, given by a wrist like iron and muscles like steel; and it was soon apparent to Stephen that he was only biding his time to make a thrust, which should end both the contest and the life of his antagonist. Slowly but surely he drew him on inch by inch, until at last his foe was within his reach, and a lightning-like thrust transfixed the American from breast to back; but despite a wound almost instantaneously mortal, the Virginian, shortening his sword, drove it through the lung of his triumphant antagonist.

The seconds rushed in, but before they could reach them, the Virginian, throwing up his arms, uttered a stifled sob and fell back into the arms of Stephen and the officer, who laid him gently down upon the sand, but at the first glance at the handsome young face, saw that he was dead.

As they looked up a low exclamation of horror came instinctively to their lips, as they saw the victor still erect, but transfixed from breast to back by the slender rapier of his antagonist; his face fast losing its expression of confident and deadly purpose as the reality of his terrible condition and the horrible cost at which he had gained his hollow triumph dawned upon him.

"Killed by a boy at last," he muttered, as his friends ran to his support. "Spitted by a green volunteer as a hawk is trussed by a heron. Vane, you are a doctor. Can I—is there any chance—I can't speak. Tell me, for God's sake."

* * *

The surgeon cast a single glance at the protruding point of the weapon and turned to his friend. "The lung is transfixed and I fear that nothing can be done. If we can get you to the city, there might perhaps be a chance."

"I can't bear this pain," moaned the wounded man. "Take out this cursed blade, for I suffer infernal torments. Will no one rid me of that fellow's rapier?"

The surgeon's answer was quick and startling. "If it is withdrawn here you die. If you have anything to say or write, do it before the blade is withdrawn."

A cold sweat stood on the brow of the duellist, but in that supreme moment the conventional spirit of his race and kind failed him not. "I understand you, Vane. You will see—to my effects here. Send me home to England. One of the Fortescues—can surely lie—among his kindred. You will see, doctor—that my commands—"

"We understand you, Fortescue," said Doctor Vane kindly. "But have you no wish for a lawyer or a—"

"Or a priest? No, no, I die as I have lived. The estate is entailed—and I cannot even support—those whom I have ruined. It grows dark—I am dying, Vane—" The finely-chiselled face grew strangely drawn and set; the dark eyes, no longer full of conscious power and pride, were fixed and glassy. A mortal shiver shook the symmetrical limbs, and with a single convulsive heave of the broad chest, the spirit of Captain Fortescue parted from all in which it had delighted in this mortal life.

"He is gone," said Stephen in a low tone, "and now what is to be done with the bodies of these unfortunate men?"

"What business is that of yours, sirrah?" was the rather brusque answer of the third stranger; while Vane, who had carefully withdrawn the rapier from the wound, turned to survey the bold infantry soldier who had dared, unasked, even at such a moment, to question and English officer.

"I am a volunteer of the American battalion," answered Stephen sternly, "and was therefore comrade to the man who lies yonder, slain, as I hold, by one whose provocation was ruffianly, and whose intention in this affray was murderous. He has only met with his deserts; but each should have reverent care, and I am here to see that my countryman's body is not plundered or slighted, until word is sent to our camp and his body is taken in charge."

"'Sdeath, fellow!" said Fortescue's second, raising his cane and advancing angrily toward the provincial. "How dare you presume to speak thus to an officer in His Majesty's grenadiers?" And, with a torrent of strange oaths, he announced his intention of at once inflicting a severe chastisement upon our hero.

* * *

Stephen caught up the Englishman's weapon and calmly awaited the bully's approach; but at the significant action he stopped short and changed the method though not his air of menace.

"Ha, mutiny? Damme, my fine fellow, but I'll have you shot or hanged for this. I'll not dirty my hands with your blood, but send you under guard to the provost marshal."

"Peace!" said a deep, stern voice, and at the word the officers, turning, saw Gooch, the lieutenant-colonel of the Americans, and a near friend of the hapless Virginian. Behind him stood the valet of the slain officer and several files of men with stretchers were in attendance.

"Gentlemen," said he, sternly, "you are under arrest. Take their swords, Johnson, but show them every attention at our quarters, and bear the dead into camp, reporting to Captain Hopkins, who is officer of the day. He will see that the bodies are suitably cared for."

"Sirrah! why are you here, and with your rapier drawn on an officer?" he continued, turning to Stephen, as the soldiers, gently raising their burdens, set out on their return to camp.

"I was out on leave, with an errand to the hospital. I saw the beginning of the quarrel between Lieutenant Lee and Captain Fortescue. The lieutenant had no second except one of Fortescue's companions; and as it lay in my way, I stayed to see fair play and aid any who might be hurt. I wished to know what was best to be done when both lay dead at our feet and yonder bully cursed me for my insolence and threatened me with his cane. I said nothing, but picked up Fortescue's sword; and—"

"There, sir, that will do; I must hear no threats; and you may deem yourself lucky that the thing has gone no farther. Return to your quarters. Stay! give me your name and company, and hand your weapon to my aid."

Stephen did so, and saw the little procession move down the low peninsula in the fitful light with a heavy heart; for the dead American, although personally unknown to him, had by his splendid physique, dashing manner and untiring good nature and gay spirits become one of the most popular officers in the battalion.

And as he entered the camp the blaze of the battle lanterns was suddenly extinguished; in the distant towns the lighted windows grew dim and died out like setting stars; the bonfires were smouldering along the strand, and of the brilliant displays on shore only an occasional rocket fitfully lit up the midnight sky or fell hissing into the waters of the harbor, now dimly seen through the deadly mists of the tropics; but afar off to the south and west a single balefire, red and lurid, blazed upon the crest of the mountains.

As he reached his own quarters, a few of his comrades stood in front of the tent watching the strange light.

"'Tis some loyal planter just at home after the day's carousal," said one.

"No! The news of the coming of the fleet has just reached some farmer who never gets so far from home as Spanish town," quoth a second.

"It is more likely to be a cottage or a coffee barn burnt by the thieving Maroons," observed a third, who had visited the place in previous voyages. "No one can keep slaves or carry on a plantation so far inland as that, although every now and then some one tries it and gets murdered for his pains."

* * *

Untequit alone was silent, and greeting his friend, led him away from the rest to the harbor side of the encampment, and, as they again turned toward the mountains, a second bonfire blazed in the southwest, apparently a mile or more from the first. Stephen uttered an exclamation of surprise, but Untequit laid his finger on his lips, and intently watched the beacons, as they paled and grew bright by turns against the dark mountain ranges.

Suddenly, between the two, a bright spark appeared, and grew each second in size and brilliancy, until a column of flame sixty feet in height towered between the two former, and even at that distance the limbs and trunk of a huge tree seemed to writhe and blacken in the fervid and glowing conflagration.

"It is the signal," said Untequit sadly, "Caneotus is dead, and I have only his last words to carry back to Manomet."

"How know you this?" asked Stephen, in some surprise. "Perhaps yonder fires are the blaze of a planter's building, as yonder sailor hinted."

"No, no!" said Untequit. "Before we parted, his son, my uncle of the half-blood, said, 'Yonder ceiba-tree, like the old chief, is dying of age; it shall not survive him. When you see a blaze in the mountains, look for another a mile to the west, and then you will see the ceiba-tree a mass of fire, for I will fill it with reeds and cover it with pitch from the ground to its highest branches. Then you will know that Caneotus is dead, and that I have borne him to his tomb in the heart of the mountains, where no white man comes, and no hand shall ever disturb his last resting place.'"

"I am sorry, Untequit, if this be so," said Stephen, gently, "but as they say in our own country, 'the young may die but the old must.' It is almost a miracle that he lived to become free, and attained so many years beyond the ordinary life of man, and it is strangest of all that your people should know of his existence, hope for his return, and send you on so strange an errand, in the hope of bringing him back to his own land again."

Untequit raised his face, which he had buried in his hands, and answered, "You whites know us but poorly, or you would have learned that we, who have no books and but little knowledge of the world, remember all we see and hear, and treasure up in our hearts the traditions of the old men handed down from generation to generation. Many a man among you knows not how it is that he is avoided by the Indians, so that even the poorest will not let their children live under his roof. But it is because the lands he holds were wrongly taken from our people, perhaps by ancestors of whom he knows scarcely the name; and, had we the power, many wrongs done long, long ago would be avenged upon the living. The Indian's heart is a deep well into which one cannot look farther than the surface, but in it are gathered many and deep waters."

"And have mine ever done you or yours wrong, Untequit?" asked Stephen gravely.

"Of your people have I never heard aught but good," answered the Indian, "but he of whom your grandsire bought his land was of the blood of one, who, though not a warrior, was wily as a fox and merciless in the pursuit of gain. You have found arrowheads of stone and the scattered ashes of our campfires in the east pasture, by the sweet springs and in the shelter of the great swamp. Think you that the Indians willingly left their ancient encampment, beside the great marsh, and the creek full of all kinds of fish?"

"I know not, Untequit, but sure I am that our title is good, and was honestly paid for in bright guineas and sterling silver."

"No one can question it now, comrade," said the Indian sadly, "nor would it bring back the game and fish, nor the shade of the forest trees, even if the land were restored to the children of those who once dwelt there. The Great Spirit knows best, and it is his will that his red children should no longer stand before him in the land of their forefathers."

"Hist, Untequit, a boat is near us. Who can it be that comes into our lines at this time of the night?"

"Friends," said his companion quietly, and the next moment his low whistle was answered from the mists. A light canoe was run in upon the beach, and the son of the dead outlaw stepped lightly ashore and stood beside them.

"I have come to look once more upon your face," he said in the Indian tongue, "and to ask why Untequit, who is the son of chiefs, and may have warriors to lead and broad lands to hold by rifle and steel, is willing to stay among the hated whites, and ready to shed his blood for those who have neither love nor pity for those who are not of their color."

"Speak English, Caneotus," said Untequit calmly. "Stephen is my friend and brother and just although a paleface."

"Canoetus is dead," said the outlaw bitterly, "and we dare stay no longer so near the dwellings of our foes. Already our tribe is many leagues away among the hills. But I knew that Untequit was left a common soldier among those who despise his race, and who every day degrade their own warriors with cruel scourgings and strange tortures, and so I come to offer him one-half of his grandsire's riches and an equal command over all my band."

"It is impossible, fellow," said Stephen, angrily. "You are among our sentinels, and risk your own life and liberty every moment of your stay. How dare you, then, come on such an errand among the loyal Americans?"

The outlaw laughed sardonically. "The nearest sentinel is at yonder point, but he has smoked the leaves of the *wanga* with his tobacco, and though he walks his beat, he is in a dream from which he will not awaken for a good half hour. You are unarmed, and I could pistol you and escape, long before the alarm could be spread far enough to cut me off," and he significantly took a pistol from his belt as he spoke.

"Put up your weapon," said Untequit calmly. "He will not injure you or be unjust to his friend. Stephen," he continued, turning to the colonist, "why should I not go to those who love me and become again a chief and a leader of men? Are we not dying every day of disease, fed with repulsive food which even the officers' dogs despise, and are not those over us growing more cruel and insolent every day? Has the king kept his promises to us as we have to him?"

"No, Untequit, no! Yet our oath is sacred, and as for me, I should be disgraced among my people were I to break it. Yet for you there need be no such feeling, for when you return you come back to those who have little of that honor, which among us is held dearer than life itself."

"You are unjust, Stephen," said Untequit sadly. "We hold ourselves justified in breaking promises made from a sense of weakness and the contempt in which our race is held, but there are bonds that we never break and promises that we never forget. But you see, I may be free, rich, and powerful; an outlaw, but still a chief; a dweller in the wilderness, but above want, and secure in the strength of the hills; and if I stay, I must endure our common miseries and coming perils, and go back to beggary, or at least to gain a pitiful living among a people who scorn the race they have wronged. What say you comrade, shall I go or stay?"

"I will not choose," said Hay, much affected, "for on the decision too much depends, and on you, at least, the claims of the English crown and people are weak indeed. But do not desert tonight, for I must know nothing of it, if indeed you will leave me and go into your new life in this strange land."

"Your words are wise," said the outlaw,

surprised at the turn matters had taken, "and need not fear for yourself. It will be many days ere you leave this place, and Untequit shall come to his people, and the whites never know how he went from among them."

"It cannot be," said the Indian resolutely. "Bid me farewell and return to your people. She who sent me will look for my coming, and longs for the answer of Caneotus, and my people yonder are poor and oppressed, and I must help them if I can. Here, too, is my comrade, and the good doctor. I have promised them to be true and to stand by them in war and sickness, and I can never be false to my word."

"Then farewell, grandson of Caneotus. Go on from miseries, of which you have had but little, to the woes you must endure. Stay under the insolent officers who whip better men than themselves; starve, while they throw away dainties which might save the lives of their soldiers; and thirst, while they know nothing of fever or pain. But if in the future you flee to our mountains, come freely; for though you scorn our offers, we can trust your word in life or death.

"Here is my last gift, Untequit," he continued hurriedly, for afar off they heard the challenge of the sentinels as the guard was relieved, and he took from his breast a small packet of leaves curiously swathed in stout creepers. "We fear not the fever which destroys your people, but, although you have escaped thus far, you can hardly hope if you stay long in this spot. This is a poison, deadly and almost without remedy to the well; but when the fever settles upon you and the brain begins to reel, then take so much as you can lay in powder upon a crown piece, and boil it until the water is red as blood. Then strain and drink it, and cover yourself with blankets, for when the sweat runs in streams from your limbs the fever will be over.

"But farewell, white man; farewell, Untequit, for the guard draws near and we must be gone."

He stepped noiselessly into the light boat, pushed silently out into the mists, and in a moment was lost from view; while Stephen and his friend, crossing the fog-veiled parade ground, easily escaped observation and sought in their tents needed repose, after the day of excitement and adventure which had resulted from the arrival of the fleet.

(*To be continued*)

AN ELIZABETHAN LYRIC

By P. F. KIRBY

WHY so pensive, Marguerite?
Know you not that time is fleet?
Leave all care until the morrow,
There is time enough for sorrow.

All your prayers can naught avail
You when youth and beauty fail,
Though you call upon them then
They will not return again.

Cease your weeping,—let a smile
Glad the day a little while;
Tears befit a winter's day,
Love and laughter are for May.

Horse-Mackerel Tales for Little Tads

by Brian Conover

A LONELY little boy wandered aimlessly down the broad sandy beach of the ocean. He had no playmates at the beach, and while it was lots of fun to dig in the sand and build forts and railroad tracks, yet he wanted someone to play with. Then he used to make believe he was not a little boy at all, but a mighty locomotive, plowing along at a terrific rate of speed. Scuffing his little feet, he would run up and down the beach, blowing between his small fists as he went and shrilly calling "Toot! toot! Look out for the cars!" But nothing ever seemed to get in his track until one day he uncovered an old sea shell which the clean white sand had polished until it shone with all the colors of the rainbow. "What a pretty shell!" he cried, as he quickly caught it up. As he examined it more closely, he found that it had a little hole in one end, just like a horn.

"I guess I'll blow on it," said he, "because sometimes these shells make a noise," and with that he put the big sea shell to his lips and puffing out his tiny cheeks blew into it with all his might.

A low, sweet, sighing tone came forth and floated over the waves. Again he blew, and again the wonderful tones echoed across the water. At the third call there was a sudden movement of the waves and a great big fish poked his head out of the water. He was too frightened to run away.

"Hello, sonny," said the big fish, opening his mouth to smile, "so you are the little boy who has found the magic sea shell."

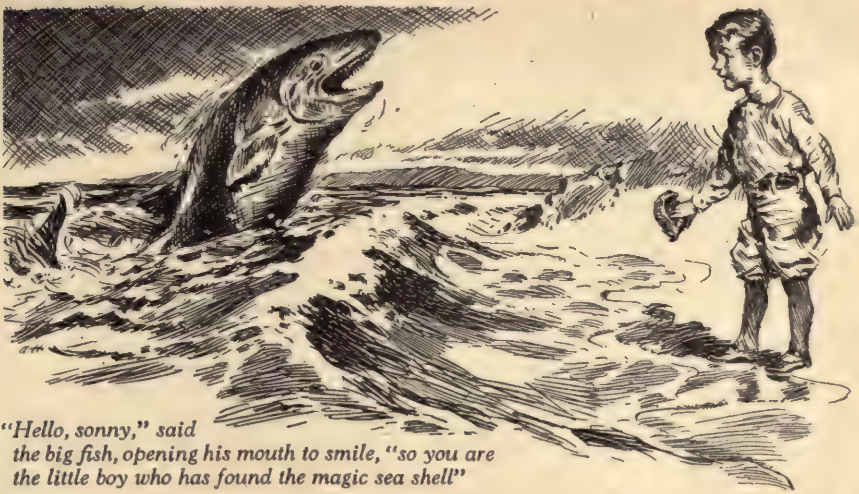
The lad was so taken by surprise that he didn't even stop to think how funny it was that a fish should be talking to him. "The magic sea shell!" he repeated after the fish. "And what is that, please? This shell looks to me like the one grandma has on her old-fashioned 'whatnot.' I used to put it to my ear and hear the roar of the ocean and to blow in the end of it to make a noise."

"Indeed, you blew in the end of this one to make a noise and that is why I am here," laughed the big fish. "Now, listen, the magic shell you have in your hands is a key that unlocks all Fishdom."

"Gee, it is a funny-looking key," said Jack, "Where's the lock?"

"You don't understand," said the fish, smiling at Jack's bewilderment, "let me make it clearer to you. The fish of the ocean have a world of their own, and it is three times larger than the earth, as your school-teacher will tell you. Each year we hide on the sands of the beach this magic sea shell, and whoever finds it becomes the invited guest of the great water world. Every depth of the deep sea is open to you for exploration. You may visit the sea gardens where the seaweed grows as tall as the forest trees, where the silver and gold fish wind their way through cool shadowy lands to the temples and rocks where the sea bass and tunas have their home."

"Wait!" shouted Jack. "You go too fast. How am I going to visit all these wonderful places when I am only a little boy, I couldn't breathe under the water like you. I am not a fish, you know."



"Hello, sonny," said the big fish, opening his mouth to smile, "so you are the little boy who has found the magic sea shell"

"That is all provided for," responded the fish, coming nearer. "See, here is a helmet shaped like a fish's head, put it on and you can see and breathe in the water world just as I do." The big fish, with a swish of his tail, tossed on the sand at Jack's feet a light silken helmet covered with bright glistening scales that looked like the head of a big fish.

"But who are you?" asked Jack, only partly convinced as he stooped to pick up the strange device. "You tell me such strange stories, and—and—I never talked to a real live fish before. If I didn't know that you can't chase me on land I'd run like sixty 'cause I'm half afraid."

The big fish turned over on his back and laughed heartily, shaking his fins and tail in merriment. "Don't be alarmed, sonny, you don't know me, that's all. I am the Horse-Mackerel, and it is my duty to carry upon my back on his journeys through the water world, the little boy who finds the magic sea shell. Are you ready?"

"But I can't go away because my mother would not know where I am and she would be worried."

"Oh! Oh!" said the fish, "what a thoughtful little chap you are; that's right, that's the kind of chaps we like to have visit us. Well, you see, I haven't explained the most important feature of the magic shell which you have found. It is this:—When you go on a journey with me, time itself stops. Nobody knows anything about it, except we two, of course, but one minute of time may become a day, a month or a year or more and yet it seems just like all the other minutes."

It all seemed very strange to Jack, but then, everything that has to do with fairies and magic sea shells must seem strange, until a fellow gets used to it. With his big eyes widening with enthusiasm he said:—

"Well, Mr. Horse-Mackerel, if that's your name, let's see. You mean I can go visit any place in the bottom of the great ocean that I choose and be back again before anybody would know it?"

"That is the idea," said the Horse-Mackerel. "At your service." And with a big swish of his tail he backed up close to the shore where Jack could easily jump onto his back, as he churned the water with his eager fins. The opportunity to ride something always appealed to Jack, whether it was his hobby-horse, or one of Cousin Fred's ponies. Now to find a big live fish ready to be mounted promised so much excitement and adventure that Jack lost no time in slipping the silken helmet over his head and leaping astride the huge fish.

How different and strange everything looked through the round glassy fish eyes of the helmet—the ocean seemed a great expanse of cool green fields where he could romp and play. The waves looked like swaying fields of grain ready for the harvest. At the first dive under the cool water he caught his breath—it was so sudden—such a roaring—and then the gills of the helmet began slowly to work backward and forward, extracting oxygen from the water for him to breathe.

For a short way out they flashed along close to a sandy bottom, which gradually sloped to the deeper depths. Tiny sparkling stones shimmered in the opal-hued depths like a cloth of silver and gold. Soon the sandy bottom gave way to rugged rocks, and as mile after mile was traversed the rocks shaped themselves into great canyons and mountains. And here a strange light illumined the subterranean depths—a phosphorescent glow—for it was much too deep to be reached by the glare of the sunlight above. In the weird light a huge shape loomed up for a moment. It was the hull of a mighty ship that had met with disaster never to rise again. It had been converted in the water world into a fish hospital, and white robed nurse fishes were looking out of the portholes.

In what seemed like a very short time, although in reality many, many miles had been traversed, the Horse-Mackerel drew up in front of a great castle that looked as if it had been sunk to the depths of the sea in some great earthquake. It was the King's palace of Fishdom, where Jack wished to go to pay his respects to the King fish. Its windows were inlaid with mother of pearl, its walls were of moss-covered granite, and instead of a door on hinges there was a big round hole that looked like a tunnel. Pausing at the entrance or gateway the Horse-Mackerel told Jack to blow his magic shell for the way to be opened. In a flash the great castle burst into light, its gilded domes and turrets standing out like balls of fire. At the same time came a procession of gaily-colored fishes, swimming along in double file like soldiers on parade. At the head of each column an official gave his order, and at the signal the troop of fish formed a hollow square of escort around the Horse-Mackerel and his strange passenger, and they swam with stately measured stroke of fin into the presence of the great King of Fishdom.

As Jack approached the King he started to take off his helmet as he would his cap, but seeing consternation in the Horse-Mackerel's face he remembered that he could not breathe under water except by keeping the helmet in place. Just then he heard the King Fish speaking.

"Welcome, little 'land man,' to our great water world. You have found the magic sea shell, and the key of the water world is yours. Guard well its possibilities, remembering that under its protection harm can never befall you while among us."

Jack bowed gravely when the King Fish stopped speaking and replied, "Most gracious King Fish, I thank you. It has been a delightful ride over here and I have seen so many things similar to what we have on land that I would like to come often."

"We shall always be glad to see you," said the King graciously.

With this the audience was at an end, and the gaily-colored fishes that made up the fishes' court began moving around in double file; finally the King Fish and his attendants joined the procession, and as they passed the little "land man" they dropped their fins in courtesy. Jack watched the strange and wonderful sight until it faded from sight. He never knew before what the wonderful water world was like.

"What a delightful world it is," he said to the Horse-Mackerel. "I had no idea—I didn't dream of such a beautiful place—we must go home now, but we will come back again."

"Make it this afternoon," said the Horse-Mackerel," and I'll take you to the big football game between Dorsal and Fin—our two big colleges."

"A football game! How can fish play football?" cried Jack.

"Will you come?"

"Of course I will—a football game between two big fish universities—it really sounds fishy, now doesn't it?"

"You shall see," said the Horse-Mackerel. "Ah, here we are home again!" and as the big fish rolled up on the sandy beach Jack slid off his back and pulled his helmet from his head.

"See you later," said Jack, and the Horse-Mackerel bowed a fin before dropping back into the ocean out of sight. An old wreck lay half buried in the sand and Jack found a good place to hide his helmet and magic sea shell. Just then he heard his mamma calling and he hurried to the house for his dinner. He kept the great secret to himself, but he was so excited over going to a fish football game in the afternoon that he couldn't eat.

The Creator of Port Sunlight

by Mitchell Mannering

THE laws governing modern business success are fundamental. People are much alike in buying and selling, but the spirit of the times is nowhere more vividly reflected than in trade. Trade has already become deified as the genius of the age that determines the drift of world affairs. Trade has developed the community of interest that results in homogeneity of nations and a patriotism that knows no bounds in its sacrifice to the higher and nobler expressions of human ideals.

In the life and career of Sir William Lever, the eminent English merchant who created Port Sunlight, and has made a name and a fame for his products the world over, is proved again that the inspiration of early struggles forming the basis for great careers, is world-wide. There are some careers whose life stories are best told in a paragraph in "Who's Who," and others in encyclopedias, but friends of Sir William Lever feel that among all the series of masterly addresses which he has delivered, there is one which illustrated a career complete in itself—one delivered by him at Wigan, England.

Although he was born at Bolton, it was Wigan, nearby, that Sir William claims as a second home, for there he came as a young man, full of enthusiasm, to begin his life-work as a grocer. The story is best told in his own words:

I am, however, a back number in the grocery business now. I do not know whether you have heard the story of the two Irishmen who were coming out of the Catholic church one Sunday morning, when one said to the other, "Mick, that was a rale eloquent discourse that his Riverence gave on matrimony this morning." "It was, bedad," Mick answered, "and I wish I knew as little about matrimony as his Riverence." If I began now to say anything about the grocery trade, you might begin to feel that I knew nothing about it. When I went on one occasion to a soapmakers' meeting there were some who said, "What does he know about soap? He is a grocer." So I come in between the two, and, I suppose, may be looked upon as a failure at both. I have always felt that in leaving the grocery business I left a very great many good friends. I see some of them here tonight, and I shook hands with a great many before I came onto the platform. Among those I see present is our friend Robert Smith, who used to waken me up in the early days of business, and who, I have a very good authority for saying, is the original of Johnny Walker, and is still going strong.

Well, those were happy days when I used to go round travelling and getting orders, and calling upon my good friend, Mr. Wilkinson, whom I see here in front of me, and many others I could mention tonight, greeting me always with a happy smile. I remember, on one occasion, I was travelling in that part of the world somewhere between Upholland and Skelmersdale, I think it was Downall Green, and I pulled up in my gig—for I always drove in a gig then—at a customer's as usual one morning about eleven o'clock, and jumped out. The lady who was usually in the shop, and whose husband, being a collier, was nearly always at work, was absent on this occasion; and the strange lady who was in the shop, and whom I had never seen before, said, "Will you come this way?" It was not at all unusual in those days for the shopkeeper in settling an order or paying a bill to ask the traveler into the little parlor behind the shop, so I thought nothing about it and followed. When I got through the shop the lady began leading the way upstairs, and I said, "I think you must be mistaken, madam," whereupon she said, "You are the doctor, aren't you?" "No," I replied, "I am the grocery traveler, and have come for the grocery order." "Oh," said the lady, "my sister is upstairs expecting a baby, and I thought you were the doctor; I have just sent for him." You see what a narrow escape I had. I might have taken a medical degree, and, who knows? I might never have got into soap at all, but been a doctor instead.

SIR WILLIAM LEVER

I would like to say what a great pleasure it has been to me tonight to present the grocery certificates to the successful students. I think an enormous advance has been made in the grocery trade by the institution of examinations which now offer young men opportunities to learn their business. You cannot know too much about the articles you deal in. I don't know whether you remember the story of the young girl who had a sweetheart named George. Now George had not proposed yet, but there were great hopes. One day the girl was inquiring about the meaning of names and she said to her mother, "Mother, I hear that 'Robert' means 'good' and that 'James' means 'beloved'; but I can't get to know what 'George' means." "Well," replied the mother, "I hope he means business." And I hope that all the young men connected with the grocery trade in Wigan also mean business.

I know that there is a general impression that in making money you have to do something very wonderful; but, believe me, there is much more money made in doing something better than ever it was done before than in doing something new—far more. There was a fable, or a legend of India which has always very strongly appealed to me. It told how a Hindoo had a farm, just a piece of land—not a great deal; and he also had a fine strapping son who helped him to farm it. One day there was a great festival in a neighboring city, when a new Rajah was to be installed upon the throne of his ancestors; and the father took his boy to see the procession, and the elephants and the Rajah and his attendants and all the glorious show.

Looking at the Rajah, the lad saw something on the front of his turban that sparkled and glittered and which, when the sun caught it, threw rays in all directions. Whenever the Rajah moved his head it sparkled and glittered, and the boy asked his father what it was. "My boy," the father said, "that is a diamond. You have never seen a diamond before; but that on the Rajah's turban is a very fine one, and a very large one." "What does a diamond cost, father?" asked the boy, adding, "I would like a diamond." And the father answered, "My son, some of those diamonds are worth millions of rupees apiece." "Where do diamonds come from, father?" asked the boy. "Oh," replied the father, "men find them in mountains, and in river beds and other places." "Well, father," said the boy, "when I'm a man I shall go to find diamonds."

And there and then the lad made up his mind that his life should be given to the finding of diamonds. When they got home the father tried his best to get his boy interested in the work of the farm; but nothing would satisfy him now since he had seen a diamond that was worth millions of rupees but to go seeking for diamonds—and he was sure that there were no diamonds to be found on the farm. Whenever the lad met a stranger, he would ask where diamonds were to be found; and he would sometimes be told in the mountains, and sometimes in the plains, and sometimes in the beds of the mountain torrents. And the youth noted all these things. So when he became of age he left his old father to struggle on as best he could without him on the farm, and he went out into the world to look for diamonds. Searching and searching his youth passed into the prime of life, and yet he found no diamonds. His lot was more often rags and tatters than anything else. He climbed mountains, scaled precipices, forded rivers, toiled laboriously across deserts, faced all sorts of dangers, and had many narrow escapes from death, but he found no diamonds. When he had got fairly well on in life he was one day making one of these climbing excursions in the mountains, always hoping that he would some time find diamonds, when his foot slipped and he fell down and down and was killed. So he lost his life and he had found no diamonds. At home his father had continued on the farm until he had got past work, and then he sold it to another man, who came to work it. The new man also had a boy who helped his father on the farm; and one day, when this boy had grown up to be a young man, he was going about doing the work of the farm when he saw something that was bright and that sparkled, and he picked it up. He did not know what it was, but, being curious, he took it to a merchant in the neighboring city, and the merchant, after examining it, said, "Where did you find this?" "I found it on my father's farm," said the young man. "Well," added the merchant, "it is a diamond, and it is worth an enormous amount of money."

Now that farm, where the young man found the diamond, so the legend said, was the site of what afterwards became the celebrated Golconda Diamond Mine, which produced some of the finest diamonds which the world has ever seen. The diamonds had been there all the time, and the boy who had worked on the farm and had left it to go out into the world to find diamonds, and had found none, had, in all probability, kicked them about when they had been covered with dirt and mud. But he had not been able to see that they were diamonds. I think the moral of that Indian legend is this, that whatever our ambition is we shall realize it sooner and more certainly in the avocation which we have been trained up in and know most about. It is no use rambling all over the world trying to find something very wonderful and all the time missing the good things which are within our reach at home. By doing the work that lies to our hand, and attending to the duties that come before us,

HOMES IN PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND, SHOWING PARK ROAD FROM THE CO-PARTNERS CLUB we are more likely to find our diamond mine than by doing other things.

I fancy that some of the young fellows may say, "Then why didn't you stick to the grocery business?" Well, I was never asked if I would go into the grocery business, and it was, perhaps, a good thing that I was not. My father told me, one day, that I had better get ready to come into the family grocery business; and as the holidays were nearly over, I thought I might as well begin next morning, and I did. I went into the business, and what do you think was the very first job they put me to? They put me to cutting and wrapping soap, which was a part of the grocery business; and, later on, while I cut and wrapped soap, I also cut and wrapped lump sugar. Whether it was this early association, at the age of fifteen, with soap that caused the subject of soap to get into my mind, I do not know; but it did get into my mind, and the year I married, I turned my attention to soap. Life becomes a little more responsible when you have a wife to keep, and I felt I must do something more to be able to keep myself and somebody else, so I brought out a tablet of soap called "Lever's Pure Honey." I am not sure whether it is in existence or not now, but, at any rate, I brought it out in the year I was married, in 1874, and I will tell you how important that was.

CHILDREN PLUCKING ROSES AT PORT SUNLIGHT

The first Trades Mark Act of the United Kingdom became law in 1875, and in passing that Act Parliament decided that those who had used their name on a trade mark prior to the passing of the Act could, within a certain number of years, I think twenty or so, register that name as a trade mark. That enabled me years after to register the name of Lever like other soap manufacturers who had registered their names, such as Hudson and Pears. If I had not brought out that tablet of soap in 1874 I could not have registered my name. The grocery firm in Wigan with which I was then associated was called the Lever Wholesale Grocery Company, and although the board of directors and myself were on the very best terms, it appeared to me that perhaps, in years to come, some might rise up who knew not Joseph, and that difficulties might possibly arise between my own descendants and their descendants on the question of the right to use the name Lever on soap—the question to whom the name belonged. The prior claim would have been with the grocery company, so I came to the board of directors, and said, "Look here, will give you so much money"—I think it was one thousand pounds—"for the name Lever, and you alter the name of the firm to Taylor & Co." That proposal came before the shareholders, and I remember that one shareholder got up at the company's meeting and said that he would sell any name in the world for one thousand pounds.

I only mention that to show that we sometimes do things the importance of which we cannot possibly tell. Therefore, it is all the more important that we should do each day our very best, whatever line we are in, and then things are bound ultimately to work out in the right direction. Some people say to me, "When you began with soap, did you see the good thing it was going to be?" "Not a bit of it. I frankly tell you I didn't." I remembered what wild rumors were about when I started. One man told me he had heard that my brother and I had got a few thousand pounds, and that I had said to my brother, "James, we will either double it or lose it." There was nothing of the sort. We

A SUNDAY SCHOOL PROCESSION ON "THE DIAMOND"
The central open space in Port Sunlight, with the band-stand in the center

simply kept doing the work of the day, day by day—that's all. And if we saw a chance of selling more soap, we tried to sell it, and the business grew and grew and grew, and, believe me, all sound and healthy businesses are built up in that way. It is only a question of growth; it is not a question of spontaneous combustion, or anything of that kind. It is just steady growth each day; the result of steady application and perseverance day by day—that's all.

* * *

You young men admire, and envy the position which the leading men occupy in the grocery trade today, and you want to know how it can be attained, and I will tell you. You have got to pay the price, and it is yours. Just as certainly as when some customer comes into your master's shop and asks you for an article, and, on paying the price you name, receives it, but not being willing cannot have it; so it is in life. There is a price that you will have to pay if you want to occupy such positions as the gentlemen on the platform now occupy. I know lots of young fellows say "It is capital one wants. What can a fellow do without capital?" My goodness! It is entirely the reverse. It is capital that is looking for you, young fellows, all the time. Young fellows think it is capital they want. I know that it isn't. Capital is shorter of young fellows of the right stamp than young fellows are short of capital. The best chance a young man has in life is to start without capital. Most of the young men who have done anything in this life started either without capital or short of capital. Mr. Ford, who, it is said, has made fifty millions out of motor cars, had no capital to start with. You find that young men

GIRLS' DINING ROOM IN THE SOAP FACTORY, PORT SUNLIGHT who start with capital very often only lose it. It is not a question of money at all. The question is: Are you willing to sacrifice your ease, your comfort, and your enjoyment? Are you willing—and I believe you are, or you would not have worked and gained these certificates—are you willing to work to improve yourself so as to fit yourselves for the positions you desire? It means absolute self-sacrifice, and nothing else. That is the price, and the only price you will have to pay if you want to aspire to the positions, the honorable positions, occupied by the leaders in this and all other towns. You will find that when they were young they sacrificed their pleasure and their comfort and lived laborious lives to attain to their positions. I remember a young fellow saying to me when I began in business, "I wouldn't work as hard as you work for five hundred pounds a year. I candidly tell you I wouldn't work as hard as you work for five hundred pounds a year." Well, five hundred pounds a year looked a big lot to both of us then—it did to me. But thirty years or more later that same young man was working much harder than I thought I was, for he was doing more monotonous work; because he was working at the same job as he had been working at thirty or more years before, and he was not getting five hundred pounds a year for it. He said he would not work as hard as I worked for five hundred pounds a year, so he had to work later on at more monotonous work for less than five hundred pounds. I put the work in then; he had to put it in later at another part of his life. They say we all have to eat a peck of dirt before we die, and we all have a certain amount of work to do also in our lives. We can make a position for ourselves if we will pay the price. The matter is quite simple. It is not a question of capital at all. The question is: Will you pay the price of success? Will you deny yourself recreation and amusement, of course always considering your health and the way you live, by taking proper walks and exercise, and study? Will you pay the price of self-sacrifice? If you will, then in thirty years from now you will be on this platform when we old fogies are gone and are, perhaps, forgotten.

* * *

I want to refer to one other matter. It is sometimes said that the days of the small trader are over. Do not believe a word of it. They never will be over. The small trader is the one man who never will be squeezed out of commerce, and I will tell you why. Because he knows the wants of his customers. He serves his customers himself, and he studies their wants, and so he succeeds. You can never squeeze the small trader out of commerce. The small shopkeeper will never be squeezed out. There are more small traders in the United Kingdom today than there were when I was a grocer; and there will be more of them thirty years hence than there are today. The small shopkeeper wields a personal influence; and I would ask anyone who feels that he is not succeeding because he has got to face the multiple shop and the co-operative society this question: When customers come into your shop, do you know their wants and their circumstances? Do you know how many children they have? Do you know when they have sickness in their homes? Do you make yourself personally interested in the welfare and general well-being of your customers? If you do not, then you have no chance against

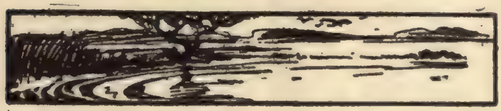
CHILDREN AT PORT SUNLIGHT—THE LYCEUM IS IN THE BACKGROUND

the multiple shop and the co-operative society. As soon as a manager in somebody else's shop gets to know that the real secret of success in business is in taking an interest in his customers he starts in business for himself. If a tradesman allows customers to come into his shop and go out again without inquiring anything about them, he, adapting Shakespeare's phrase, is not grappling them to his soul with hoops of steel. It is that close and personal interest which exists between a trader and his customers that is his sheet-anchor in meeting the competition of larger firms; and it is the one thing that the multiple shop owner wants to instil into his managers. The personal interest, the personal concern, the personal solicitude for the wants, requirements, tastes, fancies, prejudices—call it what you like—of your customers, and a knowledge as to whether things are going well with them or not; giving them a word of sympathy when there is sickness in the house—that is what constitutes the foundation of the success of the small trader, and built upon that rock, no competitor has the slightest chance of success against him. I know that, because my father was a grocer, and I have seen customers many times come into his shop and wait quite a time to be served, because he himself could not serve them at the moment. They knew that my father could smile with them and was also full of sympathy for them. That is how trade is held by what I will call the individual trader as against the multiple trader.

* * *

I don't want you to feel when you look out that all is drudgery in your lives. You have got the day and the stars to look at. There is a story of an old fisherman whose finest view was behind his house. As you very often find in a fishing village, the back of this fisherman's house ran down to the beach and the front came to the main road, and in the back yard was a litter of nets and broken spars and sail and lobster traps. All the litter of a fisherman's life was piled up in the yard, and persons coming in would say, "What a bad lookout you have from the room you live in; you only look over this yard with all the litter in it." "Oh," the fisherman would reply, "but I look beyond that. Look at the beautiful sea and the distant mountains. That is what I look at." Let me give you a word of advice. When you are inclined to feel that life is weary and all the litter and impedimenta of business make you inclined to say with the pessimist of half a century ago that you were born a man but will have to die a grocer, forget it all, and look beyond. I believe as firmly as I believe in anything that if you fix your mind intently on anything, and are prepared to pay the price in devotion to duty and in self-sacrifice, there is nothing to hinder you from coming out the winner.

I don't know whether you know the story of the boy who came home with his pockets bulging out, and his father, looking very severe, said: "What have you got in your pockets, Jimmy?" Whereupon Jimmy immediately replied, "Golf balls, father." "Where did you find them?" the father then asked. "I found them on the golf course," answered Jimmy. "And how did you know they were lost?" next inquired the father. "Oh, I knew they were lost," said Jimmy cheerfully, "because I saw the man who lost them looking for them." You see, all these beautiful things about which I have been telling you are what I have lost through leaving the grocery business. There is no greater pleasure to me than to meet the old friends with whom I was at one time in strong competition, perhaps, but of whom, as life goes by, one has kindly memories.



The Blood on the Toy

by

Herbert Augustus Crowell

WHAT'S your name?" asked the foreman, sharply.

It appeared that his name was Salvatore Fornaro.

"Speak English?"

"Sure," answered Salvatore, with some contempt. "Speak him fine. Been dis countra four—five year."

"Ever work at a stamping press?"

Salvatore, after some consideration, shook his head. He wanted work, and badly, but he knew better than to let his imagination go too far in technical matters.

"Well," said the foreman, "it's easy enough to run a press. Come along."

He led the way from the dingy little office near the street entrance, where the conversation had taken place, through a long passage to a large and dingier shop. Long lines of shafting whirled noisily overhead, and beneath them the great stamping presses, standing shoulder to shoulder, beat heavily upon the sheets of metal fed to them by hurrying operatives. The windows were gray with long-gathered dust, the cement floor was littered with scraps of tin and pools of oil.

"All there is to this," explained the foreman, "is to keep your foot on that treadle, slide these sheets of tin under the die, and take out the pieces stamped. As long as the treadle is held down, the machine keeps going. When you take it off, she stops. Nothing but play, this work. Now this is a special order, extra lot of toys for the last Christmas trade, and I want it rushed. See?"

"Sure," answered Salvatore. "I know Rush." It was a word he had been given continuous opportunity to study during his four or five years in America. "How mucha I get?" he inquired.

"You get six cents a gross for these cuts. The faster you run 'em, the more you make. There's a stool for you. Now you just sit at your ease and make as much money as you like. Go ahead."

The seat which he pointed out was not a luxurious affair, being constructed simply of an upright strip of wood across the top of which a small board was nailed. Salvatore adjusted himself to it, however, and began operations with the light-heartedness which comes to one who resumes work after a long and enforced idleness. Chiefly his thoughts turned toward the top floor of an Elizabethan Street tenement, where two rooms housed his wife, two children, and a few less personal utilities, including a small glass-covered shrine in one corner. There had been troubled days in the small shelter of late, and it was from frequent devotions before that shrine that Maria had brought hope and courage to her husband. He smiled to himself to think that he could repay her help with the news that work had been found at last.

* * *

The work went steadily on through the thickening winter day. Boys brought to Salvatore's left hand piles of tin sheets, and took away from his right baskets of the stamped forms. The light faded beyond the dusty windows, and here and there in the shop an electric sputtered out, throwing dark shadows between the machines. All about him men bent over the presses, rattling the metals, urging their work. It was a rush order.

Then there was a sudden outcry, and Salvatore's press stopped its steady beat. Whether his easy chair had slipped, whether the treadle spring had become lax from its steady use and allowed the die to fall, whether he had become confused with the unfamiliar work and the haste to get rich at the rate of six cents a gross, whatever the reason, enough that the stamp had descended at an inopportune moment and crushed his right hand. There was a moment's lull in the shop while he was roughly revived, roughly bandaged, and sent out to a nearby hospital.

When, a few hours later, he left the hospital, after having his hand variously sliced, stitched and bandaged, he was accosted by a brisk young man of Hebraic feature.

"Misder Fornaro?" inquired the young man pleasantly.

Salvatore admitted the name.

"Vot a terrible aggsident you had already," exclaimed the other. "Hor fordunate I chance to be goming along this evening." He laid a hand sympathetically on Salvatore's shoulder. "I bring you to a fine lawyer," said he.

"Law?" repeated Salvatore, apprehensively. He shook his head. "No law," he answered. "Gotta some troub' now."

"But you misgonstrue my meaning," explained his new friend fluently. "I will bring you to a lawyer who will arrange damages for you."

"No mora damage," replied Salvatore stoutly. "Gotta too mucha damage. Handa bad damage." He extended his bandaged hand.

"Oh, bud Misder Fornaro," exclaimed the young man, "don'd you understand? The fine lawyer will get you much money for your terrible aggsidend."

Salvatore's face brightened somewhat. "Getta da mon?" he inquired. "You giva me da mon' now?"

"Assuredly not this evening," answered the young man, regretfully but firmly. "The banks are glosed already." He produced a sheet of paper. "Bud you sign your name here, Misder Fornaro, and you may be a rich man yet. Only fifty ber cend fee. Besd terms in the city."

But the prospect of money not being immediate, Salvatore's interest lessened. He pushed the paper aside. "To-morra morn'," said he, "I go see da tin man. I getta da mon'."

"Oh, Misder Fornaro," complained the other, in much distress, "why musd you be so foolish. Those beoble vill do noding for you. They are, of gourse, insured againsd aggsidends."

"Insure?" said Salvatore, brightening again. "Gooda. I getta da mon' for da insure."

"Bud my friend," persisted the young man, sadly, "dot vas liabilidy insurance. Those beoble are not insured to assisd their poor, suffering vorgmen, bud to keep from baying dose vorgmen somedings. You require a lawyer. Sign here, and I vill make you a rich man yet."

But the word "insure" had produced its effect on Mr. Fornaro's mind, and he pushed away, leaving the Hebraic young man to content himself with shoving a card into Salvatore's pocket and then turning his attention down the street, where another bandaged patient was leaving the hospital. With only such vague hopes to take the place of the glad certainties of the morning, Salvatore went back to the Elizabeth Street tenement, there to lay his trouble before Maria and the shrine.

* * *

The visit to the factory the next morning seemed to substantiate to some extent the forebodings of the Hebraic prophet. The foreman informed Salvatore briefly that nobody there could do anything for him, furnishing him with the address of an insurance company which assumed the responsibility in case of accident. Following this guidance with the persistence and adaptability of his race, Salvatore at length found himself in a carpeted, decorated office in a downtown skyscraper. With his hat held over his heart by his uninjured hand, he extended the bandaged member dumbly, and bowed low before a pale, spectacled man at a roll-top desk.

The pale man selected one from a mass

of papers, and examined his visitor through his spectacles. "What is your name?" he inquired.

His name was still Salvatore Fornaro.

"Ah, yes. You are the man who was injured at a stamping press. How long had you worked at it?"

"Sama day," answered Salvatore. "Begin in da morn'."

"Anyone show you how?"

"Sure. Foraman run him up adown. Showa me how. Sure."

"Anything the matter with the machine?"

Salvatore shook his head, vaguely. "Don' know," said he.

"You don't know that there was. Very well. How did you happen to get hurt?"

* * *

Salvatore's breast heaved. "Been outa work longa time," he explained, heavily. "Gotta wife an' two chil'. Gotta job offa tin man. He say—rush, maka da mon'. I rush—I losa count—I smasha da hand. What I do now?" he inquired, anxiously.

The pale man nodded over his papers. "I see," said he. "Nobody's negligence but your own. No, we will not pay you anything."

"Paya notting!" exclaimed Salvatore. "You big insure companye an' I smasha de hand—an' you paya notting? You paya me da insure!" He shook his bandaged fist in the pale man's face.

"You do not understand," said the latter. "We insure your employer's legal liability. We pay nothing unless there is negligence on his part. On your own statement the negligence was your own, or the accident was due to the inherent risk of the work, which you had assumed. So we pay you nothing. You do not understand."

"Don' onstand!" repeated Salvatore, loudly. "I onstand I gotta wife an' two chil'. I smasha da hand—losa da job—canna work. I onstand you big companye helpa da tin man get outa paya me somating. Bah! I onstand alla right. Wanta starva my wife an' chil'?" he inquired, wildly.

The pale man turned his attention to other papers. "I don't know anything about that," he answered. "This is not a charitable institution; it is a liability insurance company. That is all."

Hesitating for a moment between black anger and bewilderment, Salvatore turned at length and made his way with bowed head through the carpeted, busy offices to the tiled corridor with its massive trimmings and clanking elevators. "I don' onstand," he repeated, sadly.

* * *

In the lower hall of the building, crowded with hurrying people, he felt himself gently drawn aside. His arm had been taken by a high-shouldered, well-dressed man of general Germanic aspect. "Will you give me your name, please?" said the latter.

"Everrabod' aska my name!" snapped Salvatore, hotly. "Noabod' do notting. What for you wanta my name?"

"You have sustained an injury?" pursued his questioner.

"Sure," answered Salvatore, somewhat mollified. "Name Salvatore Fornaro. 'Lizbet' Street."

The stranger made a note of the name and address. "I am engaged," said he, "in collecting information at first hand in regard to industrial accidents and the present methods of compensation. You have been seeking insurance relief. Are you satisfied?"

"Satisfy!" replied Salvatore, scornfully. "Dey giva me notting!"

"Exactly," said the German. "You are now in a position to understand the value of our propaganda for the establishment of state insurance and general pensions. I will send you some literature to be circulated among men of your nationality. We are to have a meeting at Cooper Union soon. Urge your friends to attend."

"What gooda I go Coop' Un'?" asked Salvatore. "Helpa me getta job?"

The German made a gesture indicative of contempt for small difficulties. "It is only by organization," said he, "that we can successfully advance against the capitalists who hold us in control. Your employers, grown rich through your labor, allow you to suffer without recompense, and cast you aside when you are incapacitated. Our most carefully-framed compensation laws are declared unconstitutional by the courts, themselves in the power of the interests. The only course for the proletariat is to rally, rise, organize under the red flag. The wealth is ours; let us take it."

"Sura t'ing,"responded Salvatore, hopefully. "I lika taka somating. I losa my job, busta my hand, got notting to eat. I gotta wife an' two chil'. You gotta somating you took? You helpa me out?"

The German stiffened somewhat. "The object of our propaganda," said he, "is not to encourage charity, but to do away with the necessity for charity. I regret that it is not yet sufficiently advanced for us all to live at ease. But that time will come. Bring your friends to Cooper Union."

He stalked away, leaving Salvatore to start slowly toward Elizabeth Street, repeating dubiously to himself, "I not onstand."

* * *

Within a few blocks of his home, however, his gait quickened and his head lifted. Whose were that broad back and sturdy legs preceding Salvatore up the Bowery? Whose but those of Kelly, the contractor, for whom he had once worked in the Bronx, and whose profane authority had in it a quality which made him beloved as promptly as he was obeyed.

"How do, Mist' Kell'," said Salvatore, coming alongside.

"Hello, Salvatory," responded Mr. Kelly, genially. "Whose face you been punchin'? Why didn't you pick out a soft one?"

"Oh, Mist' Kell'!" exclaimed Salvatore, his sorrows bubbling to his lips. The recital ended, Kelly removed a fat cigar from his mouth, and regarded Salvatore keenly.

"What did you do about it?" he asked.

"Trya everrat'ing," responded Salvatore. "Jew man wanta getta law—he do notting. Tin man putta me out. Americano man in big insure companye, he giva notting. Big Dutchman talka red flag—he no help." He looked off musingly toward the river. "Ver' cold night," said he. "Gotta no coal."

Kelly considered a moment over his cigar. "Show me where you live," said he, at length.

He accompanied Salvatore only to the door of the apartment, from which point he made a quick scrutiny of the chill, bare rooms. Then he took a tablet from his pocket, wrote a few words, and handed a paper to Salvatore.

"Go down to that dock," said he, "and give that to the watchman. There's a light job there helpin' him. It's a night job—be there at six o'clock. When your hand gets better, there'll be a day job for you." He turned to go. "I'll send around a bag of coal and a few groceries," he added, "and you can pay me when you get goin' again."

"Oh, Mist' Kell'!" exclaimed Salvatore again. "Oh, Maria, come see Mist' Kell'! He bringa da job, bringa da coal, bringa everrat'ing."

Mr. Kelly backed away from the profusion of Italian obeisances. "And see here, Salvatory," said he. "Don't you go to monkeyin' with no sheeny lawyers nor no Dutch anarchists, nor nothin' but your job. It's easy enough for people to strut around and tell what other people ought to do, but when a man's in trouble, he don't want big talk; he wants a boost from the man next to him. I know how it is; I've been laid up meself. Here—" he pushed a bill into Salvatore's hand. "Christmas is comin' on—get somethin' for the kids. Good-bye."

"Gooda bye, Mist' Kell'," called Salvatore, waving his arms. "I not forget. Merra Christmas, Mist' Kell'! Gooda da luck!"

He turned to acknowledge to Maria the fruition of her persistent hopes. But Maria, her face suffused with tears of thanksgiving, was kneeling before her shrine.

At about the same time the foreman at the factory, his rush order completed, was engaged in counting the stamped pieces to see if they corresponded with the material.

"And now we're shy one set," he remarked to the boy who gathered the work. "Where is it?"

"I slung it in the scrap," replied the boy, apologetically. "It was the piece the Dago was working on when he got hurted. It was all covered with blood."

"Well, what difference does that make?" inquired the foreman angrily. "Hunt it up and put it through. Who's going to care about a little blood on the inside of a tin toy?"

At Christmas Time

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Ring ye bells! glad message bringing;
Join ye world with angels singing
Joyous, glorious songs of praise
For this blessed day of days
At Christmas time!

Yuletide glory rife in air,
Radiance sheds on faces fair.
Rich and poor their bounty share,
Be it great or be it spare.
Sky and sun and stars are thrilling
With the song of Bethlehem, filling
All the world with beauty rare;
At Christmas time!

O warring nations cease your strife!
Listen to the words of life!
Let your hearts respond "Amen!"
To the song of Bethlehem.
Let its glory round you shine
At Christmas time, at Christmas time!

—Sarah Martyn Wright.

The Old Maids

by

Hester D. Jenkins

THERE were five of them, four daughters and their mother. Rumor had it that there had once been a *pater familias*, but this shadowy personality had long ago dropped out of the feminine household. Once the town had been startled by the news of the birth of a son to Mrs. Franklin, but the boy, to all appearances lusty, lived but a few days, perhaps dismayed by the presence of so many sisters.

Sarah, the eldest daughter, was a large woman, calm-browed and gentle, with soft gray hair, soft brown eyes, a soft low voice, and a hitchy walk that suggested at the same time loose joints and a reserved, modest character. She worked in a millinery store, and was seen daily of her neighbors, shambling gently to her work at eight o'clock in the morning and back again at twelve fifteen, to start forth again at one fifteen and return at six with the regularity of a metronome. She had ever a gracious smile for her acquaintances, and a low-voiced inquiry, or a loose, soft handclasp for a friend. It was pleasant to meet Miss Sarah Franklin o' mornings.

The second daughter was registered in the family Bible as Margaret, but had never risen above the more friendly but less dignified name of Maggie. She, although small, was the ambitious member of the sisterhood. She was assistant librarian in the Carnegie Library, and people said, although I doubt it, that she read every one of the books she handled across the counter. Her hair preserved its black long after that of her younger sisters had turned gray, but her skin, with its crows feet and tight little wrinkles, betrayed her age. She had a sprightly walk, and her conversation about books we all in Eatonsville pronounced "literary."

The third sister boasted the queenly name of Victoria, but her smallness and insignificance made it so flatly inappropriate that it was abbreviated to Vic, and that proving too snappy for her pallid personality, she was by common consent called Viccy, which decline from greatness she bore with becoming meekness. She was tiny, with a creeping walk. Her clothes bespoke great modesty; they were of mouse color or gray, of styles that escaped observation, generally of a bygone year, but never ancient enough to attract attention as quaint. She tied a little bonnet under her receding chin, and her timid brown eyes looked from under smoothly-banded hair. She was a dressmaker's assistant, sitting all day in a little room with three other women, sewing on gay garments for fashionable ladies. She would not have dared to confess it, but in her heart, securely hidden behind the primmest of stays (may she forgive me this indelicate allusion!) she cherished a love of brilliant colors and shiny stuffs, and as she sat quietly bent over her needle, she often wove romances in which the heroines wore these embroidered gauzes, bright sashes and pearl and bead trimming.

Sarah, Maggie and Viccy were elderly

women, but the youngest of the family seemed but a girl to the others, and most hopefully youthful. The neighbors shook their heads over Kitty's youthfulness; they remembered, as neighbors will, that she was nearly thirty, and wondered somewhat disagreeably that she herself seemed to have forgotten the fact. She was stout and florid, with gay blue eyes, and a friendly manner. She was the housekeeper for the family, as Mrs. Franklin had passed the time when she could do more than shuck corn for dinner or hull strawberries for canning.

Kitty "turned off" her work quickly and efficiently, singing as she moved about the house; then she would don a gay dress and a hat covered with flowers, and "step out." She had no regular outside employment to call her away as did her elder sisters, but there was marketing to be done (and the grocer we all thought very personable); there were church societies and picnics and excursions up river for the adventurous; there were some "girl" friends on whom she made frequent visits, and once in a while there appeared a brother to one of these "girls" to saunter home with her.

* * *

The Franklins lived in a shady side street in a demure brown house, modestly retired behind great syringa bushes. It was one of those houses dark, cool, restricted in space, very old-fashioned in furniture, that is dearly loved by its owners and slightly regarded by intruders. Kitty kept it spotlessly clean, and every day put it in perfect order, an order which her careful, tidy sisters never disturbed. Kitty was certainly a notable housekeeper; she would make some one a good wife, agreed her neighbors kindly if vaguely, and they added somewhat less kindly, she realized her competence fully and was ready to look after "some one" and make him thoroughly comfortable should he come along.

Lured by her housewifely promise and her buxom charms, occasionally some one did flash into Kitty's life. Then her eyes shone bluer than ever, her color heightened, and her gay laugh rang out, while her devoted sisters hovered about ready to pronounce a blessing on the happy pair. It was a charming if unusual sight, one full of sisterly affection, that touched us neighbors deeply when we passed the Franklin house of a summer evening to see Kitty sitting on the porch with *some one* in a rocker by her side, with Maggie near her aiding blithely in the conversation, Sarah sitting on the steps below, looming largely and sweetly, Viccy huddled on a stool in the shade of the syringa bush, and Mother Franklin standing smiling in the doorway.

This rather too warm a welcome had daunted many a promising young man, and he had failed to return to the hospitable porch. But Kitty never seemed to notice this defection, and still sang about the house, promenaded the streets as gaily clad as ever, and perennially hopeful, still looked for "Some One."

If Sarah or Viccy had ever had a beau, Eatonsville did not know of it, but there was a tale of Maggie and a handsome school teacher, who had been seen clasping hands at a picnic—but ha! how many years ago. We all knew that Sarah experienced real "single blessedness," and that Viccy was far too timid ever to have wished for matrimony. We were not so sure about Maggie, but she was certainly not soured by her lot, and enjoyed her work and her clubs, and still attended picnics. But that the old mother and each of the sisters hoped for Kitty to marry was evident to all of us. It seemed almost a pity to bring so alien an element as a husband into this perfect spinster abode, still we sympathized with Kitty in her desire for more variety than her life offered her.

* * *

One day Kitty, answering the door bell, encountered a book agent. He was so attractive, with ardent black eyes and such stylish clothes, that Kitty, blushing, drew down her rolled-up sleeves and smoothed her ruffled hair.

"Are you the lady of the house, ma'am?" he asked politely.

"My mother is, really," responded Kitty, "but I keep house."

"Ah," he said with an admiring glance at her strong hands and sensible costume, "the house must be very well kept, then."

The ever-ready color flared in Kitty's face again. She stood holding the screen door open. Becoming conscious of this, she said with a start:

"Oh, we're letting in the mosquitoes; please come inside the house."

Nothing loth, the agent stepped into the hall, and in a moment he was seated beside Kitty in the parlor, his dark and her blond head bending over the same book, and their hands occasionally touching as he turned the leaves of "the greatest bargain in books of the season."

* * *

An hour passed. Mrs. Franklin, smelling the unwonted odor of burning, put her head into the parlor in search of Kitty, but withdrawing softly, went to the kitchen to "dish up" the dinner herself. Miss Sarah, coming home from her shop, smiled maternally as she looked in at the window, then went up stairs to lay off her hat and cape. Miss Maggie, however, drawn by the ever attractive sight of books, entered the parlor briskly and asked to see the agent's wares. Kitty rose hastily, looking somewhat shy, and the agent, abruptly changing to his professional manner from one more friendly than mercantile, explained to Miss Maggie the great value of his books. She was attracted, but her thrifty soul never let her buy what she could see at the library, so the agent was soon departing from the house, a sprig of the fragrant syringa in his buttonhole.

"Gracious me," exclaimed Kitty, "I've forgotten my dinner," and she rushed from the room.

That was a queer dinner. The mutton was dried up and the spinach burned, but Mrs. Franklin and Miss Sarah ate it serenely, while the vivacious Maggie teased Kitty about her "beau," and slyly alluded to burnt vegetables and heads in close contact over a book.

"As dinner was so late, I must go right back to the shop," said Miss Viccy, and tying on her bonnet she walked into the hall.

"Oh," she almost screamed a moment later, "what is this? Who has left this?"

The ladies flocked into the narrow hall like a covey of startled birds. Miss Viccy was pointing her neatly-gloved little hand at an umbrella that stood in the corner. It was palpably a man's umbrella, large, strong, with a virile steel frame, a manly cotton cover and a stout wooden handle. It looked singularly out of place in this virgin hall, standing beside the jaunty little silver-tipped umbrella of Maggie's, the long but unmistakably ladylike umbrella belonging to Sarah, and the red silk parasol which Kitty was wont to flaunt under the elm trees. Miss Viccy could only point to this strange object in their little hall, but Kitty ran quickly to it and opened it, putting it over her head.

"It must be his," she said, and at the same moment Maggie exclaimed:

"It must be the agent's!"

"Don't you think," said Viccy shyly, "that we ought to put it down and leave it in the corner. I am afraid he would not like—"

"Oh, yes he would," said Kitty in high spirits. "I'm sure he would like me to carry it. I believe I'll take it down town this afternoon."

"Kitty," exclaimed Maggie in horror, "of course you'll do no such thing. What if you should meet him?"

"As it is not raining, a raised umbrella would look rather odd," said Sarah mildly.

"What does it say on it?" asked Miss Maggie quickly, pointing to a silver band around the handle on which a name seemed to be engraved.

Kitty closed the umbrella and bent her attention to the inscription, "James G. Honey, Appleton, Wis." she read. "So that is his name."

"What an absurd name," snapped Miss Maggie. "Honey, whoever heard of a man being called Honey?"

"It has the merit of being very unusual," said Miss Sarah. "I quite like it."

"I think it is sweet," cried Kitty, with a hearty laugh. "James G. Honey—Honey, —Honey," and she waltzed out onto the porch with the masculine umbrella waving above her head.

* * *

Miss Viccy, with a scandalized but resigned "Kitty!" went down the steps and started for the shop.

"How will he ever get it?" inquired Miss Sarah ruminatingly.

"Come for it, of course," cried Kitty; "he'll have to come again," and suddenly blushing violently she deposited the umbrella in the stand once more beside its maiden companions and went back to the kitchen to "wash up."

Mr. James G. Honey, of Appleton, Wis., did come again and yet again. The neighbors soon became accustomed to seeing his burly form and dark head on the Franklin's porch, with now one, now five of the ladies keeping him company, but always Kitty smiling into his face. By the time "the greatest bargain of the season" in books had been offered to every house in Eatonsville and the Episcopal minister, the homeopathic doctor and the Carnegie Library had each purchased a set, Kitty agreed to change her single state and become Mrs. James G. Honey.

She was to go to Appleton to live. Each of the Franklin ladies helped to prepare the family trousseau. As Miss Viccy sewed on garments for Kitty, whose brightness almost dazzled her, she wove her little romances as usual, but with the enchanting consciousness that this romance was within her own family; she had never thought to sew wedding garments for one of own folks. Miss Sarah's manner grew ever more tender to the bride, and her eyes took on a brooding motherliness. Sometimes she dreamed that Kitty might have children—children that should belong to the family; her soft eyes grew liquid at the thought. Mrs. Franklin, the only member of the household who had the right to know about weddings and trousseaux, took a position of importance that she had not held for years, and proudly gave advice and indulged in reminiscence.

Miss Maggie was the only moody one of the family. At times she was gay and happy; at other times she seemed to recall the handsome school teacher of her far-away youth and to fall into a sadness foreign to her active, contented nature. Kitty was to have a home of her own; Kitty was to follow her "man." The handsome school teacher was only a faded memory, but Miss Maggie would have liked something more than a memory in her life, and children—yes, how she would have liked a child. When these thoughts dominated her, Miss Maggie became a little peevish, but Kitty was too buoyantly happy for another's mood to cast a cloud over her own.

The neighborhood was properly excited over Miss Kitty's wedding, and when she started on the train for Appleton with Mr. James G. Honey by her side, they threw rice and old shoes at her in sufficient quantities to have served the entire Franklin family.

The household settled down without Kitty. Miss Sarah gave up her millinery and became the housekeeper. The little brown house became quieter and quieter and more spotless, if possible, than before. Miss Sarah's hair grew whiter, and Miss Maggie's began to turn. Mrs. Franklin, a little feebler these days, sat generally with her knotted old hands folded in her lap. The great event of the week was Kitty's letter; when that came the daughters all clustered around their mother and listened eagerly to the stories of Kitty's house and Kitty's husband (who was now well settled with a small stationery business) and Kitty's active life.

* * *

One day, a day long anticipated, a yellow telegram was handed to Miss Sarah. She broke it open with trembling fingers, while the others seemed almost to lose their heart-beats in listening. She paused before reading it.

"Oh Sarah, don't wait," urged Miss Maggie, "please, Sarah."

Sarah steadied her voice and read, "James Honey, Junior, arrived today; eight pounds. Kitty doing well. James."

Mrs. Franklin sank back in her chair, her hands before her working face; Miss Sarah sat down as though faint.

"A boy," whispered Miss Viccy faintly, "Kitty has a boy."

"We have a baby boy," cried Miss Maggie jubilantly. "Hurrah for little James!"

It was next day in the ward school of Eatonsville that little Tommy Reed distinguished himself by telling the glad news. When the teacher called on his pupils for "current events," Tommy could hardly wait for his turn, but fidgetted and raised his hand until the teacher asked,

"Well, Tommy, what have you to tell us?"

Tommy bounced up in his seat and at the top of his lungs shouted:

"Franklins got a baby!"

Flying, flying through the air,
Santa Claus goes everywhere;
If you're good, he's got you booked,
And you won't be overlooked;
If you're bad, it will be sad,
He'll surely pass you by, egad!

Protection and Value of the Migratory Bird

by

Lewis D. Warner

THE passage of the so-called Federal Migratory Bird law in 1913, followed in 1916 by the treaty between Canada and the United States which made possible a co-ordinated and just protection and utilization of the useful migratory birds all over the continent north of Mexico, minimizing the danger of excessive exploitation in any locality or by any type of persons, marks the climax of a constantly widening understanding of the value of birds as a national asset rather than as a local accident.

The Federal Migratory Bird law was an expression by the people of the necessity for speedy action, and of the principle of federal regulation as the only adequate means of securing the action necessary to safeguard the rights of all the people of the continent to an equal participation in the benefits arising from the permanent maintenance of a normal population of migratory birds. Unfortunately, it carried no adequate means for its enforcement and in its present condition is to a considerable degree a serious embarrassment to those entrusted with its enforcement, and an injustice to law-abiding citizens who see the lawless destroying the birds, while ridiculing the law, its officers, and "those who do not dare to take a chance" of violating a law which has no teeth.

The tremendous destruction of birds by pot hunters all over the country, North and South, has greatly diminished the numbers of game and migratory birds. It was felt when the appropriation of $50,000 was included in the Agricultural bill that a step was being taken to further protect the food supply and to secure the protection of the fields from insects and parasites, besides appealing to the humane impulses of humanity.

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On the foundations laid by George Shiras, III, and others in earlier years, and organized by numerous associations of sportsmen and bird students, this question was first brought to national attention by John W. Weeks when a member of Congress, and has been followed up most persistently by Senators Weeks and McLean, two New England Senators who have already been successful in exciting the interest of scores of legislators in a matter that has long been of vital interest to the people interested and the masses indirectly concerned.

Congress is always responsive to an intelligent, substantial and well-directed propaganda for sound remedial legislation. No other legislative body is quicker to recognize or more sensitive to feel the force of a co-ordinated public sentiment. This was never more clearly shown than in the passage of the Weeks-McLean Migratory Bird Protection act, which, with the regulations governing its enforcement, became operative by Executive proclamation on November 1, 1913. The movement behind this bill was not sectional in its scope nor partisan in its character, for how could a law be sectional when forty-four states, through their officials, appealed in person, or by proxy, to the proper legislative committees for favorable action upon these measures; when four states in various parts of the country memorialized Congress in their behalf; when over two hundred thousand citizens over this broad land wrote or wired their Senators or Representatives beseeching, and in many instances demanding, action upon them; when the true sportsman joined the naturalist or the bird lover, the economist vied with the far-seeing lumberman, the game and bird protection societies tried to outdo the intelligent agriculturalists, all in consistent and persistent advocacy of the salient features of the bills which finally were destined to become merged into one of the broadest conservation enactments of our day. Nor can the measure be called partisan, as all party lines were broken in the overwhelming votes by which it passed both houses of Congress; when a club of which Roosevelt has long been an active factor advocated it; when Taft in the last hour of his administration signed it, and when the set of rules and regulations governing its enforcement were approved and proclaimed to the people by President Wilson.

* * *

It needed no prophetic vision to foresee the result of such a movement, even though the state's rights ghost stalked into the midst of the deliberations upon the several bills, though strict construction constitutionalists raised their lamentations to the skies, and though members cried out with a loud voice that the proposed legislation was the most revolutionary in a generation. The measure which was finally agreed to may be all that it is charged; it must tend toward a central uniform game protection, it may extend the scope of the federal government beyond the ideas of the drafters of the constitution; it was undoubtedly revolutionary, but when the people finally awoke to the full realization that as valuable a national asset as are the migratory birds admitted to be, was being ruthlessly dissipated, purely technical or obsolete obstructive tactics would not be long tolerated. No other legislation of recent enactment will touch all classes in just the same way as will a defense of the winged protector of field, forest, or the orchard. All, whether rich or poor, young or old, an economist or a sentimentalist, are appealed to by the color, the animation and the songs of the bird. His ingenuity in his nest building, his industry and the mystery of his coming and his disappearing, the wonder as to his whereabouts in his long absences, touch the better nature of all save possibly the bird's worst enemy, the pot hunter and his ilk.

This legislation was revolutionary; it was a wide departure from the existing order; but of what avail was it to protect birds ever so carefully in their migrations over one state on the theory that they were insectivorous song birds, and kill them by the thousands in an adjoining state upon the ground that they were destructive game birds. Why should they be protected while on the spring feeding grounds and slaughtered regardless in their winter homes? Why should forty-eight states have forty-eight ways of handling a question of equal importance to the inhabitants of them all? It would be almost as sensible to have forty-eight different kinds of money in circulation, or a like number of tariffs on imports. The migrating bird is of as much consequence to the wheat grower of the Dakotas as he is to the cotton planter of Mississippi, and there is no logic or reason in trying to argue that he is not. Arguments to the contrary did not sink deeply in the legislative mind, as is shown by the result. For, if the bird is of great value, and that fact is admitted, the wisest, the most reasonable protection is that which protects him uniformly for all the people and not momentarily in one state and not at all in some other, with the result that at a given time in a given locality they may be killed by the tens of thousands for the emolument of a few pot hunters or the enjoyment of a few sportsmen, while at another time in another locality they cannot be shot, no matter what the purpose may be.

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Under the Roman law wild animals belonged to all of the people. Later, under the feudal law and the ancient law of continental Europe, possession of wild animals was recognized to be subject to governmental sanction. How absurd, then, that such a condition should be possible at this late day here; within seventy-five miles of New York City there were in force six different sets of laws concerning the closed season, one in Pennsylvania, another in Connecticut, and practically two each for different sections of New York and New Jersey.

Under the police power given the United States by the several states, her officers can and have gone into yellow fever-infected districts and assumed practical control; they can, and have prevented one state from diverting or obstructing water of value to irrigation in another state; they can and do prevent the taking of infected cattle across state lines; they can and have quarantined the shipments of Christmas trees from certain moth-infected sections of New England to the markets of New York and Philadelphia; they can and are preventing the spread of the cotton weevil, the Colorado beetle, the brown-tail and gypsy moth from state to state, particularly where states, by their indifference, lack of resources, or for some other causes, are unable to cope with the situation; they are constantly extending their control of interstate transactions, and yet, when it is proposed for the common good of all to seek a uniformity of action in migratory bird protection, it is said the rights of a sovereign state are involved, the intention of the framers of the constitution are being misconstrued, and the doing so is revolutionary, even though the thing sought is a direct antidote to many of the ills enumerated above.

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Where the shooting season has been varied and often of unreasonable length, the enforcement of the existing laws haphazard as so well shown by records of a recent year when but 5,008 convictions were obtained by 4,191 wardens; with some four million hunters abroad at various seasons of the year; with the birds known as one thing in one section and another in the adjoining section; with game birds defined in but thirty-five states and in no two absolutely alike; with forty-four states protecting ducks; thirty-three, rail birds; thirty, woodcocks; forty, snipe, and but twenty-two the mourning dove, is it not high time that order should be brought out of chaos, and that true conservation should be had of a great natural resource through intelligent, scientific protection based upon a knowledge of the migrations and habits of the object to be protected?

Early settlers upon this continent found game plentiful everywhere, and it has been, until comparatively recent times, the idea of most of their descendants that the supply was inexhaustible. In 1763 partridges sold in New York City for twenty-four cents, grouse or heath hen for thirty, mallard duck for twenty, teal for twelve, and snipe for thirty cents a dozen. Now grouse is beyond the reach of all save the wealthy; and the prairie chicken is practically a thing of the past. Yet in 1864, by the official records, it appears that twenty tons of the latter bird were sent to one dealer in New York in a single season, and two hundred thousand game birds were shipped to markets there within a period of six months, and even in 1916, eighty thousand wild ducks were killed and shipped in one week from a single plantation not far from New Orleans, Louisiana.

Nevertheless, slow as we have been to recognize the necessity of adequate bird protection, we are now proceeding on broader lines than elsewhere. So slow in fact were we that it is only within the last fifty or sixty years that legislative recognition of any, save the game bird, has been made. Apparently the value of protecting the insect-destroying species has never been given very serious thought. Thus have farmers been cheating themselves in this respect as in many others, by slaying or permitting the destruction of their best friend by nature, until economic conditions have awakened them from their lethargy, and the more intelligent agriculturalists are coming to realize that successful farming in the future will be practically impossible without a fixed, definite and persistently enforced plan of bird protection.

* * *

In 1494, pheasants and partridges were protected in England by laws prohibiting their being caught by net or snare without the consent of the land owner, yet it was practically four hundred years later before the enactment of the first law here recognizing an insectivorous bird. This does not, of course, mean that our forefathers were in favor of no protection, as in 1709 the State of New York had a law providing for a closed season on turkeys, partridges and game. What I do mean is this: we have treated our birds as we have every other natural resource, with little or no regard for the future. Sufficient unto the day has been our motto long enough, and now that we have come to a full realization of the seriousness of the situation is it to be wondered at that in our haste to undo the damage already done, our action should be drastic?

Bird protection has long been a fixed European policy. In 1875 Germany, Austria and Italy entered into a joint declaration and since then four international ornithological conventions have been held. By 1896 eleven European powers had ratified the agreement for general bird protection. These international agreements have been brought about not by sentiment, but rather by the full conception of the economic value of the end to be obtained. We, too, are now to proceed under recent legislation to the negotiation of treaties between the several countries of the Western Hemisphere with the same end in view.

* * *

The phenomena of bird migration has been noted by scientists for two thousand years, yet in 1791 the first legislative reference to a migrating bird as such was had in this country. Since then we have conducted our search for knowledge of their migrations, but only within the last thirty years has any noteworthy progress been made. In that time two thousand observers in this country and Canada have made nearly a half million records of their observations, and the result of this immense amount of data leaves many of the essential questions no longer in doubt. The period of migration is fraught with many dangers, not alone from man, either, as is shown by a few examples which will be noted. One morning over one hundred and fifty dead birds were found at the base of the Washington monument, the birds becoming bewildered for some reason dashed to their death against the high structure; the death toll of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor is often seven hundred birds a month; a lighthouse keeper in Florida one morning picked up dead warblers by the sack full; in fact, the authorities having lighthouses in charge, both in this country and abroad, have for some time been giving much thought to a method of preventing the wholesale slaughter caused by the blinding rays of these powerful lights. These migrations are of varying lengths, running up to fourteen thousand miles, in one instance, when birds of a particular species traveled from Patagonia to Arctic Grinnell Land. Their nesting and wintering habits, too, are varied, as for example, those of the woodcock, which nests from Florida to Nova Scotia and winters from Florida to New Jersey.

* * *

Much has been said, and more written, of conservation in recent years, but it has usually been the conservation of the forests, the water powers, or the public mineral lands. Now, the bird seems to be coming into his own, and even though for centuries the songster has been known to live almost exclusively on insects, yet his place as an advance guard to prevent insect annihilation of the field or the forest is of more recent realization. His presence as an important factor in maintaining the natural equilibrium which man is constantly upsetting by the cutting of the trees, the plowing of the valleys, the draining of the swamps, and the bringing about of a thousand and one changes in the conditions about us, is being more observed and credited every day.

Sixty-four national bird reservations have now been established upon public lands. Many states have their zones of protection, while privately-owned safety spots, as, for example, the Sage and Rockefeller Reservations in Louisiana, are of frequent establishment. All states have laws as to season, the export of game, and non-resident licenses; all but one upon the sale of game. Forty-four have state wardens who may be deputized by the federal government to carry out the new law; forty-three have limitations upon catches, the first state to recognize this need being

Iowa in 1878; thirty-nine now have resident license laws, and non-game model laws.

Yet with this seemingly earnest desire to legislate, Dr. Hornaday is authority for the statement that within his day seven species of migrating birds have become extinct and fourteen others are threatened with extermination. The state ornithologist of Massachusetts reports ducks and shore birds have diminished from total to seventy-five per cent extinction there in the last twenty-five years. The carefully prepared reports from thirty states estimate that in the fifteen years prior to 1898 the decrease in bird life averaged forty-six per cent, while but recently three thousand dollars was offered, without takers, for an undisturbed nest of the passenger pigeon. The entire continent was searched. Not a single authentic record was obtained of the existence of this species of bird which the legislature of Ohio in 1857 decided was not in need of protection. The necessity, therefore, is real and not imaginary, as some would have you think.

* * *

There are twelve hundred species of birds in this country, most of which eat insects, while many of them subsist entirely upon this diet. This does not mean that all birds are entirely good, or that the bad birds are altogether harmful, but in the sum total their good deeds far exceed their bad. Even the much despised crow has been recently reported by the Agricultural Department, after an extended study of his acts, to, in the aggregate, do more good than harm. Therefore, without claiming that there is nothing but good in the birds, still with the settled conviction that the damage done is as nothing compared with the good accomplished, let us examine the results of years of scientific study. The woodpecker's diet is sixty-five per cent insects; that of the California fly-catcher, ninety-six; of the wren, ninety-five; the kildeer, ninety-seven and seventy-two one hundredths; the meadow lark, seventy-five; while the stomachs of the bush thrasher upon examination were found to contain sixty per cent insects; of the blue bird, seventy; and of the king bird, ninety per cent.

There are fifty known species of birds to feed upon the various kinds of caterpillars, thirty-six upon the codling moth, fifty-seven upon the scale insects, thirty-eight upon those destructive of plant life, and fifty upon the cotton boll weevil. It is known that four hundred different kinds of insects sought after by birds attack the oak; one hundred and sixty-five the pine; one hundred and seventy, the hickory; one hundred and five, the birch; eighty the elm; eighteen the willow; and one hundred and seventy-six the apple, plum, and cherry tree.

* * *

Stomachs of flickers have been found to contain five thousand ants; chickadees eat daily in the Spring thirty female canker worms each, with five thousand eggs. Bluejays devour beetles, cut worms and caterpillars, while the stomachs of linnets contained eighty per cent noxious weed seed, and of the mourning dove sixty to seventy-five per cent, with seven thousand five hundred seeds found in one and six thousand four hundred seeds in another. The eight hundred and one stomachs of quail gathered from twenty-one states showed sixty species of weed seed, with the number in each running from fifteen hundred to five thousand. In Virginia in a single winter it has been estimated that this bird consumed five hundred and seventy-three tons of such seed. A single species of sparrow in Iowa has been found to have eaten eight hundred and seventy-five tons of like seed in a single season, while the birds of Massachusetts are estimated to consume twenty-one thousand bushels of insects daily. The native sparrow saves the farmers there, in the opinion of state officials, thirty-five million dollars annually by eating weed seed.

The song sparrow eats fifteen hundred larvae and the throated warbler ten thousand tree lice daily; and the scarlet tanager has been known to eat thirty-five gypsy moths a minute for eighteen consecutive minutes.

In Virginia examination of over four hundred cocoons of codling moths showed that birds had destroyed eighty-five per cent of the hibernating larvae, while in New Hampshire they had destroyed eighty-seven per cent, and on the average were known to consume upwards of sixty-six per cent. This is due principally to the efforts of woodpeckers, sparrows and tit-mice.

Five jays in a nest eat fifteen full-size grubs in a day, or say twenty of all sizes—a total of one hundred grubs. The parents ate another hundred in the same time, so that the record family consumption would be twenty thousand grubs in a three-months season. Assume one-half were female; they lay two hundred eggs. This is a record of eight million eggs destroyed or prevented from hatching, due to the efforts of a single family annually.

Examination of other birds would show like results.

* * *

The Agricultural Department in 1904 estimated that the annual loss occasioned by insects in the United States was $795,000,000. With the increased ravages which have come through insects since then, it is not unlikely that the annual loss, including crops, garden truck, fruits, forests, domestic animals and health would amount to nearly one and one-quarter billions of dollars in a single year, or about thirteen dollars for every man, woman and child in the country. In any event, the insect is chargeable with a yearly loss of $100,000,000 to forest and forest products. The tobacco crop suffers from five to ten per cent annually, principally from cut-worms, or a loss of $5,000,000 to $10,000,000, while the boll weevil may be charged with a loss of $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 in the cotton belt each season.* The codling moth causes a loss in damage and labor of $15,000,000 per annum; the Hessian fly in the wheat-growing states of $50,000,000; the chinch bug in the Mississippi Valley, $100,000,000; the Rocky Mountain locust in years of its greatest activity, $150,000,000; and the cut worm in all of its various fields of activity, $100,000,000. These are not guesses, but official estimates. In addition, millions are spent in the labor of fighting the elm tree beetle, the tent caterpillar, brown-tail and gypsy moth, and various other forms of insect destruction by the government, states, municipalities, and the individual owners.

The value of this year's farm products is estimated at over nine billion, and the regularly estimated loss from insects is estimated at from five to ten per cent of the total. Assume the average is the minimum; that coupled with the expense annually incurred in the time and labor of their destruction, makes a billion loss annually well within the facts. Upon that basis, let us compare this terrific loss with the sums expended in other things in order that a basis of conception may be obtained. It is almost impossible to estimate a billion dollars, while it is not so difficult to realize its enormity in comparison with other things. This amount is practically equal to the entire expense of running our government for a like period.

It would equal four times our entire postal receipts, including the parcel post. It would amount to about the same sum as is paid to the one and three-quarter million employees, from general officers to the humblest member of the section gang, of our entire railroad system. It would be over four times the salaries paid to our school teachers and more than twice the total expenditures of our entire school system. It is over two and one-half per cent of the entire value of all farm properties shown by the 1910 census, including lands, buildings, and stock. It represents a sum over six times greater than the cost of all the buildings erected in the city of New York, including the boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx for 1912. It is nearly twenty-five times the total receipts of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and over three times the capital invested in the American Telephone & Telegraph Company in 1912.

* * *

In addition to the tremendous loss occasioned by insects, it is estimated that the loss from weeds is equal to one dollar per acre. It has been shown that many species of birds are particularly fond of weed seed. When we realize that in 1912 there were one hundred million acres of corn, forty-five million acres of wheat, thirty-seven million acres of oats and hundreds of millions of acres of other crops under cultivation, the importance of a noxious weed destroyer becomes apparent, particularly when we have in mind the fact that eighty-nine per cent of our wheat production and ninety-eight per cent of our corn is consumed in this country. The protection of the migratory bird is closely related to the cost of living, too, because with the decreasing production of meat and the growing necessity for its importation, there is a tendency toward a vegetarian diet.

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* In 1916 said to have been $200,000,000.

Realizing the havoc created by insects in the cotton fields of the South, the wheat fields of the West, the orange groves of the southern states and in the orchards of the North and West; having in mind also the destruction wrought by the potato bug, the grasshopper, the mosquito, the house fly, the malarial mosquito and the cattle tick everywhere, does it not behoove all of us to drop our old care-free notions and join in a full co-operation with our state and national officials in extending to the real source of relief from many of of these plagues—the migratory bird—all protection whenever and wherever it becomes necessary for his preservation, and to secure the passage at the next session of Congress of such additional legislation as shall ensure the adequate enforcement of the federal laws which aim to protect the migratory insectivorous birds over the entire continent, and to ensure equal opportunities to wisely utilize for food, and for recreation such species as may be in this way of greatest economic value.

It is interesting to note that the constitutionality of the original act for the protection of the migratory bird is in question. It has been declared unconstitutional by one district court and the case carried to the Supreme Court, where it was argued. In the meantime, a treaty with Great Britain relating to migratory birds has been passed, which will be of material advantage in providing for their protection.

THE FIRST-BORN

THE dancing sunbeams flickering fall
  Where now her first-born sleeps,
The proud, pale mother sitting near
  Her watchful vigil keeps.
Fond fancies airy visions weave
  Adown the future years,
Her gallant son's career she marks
  With loving hopes and fears.
Brave, manly, noble, upright, strong,
  Defender of the weak,
Foremost of all to right the wrong,
  The erring soul to seek.

The shifting shadows slowly slant
  Across the polished floor,
Where once again that mother sits
  Though paler than of yore.
A slender figure—black-robed now,
  Beside an empty cot,
While memory vivid picture paints
  Of iron-guarded plot
Within "the Silent City," where
  A mound, so very small—
But such a little space it takes—
  And yet can hold her all.

O empty arms! O aching heart!
  O bleeding mother-love!
Look up! Within the pearly gate
  Thy loved one waits above.

—*Susan P. Atwood.*

Shrines and Landmarks of the Whittier Country

by

Hallett Thorn

AMONG the literary and historical shrines of New England is Oak Knoll, the home of the poet Whittier, which is located in a country whose rural charm and rustic loveliness can never be forgotten, so quaintly blended is the romance of the past with the reality of the present.

The entrance to the Whittier country is Danvers, home of the very earliest settlers of Ohio, the state that was first colonized and carved out of the northwestern territory. The first party set out for that section in December, 1787, and among them were many Danvers men, all of them endowed with intelligence and energy, the heredity of a Puritan training, and with certain dominant New England habits, morals, customs, and convictions, that gave their settlement at Marietta the promise of a noble future for the state of which it was the germ.

Peabody, a part of Danvers, was incorporated with the town in 1757, and divided into north and south parishes. Later South Danvers was named Peabody in honor of the town's benefactor, George Peabody. The Peabody mansion here is a splendid monument of colonial architecture, staunch and stern. Its avenue of approach is dignified by great elm trees, beneath whose grateful shade many an eminent statesman has passed. At one time this famous house was the home of Governor Bradford, a name that scintillates in American history. The old burying ground of the town lies a short distance from the square and contains many curious relics, among them the grave of Eliza Wharton, who resided at the old Bell tavern in 1776. Hers is an interesting history, whose warning formed a part of the library of many a New England home, for the romance of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is supposedly founded on Eliza Wharton's life, and time will chant it to the ages.

A sharp turn from the old post road leads to the heart of the Whittier country. Along the silent valley lingers the pungent odor of the pine. In the distance the gleaming roof of the Endicott mansion reflects the glint of the setting sun. Through a long avenue of elms, stately and graceful in their salutation, can be seen the superb colonial house. Here, during the administration of the late Grover Cleveland, William Endicott, his Secretary of State, extended a broad hospitality to a host of famous Americans who helped to make American history.

Just beyond the entrance to the Endicott place, up over the hill, is the State Asylum, from which one may enjoy a wonderful view of Danvers. Descending into the valley the road dips into a picturesque little lane, fringed with drooping willows, which widens at the crossroad; a long, straight road, and lovely, too, with its views of yellow uplands; a road so beautifully natural it seems a part of some English lane, with its wild flowers, sunny ridges, and the swelling hills of Whittier's beloved Oak Knoll.

Brown & Dawson, Stamford, Conn.

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, WHITTIER'S OLD HOME

Here the last years of the Quaker poet's life were passed quietly, with occasional journeys for the benefit of his health. His birthplace at East Haverhill, Massachusetts, became the property of the Whittier Memorial Association. Whittier's ancestry reached back through Colonial days to the year 1638, when Thomas Whittier sailed from Southampton, England, for Boston, Massachusetts, and settled first in Salisbury and then in Haverhill

Oak Knoll is bowered with giant elms, their spreading branches looking down upon a quaint, old-fashioned garden. In a secluded nook, a little removed from the highway, and screened from immediate view, is a rustic arbor where it was the poet's custom to receive his friends on warm afternoons. Here he held court with men and women whose names are enrolled among the highest in the annals of American literature—Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Olcott, Holmes, Thoreau—those master minds, who were disciples of the famous School of Philosophy which sprang into birth amid the Concord pines.

Close to the house, in the circular, green-walled garden, is Whittier's favorite retreat, where in summer mornings he delighted to work with rake and hoe among his flowers. His study, opening upon the veranda, was especially erected for him in a corner of the house overlooking the garden. Here his later poems were written. Directly back of the house is a grove of mammoth oaks from which the place derived its name.

Although Whittier never married, in 1888 he instructed his publishers to put the poem "Memories" at the head of his verses "Subjective and Reminiscent." It was the first time he had publicly acknowledged how dear to his heart was the sentiment in this charming conception of poetic imagination. The poem was written in 1841, but the romance it portrays lies many years back, and, without a doubt, when he gave it a place of honor among his verses there was one heart which understood its message.

* * *

It is impossible to ramble amid these shrines of New England without carrying away some clinging cobweb of the past. We pore over records, manuscripts, and histories; recall the exquisite pathos of the "Two Angels," the strength and

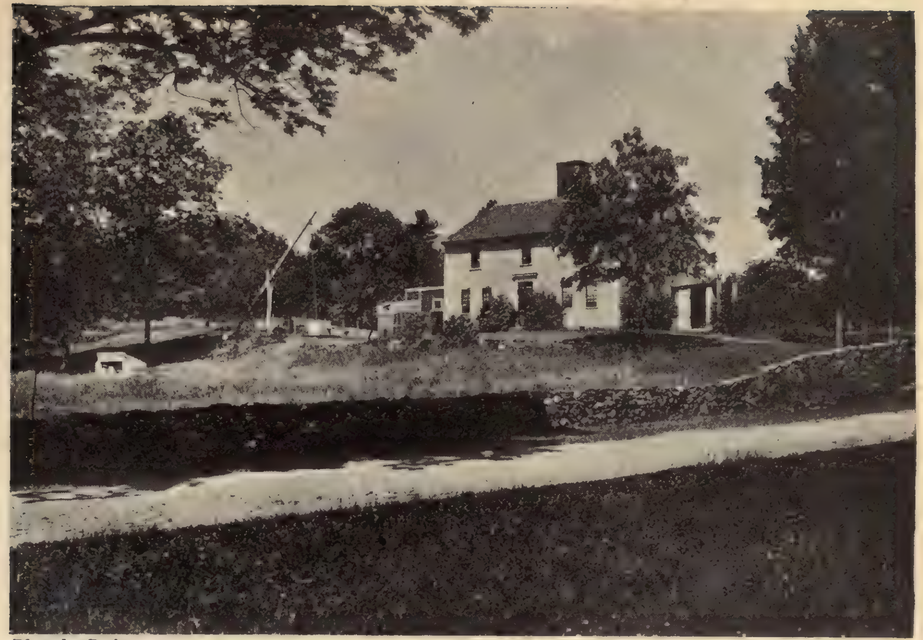


Photo by Ryder

THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

This is the original house, and is an excellent example of an old-fashioned New England farmhouse. Since this photograph was taken, the house was destroyed by fire, but has since been restored. Here is the old well-sweep mentioned in "Snow-Bound"

Brown & Dawson, Stamford, Conn.

ASBURY LAKE NEAR THE WHITTIER HOME

"Low stir of leaves and dip of oars
And lapsing waves on quiet shores."
—*Snow-Bound.*

purity of "My Creed"; pause and rest beneath the shade of the spreading boughs, or wander amid the circular paths of the gentle Quaker poet's garden, dominated by his spirit.

As we think over the rich contributions which he made to American literature, we cannot help but feel that his life of eighty-five years was well spent. Perhaps the "barefoot boy with cheek of tan" is a less familiar figure in these days than in Whittier's time, but we should nevertheless feel grateful to him for leaving to us so many homely and appealing pictures of that period of American history when the country was "growing up."

While one may revel in the joys of the Whittier country, people it with ghosts, fancies, memories, and even indulge in a little romance, he must still remember that the old-time customs and old-time ways will fade away into legendary lore and will be lost altogether unless the old admonition is heeded: "Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation."

Turning, with regret, into the leafy lane, we leave this little paradise with its memories at eventide, when the blue hills of New England no longer gleam, but lie cool and dark, like amethysts, against the amber sky. Across the dewy meadows the bell from a neighboring church chimes out the hour, floating over hill and dale, down into the valley, stirring into life the crimson sumach palpitating beneath the amorous kiss of the sinking sun. Presently the sound ceases, and the big moon creeps up from behind the silvered hills, covering the earth with a mantle of peace.

"HEART-THROBS" OF HAPPINESS

Star-Dust of the Yesterdays

By JAS. E. TIMMONS

A traveler, treking the trail in Texas, westward bound, found himself weary-worn in "the house by the side of the road," and there "a friend to man." Out of the turmoil and strife of the toiling throngs he had come, and, on a day when a Nation was paying tribute to the heroes who bought American independence with their blood, this traveler tarried by the wayside. He cast aside carking care and sought rest for body and mind.

Memory's films brought to view the scenes of the long-ago, and there trooped before his mind the valiant heroes of the yesterdays. He was lifted out of the maddening moil of the auto age, and, with the star-dust of the skies falling in showers of blessings full and free, there poured into his soul a flood-tide of love and light that made him much more a Man.

This gleam of gladness gilding his life with glory, filling his soul with a solace soothing as an angel's kiss, and inspiring him with courage came from a few happy hours given over to reading "Heart Throbs." Those gems of priceless value, those diamonds minted from the minds of men, those links in the golden chain binding Time with Eternity, proved an oasis on the plains, for into the shadows of many a life have beamed the sunlight of hope and happiness, enshrining forever the name and life of Joe Mitchell Chapple in the hearts of his countrymen.

The traveler gloried in the day, and his whole being was charged with the true spirit of Americanism. As the light of the day faded into the star-lit beauty of night, he lifted his eyes to the skies and there came to him this thought:

"Be strong.
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song."

The Cry of the Crippled

by Flynn Wayne

WITH the great flood of cripples resulting from the epidemic of infantile paralysis, something must be done to care for and educate the thousands of maimed who come from the battlefields of the bed-ridden; who have made their fight against the sinister foe which has reaped such an awful harvest among the little ones of the country. This grim fact also reveals a situation of startling neglect which should arouse every thinking person in the country.

When I visited the Van Leuven Browne School in Detroit, I was brought face to face with a situation that made me blush for shame, for I realized that I had neglected to inform myself more than casually as to what was done for little crippled children. Nine years ago the work of reclaiming the so-called hopeless and helpless cripple was begun in Michigan through the efforts of one little indomitable soul, Miss Blanche Van Leuven Browne. Up to that time nothing had been done for the segregated care and education of crippled children in that state.

The cripple does not court pity—he just wants to have a chance.

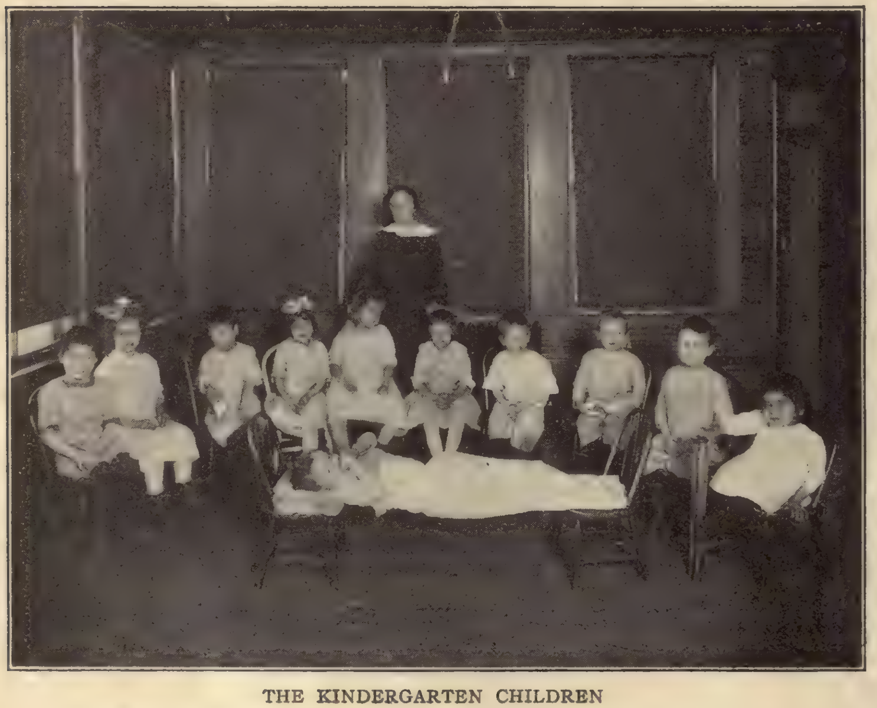
In the Van Leuven Browne School I met pupil-patients of all ages, from infancy to maturity, and what a happy family it was. Two little girls were wheeled up to the piano and played a duet. In the room was Alva, sent there by the Toledo Rotary Club, a happy, bright boy whose dexterity and skill in making things—the result of careful teaching—although he has but one finger, is nothing less than marvelous.

Only four states in this great and glorious union make any provision for the education of the crippled children. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts is one of the four states maintaining a hospital-school for crippled children. This institution is located at Canton, Massachusetts, and is under the superivsion of Dr. John E. Fish, who has devoted his life to the work. Dr. Fish told me the other day that three hundred children were cared for in the state school, educated while recuperating, and the cures amounted to approximately one hundred a year. Ninety per cent of the tubercular cripples are curable, and it is during the convalescence of these unfortunate little people that they are taught the things which will make of them useful men and women when they are well again.

BLANCHE VAN LEUVEN BROWNE

What a tragic mistake we have been making in classing the cripple with the feeble-minded as useless members of the human family, when they can be trained and educated to do things which would enable them to become self-supporting. The God-given

THE INTERMEDIATE GRADES



THE KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN

brain—a compensation left to many a cripple—should not be neglected, but employed in developing useful men and women.

VAN LEUVEN BROWNE GIRLS BATHING IN LAKE HURON

The children at the school seem happy and contented, and the stranger, looking on, wonders why they don't mind it. Of course they mind it, but they have accepted the inevitable. Look into their faces and see if you find a mental inferior. The supposition on this account is what is resented. The cripples simply want us to understand their position, "and if you do not understand, don't cry over us," they say, "for then you cannot help us."

In a book entitled "The Unheard Cry," by Joe F. Sullivan, is drawn a picture that at once arouses interest. Before his majority, Mr. Sullivan, who is a paralytic, was mayor of Imboden, Arkansas, and he has devoted his life to the cause of the cripple. His book, which is, in a way, a biography, tells the story of a little crippled boy who overheard the rest of the family making plans for the future. His stalwart brothers thought him asleep, and looking over to his corner, said, pityingly: "Poor little Jack, it'll never pay to educate him, for he will never be able to support himself." And they continued pledging themselves nobly to support him in comfort, little dreaming that little Jack was planning for an education like the others, which would enable him to support himself.

Stung and hurt by their words, this boy determined he would make his way like other boys, and pushed on through school against great obstacles, but without money for an attendant and help, he was barred from the university of his native state—deprived of the education which was his due and his life dream.

* * *

For years, we have been giving especial attention to educating the heathen in far-off Africa, the negro in the South and the Indian—everyone except that dear little white soul of a cripple that may be next door to you or may be in your own family. Our great state universities close their doors to the cripples.

Is this a land of civilization? One might well think we are like the Spartans who allowed none but the physically fit to live. But out in the various walks of life there are many men and women who have accomplished much, even while fighting to overcome some physical handicap.

As a child, the cripple may be cared for, but

"CAN'T WALK, BUT I CAN SWIM"

when he is grown, he is made to feel that he is indeed a burden to family and friends. Why not give him at least fair opportunities in early life to prepare himself for active work? Why it is that state institutions filling this need are not more generally provided, I cannot understand.

Is there a man who would not, if he could, save a little child from a life of painful struggle and protect it from despair? The truth is that we have been careless; we have been soothing our souls with the romantic idea of providing for the unfortunates in far-off lands, unmindful of the little ones at home who are crying for an opportunity to train themselves for a useful life.

ALVA BUNKER
Sent to the school by the members of the Toledo Rotary Club

There is the God-given mind which must be nourished, for the cripple, though maimed and distorted in body, is keen of intellect. As the flowers, the grass and trees, he, too, has a place in the world.

The backbone of hope is ambition, which is a mental state, and the realization of the cripple's ambition rests upon education—that's what he is longing for; education that will fulfill his dreams of the happy life even in the shadow of his affliction. In these children flow the hopes and aspirations of their more fortunate playmates.

When among those who are afflicted like themselves, their deformities do not seem so marked; they become accustomed to each other. They know how to adjust and enjoy themselves and take pride in trying to do things that were thought impossible. We cannot realize what it means to a cripple to have all his hopes and ambitions stiffled.

First, it should be shown that the cripple's handicaps along one line do not necessarily render him useless to society. While a cripple girl may not be physically able to stand all day in a dry-goods store, she can paint and embroider and even do typewriting, as well as numerous other tasks that will make her independent. The pages of history are filled with the achievements of men who were cripples. Alexander, Pope, Scott, Byron, and even the Apostle Paul, were cripples. Supposing the education of those men had been neglected and thrust aside, what would have been the result?

There is a tendency among cripples, perhaps, to be over-sensitive, but we must remember that this sensitiveness is never permitted to heal, for pity without sympathy and helpfulness only serves to keep the wound open. And, yet, latent within the hearts of the American people is a desire to help.

If there is a cripple in a crowd, he is stared at, but how few are courageous enough to help him! I cannot tell when I have read anything more inspiring than Joe Sullivan's story of the cripple's Christmas. In the happy Yuletide, thousands are rushing to their homes from school and the various walks of life, but the cripple is left behind. Human, though distorted in body, he is too often neglected and ostracized by his own city, state and government—no school to leave, no schoolmates to bid good-bye; no institutions provided by the state where they may come and go holiday time.

It was gratifying to read Joe Sullivan's challenge to the Columbia professor who said, "Educate only the fit." This was not intended altogether as it read, but was one of those things that results in

A MUSIC LESSON AT THE VAN LEUVEN BROWNE HOSPITAL SCHOOL

"TAWASENTHA" CAMP-FIRE GIRLS AND THE "BLUEBIRDS" OF THE VAN LEUVEN BROWNE HOSPITAL SCHOOL thoughtless neglect of the cripple. He quoted the poet Shelley, a great sufferer and an unfit himself, who gave this explanation:

> Most wretched men are
> cradled into poetry by
> wrong;
> They learn in suffering
> what they teach in
> song.

He presents an array of "unfit" immortals, such as Gibbon, Beethoven, Moliere, Calvin, Carlyle, Ruskin, Alexander, Stephens, Stevenson, Voltaire, Kant, Heine, and many others—all physically unfit, and yet every one made the world richer because of the stimulus for mental effort occasioned, perhaps, by their very unfitness. He points out that Europe has furnished a large number of successful and immortal "unfit." Europe is the one continent that makes provision for the education of the cripple, and it has furnished us a lesson in civilization well worth heeding.

JOE F. SULLIVAN
Managing editor of the *Van Leuven Browne Magazine* and author of "The Unheard Cry"

In the *Van Leuven Browne National Magazine* are pictures and articles telling just what the pupil-patients are doing.

The leaven is working, for only recently in Pittsburgh, Mr. Henry Kaufman, a retired merchant of that city, has given a million dollars to hospitals for child cripples. In Philadelphia there is a home for crippled children, endowed and maintained by Mrs. Widener.

The work of this school has attracted the commendation of Mr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education at Washington, who heartily approves of the work. He, as well as others, cannot understand why the Census Bureau and

THE ADVANCED GRADE AT THE VAN LEUVEN BROWNE SCHOOL

the school officers of the states and cities have not gathered information about the crippled children as they have about the deaf and the blind, for if the facts were known, the great heart of America would readily respond. Fortunately, the statistics are now being gathered, and when the facts are presented, I feel confident that the American people and every state in the Union that has not already made provision for educating the cripples of their commonwealth will do so at once, realizing that civilization of today means conservation, and that there is work and a life for the cripple that can be made as useful to the nation as that of the more fortunate, but perhaps less thoughtful.

The cry of the cripple is: "Give us a chance to use our minds and our intellects that have been left to us." Invest a few hundred dollars in the invalid years of a cripple in childhood, and you are making a self-sustaining, self-respecting citizen out of him, instead of a miserable pauper. You are reflecting the real and ideal spirit of America, and solving an economic as well as a philanthropic problem.

"MOTHER BLANCHE" AND ESTHER BROWNE

Miss Browne is one of the foremost leaders of constructive cripple welfare work in the United States, and her work and methods are attracting nation-wide attention

BROTHERHOOD

By H. P. LOVECRAFT

IN prideful scorn I watched the farmer stride
  With step uncouth o'er road and mossy lane;
How could I help but distantly deride
  The churlish, calloused, coarse-clad country swain?

Upon his lips a mumbled ballad stirred
  The evening air with dull cacophony;
In cold contempt, I shuddered as I heard,
  And held myself no kin to such as he.

But as he leaped the stile and gained the field
  Where star-faced blossoms twinkled through the hay,
His lumb'ring footfalls oftentimes would yield,
  To spare the flowers that bloomed along the way.

And while I gazed, my spirit swelled apace;
  With the crude swain I owned the human tie;
The tenderest impulse of a noble race
  Had proved the boor a finer man than I!

LET'S TALK IT OVER

AT LAST I am able to do just what I have wanted to do for many years—devote space in the National Magazine every month to a concrete, practical and definite line of study and practice for promoting individual happiness. The Declaration of Independence defined "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" as the supreme measure of human rights.

We have enjoyed life and liberty, but what attention has been given to the greatest of the three—the pursuit of happiness? What definite program has ever been announced or even attempted to provide the individual with a plan for attaining happiness. Such a plan has been formulated, and will be published in the National Magazine.

Thousands of letters have come to us insisting that the National Magazine is the "Happy Magazine," and now we are going to further justify this appellation.

We have magazines of efficiency, magazines of success, magazines of prosperity—why should we not have a magazine of happiness? There are magazines devoted to almost every line of human endeavor contributing to the great fund of ultimate happiness, and yet none of them have the declared purpose of happiness as a direct result.

So I am going to count on the readers of the National to formulate in this department something that will add to the happiness of every reader. We take exercises for our health; we study music and read for recreation, so why not devote a little time each day to the specific study of ourselves as to the thing that is most likely to make us happy?

The nation will never be complete until we establish what an old philosopher called the Commonwealth of Happiness, with ourselves, as citizens of that state of mind known as happiness.

We read and talk about happiness as a thing outside of ourselves; as something far away in an enchanted Elysian field when, as a matter of practical, every-day fact, we know that happiness lies within us. There are walks, talks, books, pleasures, work—a multitude of activities that have taken people out of themselves, and regenerated disconsolate and gloomy souls into happy spirits, through practical, every-day suggestions, that in every way harmonize with any belief or creed.

The general introductory article appears in this issue of the National. Let us know what you think about it.

* * *

SUBMARINE warfare has stimulated interest in exploring the vasty deeps. The success of European naval officers in sowing the seas with a field of contact mines, without attracting attention, not only placing them, but knowing just where they are placed, makes Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" rather a prophecy than a tale of fiction. Charts are now used to describe locations and the sea depths are carefully sounded by rangers of the undersea, planting mines just far enough below the surface to blow up ill-fated ships with the unsuspecting crew and passengers.

The development of mine defense has made enormous fortifications unnecessary and useless except to prevent the removal of these submarine defenses. With the genius of Thomas A. Edison and his assistants concentrated upon a system of defense invoking the use of the wizardry of electricity, the old law of heavier armament and new systems of defense will receive new exemplification. Whenever a supposedly impenetrable armor plate is made, a gun is made to pierce it, and the same rule seems to be holding good in aerial and submarine defense and attack.

The Child is King

'Tis Christmastide,
Lay cares aside,
And let the joy-bells ring;
Prepare the throne
In every home
And crown the baby king.

Beside the tree
His majesty
Holds court with fond relation,
Where Christmas joys
Are mixed with toys
As suit his new-born station.

* * *

VERY often we note that suggestions apparently of little importance become the subject of a propaganda of nation-wide scope.

A movement was launched early in the autumn by the Consumers' League of New York, encouraging people to do their Christmas shopping early. Pamphlets and circulars were sent out broadcast, outlining the humanitarian as well as the economical phase of the subject. Car cards carried the message, and daily papers impressed the slogan, "Do Your Christmas Shopping Early." The idea has borne fruit in eliminating much of the last-minute gift shopping.

This year more Yuletide presents were bought in November than at any other time within the memory of man. The people have found out that, by shopping early, they can select their gifts from complete stocks, and avoid crowds, besides helping every man, woman or child connected with the selling and delivery of purchases. The movement itself is symbolic of an ideal Christmas spirit of unselfishness. In eliminating the hardship of overwork and confusion, it has made more real the message of the herald angels: "Peace on Earth, Good Will Towards Men."

* * *

ON the editorial page of the most widely-circulated periodical in the world appears the name of George Horace Lorimer. He was born in old Kentucky—Louisville, to be exact—October 6, 1868. His father was George C. Lorimer, the eminent Baptist minister, who was for many years pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston. George Lorimer spent his high school days in Chicago, where he became imbued with the spirit of development which permeated the Middle West at that time. His college course is credited to Colby and to Yale, where he used to sit under the elms and dream of what he would do after graduation. His career was begun in Chicago, where he remained in business until 1896. This experience was the foundation for the editorial sagacity which has characterized the building up of the publication of which he was appointed managing editor in 1897.

One of the first editors to realize the literary possibilities in modern business conditions, George Lorimer proceeded to write the sort of material he wanted if he could not buy it. His "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," published in 1902, made him famous as a writer. "Old Gorgon Graham" followed in 1904; "The False Gods" two years later, and in another interval of two years, "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal." All of his books reflect contemporaneous American life.

In the personality of George Horace Lorimer is the vigor of strength and youth —and he never strives to impress you as the only wise man of this age. He has traveled extensively, and knows how to use his eyes to see things, no matter where he goes. Of a keen, analytical mind, with a rollicking sense of humor, the world-wide popularity of the periodical is a result of the world-wide vision of the editor. He is familiar with details of trade, and writes about it in such a way that business men appreciate it as literature rather than text-book comment.

Photo by Elias Goldensky

GEORGE H. LORIMER
Editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*

Many of the successful semi-business stories in *The Saturday Evening Post*, those stories which "idealize the real" activities of everyday life, show the directing hand of the editor. Who could think of *The Saturday Evening Post* without remembering "Potash and Perlmutter," and Irvin Cobb's "Judge Priest" stories? And the fact that Colby has conferred the degree of Litt. D. upon George Horace Lorimer does not seem to prevent the modest editor from remaining just one of the plain writers of the day.

During the nineteen years he has presided over the editorial desk of *The Saturday Evening Post* his predominating thought has been to improve the standard of the publication—watching all the while, with the keenness of the man who knows the price of public opinion, the trend of events, and keeping in touch with the dizzy whirl of metropolitan life as well as the far-scattered and isolated units of population. In his editorial work, George Horace Lorimer reflects a distinctive type of Americanism.

Few Americans who have achieved literary fame within the last decade have not, at one time or another, come in contact with the vigorous young editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*. The long lines of contributors, familiar visitors to his sanctum, represent many of the most prominent American authors.

The bushels of manuscripts that pour in upon him every day do not appall him. The mass of correspondence involved never phases him, for with the keen zest of the born impresario, he is never so delighted as when he is preparing to bring out a new author. The comments upon each individual story he watches as keenly as a baseball score, and every symptom of success or failure is carefully diagnosed, with a view of giving his readers "infinite variety."

* * *

BECAUSE we couldn't help being pleased with the following letter, we want to share it with our readers:

> Have not had time to read my NATIONALS for the last two months, but will have time soon, I hope, and then I shall enjoy a fine treat reading them. It's like eating a nice dinner, with me, to read such a splendid worthwhile magazine.— BERTHA M. METZGER, November 1, 1916.

THE power of the artist's brush was never more effectively demonstrated than in the striking poster design by August William Hutaf, which won the thousand-dollar prize offered by the Poster Advertising Association for a poster exploiting poster advertising. Mr. Hutaf is art director of the A. M. Briggs Company, and his poster expresses the strong and virile personality of the artist. For many years Gus Hutaf has been one of the well-known illustrators and artists in New York. He works like a whirlwind, and his ideas are as big, broad and massive as his physique. His poster is an appropriate apostrophe to the spirit of the times.

In reproducing this poster on another page, it is regrettable that the rich coloring exemplifying "Beauty, Power and Impressiveness," cannot be more than suggested, for it is in his color effects that Mr. Hutaf excels. The poster at once reveals masterful technique and originality of thought. First it rivets the attention, then it satisfies the eye, and its message comes with accumulative force. In the poster gallery, when the designs were exhibited at Atlantic City, this sketch stood out from the rest as positive, compelling and pre-eminent, and yet not offensive to the competing designs. It was like a color that blended and harmonized with everything else.

On the first vote of the judges, the Hutaf design won a distinctive majority—the judges did not know, however, the name of the artist. The decision was reached, not only by the directors, but by all the visiting members of the association present, who were not slow to express their preference of the designs exhibited. When the award was announced, Mr. Hutaf was called and made a happy response, in which he frankly confessed that the design was not a "hit or miss" sketch, but represented many years' concentration, study and experiment, on the poster form of art expression. He discarded no less than a score of other ideas which he did not deem worthy to give expression to this one overpowering thought.

The design was printed by the Latham Lithographing Company, and is considered one of the most effective exploitive factors in poster advertising that has yet been produced. The impression that is driven home to the individual in looking upon the design is that it avoids the direct selling appeal that was incorporated in a majority of the sketches submitted.

It has been pronounced a design that is ninety-nine per cent "pictorial compensation" to the beholder, and consequently, the "noise" it makes is like the golden tones of Caruso rather than the raucous note of a Klaxon. Translucent Niagara-green predominates in the waterfall, the glow of sunset is on the mountains; the shadows are rich purple, and the sky a brilliant Italian-blue. The gold of the sunshine and the brilliant coloring are emblematic of Beauty; the rushing waters, a personification of Power, and above, the pearly mist, through which an evanescent rainbow appears, suggests the Impressive ideal of tomorrow. In the foreground the rich foliage is in varying shades of blue, with lettering of old gold. The design, revealing an attraction interesting all ages and classes, heralds the predominance of

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AUGUST WILLIAM HUTAF

pure pictorial matter on a poster. It drives home the slogan of "Beauty, Power and Impressiveness"—a triolgy triumphant in poster exploitation.

The work of Mr. Hutaf indicates that he is one of those rarely-found practical artists who began at the bottom of the ladder. Having occupied executive directorate positions, his dominant artistic instinct is blended with the power of practical purpose. A member of the Society of Illustrators and the Dutch Treat Club in New York, the home and studio of Gus Hutaf are a delight to his friends. The mark of his personality is an art of expression itself, for no one who knows Gus Hutaf could fail to love the big-hearted, jolly, rollicking soul, who has a message of good cheer for everybody, everywhere—an irredeemable and irreclaimable optimist, heralding ever the hopefulness of the Beauty he has portrayed with his brush; the Power of his personality, and an Impressiveness that can never be forgotten by anyone who has met him.

PRIZE POSTER DESIGNED BY A. W. HUTAF

* * *

THERE has been a wonderful advancement in practical telephony since Alexander Graham Bell first brought his telephone to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, and had it thoroughly tested. At that time the Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil tried it and pronounced it the "wonder of the age." Some sneered at it as a "toy," and said it would never be brought into service, but the scoffers are now silent or passed away, blissfully ignorant of the wonderful progress and range of telephonic service over the world.

Now that miles of telephone wires have bound the continents closer together, it will be but a short time before a single voice can be heard echoing around the world with almost the speed of a lightning flash, and this would indeed literally fulfill the poet's license that told of the "embattled farmers" who "fired the shots heard 'round the world.'" Instead of carrying out this figure of speech, with concomitant horrors of death and destruction, modern science and American initiative genius will substitute the human voice heard around the world, spanning the globe and bringing to friends thousands of miles apart familiar voices and human sympathy.

* * *

AMONG those whom I delight in calling my "philosopher friends" is Tom Dreier—some might call him Thomas, others Mr. Dreier, but to his friends he is always Tom. He is one of those rare souls who think quickly and write clearly, with a manner of expression that is altogether individualistic. While connected with the work of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, he made more friends in a speaking trip across the continent than did Bryan—William J. Although in his early thirties, he has seen more of life than most men of threescore and ten.

He was born at Durand, Wisconsin, and his mother decided that he should be a priest. At the end of the second year of study, the wanderlust possessed him, and he became in turn specialty salesman, confectioner, storekeeper, millhand, barber, waiter, "devil," foreman in a printshop, reporter on no less than three Wisconsin papers, and business manager of the Sheldon University Press—but all the time he was keeping his eyes and ears open, without losing the twinkle in his eye.

For some years he was editor of "Business Philosophy," which led him into the advertising realm, where he has developed a virile, vagabond philosophy and produced stuff that his clients paid a high price to have printed—in the advertising pages of leading periodicals. As editor of *Associated Advertising* he made of a prosaic trade paper a propaganda for ethical and even religious sentiment, for he knows how to roll a sermon into a single sentence. The way he delves into books indicates that he really loves some of them; getting the most out of life by learning what the wise ones of previous ages have observed.

While he has not lived in Boston long enough to become veneered with "ancestor worship," he loves the traditions and associations of New England. There is that winning quality known as individuality in everything he does that brings him bushels of correspondence and many bouquets with but few thorns. He knows house organs, and has made "The Vagabond" a real thing. When he begins thumping out ideas on his typewriter, the paper flashes back some real ideas, pulsing with the spirit of today and the romance of yesterday. It's just good stuff. As has been remarked, there doesn't seem to be any more that can be said about Tom—unless we write a book and call it the "Real Biography of a Real Fellow."

* * *

WITH the general return of prosperity has come a greater desire on the part of business men and their families to travel, with a view of seeing the interesting sights of this country. Some prefer to visit the metropolitan cities of the East with their historical associations and wonderful developments of recent years; others again have a fascination for seeing the Rocky Mountains and the gorges and canyons of the West.

In former years Europe was the Mecca for thousands of Americans, many of whom did not realize that our own country possessed a variety of charms which are not found in foreign lands. The European war has had the effect of inducing the American traveler to study these beauties and realize the advantages which are peculiar to the various sections of the United States.

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THOMAS DREIER

Conspicuous among the discoveries which many Americans have made is the fact that the hotel accommodations of our metropolitan cities have no superior in the world. While this degree of excellence may usually be found in the big crowded hostelries, there is also a class of smaller hotels where the accommodations are of the highest order and where service is as nearly perfect as it is humanly possible to make it. There are several hotels of this character in New York. They are owned and managed by men who do not aspire to enormous patronage so much as they endeavor to furnish the best hotel accommodations that money can buy. There is the Webster—one of the very best hotels of the class already mentioned, located on Forty-fifth Street near Fifth Avenue, in close proximity to all the large theatres, convenient to the subway, elevated and surface cars, and yet far enough away so that guests are not disturbed by their noise.

It would be difficult to find more attractive or more cozy surroundings than may be seen in the lobby, dining rooms, sleeping chambers, and the richly decorated vestibule of the Webster.

The restaurant is the only one of its kind in New York. It is of the English-Adams period. The mural decorations are copyrighted masterpieces which cover twenty panels and were painted from life. These decorations are artistic and incite great interest among visitors. No hotel of its size in this country has a better display of mural decorations than the Webster.

The hotel's apartments consist of from one room and a bath to six rooms and two baths. The apartments are ideal homes, where all the comforts and conveniences that science and intelligent direction have been able to create are conspicuously present.

Perhaps not the least noticeable feature of this ideal New York hotel is the general efficiency on the part of the management and employees. Apparently the question of proper service receives conscientious consideration. In fact the zealous care in management seems to be of an enthusiastic character which strips life in a hotel of its irksome conventionalities and brings into play the beauties and pleasures of a hospitable and happy home.

* * *

MUNICIPAL laws of sanitation seem to have brought down the record of typhoid and typhus, and yet we tone our digestions up to a standard of high living, and ascribe all our troubles to nervous breakdowns, when we find ourselves susceptible to colds and grippe which could have been warded off if the plainer and simpler methods of living had been observed. Many visitors to the city think that they must have their fling "under the bright lights," take course dinners, and do those things that they decry in the millionaires and *nouveaux riches*. They will eat oatmeal and finnan haddie at home, in an apartment with a Queen Anne front and a Mary Anne rear, but when they go to expensive restaurants and hotels these same people will hand out tips with a royal wave of the hand and spend enough on one meal to provide a whole family with sustenance for a week.

If the thrifty Dutch forefathers could only make a survey of what is expended in one day at the New York hotels when the auto show comes to town, what would they say? Oftentimes I have been at dinners, cheered by exquisite music and ladies attired like princesses, and thought this was real life, when a ham sandwich on a stool at a railroad station would have left me better satisfied as far as the inner man was concerned.

It is usually the man who has had these experiences that is ready to preach and tell others not to indulge, but I thought that a little confession from one who had seen all the high points might be of interest even if it had the effect of simply stimulating a natural curiosity to enjoy the same experiences, rather than to accept them at second hand.

Why is it that the average American thinks when he has made money that he must celebrate by "stuffing" himself and friends with high-priced dinners? He would think it outrageous if he were asked to give that friend (who might indeed need it) the five dollars that he would spend on the dinner. Is not this kind of generosity, after all, just a means to gratify the innate desire of Americans to be liberal spenders, and to make a show, by throwing a yellow-backed bill on the tray, and in a nonchalant way, passing the remnants of a dollar or so to the waiter, then perhaps to go home and quarrel over carfare?

* * *

ON my first visit to Springfield, Illinois, I immediately looked up Dr. William Jayne, an old friend and confidant of Abraham Lincoln. He lived hale and hearty, dying in his ninetieth year. The last time I saw him his mind was clear as to incidents associated with the life of his old friend Abraham Lincoln.

Born in Springfield, four times mayor of the city, and the one Springfield man who attended the first inauguration of Lincoln, Dr. Jayne, as an old friend from home, stood near Lincoln on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Dr. Jayne was educated and began his profession as a physician in Springfield. He was one of the founders and first presidents of the Phi Alpha Society, and stood in the front rank of his profession, although he never devoted his energies entirely to his profession. He was a natural leader in public matters and a state senator when Lincoln was nominated. In '61 he was appointed as territorial governor of Dakota, and was afterward made pension agent of Illinois.

As mayor of Springfield in '59, he found among his loyal supporters "Abe" Lincoln. He was again elected mayor twenty-three years later, and again thirty-seven years later, which would indicate that in a period covering more than a generation he served the home town of Abraham Lincoln as its chief executive.

In the little chats I had with him at the bank and on the streets, he told me many reminiscences and showed me some rare old letters. He did not use glasses even in his eighties, and never seemed to tire of talking of his old friend, "Abe." When I first heard him describe Lincoln's inaugural address, with the thousands of unionists and friends gathered feeling that the thunderbolt of secession was impending, apprehensive of the safety of the President, it seemed that no page of history could ever preserve such a record. When the cheering began at that first inaugural, Senator Stephen A. Douglas held the hat of Abraham Lincoln while he bowed to the people. Several southern states had already seceded from the Union; Jefferson Davis and other Senators had withdrawn from the Senate; the Confederacy was already organized and war seemed inevitable. The doctor used to shiver when he described that March day of '61, cold and disagreeable. The first three days of the month were warm, but on inauguration day it turned off cloudy, with a keen wind and a low temperature.

Dr. Jayne showed me a photograph of Mrs. Lincoln in her inaugural ball gown of flowered silk, and there was a twinkle in his eyes as he described that ball. He insisted, even as late as last year, that of all the frills and new fancy feminine attire, nothing to him was more beautiful than women as attired at the first inaugural, where the hoop skirt reigned supreme. He grimly remarked that if the women of those days had appeared on the streets in the hobble skirts of late years, they would have created as much consternation as a ballet dancer "en costume," walking up the aisle of a church during a funeral service.

Dr. Jayne could tell some of the real old Lincoln stories, and when he told them they just seemed like good stories, but they could scarcely be reprinted verbatim. He was one of the last survivors of the intimate personal friends of Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

WITH the realization that approximately $500,000,000 are annually consumed in fire loss, we must confess that the country possesses a most pretentious ash heap. Not only is this a criminal waste, but many lives are sacrificed on this altar of carelessness. Of recent years a systematic campaign has been carried on against fire loss. Chief Guerin, of the New York City Fire Prevention Bureau, declares that the Federal, state and city governments have finally awakened to the importance of this movement. It is found that the "fire prevention idea"—a simple proposition of attention and vigilance—is already curtailing losses. Until we stop this fire waste, the country will never prosper. The insurance policies are not sufficient.

It is suggested that educational methods should be adopted to bring a realization of the rights of women and children in this country to be protected against fire. It is estimated that seventy-three per cent of all fires in cities are due to pure carelessness.

Why leave matches where children can get them, and why throw them into other than tin receptacles?

Why go into attics, cellars, or closets, particularly rooms where rubbish is stored, with burning matches, candles or other open flames?

Why have gas mantles against windows?

Why do you have stoves near woodwork unprotected by metal sheeting?

Why have explosives in the house?

Why permit garments to be cleaned with volatile fluids at night or in the daytime if there is an open flame in the room?

Why use oil lamps that are top-heavy, or are fitted with paper or cloth shades?

Why use candles on Christmas trees, where a falling candle can start a conflagration?

Why leave oily rags about when they can be easily burned?

Why not clean out chimney flues at least once a year and replace broken gas tips and lamp chimneys immediately?

Why not examine your gas stoves, and never use gas stoves with rubber connections.

Why not be prepared and act quickly when the conflagration comes, and have a fire drill in your own home, as well as compel them to have them on board ships and in public schools?

* * *

YEARS ago when I was editor of a country newspaper, there was a curly-headed boy who carried papers for me. He was always prompt on his route, so that the sheets, hot from the press, were delivered promptly to the subscribers in the East End. We became well acquainted, this little boy and I, and he used to tell me his dream of the future. While but little older than the carrier boys, I was looked upon as having arrived at man's estate, as I wore side whiskers.

Speaking in New York City recently, I was greeted by a big, handsome young man in clerical garb. When he came up and gave me the old pass-word, I knew that at least one of my boys' dreams had been fulfilled, for he was none other than Father Crumbly, O. F. M., Chaplain at Joliet Prison in Illinois, whose work has attracted nation-wide attention because it is built on the right idea.

Some time later I visited Father Crumbly at Joliet. It was a dark, gloomy, rainy day; prison walls could never seem more grim and forbidding. But Father Crumbly has the happy faculty of carrying within these walls the inspiration to do the right thing. It was, indeed, affecting to see men bid him goodbye, insisting they were going straight. His desk is covered with letters from boys who have left. He believes the prison is a place to prepare men for resuming the rights of citizenship. When it is realized that 475,000 men are leaving the prisons every year and going out again in various walks of life, the work being done by such earnest men as Father Crumbly is given its true status. It is not maudlin sentiment; it is a business proposition—sound economic principle that as long as there is hope of making a good citizen out of a bad citizen, such a hope should ever spur on interest in that direction.

Now and then I would have to stop and look at the cheery father as he waved his hand with the sympathetic, but always sensible and practicable words of advice. The band played for him and made the old prison walls ring with the spirit of hope. Then I would have to stop and look at this kindly, good-natured all-man fellow and wonder if that was the little curly-headed boy of long ago. Yes, there was the same twinkle in the dark eyes, the same heartiness of the old days. Outside of the prison walls Father Crumbley knows who to meet and mingle with men to win their love, confidence, and respect. He has also a profound comprehension of the natural sequence of cause and effect—wherever he is, he is himself.

Father Crumbly is a Rotarian, and few citizens in Joliet are more popular, for he has taken up his work, unattractive as it might seen in some aspects, with all the joy and enthusiasm of having found a vineyard rich unto the harvest. On his visiting day in his own parish, and even outside his church, none are more welcome than the young Father, who radiates sunshine and good cheer and keeps his heart ever beating in sympathetic unison with those who need as well as those who cherish the friendship of a real friend.

(*Continued on page* 456)

A RAMBLE *in* BOOKLAND

STORIES of western life predominate in the fiction of the year, and "The Heart of Thunder Mountain,"* by Edfrid A. Bingham, is a thrilling tale of an Eastern woman, whose love for Philip Haig, the bitter enemy of her kinsman, leads her to deeds of danger and self-sacrifice. Haig, embittered by a youthful experience with a heartless woman, has a cynical outlook on life, and holds the fair sex in contempt. His pursuit of Sunnysides, a wild horse, over Thunder Mountain, and Marion's heroic battle for his life, gradually brings him to the realization that a woman can be true and what she seems to be.

* * *

Another western story is "The Finding of Jasper Holt,"† by Grace Livingston Hill Lutz, which begins with a railroad wreck in which the hero saves the heroine, only to find that she is the sister-in-law of his bitter enemy. This, of course, leads to complications a-plenty. He saves her life no less than three times, and finally wins her hand as a reward for merit, after a long and arduous courtship. Jasper Holt, the "outcast rancher," proves to be the bravest of the brave, and in the end is respected by those who previously held him unworthy of trust. His idea was to hold to what was right, without recognition of what was law, a stand which led to his vindication in the eyes of those who had opposed him.

* * *

Then there is "The Girl from the Big Horn Country,"* by Mary Ellen Chase, a story especially interesting to younger readers, in which Virginia Hunter, who has until her sixteenth year lived on a Wyoming ranch, with few companions of her own sex, is sent to an Eastern boarding school, because her Eastern aunt believed her education could not be finished in any other way. Though she dreaded the experience, she found that, after all, people in the East were not so hard to become acquainted with as she had been led to suppose. Her friendships and little adventures at the school enabled her to pass her time more pleasantly than she had thought possible. The book has natural characters, fresh incidents, and a general atmosphere of sincerity and wholesome understanding of girl nature.

* * *

From scenes of American life, "The Grasp of the Sultan"† takes the reader to Constantinople, where intrigue and suspicion permeate the atmosphere. This is primarily a story of the Sultan's harem, whose confines are held sacred from curious eyes. A young Englishman, down on his luck, obtains, through an old family friend, the position of tutor to the sons of the Sultan; among them is Bayazet, a little chap of four, who has been taken from his mother by the Sultan's orders, as punishment. The little fellow is instantly attracted to his new tutor, who soon becomes interested in the story of the boy's mother, as told him by Lala Sheddin, head eunuch. This interest leads him into a number of adventures, which threaten to cost him his life. By a turn of fate it is the Sultan's life which is forfeited, and Adams, the young Englishman, escapes in company with Bayazet and his mother. The author of the story has not signed his name, and the reader may conjecture among his favorite authors as to who is responsible for it.

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*"The Heart of Thunder Mountain." By Edfrid A. Bingham. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.35 net.

†"The Finding of Jasper Holt." By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.25 net.

*"The Girl from the Big Horn Country." By Mary Ellen Chase. Boston: The Page Company. Price, $1.25 net.

†"The Grasp of the Sultan." Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, $1.25 net.

* * *

In Egypt is laid the scene of "Behold the Woman,"* by T. Everett Harre, a book which has elicited a deal of comment, both favorable and otherwise. It is the story of Mary, the powerful Alexandrian courtesan, whose beauty was the glory of Egypt; a story of the regeneration of a woman who had lived a life of luxury by means of the power which she held over men through her great wit and beauty. When Christianity invaded the land, she was denounced and degraded, finally taking refuge in flight from Alexandria to the land of Christ, where she meets death alone in the desert, having at last atoned for her sins.

* * *

Wisdom from the land of the Pharaohs is contained in "Excerpts from an Egyptian Manuscript,"† by K. Esryer. The first section treats of reminiscences of Tewfix, an Egyptian astrologer, who was sought for his wise counsel. Two fascinating love letters, in the time of RamesesII, of about six hundred words each, enrich the collection of Oriental love literature. The second section contains a story of the Deities, based on Tewfix's dream of a visit to Cloudland, where he explored the mysteries of that strange realm. The concluding section, Ancient Feasts, embraces some interesting historical facts. The small volume is fascinatingly bound in green ooze leather, stamped in gold leaf.

* * *

Completing the trilogy of the "Anne" books is "Anne of the Island,"* by L. M. Montgomery, in which the heroine, who was first introduced in "Anne of Green Gables" is carried through school at Redmond College, and brought to the culmination of a pretty romance. Her sweet disposition and happy manner win her friends wherever she goes, and the merry times at "Patty's Place," where Aunt Jamesina kept house for the girls, formed pleasant memories for the long evenings when Anne was a country schoolma'am at Valley Road. Her friends were afraid she would marry the wealthy Roy Gardner, but after being inspected by his mother and sisters, she decides that all's not gold that glitters, and finally rewards Gilbert Blythe's steadfast affection.

* * *

A collection of short stories, with scenes laid in England and Ireland, by G. A. Birmingham, has been published under the title of "Minnie's Bishop."† Many of them, if not all, have been published before, but admirers of Mr. Birmingham are glad to have them in this form for ready reference. Like the tales of O. Henry, these stories can be re-read and then read again, with a deal of enjoyment from each reading.

* * *

A debt of gratitude should be paid to Harriet Prescott Spofford for "A Little Book of Friends,"‡ in which she tells of her personal acquaintance with such famous New England women as Annie Fields, Sarah Orne Jewett, Anne Whitney, Celia Thaxter, Gail Hamilton, Mary Louise Booth, Jane Andrews, Louisa Stone

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*"Behold the Woman." By T. Everett Harre. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.35 net.

†"Excerpts from an Egyptian Manuscript." By K. Esryer. Chicago: R. R. Donnelly & Sons. Privately printed.

*"Anne of the Island." By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: The Page Company. $1.25 net.

†"Minnie's Bishop." By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.20 net.

‡"A Little Book of Friends." By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.25 net.

BEULAH MARIE DIX

Author of "The Battle Months of George Daurella," * a story of the present war, in which Lieutenant George Daurella joins the army to make a name for himself that he may impress the woman he loves. Bruised and scarred for life, he at least learns something of the futility of war from his own suffering and the suffering he has brought to others

Hopkins, Rose Terry Cooke, and Louise Chandler Moulton. Mrs. Spofford writes of these women as she knew them, laying stress rather on their personalities and private lives than on their public achievements.

* * *

There is, unfortunately, a great deal of ignorance about the exact wording of the American Constitution and how to interpret it. We say this advisedly, for we remember that in our schooldays one of our tasks was to glibly learn the articles and amendments of that great document word for word, but without the illuminating criticism and discussion so necessary to an adequate understanding of its provisions for government. A great deal of the uncertainty in regard to the Constitution is probably due to the fact that up to the present time it has been somewhat difficult of access for ready reference, and has been found chiefly in the appendix of some large and bulky historical or reference volume. That difficulty, we are glad to say, has at last been eliminated by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge of New York, who publish in a tiny volume of one hundred and twenty-seven pages the Constitution,* with a bibliography and index, as arranged by Francis Newton Thorpe, who is author of "The Constitutional History of the United States." The little volume, which is only four by two and a half inches in size, can be most conveniently carried in the vest pocket and used for reference at any time, and we especially endorse the information it contains and the index which will quickly throw light on any disputed question.

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*"The Battle Months of George Daurella." By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Duffield & Company. Price, $1.25.

* * *

Anyone contemplating a trip to Egypt would do well to consult a copy of "A Tour to Egypt,"† by Jefferson Jackson, a most interesting description of the author's tour and experience in the land of the Pharaohs, enhanced with over one hundred illustrations taken by his wife, who accompanied him. He has avoided trite descriptions of the country and its scenery, which can be obtained from almost any geography, and has devoted his space to the people, their lives, customs and religions. Mr. Jackson traveled to all parts of Egypt and saw all the wonderful and diversified sights which that country affords. One could not, of course, imagine a book on Egypt without some comment on the pyramids and the Sphinx. The Nile and the people who dwell in its valley, with the monotonous life of the peasantry, have a goodly share of attention. Alexandria and Cairo, whose hotels rank with the best, but whose coffee is poor, have always a fascination about them which is truly wonderful; their very age, coupled with the unique habits of their motley population, add to the interesting experiences of the traveler. Mr. Jackson takes his readers up the Nile to Luxor, Esna and Edfu to Assuan, where is located the great dam which holds in leash the waters of the Nile.

On the return, the Jacksons visited Fiume and Budapest, called the "Chicago of Europe," and then home on the Laconia, finishing a trip from which they derived so much pleasure that they wanted the great reading public to enjoy with them their tour to Egypt.

* * *

A story of the Old Dominion, told by a Virginian, is "A Man's Reach,"* by Sally Nelson Robins. Randolph Turberville, an aristocrat by birth, almost ruins his career by his addiction to alcohol. His love for Lettice Corbin, who at times seems to hold him by but a slender thread, finally brings him back to a determination to become worthy of her by turning from his bad habits and making a name for himself as a lawyer. His defense of Robert Catlett brought him the distinction he sought, and the reader leaves him happy in the love of Lettice.

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*"Constitution of the United States. With Bibliography and Index." By Francis Newton Thorpe. New York: Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge. Price, 15 cents.

†"A Tour to Egypt." By Jefferson Jackson. Chicago: National Harness Review. Price, postpaid, $2.00.

*"A Man's Reach." By Sally Nelson Robins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.25 net.

The City's Blight

by

Robert Oliver Walters

If you love an old-fashioned story about old-fashioned folk — If you love a Christmas story, a genuine Shake-a-leg-there-Ben Country Christmas Home-coming story — If you can cast yourself away 'way back, years and years ago, when automobiles were mere "horseless carriages," and nobody believed in 'em anyway — Then take my hand and come with me to Three Corners, New York, and into the Hoskins' home —

JEFF HOSKINS announced to his parents one autumn evening that he intended to go to the city to make his way. The gray-haired mother, who was standing up, sat down quickly and, after a dazed stare at her boy, began weeping; and the gray-haired father, who was sitting down, got to his feet quickly, and after gazing hard at his boy for just an instant, told him not to act like a fool.

"It's not foolish, Dad," said Jeff quietly. "I am twenty-four years old, six feet and one inch, and have two hundred dollars. Most all my life I've wanted to try the city, but haven't had a good opportunity. I don't like farm work. You have brother Bill and you don't really need me here, so I'm going—and I don't want you and mother to feel badly about it."

His parents had feared this crisis. They had discussed it many times and had as often comforted each other with the hope that Jeff would "settle down." His determination to go away was not altogether a surprise, but was, nevertheless, a shock and a disappointment.

Jeff's father spoke. "Now, mother, compose yourself and be quiet. Jeff is still here. Sit down, Jeff, and let's argue."

Jeff sat down with a sigh. The old man walked slowly to and fro, his hands clasped at his back, in the living room of the little farmhouse that had been his home for fifty years.

"Jeff, my son, I'm afraid you'll go to the city, and then you'll go down like all the other country boys who've gone there before you. There's graft, and crookedness, and vice, and temptations in the city. Pick up that paper there on the table. Read it. All there is in it is rottenness, and scandals, and divorces and such. Hunt up yesterday's paper. Read it. Same things in it. Same things day before yesterday and day before that. You can't tell me anything about the city, Jeff. I never read that paper but what I thank the Lord none of us lives in the city. Now"—his voice dropped—"why don't you settle down with us? I can't pay you more money—you know that—but I can make you a good home like I always have done. You've been satisfied with your home, haven't you?"

"Sure, Dad, sure. You've made us a good home. Never a better mother nor a better father in the world. But you miss the point. I'm not going to get away from anyone. I'm going to get to where my work will count for more. I can be of more help to you and to myself by going. Other men have done it—"

"Oh, Jeff," exclaimed his mother, "you know they haven't. Look at all the boys that have gone from here to the city. They've been swallowed up! You never hear of a single one any more. There was Joe Thompson—"

"Yes, mother, I know. But Joe was an orphan. He has no relatives here. Why should we expect to hear of him?"

"And Ben Simpson," said the old man, "and the Squire's girl that ran away, and the Shotts boy. I look for them among the scandals in the paper every night."

Jeff sighed again. "You miss the point," he explained patiently. "I know there's badness in the city. There's badness here—almost everywhere. There's more of it in the city because more people are there. The city has its rounders and its bad girls, of course. So have we, right here at the Corners, only not so many of them, and they don't get into the papers. You read about all the badness in your paper, Dad, but the great mass of people—the decent city people—get into print seldom and honorably, or not at all. I'm going up there to work—and behave. I will not get into any trouble. If I think I'm going to starve, I'll pack up and come home."

The upshot of it all was that Jeff went to the city as Jeffs have done since cities were built; and his parents grieved, as parents have done since the beginning. He arrived early one morning after a tiresome all-night ride in a day coach. He had not ventured into a Pullman because, never having been in a sleeping car, he feared he would not know just what to do. Such was the simplicity of Jeff Hoskins, big, earnest, honest and rural.

The upshot of it all was that Jeff went to the city as Jeffs have done since cities were built

* * *

Three days he walked the streets. And here our story leaves familiar paths, for on the fourth day he found work; not the work he would have chosen, but honest, manly work that paid living wages. Careful Jeff put his fresh brawn and brain into it to the best of his ability.

The days passed quickly. In the evenings he worked at the office, or took long walks, or rode miles and miles on street cars. He wrote cheery, interesting letters to his parents. He read newspapers, magazines, books, that he found in the rooming house library. Rainy evenings when he did not venture out, and when his eyes became tired, were lonely. During those long evenings he wished that he had some person to talk to.

* * *

On his rambles through many streets he looked about him for the vice, the lures of the great city. All around him were people; thousands and thousands of people, hurrying along, talking, laughing, silent. He studied countless faces of these city people. He saw good faces and evil faces; rosy-cheeked and death-marked faces; strong, virile faces and faces pitiably weak. He saw much misery, much happiness, some evidences of vice.

"Different from Three Corners, of course," he thought, "but the people are just the same, exactly. More here than there, but just the same."

One day Jeff invited Miss Nellie Walsh, who worked at the office, to "go to a show." Nellie accepted, and her brown eyes were glad; for she liked this big, quiet, grave-eyed Jeff very much.

"Where shall we go?" inquired Jeff. "You know the places. Pick out one and I'll get tickets."

Nellie was surprised. It was not usual. But she concealed her astonishment.

"We want to have a real good time," added Jeff.

Nellie, being cashier, was aware that Jeff Hoskins' salary check did not call for a princely sum per week. "There's a real nice theater near our home that has good shows. Suppose—"

"Sure," said Jeff. "Suits me."

That evening, dressed in his very best, he called at the home of Miss Nellie Walsh and told that young lady in a sincere voice that he hoped she was well. She was, quite well, thank you. She presented him to a sweet old lady, her mother, who shook his hand and talked to him so nicely that he wished he had known of her before the tickets were bought.

They entered the theater lobby and climbed a stairway. Jeff had never been in such a gorgeous place before. "Tell me if I make any breaks, Nellie," he whispered half seriously. "I'm a rube from Rubeville. Never was in a big theatre before."

The girl did not remember having given him permission to call her "Nellie." She looked up into his face and laughed. She pinched his arm. "You're all right, Jeff," she said.

Poor Jeff. Nellie should not have pinched his arm. She had done so innocently, a spontaneous impulse of happiness that this big fellow was enjoying himself. She really did not know she had pinched his arm.

But Jeff knew it! At the tiny caress, his red blood quickened its flow. All evening as he sat beside her he thought about it. The show was good. They looked and listened and ate candy. Jeff, seeing for the first time, a well-rendered theatrical performance, was in ecstasy. But time and again, especially when he turned to the brown-haired girl who sat beside him with eyes shining and lips parted in smiles, he felt that disastrous pinch on his arm.

He was in a gay mood as they left the theatre. He stopped before a great restaurant and asked her to dine. She looked up at him, saw something in his eyes that made her suddenly very sober, and she said quickly: "Take me home, please."

Poor Jeff. His cheeks burned. His heart beat fast. Nellie should never have pinched his arm. How was he to know that the havoc-creating pinch was an unconscious action; that the girl now quiet and uneasy in his company was totally unaware that she had pinched him? She was a city girl; he was in the city!

* * *

At the vestibule door Nellie Walsh turned to bid him good-night. He should then have thanked her, perhaps asked to call, and departed. But she had pinched his arm! Therefore Jeff suddenly seized little Nellie Walsh, and in the darkness of the vestibule held her there, kissing her again and again and again.

She clenched her hands and struck him

with all her strength. She broke from his embrace at last. Her brown eyes were blazing, and in a tone scarcely louder than a whisper she said very distinctly: "You are a contemptible lout!" Then she turned and passed into the house, closing the door softly behind her.

"Come back, Jeff," she called. "Now listen to me—," whereupon she preached him the best sermon he had ever heard

Jeff stood with drooped shoulders, staring at the door. Slowly he realized the truth of the epithet. Slowly he turned away and walked toward his room, shame in his breast. "Oh, yes," he said bitterly. "There is rottenness and vice and temptation in the city. Oh, yes, indeed; all you have to do is make it yourself."

During the next day noon hour, when Nellie Walsh had spread out her lunch, she observed Jeff Hoskins approaching. She turned neither toward him nor away from him. With eyes fixed unwaveringly on a pimento and cracker sandwich, she heard him through his painful apology. She heard him telling all about it, and her eyes softened wonderfully.

"And," he concluded, as he turned away, "I will not annoy you again; you may be sure of it."

"Come back, Jeff," she called. "Now, listen to me—" whereupon she preached him the best sermon he had ever heard. After it was over, she gave him an apple from her lunch.

"I wonder," mused Jeff one lonely evening—he had been to call on Nellie Walsh two evenings that week already and felt that it might possibly appear presumptuous on his part to make it three—"what has become of Joe Thompson and those other Three Corners people? It seems to me I ought to be able to locate them. Perhaps Joe, or Ben Simpson, would be as glad to see me as I would be to see them. I'll try it!"

He placed a "personal" in a newspaper, asking information as to the whereabouts of Joseph Thompson, formerly of Three Corners, New York. It was a quarter well spent. On the following day he received a letter written on stationery of a large piano company, bearing the signature of Joseph Thompson, general manager.

At his first opportunity Jeff went to see Joe Thompson and, after being ushered through several rooms into a private office, that same Joe Thompson arose from behind a mahogany desk, and let forth a thunderous roar of welcome.

"Why haven't you been here before?" he demanded.

"Didn't know where to find you," said

Jeff. "Too many Joe Thompsons in the directory. I thought I might meet you on the street some day."

Joe laughed. "I am not in the street very much, Jeff. Too busy. My work keeps me occupied all day, and when evening comes I'm glad to get home to the family."

"So you're married?"

"Two finest babies in the country, and the finest wife."

Nothing would do but that Jeff must accompany Joe Thompson to his home for dinner that evening. Jeff enjoyed himself immensely. Joe had prospered. His home—he had bought it—was splendidly furnished, and all about were evidences of comfort and luxury. When Jeff complimented him on his success he replied: "I don't know about the 'success' part of it, Jeff, but I do know it makes me feel mighty good that I had sense enough to save all I could and put it where it grew—and I worked hard—that makes one feel good, too."

Jeff dubbed the two Thompson heirs the "Husky Lads," and husky they were. Mrs. Thompson, a sweet-faced mother, was plainly glad he had come. Joe was the same old Joe. He talked almost constantly of boyhood days at Three Corners. "Say, do you remember that time the bull chased you over the fence?" he asked.

"Joe," said Jeff, "why haven't you ever come back to the Corners?"

"Laziness and hard work, I suppose. You know, Jeff, I have no relatives. I felt there was nothing to go back to. Of course a man ought not to neglect his friends as I have, but I came here and buried myself in my work, and then I met my wife and my time between the two was pretty well taken up. Then the boys came, and you know how it is. Say, what are you doing?"

Jeff explained his circumstances.

"Can you arrange to report to me next Monday? I can pay you more."

"But, Joe, I don't know a thing in the world about pianos."

"That's all right, Jeff. The pianos are a detail. I'll teach you about them. The point is that I know all about *you*."

They stood outside the doorway, Joe loath to see him go. Jeff asked:

"Have you seen any Three Corners people since you came here?"

"None, except yourself."

"Ben Simpson came to the city a year or so after you did. A few months later Ab Shotts came. Then Squire Meldon's daughter Lottie—you remember Lottie—went away and they say she came here. I've often wondered how they are getting along. The folk at home think that any person who comes here immediately leaves the narrow path and falls beside the way. I don't believe that."

"There is plenty of badness here," said Joe soberly, "but I tell you, Jeff, no person is compelled to hunt for it, so far as I can see. Ordinarily a person—a normal person I mean—can stick to the good and yet not die of a broken heart. I don't say he *will* do it, understand. I say he *can* do it. The first few weeks after I came here I thought I'd see all the sights to be seen. I traveled fast. It was a mistake. I soon discovered how foolishly I was acting so I steadied down before I had thrown away my money and my health."

* * *

Jeff gazed at the man seated opposite him in a restaurant for some time before he recognized Ab Shotts.

"Hello, Ab," he said.

Ab's hand shot forth. "Well, well—Jeff, it's so seldom I see a familiar face that I didn't know you at all. I thought you looked— How are you, anyway, you old pirate? Say, just the other day I was thinking about that time the bull chased you over the fence—"

When Ab left him, Jeff had promised to go out to the Shotts' home for dinner the next Sunday. Ab's parting words were: "Don't come before twelve—unless you'll go to church with us."

Jeff smiled. "Good old Ab," he thought. "Scandal and vice, eh? I don't notice any scandal and vice hovering about the Three Corners people in this town—except me!"

Mrs. Ab Shotts made Jeff feel at home. Ab sat about, grinning from ear to ear all the time that Jeff was there. Mrs. Shotts observed that Ab was smoking entirely too much—a sure sign, she said, that he was enjoying himself. The "Baby" was three years old—a girl. Jeff dubbed her "My Sweetheart."

"Do you ever see any Three Corners people, Ab?" asked Jeff.

"Yes—Ben Simpson. See him 'most every day. He works for a real estate company in the next office to mine. You must stop in and see him."

Mrs. Ab Shotts took instant liking to big Jeff. And Jeff liked Mrs. Shotts very much also; so much, indeed, that he took her aside and whispered to her for some moments, while Ab stood looking on with his Cheshire grin and puffed furiously his fifth cigar.

"I don't care," said Ab. "Go on and whisper. I'll know what it is when you go, anyway."

The "secret" concerned the Thompson family *et al*, especially a certain Miss Nellie Walsh who, on the evening of the day that Jeff Hoskins left for his new job, went to her home and for no discernible reason whatever, refused supper and cried herself to sleep.

* * *

A few days later, over the phone Jeff Hoskins requested Nellie Walsh and her mother to accompany him the following Sunday to have dinner at the residence of Ab Shotts.

"Ab Shotts—a fellow that lived in Three Corners—is having a dinner for us. Several Three Corners people will be there. I want you to meet them." She heard him chuckling. "I want you to hear them tell about the time a bull chased me over a fence and"—he laughed aloud—"you surely must meet 'My Sweetheart,' Nellie. Will you come?"

He did not know that little Nellie Walsh suddenly put forth a hand against the wall to support her body. He did not hear her muffled, gasping "Ah" nor see the brown eyes widen with pain, and the girl's face grow white.

"Your—sweetheart—Jeff?"

"Yes. Sweetest little girl you ever saw. You'll have a good time, both of you. Will you come?"

"Oh, yes,—thanks—" her voice was dull, thick. She hung up the receiver. She turned slowly from the telephone and mounted the stairway. She went to her room.

His sweetheart was here. Some girl from his home town, probably. He had not told her of a sweetheart. Well, he had been under no obligation to tell her. He must not know, never, never! He positively *must* not know—

She and mother would go, of course. She would see this sweetheart of his. She would talk and laugh, and then she would come home—come home—"Oh, Jeff, Jeff."

She loved Jeff Hoskins more than that big, awkward, unseeing gentleman dreamed a woman could love. She had tried not to do so; he had given no reason for her to believe that his intentions were other than those of friendship. After that first night—"It was not that he *kissed* me," she told herself sadly, "it was only because those were not *good* kisses"—he had called occasionally to spend an evening, or to take her, with her mother, to some place of entertainment. Never had he spoken sentimentally, or been other than a good friend.

* * *

On that next Sunday when Jeff called, Nellie Walsh appeared to be the same bright-eyed, happy Nellie as always, radiantly dressed for a gala occasion. She was determined that no one should know how sad was her heart. She and her mother accompanied Jeff to Ab Shott's residence, where Mrs. Ab Shotts met them at the door, while the grinning Ab peeked over her shoulder and puffed enthusiastically his third cigar.

Joe Thomspon, Mrs. Thompson, and the two Husky Lads were there. Ben Simpson was there. All had a splendid time. Nellie, concealing her misery, looked about her for his sweetheart. She *must* appear happy. She talked and laughed. She sang to Joe Thompson's accompaniment on the piano. She sang very beautifully and they did not know that her nerves quivered and that she was horribly afraid she should suddenly begin to cry.

Just before dinner Joe slipped behind her chair and whispered: "Come see 'My Sweetheart.'"

The girl arose. She positively *must* not cry. She followed him into another room. She placed her hand in his because she could not help it. "Yes," she said, "I want to see your sweetheart, Jeff."

"Why, your hand is like ice," he said.

She simply *must* not—it would be horrible if she should cry.

He ushered her into a quiet room where, in semi-darkness, "My Sweetheart" lay sleeping. Nellie bent down and looked long at the tiny angel face of Ab Shott's daughter, aged three. Then, her heart fairly bursting, she raised her face to Jeff and her eyes were like stars. "Oh, Jeff," she gasped, "oh, Jeff—"

Jeff saw what brought a sudden sob to his throat, and he did what he had no intention in the world of doing until a later day—he thrust out his great arms and crushed little Nellie Walsh to him.

"Why, Nellie, it was a joke—did you care like that? My dear—I didn't know—"

* * *

One beautiful Sunday afternoon in late November, Ben Simpson and Jeff were walking through the park. Ben suddenly said:

"Look, Jeff. There is Lottie Meldon—the Squire's girl."

"No? Where?" demanded Jeff, his face lighting up with gladness.

A lady pushing a baby carriage before her approached along a gravel pathway.

"Lottie?"

"Why, Jeff Hoskins! And Ben! Well, this is a surprise. My, but I'm glad to see you. I am going home—come right along with me. Jimmie—my husband—will be glad to see you, too."

"What's this?" cried Jeff, bending down over the carriage to see a sweet little baby with big, blue, staring eyes. He dubbed this one "Dearest."

Jimmie Forbes, proud father, shook hands warmly and began a discourse of various subjects in fluent slang. When Mrs. Forbes had retired from the room for a moment, he leaned forward and said:

"You boys be careful what you say to Lottie. She's touchy about—well, you're on—she left home, you know. I married her—God bless her—and I don't want her to be unhappy. But if you let out one little yap about home or her Pop, she'll turn on the weeps. So censor your gab."

Then Jimmie's voice soared upward into the realms of sports and newspaperdom, those subjects being his forte in conversation. He wrote sporting news for one of the large dailies.

"I have to say," said Jeff, "that I don't admire your city newspapers. When I read a paper, it seems to me there is nothing in the whole city but horror."

"Good night!" gasped Jimmie Forbes in

"Jiminy crickets! Ella, listen to what he says. He says—'I am bringing some city people home to spend Christmas—'"

great amazement. "Bring up the reserves! What paper do you read, anyway?"

"At home we've taken the *Trumpet* for several years," replied Jeff, "and I buy it here because I'm used to it."

Jimmie Forbes laughed. "That explains your opinion," he said. "The *Trumpet* is the yellowest sheet in town. No wonder you have a bad opinion of our city. In the name of Friend Hoyle, you should quit the *Trumpet* habit and subscribe for a newspaper instead of a plague."

* * *

"Scandal and vice, eh?" thought Jeff, as he and Ben Simpson sat in a street car, going toward their rooms. Aloud he said: "Ben, I've been thinking of a plan to get all the Three Corners people together and take them out home for Christmas."

Ben's eyes widened. "Good," he cried. "Fine idea! Go ahead and do it!"

Joe Thompson, Mrs. Thompson and the Husky Lads were willing. Ab Shotts, Mrs. Shotts and "My Sweetheart" were willing. Nellie Walsh and Mrs. Walsh, when they knew that the Thompsons and the Shotts and Ben Simpson were willing, agreed to go. Jeff went to Jimmie Forbes.

"Lottie can go, Jeff. I want her to go. But me? Count me out right now."

"Why?" demanded Jeff.

"Look here, Jeff. I don't belong. I'm a tough mutt and a rough neck. When I was a little kid I came out of an alley and commenced selling newspapers on the streets. Maybe I should have stayed in the alley. All I can do is scribble stuff that nobody but prize-fighters and baseball fiends can understand. All I can talk is slang. If you get me down there in the woods, I'll queer your whole bunch for you. Soon as I open my bazoo your Mom will turn a back somersault and your Pop will reach for his gun. Lottie's Pop—no, sir, scratch me off your list. I've caused that poor girl misery enough, and I won't cause her any more if I can help it. But go on and get her to go."

Jeff went to Lottie. "You ought to go," he told her. "You owe it to yourself and Jimmie and the baby to go. When we get home I'm going to have a talk with your Dad—"

"Oh, Jeff," she cried, "do you think—do you really think it would do any good? I want him so, all the time. I want him to see my baby, to have him forgive Jimmie and me—"

"Well, he'll forgive Jimmie and you all right, if we give him a fair chance. He'll like Jimmie. He can't help it. Everybody likes old Jimmie—"

"But he won't go."

"Oh, yes, he will. I'm not through with him yet. When he comes home this evening, he will tell you to pack his clothes. You just wait and see."

Then he went directly back to Jimmie Forbes. "Here is where I count you out of my friendship," he said. "I wouldn't have you on the trip. As a friend, you're a rank failure—"

"What's eating you now?" cried Jimmie Forbes in amazement.

"Why, I don't think much of you, to tell the truth. Your wife is at home crying herself sick because you won't go on that Christmas trip. Then *you* pretend *she* ought to go by herself. Do you think she'll go and leave you to a lonely Christmas? Think she'd have a good time? All that's wrong with you is your government mule disposition—"

"Just a moment," yelled Jimmie Forbes. "Don't throw anything at me, will you? If she feels that way about it, I'll go, you bet. Say, how'd it do if I play deaf and dumb while I'm there, huh?"

* * *

Samuel Hoskins, Jeff's father, came into the house from out of the cold, snowy day, stamping his arctic-covered feet and threshing his arms. Ella Hoskins, Jeff's mother, watched his actions with anxious eyes. He removed his gloves.

"Well? Well?" she cried at last. "Did you get the letter?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Hoskins, with dignity. "Never a Tuesday since he went away that we didn't get a letter, was there?' He removed his muffler.

"Read it," ordered Mrs. Hoskins.

"Now, Ella, let a body get warm, can't you? You always act this way. You're the easiest excited woman—help me off with this darn overcoat, can't you?—I ever saw in all my born days. Oh, let the arctics go; I'll take 'em off after a while. You ought to have a little patience. It's four below zero out there!"

"Let me read it," suggested Mrs. Hoskins.

"Oh, I'll read it, all right. All you have to do is wait a minute. Now, I guess I'm warm enough to see—"

* * *

He extracted the letter from his coat pocket and placed it on the table.

"Now, I guess I'm ready. Where's my specs? A body simply can't put anything down in this house and find—here they are. Now, let's see—"

He opened the letter. He gazed at it in silence until Mrs. Hoskins burst out: "Are you *ever* going to start, or not?"

"He says," began Mr. Hoskins, "he says, 'New York, December twentieth—' when was that, Ella?"

"Saturday—go on."

"He says he got your letter of the fifteenth—what day was the fifteenth?"

"My Lord, Sam, are you going to read the letter, or are you going to make a speech? Go on!"

Mr. Hoskins stared at her over his glasses. "Who is this letter addressed to?" he demanded.

"Well, read it, read it!"

"All right, fidgity! He says he got your letter of the fifteenth—that was a Monday, I remember—and that he was glad to hear from you—he always says that. Then he says he is well and hopes we are the same. He always says that, too. Then he says he is—he is—Jiminy Crickets! Ella, listen to what he says. He says—"

"For God's sake, Sam Hoskins, *read* it!"

"He says—'I am bringing some city people home to spend Christmas—' "

A choking cry from Mrs. Hoskins.

"That ain't all he says, either," observed Mr. Hoskins gravely. "Listen to this—'There will be four men besides myself, four women, and four children in the party. I will do my best to see that the men are sober'—Good Lord!—'and the women decently dressed when we arrive. Hide all the cider—" '

Mrs. Hoskins began to cry.

" 'None of these people," Mr. Hoskins read on with shaking voice, " 'has figured in any scandal so far, but you never can tell when they will commence. All are heavy eaters—' What are you crying about?"

"To think that Jeff would do such a thing!" moaned Mrs. Hoskins.

"My land! Jeff is all right"—but the old man's faith was badly battered. "You are the easiest excited woman I ever saw in all my born days. First you yell at a body, then you swear at a body—"

"Swear?" Mrs. Hoskins' tears ceased suddenly.

"Yes, ma'am, swear! You said, 'For God's sake.' "

"I never did!"

"You did, not five minutes ago! Now you begin bawling."

"I never said such a thing in my life! The idea!" Her tears broke forth afresh.

Mr. Hoskins retreated manfully. "Oh, well, never mind, Ella," he soothed. "Come to think of it, I said that myself, instead of you."

"What will I do?" wailed Mrs. Hoskins. "The house looks like a pig pen."

Samuel rose magnificently to the occasion.

"Do?" he cried. "What does the best cook and the best housekeeper in Three Corners always do? You'll get the neighbor girls to help you, and you'll have fine breakfasts and fine dinners and fine suppers. You'll have the house looking like it always did, always does and always will—so clean you can't find a speck of dirt with a telescope. Now, dry up."

He walked to his wife, and, stooping, kissed her vigorously. "You're the best wife in seventeen counties," he added.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I'm going down in the cellar and hide that cider," he said.

* * *

They came, the men sober, the women decently dressed,* the babies muffled warmly—Joe Thompson, Mrs. Joe and the Husky Lads; Ab Shotts, his cigar and his grin, Mrs. Ab Shotts and "My Sweetheart"; Ben Simpson; Jimmie Forbes, Mrs. Jimmie Forbes and "Dearest"; Nellie Walsh and Mrs. Walsh; Jeff—all of them. They came tumbling from the train and swarmed all over Mr. Hoskins who, not without misgivings, met them at the station and then and there received the greatest surprise of his long life. They piled pell-mell into the big Hoskins sled and, with whoops and laughter, went rushing through the snowy road toward Jeff's home.

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*The readers must keep in mind that this is an old-fashioned story about old-fashioned people.

Mr. Hoskins, with face red from cold and delight, was almost speechless. "My land!" was all he could say as he turned time and again and looked over his shoulder at the happy crowd behind him. Suddenly he gave a great shout of laughter. "Do you know what I did?" he cried. "I hid the cider under a whole cord of wood. Now I've got to dig it up again!"

"We'll help you," announced Joe Thompson cheerfully.

"Our lunch hooks will be there with the goods," assented Jimmie Forbes.

* * *

They arrived in the afternoon of the day before Christmas. Mrs. Hoskins rushed around in such a flurry of excitement that Mr. Hoskins declared she acted like a hen on a hot griddle. Jeff's brother Bill slipped away into the woods and returned dragging a beautiful Christmas tree behind him. Mrs. Hoskins found time to run up to the attic and there rummage through a trunk. She found candles and Christmas fancies that she had saved since her boys were babies. She brought the ornaments downstairs. She left two or three tears in the trunk.

Mrs. Joe Thompson's luggage was found to contain many other ornaments for the tree; likewise Mrs. Shotts, and the Walshs delved into mysterious places and brought wonderful things to light, and they all arranged the gifts with truly magical fingers.

Mr. Hoskins wandered here and there among them, ejaculating "My land!" numberless times.

* * *

Nellie Walsh had slipped away and gone into the kitchen. With sleeves rolled up and apron on, she assisted Mrs. Hoskins to make what Jimmie Forbes, who poked his head in impolitely, afterwards declared were "four million pies."

"We'll have to eat 'em for breakfast," said Jimmie.

"Oh, yes, we often have pie for breakfast," said Mrs. Hoskins.

"Pie for breakfast?" Jimmie Forbes' saw sagged. For a moment he thought jhe was joking. Then he saw she was perfectly serious about it. He raised his right hand, closed his fist and beat upon his skull. "Back in a few minutes—wait!" he said, and disappeared.

"What in the world is he talking about?" thought Mrs. Hoskins.

The neighbors' girls were not to come until Christmas morning. It was natural that Mrs. Hoskins, working in the kitchen with Nellie Walsh, should speak at length and with great detail about her boy Jeff. She was proud of him. She told of his boyhood and his manhood deeds—all heroic deeds—such as being chased by a bull.

"His Paw," she rambled on, "is going over after supper to bring Lottie's Paw—the Squire. He'll do it, too. I never saw Jeff's Paw so worked up about anything in all my life. He's in a mood to do mischief."

"He is a dear old Dad," exclaimed Nellie Walsh, and without any discernible reason whatever, she began to cry.

Mrs. Hoskins turned to her in amazement. "My dear—why, my dear—what is the matter?"

"Nothing," sobbed the girl, "only I'm just—so—happy—"

The older woman gathered her close, smoothing the brown, wavy hair with floury hand. "My dear—" she said.

Suddenly she ceased stroking the girl's hair. She stood quite still. Then she whispered: "My dear—is it Jeff?"

And Nellie Walsh could make no answer, but clutched Jeff's mother in an embrace that was painful. A tear gathered in Mrs. Hoskins' eye and fell splashing on the brown tresses against her breast.

Mr. Hoskins, thrusting his head into the kitchen to make some announcement, forgot what he had come to say, and stared.

"Gosh sakes!" he exploded. "Bawling!" Then he retired and closed the door.

"That man," said Mrs. Hoskins grimly, "is getting positively profane. That is the second time he has said that within a week." Bravely she added, "My dear, it is all right, all right. I am glad—for Jeff."

* * *

After a Christmas Eve supper which, when he saw it spread before him, caused Jimmie Forbes to beat violently against his head and declare that he'd be back in a few minutes, wait!—Jeff wandered into the living room in search of his father. He discovered Mr. Hoskins struggling into arctics, with many grunts.

"Dad, I want you to go with me to see the Squire."

The old man looked up. "That is where I'm getting ready to start for right now," he said. "I wasn't going to bother you about it, but all the same I'll be glad to have you go along—I'm not so young as I used to be, Jeff, and I might forget myself—you can't tell." He added thoughtfully, "Still, I always could whip the Squire and I guess I can do it yet."

Jeff grinned. "Surely you're not contemplating a fist fight, are you, Dad?"

"Well, 'I don't know. He's got to come. If he'll come peaceable, all right, and if he won't all right, too—he's got to come. As I say, I'm not so young any more, but I guess I can handle him yet. Come on, son."

In response to Mr. Hoskins' vigorous rapping the Squire came quickly to his door. "Why, Sam!" he cried in glad surprise. "Merry Christmas, Sam. Who's that with you? Not Jeff? Jeff, I'm right glad to see you again. Merry Christmas to you! Come in, both of you, and get warm. It is very cold—"

"Six below," stated Mr. Hoskins. "It's liable to be colder pretty soon, John."

"Oh, I think not, Sam. It's moderating now."

"Well, you can't tell," said Mr. Hoskins stubbornly. "We'll see."

After a few commonplace remarks among the three men, Mr. Hoskins became rather quiet. He spread his gnarled hands to the Squire's cheerful open-grate coal fire. He sighed frequently. His long silences became painful.

"Sam, what ails you?" asked the Squire.

Mr. Hoskins appeared to waken from a deep meditation. "John, I was just thinking," he said, "it is Christmas time come again."

"Yes," replied the Squire. "Tomorrow is the Day." His voice was listless, tired.

"We thought you might be lonesome over here, John."

A momentary silence. Then the Squire replied, "It was good of you to come over. It *is* lonely at times."

"Especially at Christmas time, John. Christmas time is always the biggest, best time in all the year. It is the time that means most to us. We want our friends about us at Christmas time—not lonesome solitude. We want Christmas spirits all through the day—not ghosts. Don't you think so? Yes, indeed!

"We came over with a purpose, John. We have some visitors at our house—Christmas visitors. We want you to come over and meet them, and spend the night

They piled pell-mell into the big Hoskins sled and, with whoops and laughter, went rushing through the snowy road toward Jeff's home and tomorrow with us. Plenty of room, plenty to eat and plenty of welcome."

The Squire started in his chair. "Why, certainly, I'll come, Sam," he said briskly. "I'll be right glad to come. I had been looking forward to a rather quiet day of it."

The Squire was on his feet. His chair fell backward to the floor with a crash. His eyes grew wide. "Sam—"

"So we thought, so we thought."

Mr. Hoskins appeared to become lost in reverie.

"Yes, sir," he went on slowly, at last, "a whole house and attic full of visitors over there, all having a whoop-roaring good time except three."

"Except three?"

"Yep." Mr. Hoskins wagged his head from side to side, and sighed heavily. "Too bad, too bad," he said. Then he seemed to brighten suddenly.

"Remember Joe Thompson, John?"

"Oh, yes, quite well."

"Joe is over there. So is his wife. So are his two boys. The city didn't spoil Joe none. His wife is a city woman, but, by George, she's all right. Nice behaved boys, too; I like those boys. Joe'll be glad to see you."

"I'll be glad to go," said the Squire.

"That ain't all of 'em. Remember Ab Shotts?"

"What?' Is little Ab visiting you, too?"

"Yep. Not only Ab, but Ab's wife and Ab's little girl. Nice people, John. The city didn't spoil Ab none, either—but I'll swear I didn't think he could pick such a nice wife as he did."

"Oh, Ab was a nice boy," said the Squire.

"Bennie Simpson is over there—"

"Why, Sam, you're having a regular old home affair."

"Yep. Then there's a young lady and her Maw—city people. The young lady is preening herself to marry our Jeff—"

"Now, Dad!" broke in Jeff, his face flushing.

"I wouldn't let on to Jeff for the world," continued Mr. Hoskins as if he had heard no interruption, "but I think his young lady is all right. I have to admit I'm getting over my bad notions of the city mighty fast."

"Of course," assented the Squire. "You must never tell Jeff, but I have always thought him a splendid young man. Once, indeed, I had hopes—"

"But that ain't all," interrupted Mr. Hoskins quickly. "Besides all those people, we have three others. One is a man, one is a woman, and one is a baby. John, the sweetest little devil you ever saw. Held on to my finger till I hollered. Its Daddy thinks the world and all of it. His name is Jimmie Forbes—"

The Squire was on his feet. His chair fell backward to the floor with a crash. His eyes grew wide. "Sam—"

Mr. Hoskins also arose. "Yes," he cried, his voice shrill with anxiety, "Jimmie Forbes and Lottie and their baby—your own flesh and blood, John. I used to whip you and I can do it yet! They want you over there. They ought to have you. It's Christmas time, John, don't forget that. Are you going? Are you—*say* something, can't you?"

The Squire stood stunned before him; speechless, his features convulsed, his eyes fraught with wildness. He staggered, and Mr. Hoskins sprang forward, clasping his arms about the swaying figure of his friend. The Squire bowed his head.

"John, old friend, you can't refuse them their Christmas. You *must* not do it. Sweetest little devil you ever saw. Lottie is crying for you over there, John—"

The Squire raised his head. "It's like a dream come true, Sammy. When you came in—when you came—" He could not go on.

Mr. Hoskins, holding the Squire's form in strong embrace, twisted his head around until he faced his boy Jeff. Then he winked prodigiously. "Hunt up the Squire's hat for him, Jeff," he said. "We are about ready to start home."

THE WINGED VICTORY

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

O DEATHLESS shape of loveliness and light!
You ride forever in a flashing car;
Thy garments gather round thee like a star
That smiles upon the forehead of the night!
What riot thrills thee, what impassioned flight!
Thine is the restlessness of waves afar
That flow where lonely isles of ocean are,
Or winds that stir upon the mountain height!
Forevermore you move above the strife!
Thy feet forever spurn the shadowed sod;
All sorrow and defeat thy beauty scorns—
We can but think of thee as Love or Life,
Or as the Soul that homing unto God
Greets in the dark a million million morns!

A Successful Straw Vote

by

John B. Gorgan

ONE of the most significant phases of the recent campaign was the straw vote taken at eight thousand drug stores, polling nearly a million votes—to be accurate, 951,396. The returns came in from all states. The idea was first suggested by Mr. Louis K. Liggett, president of the United Drug Company, Boston, who took up the matter with his stockholders and had their most enthusiastic co-operation. The straw votes early indicated the way things were going, despite the predictions of political wiseacres to the contrary. The votes were received direct from the various druggists, who personally talked with their customers and obtained an expression from each individual. A bulletin was published each day, indicating the vote and the varying changes of the political minds. The one published on November 6 is especially significant in the light of the official count.

This was the largest straw vote ever taken, and represented nearly eight per cent of the total vote cast in the United States. It was even more comprehensive than the institutional *New York Herald* straw vote, and naturally obtained expression from varied occupations and vocations—much more than a vote taken at some particular city, factory or institution.

In four years from now, it is planned to repeat the project in providing polling places with an iron box for putting in the votes, in each of the eight thousand drug stores. It is felt that in the vote cast this year, there might have been some repetitions. The plan shows a wholesome interest in national elections, and its successful consummation is a tribute to the genius of Mr. Louis K. Liggett, one of the leading business men of the country, who takes an active interest in matters from a broad point of view.

On October 26, the first bulletin sent out indicated that Woodrow Wilson was in the lead; the second showed Hughes leading by one electoral vote. From that time on, each daily bulletin recorded steady gains for Wilson. The vote recorded November 6 indicated a heavy lead for Wilson on the total vote, giving him the majority of electoral votes. This bulletin was about the only data extant in reference to the actual situation, and proved more accurate as a forecast than the early returns.

The Rexall straw vote was strictly non-partisan, and the results sent to headquarters in Boston, were based on actual and personal information—not hearsay or discussion. Ballots were tabulated without fear or favor; the sole object being to get at the facts. These eight thousand drug stores cover cities, towns and villages ranging from a population of one hundred to six hundred thousand. Therefore, it was one of the most widely representative expressions of opinion ever indicated in a straw vote.

Newspapers all over the country followed the Rexall daily bulletins with keen interest, and the information sent out from time to time, as the straw votes came in, was looked upon with apprehension by Republicans, and scarcely given credence by Democrats. Subsequent results show that it was indicating which way the wind was blowing as well as any weather vane ever flung to the breezes.

The initial letter sent out by Mr. Liggett to his stockholders, is characteristic of the keen foresight and broad vision of the man who originated and carried to successful completion, not only the largest, but the most accurate political prophecy ever made in a Presidential election.

THE REXALL STORES STRAW VOTE

Boston, Nov. 6, 1916, 12 Noon

951,396 VOTES TO DATE

Northern and Other States

	Popular Vote		Electoral Vote	
	Hughes	Wilson	Hughes	Wilson
Arizona	1,594	2,398	..	3
California	6,189	5,588	13	..
Colorado	3,750	5,069	..	6
Connecticut	5,791	5,317	7	..
Delaware	819	904	..	3
Idaho	2,329	3,314	..	4
Illinois	36,320	30,666	29	..
Indiana	20,184	20,400	..	15
Iowa	18,699	14,488	13	..
Kansas	16,616	18,988	..	10
Maine	5,102	4,073	6	..
Massachusetts	15,871	15,717	18	..
Michigan	15,151	12,007	15	..
Minnesota	12,487	12,979	..	12
Montana	3,389	4,625	..	4
Nebraska	10,445	12,159	..	8
Nevada	866	1,014	..	3
New Hampshire	3,941	3,842	4	..
New Jersey	9,513	9,188	14	..
New Mexico	667	1,377	..	3
New York	52,967	51,761	45	..
North Dakota	2,750	3,318	..	5
Ohio	20,595	21,626	..	24
Oregon	3,452	3,032	5	..
Pennsylvania	23,589	19,325	38	..
Rhode Island	1,532	1,349	5	..
South Dakota	4,161	4,605	..	5
Utah	2,669	3,366	..	4
Vermont	2,864	1,407	4	..
West Virginia	8,225	12,454	..	8
Washington	4,591	4,692	..	7
Wisconsin	11,961	11,514	13	..
Wyoming	1,253	1,162	3	..
Totals	330,332	323,624	232	124

Southern States

	Popular Vote		Electoral Vote	
	Hughes	Wilson	Hughes	Wilson
Alabama	1,919	12,637	..	12
Arkansas	2,221	11,595	..	9
Florida	1,538	8,836	..	6
Georgia	1,239	18,230	..	14
Kentucky	8,922	15,361	..	13
Louisiana	325	4,161	..	10
Maryland	1,967	3,468	..	8
Mississippi	406	9,004	..	10
Missouri	17,775	28,759	..	18
North Carolina	4,894	17,055	..	12
Oklahoma	9,850	20,377	..	10
South Carolina	166	13,953	..	[illegible]
Tennessee	10,096	23,146	..	12
Texas	2,881	36,136	..	20
Virginia	2,365	8,158	..	12
Totals	66,564	230,876	....	175

Combined Electoral Vote

Hughes	232
Wilson	299
Total	531

Note—266 Electoral Votes are required to elect.

8,000 Rexall Drug Stores

representing every part of the United States are taking a straw vote among their customers and forwarding it daily to the United Drug Company, Boston, who in turn bulletin to us the total returns.

FIRST NATIONAL STRAW VOTE EVER COMPILED

Dear Pardner:

In another week this country will be seething with politics. Everyone will want to know who will be elected President of the United States. Already hundreds of newspapers are taking straw votes to ascertain the results, yet few people place any credit in straw votes because they don't get at the whole country.

Did it ever occur to you (it didn't to me until an hour ago) that the United Drug Company has the machinery to get a real straw vote, covering as we do over seven thousand towns and cities in the United States, and what a great opportunity it is for advertising the Rexall Store

Here's the plan—*The Rexall Straw Vote.* Ask twenty or more of your customers whether they are going to vote for Wilson or Hughes. Fill out one of the enclosed cards daily and return to me. I will compile daily the total of all votes sent me, and will forward the national results to you so that you can post them in your window.

Four years ago 15,000,000 votes were cast. If each one of you will send in the results of twenty voters a day we will have 140,000 straw votes each day. At the end of eighteen days we will have the Fall election. We will have compiled 2,500,000 votes, or over one-fifth of what will be cast on election day.

This will be the biggest straw vote ever heard of. Please get busy.

The more votes you send in the bigger the success of this plan and the better tip it will give me of what the sentiment is in your community, and the more tips you can give me of the sentiment in your community, the more it will help me in forecasting the probable outcome.

I will send you regular window strips to put on the outside of your window. The newspaper will probably publish the results of the *Rexall Straw Vote.*

Keep in mind that we want you to forget your partisan feeling in this case and answer the questions on the enclosed card as fully as possible, adding anything else you like that will be helpful in getting the true results. Do this now!

Yours for a success,
(Signed) Louis K. Liggett,
President.

* * *

Those were busy days at the Rexall headquarters. The matter was in charge of Mr. Charles E. Murnan, Vice-President, Mr. J. C. McCormick, Treasurer, and Mr. H. B. Storm, Assistant Advertising Manager, who constituted the "Committee on Ballots." It was indeed a committee on arrangements, and revealed the masterful cohesiveness of the organization—to think that an undertaking of such gigantic proportions would be carried on in the regular routine of business.

These gentlemen, who have been in close touch with the Rexall Organization from its inception, might be called the most distinguished pre-election judges that ever deliberated upon a political prediction. There were no puzzling moments of meditation, nor stopping to "chew the straws"—it was simply a question of getting the postal card returns, tabulating and watching the drift as it changed each day.

In the success of this undertaking is indicated how space may be annihilated in determining the trend of even so subtle and elusive a quantity as public sentiment, which, when all is said and done, is the principal consideration which the merchant has in mind when planning his selling and buying campaigns.

Letters and instructions from headquarters covered all details thoroughly, and there was no confusion—but the straw votes made a veritable straw stack of ballots to be handled. If the official returns from the various states had been as promptly and efficiently handled, there would have been no days of suspense as to the result. After all, it sifts down to the one proposition of keeping in close touch with the people; proving again the efficacy of democracy through expression of an alert electorate.

TRUTH AND BEAUTY

A REALM of mystery to all beside
Those who have been endowed with vision clear,
With quick and keen perception of the seer,
Who finds that truth and beauty are allied,
That, each to other faithful, they abide;
And those who have the finely practised ear
In Nature's voice a harmony will hear
Which to our duller senses is denied.

That mystery avails to lure the bold
Adventurer beyond the hither shore
In search of what to him is fresh and new;
A bright *mirage* it is with charm to hold
In spell of deep enchantment; evermore
He dwells with what is beautiful and true.

—*Isaac Bassett Choate, in "Through Realms of Song"*

Jack London

by

Maitland LeRoy Osborne

GOOD-BYE, Jack London! Like a lightning flash from a clear sky came the shock of the headlines in the morning papers, "Jack London Has Passed Away!" At first we could not clearly comprehend the meaning of those fateful letters, and with comprehension came unbelief. That human dynamo of energy stilled forever! That finely-functioning mind inert! But, it is so. The happy adventurer has essayed the final great adventure, and his tumultuous spirit is now at rest.

That, I believe, is how we will most often think of Jack London—as an adventurer. He possessed the essential spirit of boyishness that demands action, excitement. He had the zest for exploration. Strange peoples, vast silences, untrodden wildernesses and unsailed seas beckoned him with a lure that he could not evade. His voyage in the "Snark" was a foolhardy undertaking. That it so narrowly escaped complete disaster time after time, only to maroon him finally for five weeks in a hospital in Australia, was but an incident. It makes delightful reading, to be sure, but his avowed object of seeking new literary material could have been nothing more than an excuse for his lust for adventure.

* * *

He was born in San Francisco and lived on Californian ranches—where life cannot be said to be very nourishing to the imagination—until his tenth year, when his parents removed to Oakland; where, as he says, he "at once fell into paradise in the shape of a free library." He was a book-worm as a child, exceedingly nervous and sometimes on the verge of collapse. At six years of age he was reading Trowbridge's books for boys; at seven, Paul du Chaillu's travels, Captain Cook's voyages and the like; at eight, he was deep in Ouida and Washington Irving, besides devouring whatever novels he could lay hands on, and a great deal of American history.

A well-defined nomadic strain in his blood, and the unrest of the pioneer spirit of his ancestors, nourished by reading and romantic speculation, led him to leave home soon after he was fifteen. In his search for adventure among the scum marine population of San Francisco Bay he soon lost his imagined romance and replaced it with the real innermost

JACK LONDON WHILE ON THE SNARK TRIP

romance of things. He became—in turn—a salmon fisher, an oyster pirate, a schooner sailor, a fish patrolman, a longshoreman, and a general bay-faring adventurer—a boy in years and a man amongst men. And always he had a book at hand. When he was seventeen he shipped before the mast as an able seaman; went to Japan and seal hunting on the Russian side of Behring Sea among other things, and served at divers times in various forecastles.

In Australia it is the custom of the sailor man to "jump" his ship and "hit off" into the bush with swag and billy-can. There happens to be no bush in the United States, and no billy-cans, but there is an under-world which he determined to explore. By the time he was eighteen he had become possessed of an interest in sociology and economics. Swayed partly by this, and partly by the fascination of the enterprise, he stepped down and out of the commonplace world, and was swallowed up for a time in that strange region so vividly described by Josiah Flynt, known as "the road." Out of this sociological exploration he emerged a revolutionaire of the extremist Karl Marxian type, having still to learn that society is an organism, the inertia of the masses profound, the evolutions slow and painful; and has had to temper his radicalism as every normal man who has thought along such lines has done before him.

JACK LONDON CAMPING OUT

After this tramping expedition, having lost his sentimental worship of the dignity of labor, and learned somewhat of its injustice, he applied himself to study. Returning to Oakland, he completed the first year of high school work; then, without coaching, crammed the next two years' work into three months' study, and entered the state university of California.

Then came the rush to the Klondike in the fall of '97, and in its forefront went Jack London. He was one of the few argonauts who went in over the Chilcoot Pass, the greater majority failing and waiting for the spring. Packing for the thirty miles from salt water to fresh was forty-three cents per pound, so he packed his own thousand-pound outfit.

After a year in the country, devoted to prospecting, he succumbed to scurvy. Fresh vegetables were not to be had. He could not await the problematical arrival of the river steamers, so picked up two companions and an open boat, and ran the nineteen hundred miles of the Yukon to the Behring Sea.

* * *

It seems as though it must be only months instead of years since that day when I met him on Newbury Street (Boston) in the course of his sociological tramping expedition. He had slept on a bench in the Public Garden the night before—after beating his way to Boston on a Boston & Albany freight. He had a story that he wanted to sell. We came into the NATIONAL'S editorial sanctum, and Mr. Chapple promptly purchased the manuscript. I do not at the moment recall the price he paid, but it was quite small—something like ten dollars, I believe, for in those days the exchequer was a negligible institution. Be that as it may, Jack London ever after had a warm spot in his heart for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and in the years since then has often contributed to its pages—feeling that with the *Black Cat* it shared an important influence on his literary career.

It was, by the way, the *Black Cat* that purchased and printed Jack London's first published story, thereby, as he afterwards characteristically acknowledged, "literally and literarily" saving his life. He was sick and starving in a cellar in San Francisco at the time. Mr. Umbstaetter's unerring literary judgment undoubtedly saved Jack London's career, and being a close friend of Mr. Chapple, and one of the first to fore-vision the growth of the NATIONAL, it was only natural that he should share his new "find." So that from the very first the close bonds of friendship that were later to unite the three unique personalities began to grow and flourish.

* * *

Looking over the files of the NATIONAL today, I find a surprising number of his earlier stories, and a few poems. He never forgot the NATIONAL, and when his writings began to demand a wider market, Mr. Chapple purchased from him the rights to resell his stories to the English periodicals. And when, in 1900, Houghton Mifflin & Co. issued the "The Son of the Wolf," his first published book, the NATIONAL MAGAZINE was the first to give it a review.

That the review was pleasing to the author is evidenced by the following letter:

OAKLAND, CALIF.,
May 5, 1900.

M. L. OSBORNE:

My Friend:—My hearty thanks for what you have done for me in the May NATIONAL. Also for the two copies of same, and for your kind letter. I received fifty copies of "The Son of the Wolf," when it first came out, and lo! not one remains to me. However, I shall be glad to send you an autograph copy, and I send this mail an order for some more.

Very truly yours,
JACK LONDON.

At the time "The Son of the Wolf" was published, Jack London was just past twenty-four years old. He stood then on the threshold of the Temple of Literature. That he entered in and made it his own dwelling may perhaps be best explained by his own analysis of his candidature while as yet comparatively unknown.

JACK LONDON AT THE TIME OF HIS LAST VISIT TO BOSTON

OAKLAND, CALIF.,
March 24, 1900.

MR. M. L. OSBORNE:

My Friend:—In reply to yours of March 19th, in which you kindly offer to give a review of my book and ask for data. Find herewith a couple of clippings which may be of use to you; also, I shall supplement them where I may imagine it to be essential.

Please do not be led away by the error in one of them relating to my birthplace. I was born in San Francisco and am a Californian by birth as well as residence. I was twenty-four years old last January. I lived on Californian ranches until my tenth year, when my family removed to Oakland, a city, I believe, now boasting eighty thousand inhabitants. By fits and starts I acquired a grammar school education, but rough life always called to me, my whole ancestry was nomadic (its destiny being apparently to multiply and spread over the earth), so at fifteen I, too, struck out into the world. I did not run away. My people knew the strain in the blood, so I went with consent. I first went faring amongst the scum marine population of San Francisco Bay, where I got down close to the naked facts of life. It was a most adventurous experience, and one (like all the rest) which I have never regretted. I there learned the rudiments of seamanship, handling small craft in the sternest of weather, till, the month I was seventeen, I was fitted to ship before the mast as an able seaman. Went to Japan, seal-hunting on the Russian side of Behring Sea, etc. It was the longest voyage I ever took (seven months); life was too short to admit of more. But I have taken many short ones and have served in divers forecastles, stoke-holes, etc., and am at home anywhere.

When I turned eighteen, having taken an interest in economics and sociology, I went tramping (to the manner born), throughout the United States and Canada. Since then have continued those studies, but in a more conventional and theoretical way.

I dabbled at high school, took a brief fling at the State University, but failed to complete my Freshman year (not failed from a scholarly standpoint), and hurried away with the first rush into the Klondike. Have mined and camped through the Sierras and other places, etc. Never having been unwise enough to learn a trade, I have worked at all sorts of hard labor.

JACK AND CHARMIAN LONDON
While on the "Snark" Trip

When in the Klondike my father died, and I returned to take charge of the family. Have never been rash enough to put out a sheet anchor in the form of a wife. But when I returned from the Klondike I resolved to make the fight of my life by making my living with my pen. This was precarious, for my assets were nil, and my liabilities legion. I was also a beginner, knew nothing of markets, methods of editors, needs, or how to furnish those needs. My literary life is thus about fourteen months old, during which time I have striven to find myself, from the writing of triolets to blank verse, and from feature articles for yellow journals to really ambitious short stories. Consequently I have turned out a vast deal of hack work. And little ambitious work. Nor have I yet been so financially situated that I could try anything long.

"The Son of the Wolf," as you will discover, is a collection of short stories. These were written to supply a pressing need for cash, and were published principally in the *Overland Monthly* of San Francisco; also in *Atlantic Monthly*. Then they were collected (nine of them), and submitted successfully to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

These gentlemen will supply you with electrotypes of myself, I doubt not, though you may have to ask for them. The *Overland Monthly*, April, (if the article is not delayed) will probably furnish you with further data should you need it. Said article is to be written by Mrs. Ninette Eames, who knows me personally, but I do not know what she intends saying in it.

Thanking you for past and present kindnesses, I beg to remain,

Very sincerely yours,
JACK LONDON.

* * *

The last time he came to Boston he visited us in the editorial department, with the same dark, strikingly expressive eyes, the same smiling, even boyish face, the same flowing white necktie that we had known of old, and the entire editorial force joyously accompanied him to Faneuil Hall, and lent an air of severe respectability to the audience to which he delivered a Socialistic address.

Each of us, I think, will best remember him as he then appeared, almost boyishly eager, vibrantly alive, a self-appointed messenger of good tidings to those whom he best loved to call his brothers.

Whether he be crowned enduringly by Fame concerns us not at all. For what care we whether those we know and love are great by the world's cold estimate?

We know them, and we love them—is not that praise enough for any man?

Good-bye, Jack London!

"The Call of the Bells"

by
The Editor

THE American novel of the hour has arrived. One of our literary journals recently classified novels into five groups: the historical novel, the adventure novel, the detective novel, the sex novel, and the novel with a purpose. But before proceeding to a detailed analysis of these different styles of fiction, it summarily dismissed the last group, the novel with a purpose, with the remark that no comment was required, inasmuch as American publishers in these days invariably declined to take the financial risk of putting such a story before the public.

Yet I have before me a novel, "The Call of the Bells," by Edmund Mitchell, which is a direct challenge to the statement above set forth. It is avowedly a novel with a purpose, for it deals with such vital national issues as the reconciliation of capital and labor, the regeneration of the idle rich, the reclamation of the hobo, the dignity of toil, the value of temperance, the spirit of brotherhood which is abroad in the land, and is determined that henceforth there must be a more equitable distribution of wealth, comfort, and happiness among all classes of society. The book is issued by the Menzies Publishing Company, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, the president of which, Major D. M. MacLellan, is among the best-known experts in the wholesale book trade of America. According to the judgment of one professional reader to whom the manuscript was referred: "It is a wonderful story written by a man who knows the subject on which he has written from every angle, and has built about it pathos and sentiment of a quality, character, and eloquence such as I have not often read in any book, and I have read many. To my mind it will rank with any of the fiction masterpieces of which every copy sold will sell others. The backbone of the story will appeal strongly to the workers and to the thinkers who are interested in making the world a better place to live in, and are endeavoring to bring about a real brotherhood of man. . . . The thread that runs through it is Trade Unionism, and today is the day to publish the book."

* * *

This is high praise indeed, but the reader who is not afraid of a novel with a purpose will find it fully justified. "The Call of the Bells" is in one sense an allegorical title, for besides having a literal application, it also means the awakening of conscience, firstly in the individuals who are misusing their opportunities, and secondly in the nation at last bestirred to realization that only by brotherly love and mutual helpfulness can peace, contentment, and universal happiness be attained. The appeal to capital on behalf of labor, to the rich and privileged classes on behalf of the toiling masses who, under present social conditions, just contrive to earn a subsistence, is a strong and eloquent one. It is a clarion call to capital to lead in the movement of social reconstruction, not only for its own salvation, but on the broadest grounds, both of patriotism and of humanitarianism. Yet with finely-balanced logic the utter futility of anarchistic methods, of such doctrines as the confiscation of wealth, of social revolution that can only delay real evolution for generations to come, serve as pointed lessons to the trade unionists, whose cause the author has set himself to champion and assist.

But let no one imagine that, while such big themes are handled, this is merely a didactic treatise masquerading in the form of a novel. The story from start to finish is red-blooded and virile, seizing the fiction reader's attention at the very outset and by a finely-conceived plot advancing stage by stage through situations often of breathless interest to a climax of splendid dramatic strength. The hero, Donald Brodie, a trained and skilled mechanic, has temporarily forgotten his better nature, and has taken to the vagabond trail. The reader meets him first out on the Colorado desert, degraded by drink and the companionship of human derelicts who scoff at the thought of honest toil. But Donald will not consent to steal, and at a moment when conscience has been faintly stirred by a tender scene between a mother and child, makes his escape from evil associates. He "holds the rods" in hobo fashion, and emerges from the desert into the smiling orchard lands of southern California. It is early dawn; he is nerve-shaken by his long night ride, still partly under the influence of liquor, and in an episode of truly tragic pathos is induced by an unscrupulous saloon-keeper to exchange his last asset—a good dollar bill—for a bottle of bad rye.

That night, crazed by the liquor, exhausted by fatigue, and with the wolf of hunger gnawing at his vitals, Donald Brodie commits, in the city of Riverside, the very act he had vowed he never would commit. The temptation is almost placed to his hand, he is famished beyond the further power of endurance, and in a moment of impulse, he grabs the unguarded purse that means immediate relief. In the stillness of the moonlit night he hides in a grove of eucalyptus trees to count the spoil, and there, to his consternation, finds that he has possessed himself only of twenty-dollar gold pieces, which for any hobo to tender in payment of a meal would, he knows well, mean immediate arrest.

Thus he stands, overwhelmed, stupefied, despairing, when there falls upon his ears the sound of distant bells—soft distant bells—sweet music such as he had never heard before. And the tune they are playing is the old Jacobite song, "Will Ye No Come Back Again?"—the song with which his Scottish mother used to croon him to sleep in childhood days on the old Missouri farm! When the last note dies away, the broken hobo stands dumfounded, sobbing, tender memories now fully stirred, conscience at last beginning to waken from its heavy slumber. "Was it real, or only fancy?" The latter explanation is accepted, for the regeneration of the vagrant from duty's path is not yet awhile.

* * *

The reader will follow with interest the fascinating study of gradual moral recovery—the midnight meal of oranges whereby first nausea against whisky is unconsciously created, the blind stumbling back toward the saloon-keeper who would doubtless exchange one of the useless gold pieces for a few silver dollars, the kindly-bestowed breakfast at a rancher's home, the involuntary bath in an irrigation ditch, the college town into which the hobo strays, the famous preacher from afar who leads him into the chapel, the sermon that seems to be preached to him alone amid the crowded congregation, the ultimate conquest of self, the return of the stolen purse intact, the merciless prosecution that followed, the wise and merciful judge who opened the way to redemption, the noble social worker who extended the hand of brotherhood, the year of work and service under his protecting care, and then Donald's return to his mother in St. Louis, "no longer the slinking, miserable hobo, clinging to the rods of a freight car, but a man, every inch a man, with the hall-mark of serene living on his brow, the easy poise of perfect health, the quiet reserve of real strength both of muscles and of will, a man of obvious destiny among his fellow-men, the proudly conscious master of his fate and captain of his soul."

This ends Part I of the story. The

reader is next carried to St. Louis, where he finds the hobo once again a worker—the master mechanic at a big terra cotta factory. Here Donald Brodie is not only earning his livelihood and supporting his mother, but he is passing along the good work of brotherhood that he had come to learn in the haven of refuge in southern California which had succored and regenerated him. One Saturday afternoon he picks a young fellow out of the gutter, rich, well-bred, a temporary victim of beatific intoxication. Here the hobo trail meets the primrose path, Jimmy Sheldon being the son of a great ironmaster of San Francisco, who had gone utterly to the dogs from drink. Thus at last the call of the bells reaches the one for whom it had been primarily intended, for the girl who had played the chimes that night at the Mission Inn in Riverside was none other than Jimmy's sweetheart. Into the song, "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" had gone the yearning of her soul, and the hobo had received, not only a message for himself, but a message to be eventually passed along to the other wanderer.

EDMUND MITCHELL
Author of "The Call of the Bells"

Thus all through the story runs the beautiful romance of the bells: "Old mission bells!—cast in Spain hundreds of years ago, carried thousands of leagues, in frail caravels, over tempestuous seas, on muleback through forests primeval, over snow-capped Sierras and across burning desert plains, used by the padres to summon the ignorant heathen to the service of God, and left after the good fathers themselves had gone to their rest and their reward so that the lesson of their gentle and devoted lives might keep on ringing from generation to generation adown the ages."

The story of the rich youth's regeneration now unfolds—how the mental and moral influence of Donald Brodie gradually and completely changed Jimmy's character, taught him by hard actual experience the real meaning of daily toil; inculcated in him, the rich employer's son, the principles of trades-unionism, and transformed the utter wreck into a splendid young fellow, filled with enthusiasm to help in the uplift of humanity. Again, in the author's hands, this becomes a wonderful study of how, step by step, self-respect may be restored by usefulness and thereby atonement for past failure made.

Jimmy Sheldon becomes a profound admirer of Donald Brodie, and in his letters home to the sister who had always been a "little mother" to the wayward boy, he recounts experiences, conversations, episodes in social work, etc., whereby Leslie Sheldon herself comes to know almost the soul of the man who had saved her brother. By an extremely skilful piece of literary work, the story now advances simultaneously in San Francisco and in St. Louis, love is awakened before the lovers have even met, and all the time the character of Donald Brodie is being limned by others than himself until the full portrait is presented with convincing verisimilitude.

* * *

With Donald Brodie as a leader among men, the third and closing portion of the story dwells. Into the Sheldon Ironworks, into the office of old Richard Sheldon, the hard-shell type of employer, who has been fighting the unions all his life, there come new influences when his son returns home and brings with him Donald Brodie to fill the place of one of the foremen at the plant. Within a little over a year Donald is in the executive department, and by right of education, achievement, and fine personal appearance has, along with his dear old mother, established for himself an honorable place in San Francisco's social life. His trades-union views and socialistic proclivities he has made no attempt to conceal; his whole heart is devoted to the cause of the workers; he is the friend of capital, but also the apostle of labor. Then there comes along the fight for all that in this world is most dear—for love and for honor. And the man who is his bitter antagonist is the very man from whom Donald, the hobo, stole the purse that sad night four years before at Riverside. There is a great strike at the iron works, the combat of masterful intellects, duplicity, distrust, impending ruin, the strong will of inflexible determination, woman's love that never wavers, the call of the bells ever ringing and inspiring to acts of helpfulness, human passions, good and evil, on which the author plays with skilled and sure hand, carrying along his story irresistibly to the final climax, when labor comes to its own, yet with honor to capital, no longer at variance, but inspired by the spirit of comradeship and the common good.

I have outlined the plot at some length, mainly with a view to show that "The Call of the Bells," while a novel with a purpose, is also, first, foremost, and all the time, a story pure and simple that will appeal to every lover of exciting romance. In the blending of fiction with hard logic the author has quite wonderfully succeeded. He shirks no issue; when it is necessary to present reasoned-out arguments, he goes to his task unflinchingly. Yet I venture to say that such chapters as "By the Sweat of His Brow," "All is Well Since All Grows Better," and "The Law of the Compromise," careful expositions of vital questions of the day, will be read with just as keen interest as the narrative into which they are so deftly woven.

Only three of the principal characters have been referred to in detail—Donald Brodie, hobo, worker, and leader; Jimmy Sheldon, the irresponsible youth reclaimed to usefulness; and Leslie Sheldon, his sister, whose beautiful mind, unfolding to the truth while also awakening to love, helps to guide everything to the happy ending. But there are several other characters which stand out with equal strength from the canvas—Mrs. Brodie, the Scottish woman with the inspired soul of an old covenanter; the Rev. John Dana, whose social work in one corner of the land reaches far away by successive waves of good impulse; Richard Sheldon, the stern, but really lovable, old ironmaster; Norah Carew, Jimmy's bright and gay sweetheart; Aunt Octavia, the benign and unobtrusive helper when help is most required; Dan Bradshaw, the ruggedly honest leader of labor; Arthur Wilmington, the soulless "yeggman of finance"; also Quong Sing, the comprador, and the seemingly guileless Chinese "boy," who in the end contribute effectively to the downfall of Wilmington's nefarious plans. All become living personalities in a great human drama.

* * *

The writer of this novel is a Scot—Edmund Mitchell, author of about a dozen works of fiction, all well-known on the other side of the Atlantic and hall-marked by a German edition just before the war. But Mr. Mitchell has qualified himself to write a real American novel by fourteen years of residence in the country. His home is in Los Angeles, California, and he not only knows the United States from north to south and east to west, but he is a man of world-wide travel, having been several times round the globe, studying as a newspaper and magazine writer the resources, industries, and social conditions of the many lands he has visited. As a younger man he spent five years in Australia, at that period the scene of a succession of hard-fought trades-union struggles. Since then he has always paid close attention to labor questions, so that such a novel as "The Call of the Bells" really reflects a lifetime of close and wide observation. The book has a very fine frontispiece by Maynard Dixon, and although it is produced in every way up to the standard of the costlier novel, its price has been kept to the nimble "democratic" dollar, so that the story may have the fullest chance to reach the work-a-day readers for whom it is primarily intended.

A Son of Kentucky

by

W. C. Jenkins

RECENTLY we were admiring the beautiful capitol building at Frankfort, Kentucky, when an enthusiastic citizen volunteered the information that it was built principally with moneys which the state of Kentucky had collected from the Federal Government for obligations growing out of a claim which had originated during the Civil War.

"Yes," said the citizen, "Captain Calhoun collected the money for us."

"Who is Captain Calhoun?" we asked.

"Captain C. C. Calhoun is a lawyer practicing in Washington, D. C., but still a legal resident of Lexington, Kentucky, a member of the same family as the illustrious John C. Calhoun of South Carolina. The Captain is a man like Napoleon in that he usually accomplishes what he undertakes," he answered.

Upon further inquiry it developed that through Captain Calhoun's efforts the state of Kentucky received two checks from the Federal Government, one for $1,323,999.35 for Civil War claims, and another for $265,000 for Spanish-American War obligations, making a total of $1,588,999.35. These cases were prosecuted by Mr. Calhoun before he had moved his office to Washington, and to his untiring energy is due the state's recovery of this immense sum of money.

This accomplishment would not be worthy of more than passing notice at this time were it not for the fact that the prosecution of the claims involved toilsome days and nights for months in painstaking investigation. The original claim which the state asked Mr. Calhoun to collect was only $1,600, but the attorney's untiring search for evidence revealed not only this amount justly due, but vast sums in addition. The fact that many previous efforts to recover a part of this money had resulted in failure, that the Civil War claim had been finally disallowed years before, and that no person could point to record evidence necessary to win the case did not in the least weaken the indomitable determination of this attorney to secure for his state what he believed to be justly due. Quietly, but persistently, every avenue for escape was closed, and the ten thousand separate items involved in the large case were finally established by indisputable evidence, adverse rulings were appealed from, and what had been predicted to be sure defeat was finally turned into brilliant victory.

Following his achievement in handling the cases of Kentucky, Captain Calhoun was employed to represent fifteen other states in litigation before the Federal Government, and in every instance he was successful. He is regarded as one of the leading lawyers of Washington.

Captain Calhoun had as his first military command a company of smaller boys of the State University of Kentucky. He successfully handled the so-called incorrigibles of the student body, and his work and patience resulted in the company becoming one of the best drilled and disciplined organizations, not only in the University, but in the entire state. Afterwards he helped to organize, and was elected captain of the famous Company "C," Second Regiment Infantry, which, under his leadership, rendered valiant service on many occasions, principally among the feudists in eastern Kentucky.

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CAPTAIN C. C. CALHOUN

President of the Southern Society of Washington. Mr. Calhoun is a native of Kentucky, and as attorney successfully prosecuted the state's most important litigation before the Federal government, which resulted in the erection of the state's beautiful capitol

Captain Calhoun was in the thick of the excitement in Kentucky following the assassination of Governor Goebel. During this troublesome period in the affairs of the state he was a factor depended upon by Mr. Goebel's official successor, Governor J. C. W. Beckham, and it can be safely said that he fully justified the Governor's every expectation. To him was assigned the dangerous and difficult task of following the mountain army to their homes and of taking from them the vast amount of arms and munitions with which they had been equipped.

It was during Governor Beckham's term of office that he prevailed upon Captain Calhoun to look after the state's interests in the litigation at the National Capital, but the Governor little realized what wonderful results would be attained during his administration from this litigation, one of them being the erection of Kentucky's beautiful capitol.

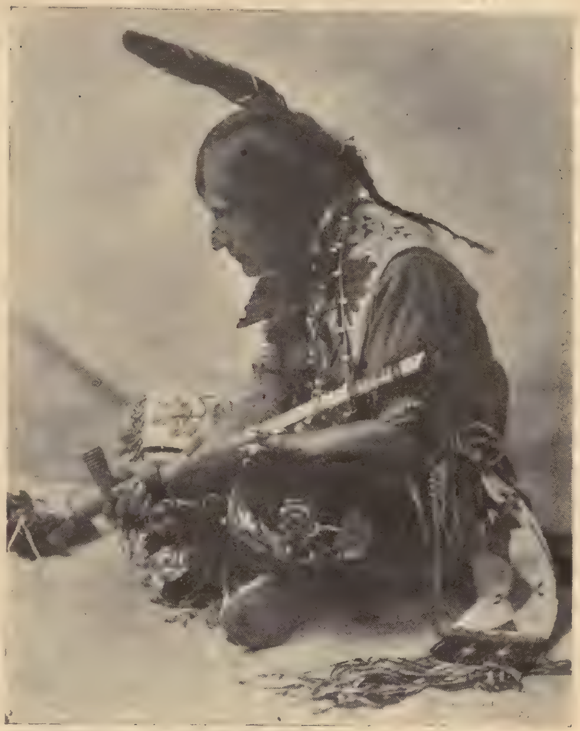
During a recent visit to Washington I met Captain Calhoun and studied him as a human-interest character. In Kentucky I had found he enjoyed the reward of endearing popularity; in Washington I had often heard his name mentioned in connection with matters of importance. When I called on him at his office I found him engrossed with law books, and busy at a desk filled with legal documents. His quiet, hospitable way, his frank and open manner and the underlying strength of his interesting and entertaining personality disclosed the keynote to the success he had attained.

The Southern Society of Washington, one of the most substantial organizations of its kind in the United States, duly appreciating Captain Calhoun's sterling qualities, has conferred signal honors upon him. There are twelve hundred loyal members of southern affiliation in this Society, whose purpose is to promote social relations and advance patriotic and educational interests generally. Its aspirations and work are not local nor sectional, but extend to the entire country. History, courtesy, and sentiment are all realities dear to the hearts of every Southerner, and the Society in Washington is seeking to preserve these beautiful heritages for the pleasure and benefit of the whole country. The Southern Society's receptions and balls, with guests from every section of the country, have come to be regarded as leading social events every season in the nation's capital. The program for the coming season is strikingly attractive, both from a social and patriotic standpoint.

The Honorable Jacob M. Dickinson, ex-Secretary of War, was its first president; then followed in order Richard Pearson Hobson, Claude N. Bennett, and General William C. Gorgas.

Captain Calhoun, for several years prominent in the affairs of the society, was elected its president last winter.

No person born or reared south of the Mason and Dixon line can help feeling a pardonable pride in the work of this society. Considering its purposes and what it has accomplished, one wonders that it is not an older institution, for its organization is comparatively recent, having begun only six years ago.



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THE PIPE OF PEACE

Captain Calhoun as High Eagle. In this costume, he won first prize at Beaux-Arts ball, held at Washington, February 17, 1916. Over two thousand competed for this prize. The costume is copyrighted by Captain Calhoun

Among Captain Calhoun's larger interests is a warm friendship for the Indians. Some years ago a chief of the Sioux Indians, accompanied by a number of faithful followers, visited Washington and conferred upon Captain Calhoun the title of "High Eagle," and with appropriate ceremony made him a member of the band. Later, at a magnificent Beaux-Arts ball held at the New Willard Hotel, the Kentucky "Chief" appeared in his Indian garb, and was officially awarded the laurel wreath and the distinguished honor of being the most artistic character of the two thousand persons attending the ball.

Captain Calhoun's ties still bind his allegiance to Kentucky, and he keeps in close touch with the affairs of the old state, personally participating in many of the political and social movements of general interest to Kentuckians. His office in Washington is headquarters, as it were, for Kentucky people visiting the National Capital, and "Hello, Captain" is heard at the threshold of his office door any day, from United States Senators and Congressmen down to the most retired of its private citizens, all of whom still claim him as a Kentuckian. Washington, on the other hand, bears abundant evidence of Captain Calhoun's interest in the city of his present abode. Few men have been more public spirited, or taken a deeper interest in the things which concern the higher life and welfare of the National Capital. In financial, political and social circles he is well known everywhere, and the reputation that he established at home has followed him into the place of his adopted abode.

SO rapid has been the growth of The Morris Plan for the last year that there are now fifty-five "Morris Plan Companies" operating in the following cities, named in the order they were organized, to wit: Norfolk, Virginia; Atlanta, Georgia; Baltimore, Maryland; Washington, D. C.; Richmond, Virginia; St. Louis, Missouri; Memphis, Tennessee; Charleston, South Carolina; Columbia, South Carolina; Springfield, Massachusetts; Denver, Colorado; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Lynchburg, Virginia; Portsmouth, Virginia; Nashville, Tennessee; New Haven, Connecticut; New York City, New York; South Bend, Indiana; Hartford, Connecticut; Bridgeport, Connecticut; Salisbury, North Carolina; Worcester, Massachusetts; Springfield, Ohio; Albany, New York; Waterbury, Connecticut; Fort Wayne, Indiana; Providence, Rhode Island; Pawtucket, Rhode Island; Holyoke, Massachusetts; Fall River, Massachusetts; Kansas City, Missouri; Knoxville, Tennessee; Des Moines, Iowa; Syracuse, New York; New Bedford, Massachusetts; Cleveland, Ohio; Chattanooga, Tennessee; Manchester, New Hampshire; Brockton, Massachusetts; Canton, Ohio; Evansville, Indiana; Spencer, North Carolina; San Francisco, California; Wilmington, Delaware; St. Joseph, Missouri; Boston, Massachusetts; Schenectady, New York; Malden, Massachusetts; Chelsea, Massachusetts; Birmingham, Alabama; Asheville, North Carolina; Buffalo, New York; Rocky Mount, North Carolina; Youngstown, Ohio; Terre Haute, Indiana; Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

The endorsements and assets of each of The Morris Plan banks are from five to six times as great as the actual amount of their entire issue of installment certificates. The investing public looks with a critical eye on any investment feature, and investment in the certificates issued by The Morris Plan Banks are as good as any government or railroad bond.

* * *

THOSE of our readers who take an interest in matters pertaining to their family history (as who does not in these days) will be pleased at the announcement that we have made a special arrangement with Mr. Leonard Wilson, the well-known genealogist of Washington, to write for us a series of six articles, the first of which will appear in the January issue, under the title of "Heraldic Charges and their Meanings."

Many of our subscribers have taken advantage of Mr. Wilson's offer to furnish, free of charge, accessible information relative to any matter connected with genealogy and heraldry, and it is anticipated that the series will stimulate still further the widespread interest on these subjects. Mr. Wilson is a member of a number of the learned societies of both Europe and America, and has at his command a well-equipped library, particularly rich in works of a genealogical and heraldic character, so that the articles from his pen may be considered authoritative and reliable.

* * *

WHEN the Russians prepared to evacuate Warsaw, they not only took their military armament and supplies, but every scrap of copper, brass, zinc, iron, and other useful metal which could be got at without destroying buildings or great structures. This indicated the immense expenditure of metals in war, and the necessity of economy in their collection and usage; but the whole world is today using so much metal that it is time to see that rust, waste and imperfect processes do not leave to our immediate descendants a comparative scarcity and high prices.

For it appears from the government geological report of 1909 that substantially 185,000,000 pounds of metals were produced, and that two years had increased the annual yield to $511,000,000, at which rate of increase the republic will in 1920 require over one billion dollars' worth on the basis of present prices, and probably much more.

That an enormous increase in the line of ships, cannon, ammunition, etc., is to add to our present range of metal consumption is but too evident, and the owners of existing mines can look forward with confidence to increasing profits and the necessity of economizing these valuable deposits.

Mothers of Famous Men

by

George Willoughby

EARLY in life the fact was impressed upon me that famous men usually had unusual mothers. This may have been due to the fact that I enjoyed the distinction of having known Nancy Allison McKinley, the mother of one of my heroes in public life, William McKinley of Ohio. She was living when her son was elected to the Presidency, and I have often thought that the devotion of William McKinley to his mother and to his invalid wife was one thing that brought him very close to the people. Nancy Allison McKinley was of Scotch descent, and was born in Western Pennsylvania. Soon after her arrival in Niles, Ohio, as a bride, she was known as a woman of strong, rugged character, and the neighborhood peacemaker. Was there anybody ill or needed help, she was called upon; was there a stranger who must be welcomed, it was the warm-hearted Nancy McKinley who, even in later years, with her large family, always had room for one more.

When her son was Governor of Ohio, she made a trip to Columbus, and on the train she was accosted by a woman who inquired if she knew anyone in the city. "Yes," replied Mother McKinley, "I have a son there." The stranger glimpsed the pride in the eyes of the mother, as she thought of her seventh child, William McKinley, then the chief executive of the state. In the early days, young William, aroused by the spirit of the Mexican War, marched about proudly in a paper cap. He was familiar with the "ole swimmin' hole" in Mosquito Creek, and it was in this creek that young Joe Butler, now Colonel Joseph G. Butler, Jr., of Youngstown, and the future President, came near being drowned.

In early life, through the influence of Mother McKinley, William joined the church. During all his life, no one understood him better or inspired him more than his mother.

I remember particularly one Sunday evening at Canton, when on the porch sat Mother McKinley and the neighbors from across the way. I never shall forget the scene between mother and son. Around the veranda were the old-fashioned flowers which she had planted: petunias, mignonette, fuschias and the ribbon grass. Out of the gathering twilight came the strains of a violin playing "Home Sweet Home." The electric lights shimmered through the trees. Other songs followed: "Old Folks at Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "Annie Laurie," and finally, as if with a touch of prophecy, came the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." In a quivering voice, the mother began to sing softly, and her son joined.

Out of the darkness came little Vera Bellinger, a neighbor's child, with violin in hand, to be greeted affectionately by the President, his mother, and wife. This scene came to my mind instantly in Buffalo when the awful tragedy occurred. The simple song he sang with his mother is ever associated with the life and memory

ELIZABETH RILEY
Mother of James Whitcomb Riley

of William McKinley, and the activities of a great nation were hushed while this hymn was being sung as he was carried to his last resting place.

* * *

An incident associated with the last birthday party of James Whitcomb Riley further emphasizes the enduring influence of a mother upon her son. I was talking with him before the hearth one evening in early October, and he brought me a picture of himself and his mother, taken when he was a child. I wish I could describe the look of admiration that came into his eyes as he studied carefully, through his glasses, the features of his mother "loved long since and lost awhile."

"You know," he said, in that tender way which only the heart of a Riley could inspire, "I never have felt myself free from the inspiration of my mother, especially when writing about children. Her tenderness and devotion to us as children I never realized or appreciated until long after I had left home. How I longed, in later years, to have had mother just hear me recite some of my verses as I did that of others in early childhood days for public entertainments."

* * *

The fame and name of Elbert Hubbard are indissolubly associated with his mother, Julia Frances Hubbard, still living at East Aurora, eighty-six years of age, in full possession of every faculty. Well do I recall the playful tenderness of Elbert toward his mother, who has lived near him in all the years of building up his great work at East Aurora. No one knows the number of times that this strong intellectual giant went down to the little flower-bowered cottage just around the corner from the Roycroft shops, and had a chat with mother, whose devotion toward this only son was splendid.

After the tragedy of the Lusitania, I

GRANDMA HUBBARD

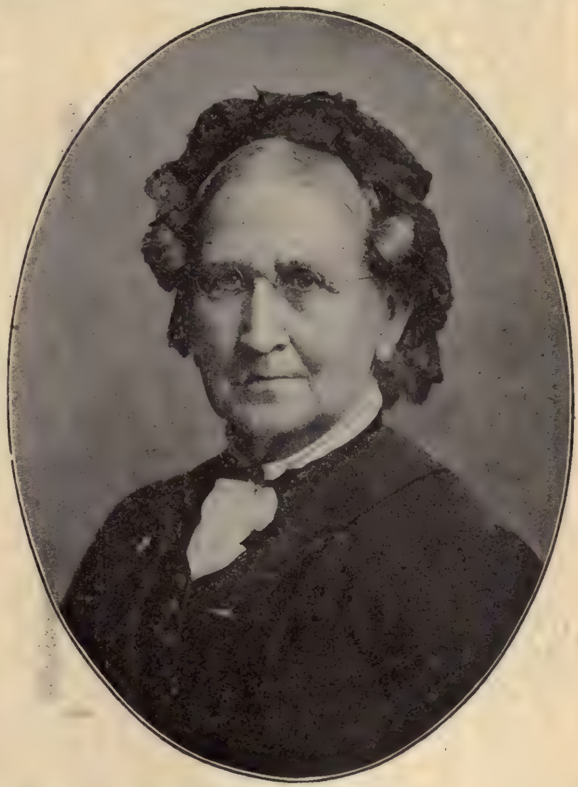
found her in this same cottage, where pictures of her son hung on the wall, depicting him from the time he was a baby to the full maturity of manhood. Her faith in her religion never wavered, and was a consolation in the dark hours. What a thrill came over me as she turned to me and said: "Wasn't it splendid to have had such a son?" The memorial exercises were held in that very room.

Dr. Silas Hubbard, the husband and father, is also still living, aged ninety-four, and in good health. Up to ten years ago he practiced his profession, but he insisted, never upon himself. This sturdy couple resent allusion to advanced age. Theirs is the distinction of having the best vegetable garden in East Aurora. They are workers; started in life as workers, and their son inherited this activity.

Mrs. Hubbard knew Abraham Lincoln. She believed in him when others did not. She can recite the dates of all important events in American history, and observes every holiday with genuine sincerity. The true patriot of East Aurora is Mother Hubbard. Still alert and active, keen for a discussion on any subject, she still retains the undaunted spirit of the American pioneer. Her only son, Elbert, was born in Bloomington, Illinois, and her training and inspiration gave him an ambition that was never satisfied—to do and to keep on doing.

While Elbert left home early in life, the letters he wrote to his mother are epistolary classics and treasured by his mother more than all her other possessions. It was a revelation of the spirit of the devoted son when he wrote to his mother: "I have sloughed my commercial skin." He had sold out his business and decided to make the best use of his time possible in publishing things he wanted to say. Out of this grew his great publishing plant. He then insisted that he had at that time all the money that he desired, and that "any man who would live long and well, must live like a poor man, no matter what his income." He insisted in letters to his mother that "we must wait on others and work with our hands a certain number of hours each day to be worth while." He always signed his letters, "With much love, as ever."

There were some lonely days for this mother after the Lusitania was sunk, when Elbert did not stop from his daily ride for a greeting; but with a Spartan philosophic spirit she will discuss the subjects that interested her son, and you can see at once his fame and achievements are the result of her dreams. She has that insatiable thirst for knowledge and current information; that extraordinary energy which had much to do with the foundation of the Roycroft idea. Today she is the confidant and inspiration of her grandson, Bert Hubbard, who is so ably guiding the



NANCY ALLISON McKINLEY

Mother o- President McKinley. From a photograph by Courtney, Canton, Ohio destinies of Roycroft. She lives each day by itself, and looks forward, day by day, with that abiding hope and optimism which was the inspiration of the work of her son.

That little chat with Mother Hubbard and her husband on the veranda of the vine-clad cottage at East Aurora carried me farther afield than ever in the pilgrimage of meeting and knowing the mothers of famous men—and nearer Home.

MRS. MARY CATHERINE HUGHES
Mother of Hon. Charles Evans Hughes

* * *

While walking briskly down Pennsylvania Avenue some years ago, Governor Charles Evans Hughes told me some stories about his mother, who had recently passed away. He was not strong in early childhood, and could not attend public school; but his mother, who had been a teacher, insisted upon giving her son all the real rights and benefits of public schools, although he had to remain at home. There was a chalk mark on the dining room floor where he stood to recite his lessons, and those lessons, you may be sure, were done with all the formality and disciplinary rules of the school room. When he began attending school, nothing seemed strange or new to him, because his mother had given him a regular democratic school training.

The wife of a Baptist minister, with struggles ahead to provide for her family, she never wavered in the confidence that her son would grow up to be a great man. The faith of these mothers is sometimes more appreciated in later years. She had his future planned early in life as to providing an education; and even in the early days at Newark, New Jersey, there was a companionship between mother and son as the boy was struggling with mathematics and history, which was never broken in the turmoil of after years.

All during his public career as Governor of New York, and as Justice of the Supreme Court, the keen and alert interest of Mother Hughes never relaxed in keeping posted on public affairs and talking it over with her son. The influence of early training is as apparent today as it is all through the pages of biography.

* * *

On the last day that the late Secretary John Hay was in Washington, I walked across Jackson Park with him, and on to the State Department. As we entered his office punctually at nine, he sat down at his desk rather wearily, and began to look over the correspondence of the State Department from all parts of the world, with its little fluttering ribbons. There was a pallor on his brow that betrayed the illness which had made miserable so many years of his life. With a courage unflinching, he kept on with his work. As I stood, respectfully waiting to say good-bye, he turned to me and queried:

"Did you ever help your mother, Joe?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Did you ever wash dishes?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever make beds?"

"Yes." And I thought to myself what strange questions are these to come from this master of statecraft.

"Did you ever tend babies?"

"Yes," I replied, thinking of my six-foot baby brother.

He turned then, and with his black eyes gleaming with unusual light, said:

"My boy, you have a rich heritage. I have been thinking all day of the old home out in Pike County on the Mississippi, where, amphibious in summer and over the ice in winter, I spent my happy childhood days. You know, the boys used to tease me because I helped my mother, but I have felt that every boy who helps his mother has a rare heritage. His character is developed; he finds in hand something to do and does it in self-reliance, and coming close to the mother, gains from her the finer feelings of a woman. The blend of the woman's intuition with a man's reliance, is irresistible."

This was John Hay's tribute to his mother.

* * *

During the heat of the recent Presidential campaign, Mr. Charles Warren Fairbanks, on a campaign tour, was handed a telegram conveying the news of the passing of his mother. Only those who knew the relations between this mother and her son could understand the almost uncontrollable grief that came to this public man in the full spotlight of a political campaign, with bands playing and flags flying, when he realized the purport of the message that little slip of yellow paper had brought to him.

Mother Fairbanks was another one of those sturdy pioneer mothers of the Middle West who knew how to bring up a family and impress upon her children, early in life, the full meaning and importance of character development. During his childhood this devoted mother decided that Charles should go to college, and that he should have an opportunity to develop all that she believed was in this tall, upstanding, stalwart son.

In the days when he was Vice-President of the United States, and as Senator from Indiana, there was no journey anticipated with more interest by Mr. Fairbanks than his little visits to his mother. When he arrived, there was always a lively and complete discussion of public questions, for Mother Fairbanks, to the last days of her long life, possessed a keen and alert interest in public affairs. It is the mothers who are interested in current affairs, and discuss with their children the doings and characters of great men, whose sons are counted among the illustrious of the country in the activities of public life.

Photo by Bretzman

MRS. MARY A. (SMITH) FAIRBANKS

Mother of Charles Warren Fairbanks, who died at Indianapolis on October 30. She was born in Austerlitz, Columbiana County, New York, September 19, 1829

When the contributions for "Heart Throbs" began pouring in from fifty-two thousand people, it was early evident that the dominant subject of all had to do with mothers. Nearly sixty-five per cent of the contributions received, directly or indirectly, alluded to the subject of mother or mother-love. This was most significant in showing that those things worth while and worth preserving have to do with the most enduring and altogether sweetest relationship known to human kind.

The Story of the Regal Shoe

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

AS one of the millions who have worn Regal Shoes, there always seemed to me to be a closer human interest in this shoe than any other made. I have traveled from coast to coast wearing Regal Shoes, and have scarcely been out of sight of the sign telling me where my favorite footwear could be replenished. I have felt at times that in the making of the shoe was a study of the common-sense needs of the foot—no fads, frills, or fancies, yet comfort blending with style and a last as trim as a clipper ship.

The renaissance of modern shoe-making will always be associated with the name of the Regal Shoe, launched on the market by Mr. Elmer Jared Bliss, executive and managing director of the Regal Shoe Company.

Years ago, while traveling on the road, he was seriously injured in a railroad wreck, but, contrary to expectations, he recovered. The compensation for his injuries, awarded him by the railroad, netted him $1,500, and gave him an opportunity to make a modest start in developing a new selling plan, which he believed would revolutionize shoe retailing. The plan was one he had worked out in his own mind during the period of convalescence.

From that $1,500 and an *idea* grew the Regal Shoe Company. It started with a single store on Summer Street, Boston, in 1893. Then it spread throughout the country and the world, until today there are four Regal factories and more Regal stores and agencies than there were dollars in the original investment.

His idea was to have a factory duplicate the styles he purchased of the most exclusive high-grade custom bootmakers in this country and abroad; get them into the hands of dealers and onto the feet of consumers, in the shortest possible time and at the least expense.

He anticipated this evolution in the commercial development of the shoe business. This meant the practical elimination of the independent middleman or jobber—which has since taken place. He recognized that, in addition to a short-cut from maker to wearer, volume-production was the only logical means of selling articles of common consumption at a moderate price, at the same time giving the consumer the greatest value.

Mr. Bliss foresaw how improved facilities in transportation would bring the consumer nearer the maker, and after permanent outlets for distribution were established in the principal cities, the first national publicity campaign in the shoe business was started in the magazines and metropolitan dailies. This gave Mr. Bliss an opportunity to explain direct to the consumer the merit of the new plan and product. The force and originality of this campaign made history in the shoe trade and became familiar to the public as the chain of stores increased.

The origin, growth and development of the Regal Shoe Company to its present enormous proportions of plant and product is a monument to the enterprise, ability and integrity of the man who conceived the idea of selling direct from factory to foot, originating, duplicating and supplying styles at a moderate price, which were formerly considered the exclusive property of custom bootmakers.

This is the reason Regal Shoe Stores are pre-eminent in all the leading towns and cities of the United States and Canada.

The Pursuit of Happiness

by John Crockett Chapple

WHAT is it that everybody wants in this world? Hopes for, longs for, works for? It is simply Happiness!

And if this is the universal desire, why not give concrete and specific attention to the acquisition of happiness? Is it so elusive and intangible that it cannot be cultivated? Is it the result of some strange fate, or governed by the mystical influence of the planets? Or is it, after all, a simple question of knowing ourselves; our hopes, our fears, our capabilities and limitations?

If it be true that the material things of life may be gained by concentration and indefatigable devotion of purpose, why may we not attain happiness in a like manner? Are not all these other things merely a means to that end?

Have you ever listened to a canary bird's greeting to the morning sun? Why should we not learn from the birds, responding to the same spirit within us?

Have you ever listened to children chattering and laughing? You don't find that same note as you go on in life—it is more of a cackle. Why is this? It is because these children really know how to play.

Children are made happy by little things. It is not necessarily the costly or gaudy which brings joy to the baby heart—it may be an old rag doll or a chair, but there is some one thing every child wants, instinctively, to complete its happiness.

Once I heard a mother suggest to her little girl that she play "fairy"—and the child ran into the garden, where she whispered secrets and wonderful tales to an old hollow tree. An elf lived in that tree, and, although no one else could see him, was a beloved playmate of this imaginative little girl. The child was glowing with happiness in her realm of fancy, simply because before her unfolding mind was the contemplation of only the good and beautiful, excluding the abnormal, ugly and repulsive. And yet, in these practical days, fairy tales are often frowned upon.

Try as best we may, the repulsive and ugly may come into our lives, and are only repelled by the saving glow of happiness.

* * *

Do you realize how much happiness is radiated by a thoughtful message on a postal card? A little, trifling, foolish thing, perhaps, and yet it makes for happiness. There is much that is beautiful in this world, and so many beautiful people, that it seems pathetic that thousands should permit themselves to tarry in the gloom of unhappiness.

There are old and trite sayings that must be experienced in each one of our lives to be fully appreciated.

Of all things that have been said, or might be said of me, I appreciate most the impression, or supposition, that I am happy; that I like to see and make others happy.

My grandfather, who lived to be one hundred years of age, used to insist that immediately on awakening you should have something that would make you smile. If you couldn't think of anything funny, tickle yourself. Then jump out of bed quickly, landing on both feet at once.

* * *

Speaking of pleasant impressions the first thing in the morning, I can remember that mother used to wake us boys by playing "Traumerei" and "Jolly Farmer" on the piano. This seemed to tune up the whole day for us with the happy spirit of mother.

Manlike, sometimes I think of more things while shaving than in any period of like duration during the day. Some have their best hours in the early morning, and others in the evening. A few, it would seem, at night. The only thing to do is to understand yourself and fortify for the dull moments—then the bright and happy moments will take care of themselves.

A study in outward indications of happiness is not likely to be encouraging on an early morning street car, when you look vainly for one face in which the bright beam of hope is glowing. But that is why, when you *do* find that face, its happy expression is infectious. I have seen a conductor on his tour of collecting fares—which is still done in Boston on a number of lines by the way—by a cheery word and a smile change the atmosphere of the car entirely, even on a rainy morning when gloom surges in with the fog.

Many of us gradually grow into a habit of melancholy as the lines of age creep in, and after a time, almost before we are aware, the habit is deeply rooted. But you can have more fun with yourself than you realize. When you find the corners of your mouth beginning to point downward, did you ever try going to the mirror and making them turn upward?

If you believe that you should appear to be polite and pleasant to others, why can't you take the same attitude toward yourself? Why not "to thine own self be true"? After all, happiness is not of time or place; it is simply a state of mind.

Why is it that mother-love is so supreme? It is because she has the rare gift of giving, unreservedly, to her child. Why is mother-love the acme of happiness? Because she gives her all to her child.

It is impossible to be happy without doing something for someone else. In being happy, you naturally drive away selfishness and let in the sunlight of happiness.

What do you give? What do you do for someone else? You may be driven into doing things for others which you may not want to do, and, all unsought, may come to you that happiness that came to charming little Cinderella.

* * *

For a long time I have been wondering what each of us, as individuals, can do to bring about our own happiness and add to the happiness of all humankind.

It seems to me that an association of the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE—banded together without ritual, vow or other form of obligation—could be helpful to one another in the realization of this object.

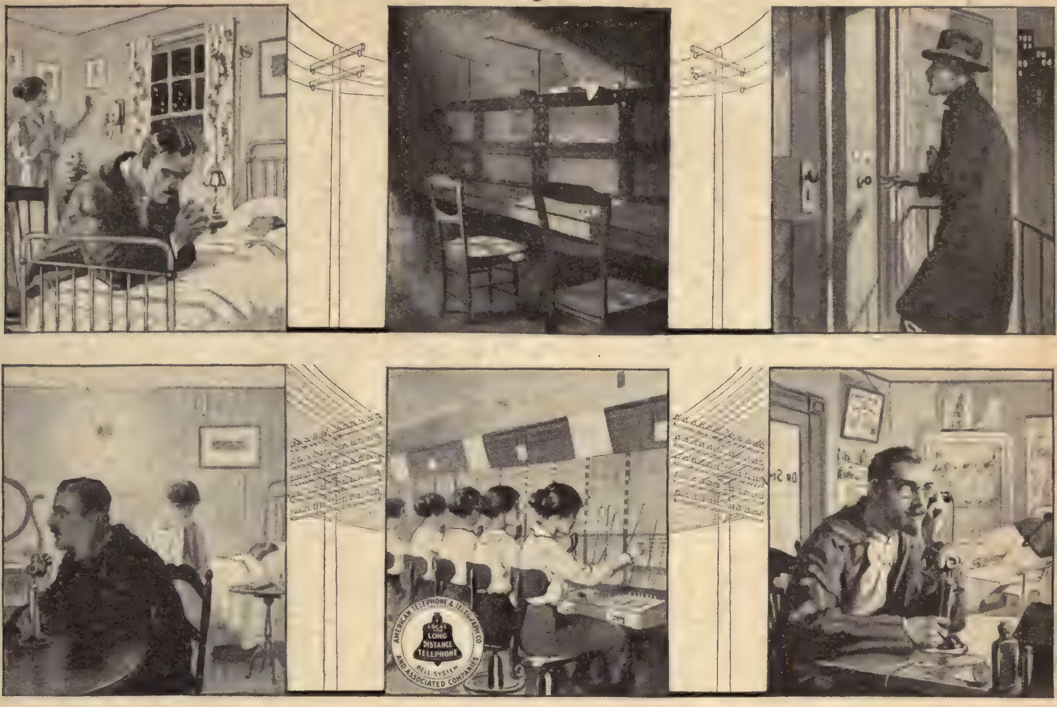
Why can't we outline a course of practical happiness—or a practical course in happiness? Can't you suggest some things to do, which, when done, will help make happiness?

First, let us imagine that we have one meeting place—a big room with a great hearthstone on which a cheery fire is blazing. There is a glow on the faces about that reflects happiness. And some day we may be able to extend the arc of that hearthstone to a circle including cities, states, nations; possibly encircling the whole world with the radiance of this spirit of happiness.

To some it may seem a ridiculous and audacious undertaking—this course in happiness. But is it? I believe it can be done, and, with the co-operation of others imbued with the same spirit, I am going to do it. The purpose of this article is to invite *your* ideas and *your* suggestions, your help—the things that have helped to make you happy.

Do not hesitate to write us anything, no matter how trivial it may seem, that has contributed to your happiness. By this we do not mean the spiritual or the devotional, necessary as they are, but some of the little, everyday, personal things.

Let's just be ourselves, and in so being we will naturally and irresistibly help others to be happy.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Here are some comparisons of telephone conditions in Europe and the United States just before the war.

Here we have:	***In Europe:***
Continuous service in practically all exchanges, so that the telephone is available day and night.	Nine-tenths of the exchanges are closed at night, and in many cases, at mealtime.
A telephone to one person in ten.	Not one person in a hundred has a telephone.
3,000,000 miles of interurban or long-distance wires.	Not one-eighth as many miles in proportion to population and territory.
Prompt connections, the speed of answer in principal cities averaging about 3½ seconds.	In the principal cities, it takes more than twice as long for the operator to answer.
Lines provided to give immediate toll and long-distance service.	No such provision made. Telephone users are expected to await their turn.

As to cost, long-distance service such as we have here was not to be had in Europe, even before the war, at any price. And exchange service in Europe, despite its inferior quality, cost more in actual money than here.

Bell Service is the criterion for all the world, and the Bell organization is the most economical as well as the most efficient servant of the people.

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One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

SOILED HANDKERCHIEFS

BY MRS. M. L. C.

Now that winter is not far off, perhaps someone will try this way of washing soiled handkerchiefs. Dissolve one heaping great spoonful of washing powder in a little hot water; add one gallon of cold water; put your handkerchiefs in this mixture and boil; drain off the water and wash and you will find the disagreeable features eliminated and also all danger of infection is avoided.

TO KEEP LEMONS FRESH

BY N. A. D.

Lemons will keep fresh for weeks if you bury them in sawdust.

Bran Cup Cakes

One cup sour milk; teaspoonful soda (large one); salt (little); one-third cup of sugar; large tablespoon of lard or butter; one-fourth cup hot water; one egg; one cup of bran; one cup of white flour.

ON WASHING BLANKETS

BY M. A. P.

When washing blankets, cut half a cake of good white soap into small pieces, and dissolve in hot water. Pour this into enough cold water to cover the blankets; add two ounces of powdered borax. Soak the blanket over night in this. In the morning squeeze most of the water from them; rinse several times in cold water in which a little borax has been dissolved. Rinse finally in bluing water, but do not ring out or squeeze; simply hang out to drain and dry in the sun, changing from side to side as they dry. Blankets that are washed by this method will be beautifully white and soft.

CRISP SOUTHERN BACON

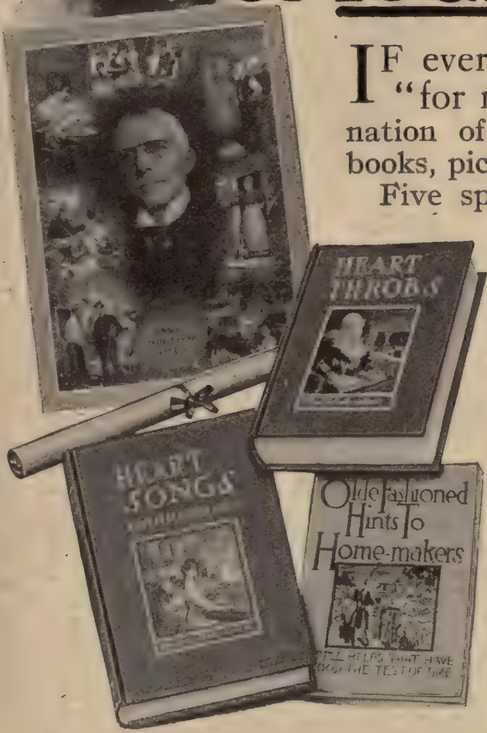
BY C. V. H.

To crisp to such a point of toothsome delicacy that it breaks in the mouth, betraying no suspicion of grease, lay the slices on a hot spider and frequently turn. Pour off the melted grease as it gathers. When the bacon is brown, lift it carefully upon soft paper, and set it in the oven to dry. If so prepared, the bacon will be so free from grease that you may serve it on a napkin, if you wish.

REMOVING OLD PAINT OR VARNISH

BY MRS. A. G.

Make a gallon of starch from one cup of lump starch. Add four heaping tablespoons of lye. Apply to woodwork with a brush. After a few minutes remove with cold water, followed by a thorough scrubbing.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5—**The National Magazine**. A copy of current issue, full of interest for all	.25
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TRAVEL IN RUSSIA — THE SPEEDING TROIKAS

NATIONAL
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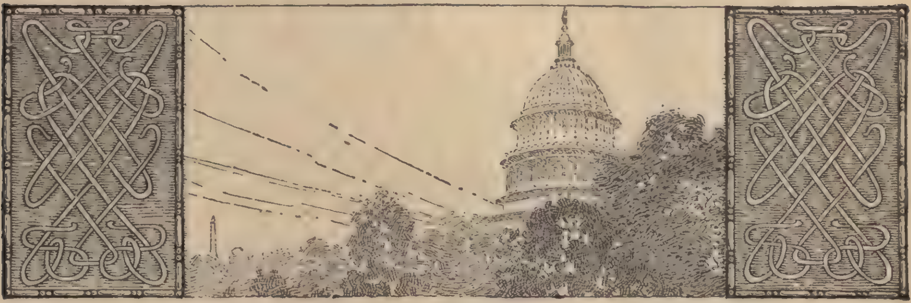

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

IT MAY seem a paradox, but peace has been the subject of perplexity and controversy at Washington during the month. Secretary of State Lansing's note to the foreign powers, announcing that it was about time to stop fighting and get together to talk over peace, occasioned a flutter on the stock market, and the war bride stocks went a-tumbling. The document was indeed couched in diplomatic language, so diplomatic in fact that it was scarcely understandable, and was attended by some addendas and subsequent explanations. There were ideas as well as words and phrases which indicated that the President had been busy at his typewriter and had pondered long and earnestly over the proposition.

The note was hailed with delight in Berlin, but looked upon with suspicion in London and Paris, where following the proposal of Bethmann Hollweg and preceding Lloyd George's answer, it was considered inopportune and presumptuous, reminding one that in trying to part two fighting men, the peacemaker is apt to receive the raining blows of both parties.

The State Department has resumed its wonted war activities, and ambassadors of the neutral powers, as well as those of the belligerents, are still walking across the checkered corridors and finding their way to room 212.

THE fact becomes apparent that the President of the United States will perhaps be the mediator through whom the terms of peace may be submitted. Every treaty of peace has had its own peculiar process of crystallization, and no regular routine or formality of action can be prescribed. It is one of those unexpected and subtle changes in the mental attitude of nations and peoples that defies all analysis.

In the meantime, relief came with the hopes that naturally ensued, and peacemakers were once more to the fore. William Jennings Bryan, erstwhile

Secretary of State, as a personal friend, cabled Lloyd George his plea for peace. In Congress there were the usual cross currents of political activity, but on one thing it was felt the nation was agreed, and that was peace if it could be brought about in a way satisfactory to all concerned, and insure disarmament, without sowing the dragon's teeth for future wars.

It does not seem so many years ago that I talked with William T. Stead at Wimbledon, after he had had that wonderful interview with the Czar of Russia. The Czar's dream at that time of world peace and disarmament attracted world-wide attention, and proves almost prophetic in the events of the past few years. There seems to be an echo of the peace feeling in Germany, where real conditions are said to be much worse than is generally realized; and in England, where it is felt that if peace were declared now it might stop Russia from entering Constantinople and controlling the Mediterranean, which would essentially eliminate England as holding the European balance of power, recalling Bonaparte's arbitrary refusal to the Czar of Russia: "Take anything from the Danube to the Rhine, but Constantinople! Nay, your majesty. That is the key of the world."

IN the long and darkly lit corridor of the State Department, I met an elderly man who had had something to do with peace negotiations. He shook his head dolefully when it was suggested that permanent peace might come of this. "Peace treaties in Europe," he said, "have at best only postponed wars that must inevitably follow. Peace treaties are only the cocoons from which wars are hatched a generation later."

The opening calendar month of the year finds the possibility of peace the pre-eminent subject of thought and conversation. This also brings to the fore the sober consideration that a day of reckoning is at hand for the United States of America—what after the war? Each war in history has marked radical changes in nations and the trend of international affairs. Who would have thought when Grant received the sword of Robert E. Lee at Appomattox, that in a third of a century the victorious flag of a re-united country would be carried to the far-off Orient, and that the united country would become the great neutral world power of a half century thence? And then who would have dreamed at the World Columbian Exposition, celebrating the discovery of America by Columbus, that in five years the nations commemorating in peace and amity this great event should be in the throes of war? Who would have prophesied that sixteen years after the world had been given the unparalleled example of a great nation going to war to free a little people, create thereby a new republic, and prove its purpose to ameliorate the suffering of a down-trodden race, so swift and startling a reaction should come in the war blaze of 1914, starting with a cloud no larger than a man's hand in little Servia; and on the material side, that just a half century after Appomattox, the banks of the United States would carry in cash *one billion dollars more* than all the banks of six great nations of Europe and Japan combined?

TRAVELING across the continent with Gen. Hugh L. Scott on the Overland Limited, he pointed out to me the scenes of his early life on the plains. He had been successful on the journey in quelling the Indian uprisings in Utah without bloodshed, and his modest recital of what he had done gave me a wholesome admiration for the chief-of-staff of the United States Army. In his official capacity General Scott has been a busy man these days in Washington. He held the close attention of the House Committee on Military Affairs recently in giving most striking testimony as to the inadequacy of the present military system. General Scott was one of the first and most ardent advocates of the universal military system, and he gave notice that a bill covering this matter was being prepared to be presented at this session of Congress. Together with former Secretary Garrison, General Scott spent many months formulating the Continental Army bill, which went a-glimmering under the National Guard lobby from various states, but which emphasized the futility of the federalization of the state militia. Recent experiences on the border have only served to prove the logical necessity of having an army that is strictly and exclusively engaged for the purpose of the country's defense.

GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT

The Chief-of-Staff of the United States Army is emphatic in his statement that federalization of the national guard will not meet the country's military needs

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EVIDENCES of a new outbreak of the Progressive spirit were given in the declarations of Congressman Gardner of Massachusetts, who has always been ready to jump into the thick of the fray where there was a chance of a good, lusty factional fight. His attack on Leader Mann is one of the incidents that lead oftentimes to a wide schism in party lines. It was Congressman Gardner who stood at the window of a fashionable club in Washington and remarked: "There may be a time when a real 'Old Guard' Republican will be looked upon as a curiosity as he passes, with: 'There goes an old-line Republican.'"

After his fling in the gubernatorial contest in his home state, Congressman Gardner was apparently reconciled to keep step with his party in the onward march of what seemed sure and certain victory in 1916. He carried his district by a handsome majority, for if there ever was a Congressman who is a thorough organizer in his home district, his name is Augustus P. Gardner, for every voter is on the card-index with a complete history of achievements and temperament. With a consciousness of knowing that "all's well at home," Mr. Gardner does not hesitate to proceed along lines free from any leash of party discipline. There are Republicans who are philosophic enough to consider it fortunate that victory did not perch on the banner in 1916, for they have pictured what might have happened with all the Progressives and Republicans crying at one and the same time for power and patronage. The Gardner incident is an indication of the merry melange that might have occurred from November to March, 1917, if Hughes had been elected.

NEW HEADQUARTERS OF AMERICAN RED CROSS
About January 15, the American Red Cross will move from its present quarters in the State, War and Navy Building into the magnificent white marble edifice which occupies an entire square between the Corcoran Art Gallery and D. A. R. Hall. On its cornerstone, which was laid by President Wilson and former President Taft, is the inscription: "A memorial to the Heroic Women of the Civil War"

HOW little most people know about the simple processes of government. Many doubtless think that the Congress now assembled is the Congress which was elected in November, but this Congress is composed of many men who were defeated or have retired from office. The new Congressman begins his term on the fourth of March, although he may not answer to the roll call until next December, unless the President calls an extra session. That is one reason why this last end session of Congress is like a farewell party. The President has his large Democratic majority, and could force through any legislation he might see fit with the lingering remnant of the Sixty-Fourth Congress, but the real work will begin with the next Congress, which will have to do with tariff legislation and adjustments made necessary by peace.

With the changes that are being made, how many boys and girls, or even grown men would know how to go about it to be elected an Alderman or a Congressman. It sometimes seems as if a democracy is more a government by default than anything else, for when it comes to the last analysis, nine out of ten people you meet, reading the newspapers every day of their lives, are not conversant with the simple processes of our great government, but naturally leave the knowledge of this to the ward politician and to their followers, who know what to do in order to be elected to office, and how to win the votes that eventually create the law of the land, and incidentally the administration of affairs, not to mention the enrollments pertaining thereunto—all in the hands of a small group of men—who know professionally not the theory, but the practice of the how and what.

GOVERNORS CALL ON PRESIDENT WILSON

During their December conference in Washington, the visiting Governors called on the President. At the left of the group, not in the front row, are Governor-elect Townsend, of Delaware (*top*); Governor-elect Bamberger, Utah (*lower left*); Governor-elect Neville, of Nebraska (*center*), and Governor Spry, of Utah, at the right. (*Front row, left to right*) Governor Kendrick, Wyoming; Byrne, North Dakota; Harrington, Maryland; Stuart, Virginia; Holcomb, Connecticut; Dunne, Illinois; Governor-elect Goodrich, Indiana; President Wilson; ex-Governor Walsh, Massachusetts; Capper, Kansas; Governor-elect Milliken, Maine; Spaulding, New Hampshire; Henderson, Alabama; ex-Governor Fort, New Jersey; McCall, Massachusetts, and behind him his military aide, Major Hoppins; Governor Manning of South Carolina is on the end (*holding light hat in hand*); next to Governor Manning, on the steps, is former Governor Quimby, of New Hampshire. The group on the steps is composed mainly of secretaries and officers of the convention

WEARING a carnation in honor of the birthday of William McKinley has become an established custom in Washington on the twenty-ninth of January. He is the only President of the country whose memory is associated with a flower. This will also be an appropriate month for securing one of the valued McKinley Souvenir Gold Dollars, which were authorized by an Act of Congress February 3, 1916. The trustees of the National McKinley Birthplace Memorial have announced to the general public, and others interested, that the Birthplace Memorial is approaching completion. The committee placed the price of these souvenirs, including expense of shipment by registered mail, at $3.00 for single subscriptions up to ten, and $2.50 each for ten and over. Receipts go toward completing the memorial.

This souvenir comes at a most propitious time, for the great United States of America does not coin a gold dollar of any description, consequently this is the smallest gold denomination coined at the mints of Uncle Sam. The souvenir dollars are handled by the banks, and the numismatists and others interested in the possession of rare coins are securing them for their collections. In a few years these dollars will naturally be worth much more, as the souvenir half-dollar issued at the time of the World's Columbian Exposition now commands many times its previous price.

Under the direction of Col. J. G. Butler, president of the Association, the work has gone on at a lively pace. He has been an indefatigable worker from the time this project was launched, and the people, in this instance, have set a good example to the nation in honoring the birthplaces of its distinguished Presidents. The McKinley Birthplace Memorial has taken on a practical form. It is a large library building and museum, where relics associated with the life and times of William McKinley are being collected. It is a memorial to be used by the people every day, and its completion is a triumph of the energy of Colonel Butler, President McKinley's boyhood chum. What more appropriate foundation for the savings of a child than a McKinley Gold Dollar, presented during the birth month of the beloved McKinley?

Birthplace of Hon. Wm. McKinley, Niles, Ohio.

THE return of the militia from the border recalls again those agitated days when war seemed imminent, and enlistment was the order of the day. War has always been the call of the fighting spirit to those weary of humdrum, everyday existence. Our boys wanted to get out and fight—save the country if need be—and incidentally break the monotony. The worker at his desk and in the factory reads and dreams of valor, and like the knights of old, feels he must have a part in it.

Sabers flashing in a gallant charge, or the hand-to-hand fight on deck after the shock of the broadsides, are seen only in old paintings and pictures. The deeds preserved on canvas and in song and story are lacking in a modern warfare which involves the directing of torpedoes, aeroplanes, trench digging, and the operating of machines where men are considered no more than rats to be exterminated.

THERE was an inspiring scene at the house of Mr. Edward B. McLean, of the *Washington Post*, on Thanksgiving Day. With his usual generosity and public spirit the young publisher had decided to see that the poor people in Washington should have a turkey on that day. High price did not deter him—he gathered turkeys together by the ton, and the Boy Scouts were detailed to deliver the turkeys and the baskets to the various homes. It is a splendid commentary on the systematic work of the little scouts that out of the hundreds visited everyone was checked up except two—one woman had died and the other had moved.

The scenes incident to this distribution from the home of Mr. McLean on H Street, at the markets and various parts of the city, were flashed on the movie screen at Keith's Theatre that night—another indication of how swiftly events move. Mr. McLean is the son of the late John R. McLean, founder of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and Mrs. McLean is the daughter of the late Thomas F. Walsh. The young people are intensely interested in the affairs of Washington as a home city, and a social and art center. The temptation to peep into one of the baskets could not be resisted, and I saw there not only a turkey, but cranberries, potatoes and pumpkin as well. The hall and drawing room of Mr. McLean's residence looked like a market on a busy Saturday morning. The distribution carried with it a wave of happiness for the personal interest of the donors was evidenced, which would not have been quite possible had the baskets been sent indiscriminately from the markets.

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PROVIDING THANKSGIVING FEASTS FOR 400

Boy Scouts starting out to distribute the baskets generously provided by Edward B. McLean for a Thanksgiving feast for the poor of Washington

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WHEN Lindley M. Garrison resigned from the cabinet of President Wilson as Secretary of War it was realized that his action was occasioned by a very firm difference of opinion. The Secretary felt that his well-matured plans of building up an army through a policy of preparedness should be given at least the support of the President, who had encouraged the preliminary work. Lindley Garrison was recognized as one of the strong and influential men in Wilson's cabinet, and his resignation was a surprise even to those in the inner circles. The former secretary is a man of convictions, but when he found a lobby of national guardsmen against him in Washington, encouraged by Congressmen and the administration steering committee, he saw the hopelessness of the situation. In a recent address delivered in New York City, he clearly indicated that he was not in sympathy with the policy of bowing to political expediency, even if a presidential election were impending.

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MADAME EDWARD NAON

Sister-in-law of Romulo S. Naon, ambassador from Argentina to the United States

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IT is easy to distinguish the people from South America in Washington. There is a quiet dignity about them that is markedly characteristic.

Dr. Romulo S. Naon, ambassador from Argentina, has long been a popular member of the diplomatic corps. The Argentine embassy is the host of many distinguished visitors from South America. Dr. Naon has his summer home at Manchester, Vermont, and Argentine hospitality to South Americans continues the year around. One of the honor guests at many of the social functions in Washington this winter is Madame Edward Naon, who is a sister-in-law of the ambassador. She and her husband, who is judge of the Commercial Court of Buenos Aires, have spent the last two months in traveling about the country, and will be in New York for several months. The judge is making a special study of American courts.

Dr. Naon declares that South Americans dislike to be called "Latin-Americans." "They are not Latin-Americans," he insists, and they resent it as much as Americans do when called British-Americans simply because they speak the language of England. The fact that they speak the Spanish language in South America does not mean that Argentina has not initiated its own way of doing things in distinction from the methods employed in Spain and the Latin countries in Europe. Their relation to the mother country is analogous to that of the United States and Great Britain. The idea prevails that more steamship lines between Argentina and the United States would soon bring the people of the two countries nearer together, commercially and socially, and help to eliminate some "Latin-American" notions about our neighbors in South America.

THE second inauguration of President Wilson will witness the spectacle of a President riding to his inaugural to succeed himself. The chairman of the inaugural ceremonies selected for 1917 is Mr. Robert N. Harper, president of the District National Bank in Washington. He is a Southerner, and has long been an ardent supporter of President Wilson. He was an active candidate for the honor four years ago. He hopes to make the event, so far as Washington is concerned, one that will be memorable in the history of inaugurations. The absence of legions of expectant office-seekers is one feature of a Presidential re-election that relieves the pathetic tension and anxiety of inauguration day and the aftermath of events.

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ROBERT N HARPER

Chairman of the inaugural ceremonies for 1917. The duties of an inaugural chairman are heavy, for this is a celebration that brings thousands of visitors to Washington, and thousands of dollars of expense money must be raised

While custom provides that every member of the Cabinet and every ambassador shall place his resignation in the hands of the President to be accepted or rejected on March 4, it is felt that there will be but few changes. It was rumored that the Attorney-General would retire. If the retirement occurs on the Supreme Bench, as scheduled, President Wilson will have had the privilege of appointing more Supreme Justices than any previous President of the United States.

The inaugural ceremonies will not be marked by any especial martial pomp. The diplomatic corps will gather in the marble room as usual, to give color and brilliancy to the scene. Inaugurations lose much of their zest as an event when it is felt that no new policies are to be initiated, for it is only an encore in a way of a former inauguration. The exception to this was Lincoln's second inaugural, at which he made the address which is counted a classic of all statecraft pronouncements.

As chairman of the inaugural committee, Mr. Harper will be equal to the occasion which brings thousands of visitors to Washington, and provides an event that is always an interesting sidelight upon the history of the administration.

HON. WILLIAM E. BORAH
Senator from Idaho, talking with a devoted reader of the NATIONAL

THERE are few stronger rough-and-ready debaters in the Senate than Hon. William E. Borah, of Idaho. A close student and hard worker, he is always ready for the forensic fray. All the subjects that come under the consideration of the committees of which he is a member are given exhaustive study. As a Senator who not only serves the interests of his state, but gives unreserved time and attention to national affairs, he is naturally a national figure, and now that the political center of gravity has moved to the westward, there is a feeling among his friends that Colonel George Harvey's nomination of Senator Borah for the Presidency may come to pass. In his discussion of the high cost of living, child labor and subjects of progressive and advanced legislation, Senator Borah has been widely quoted as an authority.

The omnipresent photographer caught Senator Borah in conversation with a Congressman, rear-view, whose identity has not been discovered. The picture is particularly interesting to NATIONAL readers, because of the recent issue of the NATIONAL which is plainly visible in the Congressman's pocket. There is naturally some distinction in the fact that the NATIONAL is the most widely read magazine among Congressmen and Senators at the national capital.

UNCLE JOE was going to the Capitol in his street-car chariot. He is the same simple, popular soul who has been a conspicuous figure in Washington life for many years. As he entered the car, everyone stopped to look at him, and the conductor stopped to remark, "There goes the grand old man." Uncle Joe's eyes twinkled as he settled back in his seat, while acquaintances bowed and showered him with compliments. "People are kind to us," he whimsically remarked, "in our first and second childhood." And then he told some stories, and every ear in that car was strained to catch the points of the jokes. Some of the ladies in the rear end of the car wished they had not been so curious. When Uncle Joe lifts his right finger to make a gesture and places his left hand over his left hip pocket for his kerchief, it reminds one of when he was a Speaker who spoke with authority. As they entered the Capitol, Speaker Clark came up and joined in the chorus of laughter over the last joke. That morning Speaker Clark opened the session with a cheery smile. Stories seem to be part of Congressional official life, dating back to Lincoln's time, and even to the time of George Washington. The good story-teller around Washington never fails to find an enthusiastic and appreciative audience, whether in the hotel lobby, in the cloak room or in the street, but Uncle Joe, the one member of Congress who knew Abraham Lincoln, besides being full of stories, impresses one as being a hard-headed type of the old school, with a fund of common sense that it would be most refreshing to find in the makeup of the so-called modern member with advanced ideas, who talks much, but goes forward very little when results are measured.

WHILE everybody was talking "high cost of living," and offering suggestions as to how the situation should be handled, Congressmen were receiving telegrams and letters from farmer constituents telling them to "look out." One real farmer insisted that Henry Ford, high schools and silk dresses were principally to blame for the high cost of living. He analyzed it in this way:

"I attended a grange meeting the first of the month, and we decided on these three things. Twenty years ago the farmers raised big crops and big families, and the families turned in to raise the crops. The boys and girls were busy all the time, and we didn't ship our cream to the city and buy automobiles. The girls churned the cream and we had a nice lot of butter to sell and the profits went to us instead of a creamery. Now the state laws compel the children to go to school at the very time of the year the farmer needs them most. The result is that the farmer has to hire outside help. What does he find? That the big plants like Ford's are paying five dollars a day for eight hours work and the men he formerly got are nowhere to be found.

"The children finish school and then they want to go to high school. What is the result? A high school graduate isn't going to stay on the farm. The girls learn to go to parties and wear silk skirts in the middle of the week, and you can't get a silk dress alongside of a churn or a chicken coop. What with his own family gone and hired help demanding high wages, the farmer either has to pay them or else let part of his farm go unproductive."

Will this problem be solved with the floodtide of immigration after the war? The farmer is fully as desperate in his labor situation as any manufacturer. The gold dollar with its purchasing power, has but a partial value of what it possessed ten years ago. A wage may look big, but there is not as much left at the end of the week as there used to be in the old days when low wages prevailed, so there it is, "nothing's right, never was and never will be," according to the philosophic stoic who lunched near me in an automat that day.

Photo, Bradley, New York

WILLIAM A. PRENDERGAST
Comptroller of finance of the city of New York

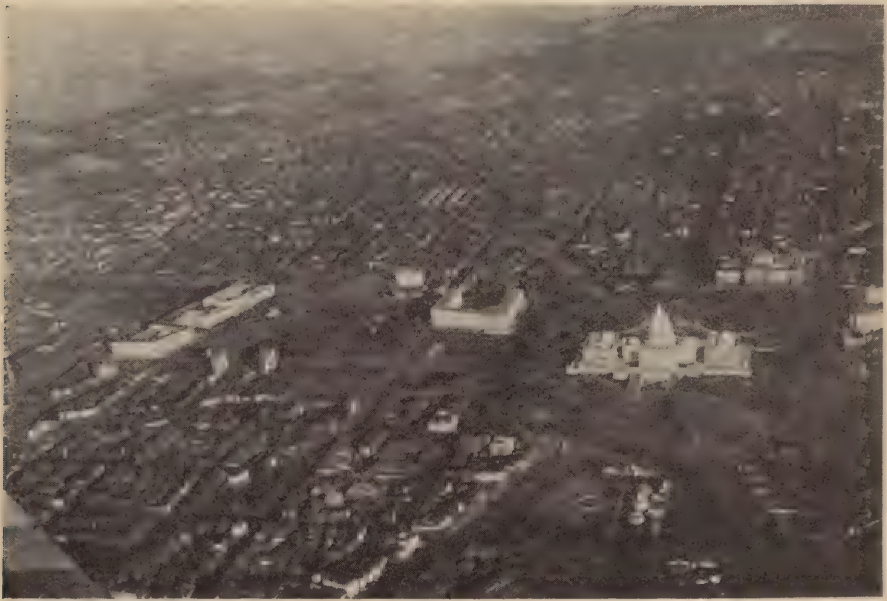
EVER since Lloyd George made such an interesting romance of the British budget, with its attendant old-age pension feature, he also made the Chancellor of the Exchequer a popular personage. Increased interest in the subject of budgets throughout this country has been felt in recent years, as taxes climb. Mr. William Prendergast, comptroller of the city of New York, has provided the largest city in the western hemisphere with a budget that is pointed out as a model. By means of a budget and a system of efficiency, the comptroller has been able to reduce the expenditures of a growing village like New York—an achievement worth recording. For many years Mr. Prendergast has been prominent in public life, and he has certainly proven that it is possible to have efficiency and accurate accounting in a large city as well as in smaller municipalities, thus adding still further popular interest to the prosaic proposition of budgets.

IN the alcove room of the House restaurant, where the members gather, Congressman Samuel E. Winslow of Massachusetts surveying his steamed oysters, Burton E. Sweet of Iowa with his ham and eggs, Meeker of Missouri with his pigs' feet and sauerkraut, and Frank Woods of Iowa, with his bread and milk—were all preparing to partake of the noonday feast. In came Representative-elect O. D. Bleaklee, bearing proudly the distinction of having come from Philadelphia to Washington in an aeroplane. He told of his sensations when circling about the dome of the capitol, and remarked that another aeroplane was in flight at the same time, with a photographer as its sole passenger, engaged in the unique task of taking a real bird's-eye view of the capital. This picture reveals the dome from a new point of view—from the heavens themselves. In it, the postoffice building and the Union Station appear so close together that they seem to be merged into one structure. With the camera evidently pointing east, there is furnished an inverted panorama that is fascinating.

It is said this is the first picture of the kind that has been taken. Not, however, due to scarcity of aerial photographers, but because the atmosphere is seldom clear enough for extensive views. The artistic convergence of the avenues at the capitol gives an idea of the plans which L'Enfant submitted to George Washington, outlining an ideal new world capital city.

An Irish wag, looking at this picture, commented: "Sure, an' that's how Washington looks from hivin. But where the divil's the Congressmen?"

They must have taken wings and flown away—all are candidates for wings, if the official biography is consulted.



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WASHINGTON AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE

HEARINGS are not so plentiful as in the days of four years ago, but the one hearing that has riveted public attention was held in the Senate Office Building, where Senator Newlands and Representative Adamson and their colleagues listened attentively to the plan outlined by Mr. Thom for giving the railroads of America a national charter. It revolves around to the old proposition of giving the railroads one master instead of forty-nine. For, as it is, the railroad laws of each state are different, and the federal laws add the forty-ninth of the series.

It is recognized that a critical time has arrived for the railroads—that at last something must be done. Representative Adamson, with his blue necktie rimming his collar, and with the modest downward look of his eyes—which might indicate sleep to some, but is in reality an alert wide-awakeness—the stately Senator Newlands, and Senator Brandegee displaying his usual activity, took part in a hearing that will help decide the real status of railroads for the future.

In august array the committee sat behind a row of flat-topped tables arranged across the room—with all the dignity of a court. The reporters were there watching every word, for it was felt that this was one of the important headliners for the present session of Congress. Adjournment was taken until March 4, which indicates that this hearing will be more deliberative and less sensational than those which have usually been held in the office buildings.

Photo by Thuss HON. TOM C. RYE

THE re-election of Governor Tom C. Rye of Tennessee is a hearty endorsement of this earnest and aggressive executive. Hailing from the state of Old Hickory, and true to its traditions, he has given Tennessee an administration that has won the approval of the state. The widely varied topography—first the mountains of the east, the rolling plains of the central section, and the cotton lands of western Tennessee, make it a commonwealth of widely diversified interests. There is something of the popularity that belonged to the Taylor brothers attaching to Governor Rye, in his Tennesseean way of doing things. During his campaign, there were jokers who could not resist noting the fact that Tennessee, being a prohibition state, had a Governor named Rye, and this year many voters in prohibition Tennessee called loudly for Rye. This would be misunderstood if expressed at the bars in some wet states.

AN inventory of the legislative products indicates that the remaining days of this Congress will be chiefly occupied in the usual repairs on bills passed at the last session. The Adamson Bill needs a little tinkering here and there, and some of the provisions in the bill, such as the authorization of the government to take over railroads in case of a tie-up or strike as a matter of military necessity, placing the power of their direction in the hands of the President. Also to increase freight rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission to assist the railroads in meeting the added cost of the eight-hour day. One amendment provided for settling wage disputes by compelling thorough investigation of facts before a strike may be lawfully declared—in other words legalizing a strike. Providing for the enlargement of the Interstate Commerce Commission to meet the demands entailed in looking after wage matters as well as rate matters. This aftermath program in itself will require deliberation that it is felt should have been given to the bill when it was passed under threats of a strike—with stop-watch in hand.

* * *

EVERYBODY in Washington has an opinion as to "how it happened" and "why it happened" on November 7, 1916. Little groups of Congressmen and Senators are still discussing their views. Somehow the talk drifted to the topic of Hiram Johnson, the new Senator from California. This was because California was the last state to give a deciding voice when the result hung in the balance and the pivotal votes in the Golden State decided a close presidential contest. The electoral college, meeting in Washington during January, perfunctorily performed its historical function and confirmed the news flashed over the country after the days of suspense following the election, announcing the result after many prominent Democratic newspapers had proclaimed the election of Hughes with philosophic content "the morning after."

One keen student of political affairs insists that it was not California, but Ohio, that proved the pivotal state. Some cynics have remarked that this result was engineered in order to make it more likely that presidential candidates for both parties might be selected from Ohio, the doubtful state. This seems rather far-fetched and unjust. "Why it happened" is simply because the Progressives did not progress into the Republican party—as was planned. In the states where the Progressives had full swing in the management of the campaign, they were apparently reconciled, but where there was a taint of "Old-Guardism," the Progressives did not forget the days in Chicago in 1912. It was a remembrance of the enmities of 1912 that defeated Charles Evans Hughes. It was clearly not Woman Suffrage. In states like Illinois the Republican candidate had a large majority, and the percentage of Republican votes in California among men and women was about the same ratio. The submerged storm center was in Kansas, Ohio, New Hampshire, Nebraska and Minnesota, the states where the Progressive boot was not in the stirrup.

In the make-up of the Republican National Committee, there was a resentment against Mr. George W. Perkins that indicated that the Progressives had found how to express themselves in not having it focused in a vote for Colonel Roosevelt. They refused to be delivered. There are already forecasts as to the alignment for 1920. At that time the Progressives of 1912 may be the reactionaries, for the new recruits and a majority of the young voters coming on expressed themselves in 1916 in no uncertain way for Hughes.

After the result from California, Senator Hiram Johnson was looked upon as a likely candidate for President by the Progressives. His career in the Senate will be watched with interest, although he will be combating the tradition that no man serving in the United States Senate has ever yet been elected President of the United States. The personal following of Senator Johnson is proportionately stronger than that of any other man ever elected to the Senate by popular vote. His rasping voice and vigorous oratory in the Senate will mark at least a change from the arduous campaigns which he has conducted over the Golden State.

THERE was a pathos in the sudden passing of Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard. He ceased his life effort as he would have desired—at his work in the classroom. The later years of his life were stormy. He remained to the last a German citizen, but withal, was in closer sympathy with the ideals of democracy in this country than he cared to admit. He did a great work in the development of science. He made psychology a practical, everyday business proposition, and brought the academic and business life closer together.

In his last interview he made a plea for Germany, insisting if the American people understood the German character and unity of purpose there would be less misconception of German motives.

He continued to hold his chair at Harvard against strong opposition, and contended that the only thing desired for his native land was that Germany be provided with a seaport, a natural outlet for her immense commercial and industrial activities. In that last meeting at the Twentieth Century Club when he was called a high-class spy, he was cut to the quick. His aggressive characteristics lost him many friends, but the sterling quality and integrity, the honest patriotism to his fatherland was never questioned; and withal he gave the best years of his life and loyal service to this country—as a sojourner and well-wisher.

* * *

AFTER the war—what? is the dominant thought of the hour. The fourth National Foreign Trade Convention to be held in Pittsburgh, January 25, 1917, will concentrate its deliberations upon this question. The chairman of the National Council is Mr. James A. Farrell, President of the United States Steel Corporation, who, in his call for the Convention, referred to the many problems arising in foreign trade of the United States that deserve the earnest consideration of Americans in all activities. The Convention will give special consideration to conditions in foreign markets after the war, the measures necessary to safeguard American foreign trade, and the foreign trade aspect of the American tariff system. The time-honored subject of the American merchant marine, and the foreign investment of American capital as an aid to oversea commerce will be considered.

Pre-eminent consideration is to be given to the problems of the smaller manufacturer and merchant. Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, and commercial and industrial organizations from the various cities will participate, realizing that some general policy must be formulated to meet the competition without quarter which the United States is certain to meet in the world markets after the war. One session of the Convention will be devoted to the discussion of legislation authorizing co-operation among American exporters to cope with the government-encouraged combinations of foreign rivals. This matter is covered in the Webb Bill now before the Senate. Chairman Hurley of the Federal Trade Commission will speak on "Government and Foreign Trade." The need of trained young men in foreign trade and the methods for their training, together with the interests of farmers in foreign trade, will be presented by experts. Characteristic of his aggressive business career, Mr. Farrell has made "Commercial Preparedness for After the War Trade" the slogan of this important gathering.

A WELL-DEFINED and aggressive campaign is being made by many members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to elect Mrs. George Thacher Guernsey of Independence, Kansas, as President of that organization at their April meeting in Washington. This is because they feel that the time has arrived for the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution to have a President-General from west of the Mississippi River, and Mrs. Guernsey is the candidate for the honor. An active and enthusiastic worker, she has for many years devoted time and means to the interests of the organization.

There is something big and broad in her platform—for true to the instincts of an earnest candidate, she is running on a platform, in which she has made specific pledges—in which she desires to avoid the bickerings and petty jealousies which have appeared heretofore. She stands squarely for the elimination of party lines and subordination of personal ambition to the cause of the organization itself. She has been State Regent of Kansas for nine years, and stands for open and above-board dealings of the organization, frowning upon dress parade and self-aggrandizement.

Mrs. Guernsey has been a great traveler in the United States, as well as Europe and all parts of the civilized world. While she makes no pretense in public speaking, she can say the things that are necessary when the occasion arises.

Born in Ohio, of Virginia ancestry, she has spent the greater part of her life in Kansas. She was a daughter of Rev. Dr. Daniel P. Mitchell, who went to Kansas in the early days to organize Methodism on the frontier. She has the initiative spirit of a pioneer. When sixteen, she taught school in Kansas, and was so successful that before many years she was appointed principal of the High School at Independence. Her wide knowledge of human nature, combined with her ability, made her a popular member of the educational

WASHINGTON D.C.

MRS. GEORGE THACHER GUERNSEY
The candidate for President-General of Daughters of the American Revolution, is a resident of Kansas

forces of her adopted state. She is the wife of Mr. George Thacher Guernsey, now one of the leading business men of Kansas. Her candidacy is looked upon with warm approval by those favoring an aggressive and strong executive to grace the position of President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

SEVENTEEN million voters expressing their individual convictions at the polls in 1916 shows that the work of Americanization has been intensified during the last few years. Here was a concrete result. Outside of the large addition made by the votes of the women, there was a larger naturalized vote than ever known before at a presidential election. Over a thousand dollars were expended this year by the Sons of the American Revolution in the Commonwealth of Oregon alone for large silk flags, presented to each naturalizing court. It was discovered that thousands of men were becoming naturalized citizens of the United States without a glimpse at the flag to which they swore allegiance.

Mr. E. D. Baldwin, in Portland, made a strong and most appropriate speech in presenting a flag to Judge Gatens, and called attention to the fact that thousands of foreign-born citizens of Portland, Oregon, had attended the Americanization Day meeting on the Fourth of July, and that back of this movement was a sincere desire to make whole-hearted Americans out of every one applying for citizenship papers—to give them a real welcome.

This work was undertaken by the Oregon Society of the American Revolution. They have performed a splendid mission in furnishing these flags to proudly float at the very portals where American citizenship rights are conferred. The more I think of it, the more I wonder how any public meeting, especially any which has to do with matters affecting American citizenship, can gather without the radiance of the red, white and blue.

THE Capitol grounds and even the building itself are becoming a "location" for moving pictures these days. Nothing seems to escape the eye of the movie camera in the production of the world's most popular mode of amusement. But the Pacific coast, with its strong sunlight, is still the place where the greater number of pictures are made. In the development of this industry, there have been stories that surpass, even in romantic interest, those put on the screen. There is the Balboa Studio, at Long Beach, California, which a few years ago accomplished very little. Today, due to the resourcefulness of its manager, H. M. Horkheimer, it is one of the leading film companies of the country. The name "Balboa" is a most appropriate one, associated with the development of the Pacific Coast and the spirit of discovery and conquest.

In early years, Mr. Horkheimer was identified with the amusement business, having been manager and producer for the legitimate stage, also operating a chain of theatres. When the motion picture flashed upon the theatrical horizon, and many were seeking to discredit the then crude form of screen plays, Mr. Horkheimer felt that the photo-drama had a bright future. With a small outlay he began to build up his enterprise, and he soon had a studio at Long Beach, California, in a building which had been vacated by the Edison Company.

Actors, directors, camera-men, scenery-men and laboratory assistants of the highest rank rallied around him, and he went on despite many handicaps. First of all, Mr. Horkheimer was a born salesman—his problem was to produce the goods, and if they were right, he found no difficulty in finding a market. In New York and Chicago he met with much success, and soon "Balboa" was a name to conjure with in the film world.

The studio at Long Beach is really a community of itself, and one of the attractions of southern California; tourists come there every day to see how photo-plays are produced.

HENRY KING
Well-known star with the Balboa Film Company

IT is one thing to pass a law, another to have it stand the Constitutional test, another to execute it; and the one point most often overlooked and that vitiates more laws than anything else is that it does not work as was expected—like Darius Green's flying machine. Many laws have proven to be gold bricks, and some of them have been looked upon as containing a joker that nullifies results the bill may have been intended to achieve. There has been a disposition to look upon the National Child Labor law as a rush order in the legislative mill, but the facts are it was pending for three years.

While it was passed with a small majority in either body present, a goodly representation of both Republicans and Democrats favored the bill. The clause considered the joker was in permitting the evasion of the law by the fact that storage of child-made goods in warehouses thirty days exempted the manufacturer, which was thought to especially favor cotton manufacturers of the South. It would be impractical for any manufacturer to run the government blockade on goods that have been made by child labor and warehoused for thirty days, with entire change of help. The grip of federal authority was secured through the operation of the Interstate Commerce law, and this occasioned opposition from many Senators and Congressmen, who felt that it infringed upon state authority. The National Child Labor Committee of New York sent out a bulletin insisting that over one million, eight hundred and fifty thousand children are in operations having no connection with Interstate Commerce, employed by manufacturers who do not ship goods outside of the state, such as bakers, grocers, newspapers. It is claimed that the limit of thirty days was included so it would not debar any manufacturer who once employed child labor from Interstate Commerce forever afterwards, if he complied with the law, and some shrewd observers insist that the manufacturer might provide shipments of goods in thirty-day lots, hiring and firing children so as to evade the law. The general sentiment of the country favor child labor legislation, and yet the facts remain that in times past the most successful men in creating enterprises—those who have had the best working start in life—began work under the age limit now prescribed. That was under different conditions, where the work was not of such a nature as to kill or thwart all hope or ambition in the child.

RUTH ROLAND
With the Balboa Film Company

There are some employments in which children are benefitted by work, and if child-labor law prevents an early contact with real work and responsibility among children, and only builds up and encourages loafing and idleness among the girls and boys, no matter how young they may be, it may prove a curse rather than a blessing. The pathetic and flagrant abuses of child labor have aroused a strong public sentiment, supplementing the action taken by Congress, but loafing and laziness are habits easily and too often acquired under the baneful influence of what was intended to be remedial legislation.

How Peace Treaties Have Been Made

by Mitchell Mannering

GO where you will in this country—north, south, east or west—the dominant thought in every mind is "When will the war end?" And comes the corollary: "What after the war?"

In Washington, in New York, in San Francisco, or in conversation with those who have known the battlefields, there are the same endless arguments that marked the early days of 1914, when it was believed—even scientifically and wonderfully *proven*—that the war could continue for only a short time.

Some students of affairs who have closely observed the happenings of the past two years insist now that the end of the war will come within a year's time, an idea based upon the resistance at Verdun, the awakening of Italy, the recovery of Russia and the collapse of the Turks. The fall of the Asquith Cabinet and the rise of the little Welshman, Lloyd George, the man of the people; the shake-up in the French military councils, all go to show the swift turn of events in the Allied countries.

The dove of peace, though it be heralded within the year, finds no resting place on the battle lines. Steadily and surely the work of preparation goes on along the western front, where England and France, with grim purpose, are pushing forward literally inch by inch. The rehabilitation of the English and French armies is significant of a task uncompleted, indicating that in the trenches British stoicism and French determination are now fully awakened.

In contemplating the termination of different wars, it is interesting to consult the histories on the shelves and trace out the many and varied processes of peace. Instead of beginning with the conquests of Alexander or of Caesar, let us reverse the usual procedure and turn the pages backward.

The last great war was between Japan and Russia. This was concluded with a peace brought about by President Roosevelt, when he sent identical dispatches to both governments, suggesting peace negotiations. Both powers sent envoys, and the peace terms were negotiated at Portsmouth.

In the Boer War, the members of the Transvaal government rode into Middleburg to arrange peace with Lord Kitchener. He met them and declared he would consider negotiations if the other leaders could be summoned. Delegates were chosen, and peace was concluded at Vereeniging.

The story of the Spanish-American war is recent history. Then the word "protocol" first gained a world-wide significance. Seventeen days after Spain's overtures were made through the French ambassador, the protocol was signed. In the Turco-Grecian war of 1897 Russia put an end to hostilities by peremptorily ordering an armistice just as the victorious Turks were marching on central Greece.

Every incident of the Franco-Prussian

war has been illumined by the present conflict. In 1870 the French Government, succeeding Napoleon III, requested first an armistice, then peace. This was declined, and the siege of Paris began. Not until Paris was utterly exhausted was even a preliminary protocol conceded. The treaty of Frankfort followed.

The peace of 1866 is recalled in the recent death of Franz-Josef, who, after his defeats at Koniggratz and elsewhere, informed Napoleon III of his willingness to cede Venice to Italy, and his desire that Napoleon be mediator. Other terms were agreed upon and Venice was given back to Italy.

* * *

In our own Civil War, perhaps for the first time in all history, the terms of peace were decided by the generals in the field. When Grant concluded his famous treaty with Lee under the little apple tree at Appomattox, peace was a reality.

The war of 1859 between Italy, France and Austria, was concluded by an armistice agreed upon between Napoleon III and Franz-Josef, to which Italy was forced to agree.

In the Crimean War a peace conference was held at Vienna for over three months, which was broken off and the war resumed. Austria, a neutral power, threatened to join the allies unless the Czar accepted the terms. He at first refused, but a letter from the King of Prussia induced him to agree to the final peace conference that was held.

Throughout the Mexican war, President Polk was anxious for peace, and even sent with General Scott's army an envoy empowered to treat with Mexico. Scott soon rid himself of Nicholas Trist, the peace advocate, who was later recalled by Polk. But in the meantime Trist succeeded in transmitting his letter to the Mexican Government through the British Minister, and, disregarding his recall, negotiated the Treaty of Guadelupe-Hidalgo, which concluded the Mexican War and gave to this country a large area of land by conquest. Yet, there are no bronze tablets keeping fresh the memory of Trist, the man who really did the work for President Polk after he had been summarily dismissed.

In the American school books appears a detailed account of the peace of Ghent, which concluded the war of 1812, a peace made possible by the Czar of Russia, although his offer of mediation was rejected by England. Lord Castlereagh, however, let it be known that he was willing to negotiate direct with the United States. Commissioners were sent immediately. England, however, failed to appoint envoys until some time afterward, when her troubles became so great that she was desirous of peace.

It might be possible to gather a record of all notable peace negotiations back to the time of Caesar; in fact, one is amazed at the number of wars that have swept away human life, but the peace that meant quite as much to the world as that which is anticipated today was that which marked the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars, the re-establishment of enthroned "legitimacy" for another hundred years, and the temporary suspension of the principles of the French Revolution, until their re-assertion in 1914, in resistance to the Teutonic myth.

* * *

Peace propositions usually begin with an armistice, but there has been no precedent for Germany's recent action in requesting an unconquered power to discuss terms. Historically, it is generally considered that the nation desiring to end the war will avail itself of the offer of some friendly neutral. When England desired to end the war with the colonies after the surrender of Cornwallis, she sent separate negotiators to the French Government and to the American Commissioners in Paris. While the American Commissioners were instructed by the Continental Congress to negotiate no peace without the participation of her French allies, they did sign a separate treaty, with the reservation that it should not be valid until France had formally confirmed the negotiations. This was accepted only when the French government confirmed peace by the Treaty of Paris.

It is curious to note, after re-reading the story of every peace conference or armistice, that there seems to be no regular accepted routine or process. It seems to come just like the unexpected armistice in a personal combat—you never know just what it is that ends the fight. President Wilson realizes that oftentimes the kindly and officious mediator may be set upon by both antagonists, if the time is not ripe. When the German proposition was made, the President promptly passed it on to the ambassadors to deliver—like the proverbial hot potato. In this situation the President enjoys the advantage of being a close student of history; he knows what sometimes happens when the peace negotiator is not wanted.

Many insist that the bold and aggressive action of Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, served to suggest mediation in a spirit of absolute and frank neutrality, which attracted and won the confidence of the belligerents. But the complications growing out of the present war, with its pronounced opinions and propaganda, for one side or the other, has brought about a very complicated and delicate situation. In talking with men who have for years made a study of diplomatic affairs and international treaties, the conclusion seems invariably to be that the President of the United States must act in some way in the peace negotiations, although just yet that way is not quite clear.

Diplomatic parleys for peace are like two lawyers trying to stall a jury—to use legal vernacular, that is, when one lawyer seeks to prejudice the jury against the other lawyer. In this case the lawyers are the nations at war, and the jury is the world. It is pointed out that the present conflict is not a war of conquest or a war of extinction, but will be a final conclusion, at arms, as to certain fundamental principles which have to do with the welfare of the world, as well as that of the nations involved. The annihilation of space through rapid transportation, and the growth of interchange of commerce have made it impressively apparent that the welfare and interests of all nations are involved in the negotiations for the conclusion of the present war, for more than almost any war known in history, it has virtually been a world war.

It is conceded that the boundary lines of the European countries will be fixed and determined by this war more permanently than by any previous struggle at arms. In fact, it is generally believed that we will witness in this the last bloody struggle and that the warfare of the future, if there is to be such, will break forth in the Orient rather than the Occident.

If Lloyd George had met the proposition of Bethmann-Hollweg—an undefeated belligerent asking her adversary to meet her and discuss unformulated terms of peace—with a counter proposition that Germany should banish the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, there would doubtless be little hesitancy about going forward with negotiations for peace. But just as Bethmann-Hollweg with his proposition has sought more to throw the responsibility for the continuance of the war upon the shoulders of his adversary than of peace, so would such a proposal on the part of England appear in the eyes of the world.

Nor is it longer a question for diplomatic intrigue; it is a plain business proposition. This great war fulfilled the prophecy of Tolstoi, for it is indeed a titanic struggle for commercial supremacy, backed by the autocratic force of monarchial militarism which exists equally on one side or the other—even in republican France as in autocratic Germany. But whatever may come in the next twelve months, it is felt that peace is to be one of the events scheduled for the historical calendar of 1917. Let us hope so.

* * *

GRANT–LEE HALL
This building was destroyed by fire in December, 1909, and is now in process of reconstruction

The Birthday Celebration at Lincoln Memorial University

by

John Wesley Hill

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The University was fortunate in obtaining the services of Doctor Hill, whose wide experience in furthering and building up enterprises in a most successful manner makes him the ideal man for this work. He was born May 8, 1863, at Ada, Ohio. Graduate of Ohio Northern University; attended Boston Theological Seminary; has occupied many of the prominent pulpits. Received degree of D. D. from his alma mater and LL. D. from upper Iowa University. Trustee of Ohio Northern University and Moore's Hill College, Indiana. He is widely known as a civic and patriotic organizer and orator; organized the International Peace Forum, 1910; organized The World Court League in 1915; originated and directed World Court Congress in Cleveland, Ohio, 1915, and Carnegie Hall, New York City, 1916. Visited the Orient in 1911, organizing the peace movement in China and Japan. Last November he was elected Chancellor of Lincoln Memorial University, with headquarters in New York City, from which he is directing a movement for the enlargement of its endowment and the erection of necessary buildings*

ON the campus of Lincoln Memorial University, on the historic grounds near Cumberland Gap, February 10–13, will gather one of the most notable and representative assemblies in the history of America.

Presidents of Universities, Justices of the Supreme Court, governors of states, United States senators, captains of industry, publicists, statesmen, jurists, men eminent in the professions, and members of the diplomatic corps will attend.

It is the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. And it is the determination of nearly a thousand of the foremost men and women of America to make this the most impressive and eventful celebration of that day in history.

In other words, the celebration at Lincoln Memorial is to be turned to account.

Here at Cumberland Gap, where Daniel Boone made his entrance on the stage of the "dark and bloody ground," and discovered the state of Kentucky, the borders of that commonwealth and two others meet. The others are Tennessee and Virginia.

In these mountains of the Cumberland live a peculiar people. Peculiar in that the purity of their blood has not been crossed by alien stock. Here are the Huguenots—direct descendants of the flight from France. Here is the original fighting stock of the Scotch-Irish from which sprang the Americanism of Sam Houston and Andrew Jackson. Here is the pure strain of the old English.

The product of this geographical isolation is a youth unlike any other youth under the flag. They may lack the readiness and precocity of the city-born. They are reserved almost to the point of taciturnity. Mountain people always are. But once quickened and kindled by the fire of opportunity, education, and contact with the world outside, they are without peers in manhood and womanhood. Here, at this gap in the Cumberlands, one

PINNACLE MOUNTAIN
Aptly called "The Midland Gibraltar of America." The Dixie Highway passes along the side of this mountain underneath the bare perpendicular rock; it is 2700 feet high

of the greatest, most dramatic and democratic institutions of learning to be found in this country is located, dedicated forever to the living memory of Abraham Lincoln.

I say "great" because it is great. It is great because of the depth of its appeal to its student body. In this respect I think it is perhaps the greatest university in the world. Lincoln Memorial reaches into the log huts and mountain cabins of these brave but poor people, fires the imagination of these boys and girls who without it would go through lives of narrow ignorance and misery. It inspires in their hearts a passion for learning and betterment that is destined to produce wonders in the redemption and salvation of the American people.

No other school has such a grip.

No other college in America has such romance.

Lincoln Memorial University, though undreamed of by Abraham Lincoln, is, nevertheless, literally a brand snatched from the burning. In the dark days of 1863, when the Tennessee campaign was turned over to General Howard, Lincoln stood with him before a map of the Cumberland region. As they talked over the situation, the difficulties of operation in the heart of a hostile country, the President leaned forward and put his finger on Cumberland Gap and said: "But in these mountains you will find that the people are loyal to the flag. They will not desert you. You can trust them. They are faithful to the Union." And they were. As the half-fed and ill-clothed soldiers passed their cabin doors they gave them

INDUSTRIAL BUILDING IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION
The work being done by the students

all they could, homespun garments and food. They even took the shoes off their feet and gave them to the barefoot soldiers.

This is the stock, and this is the place where General O. O. Howard, in memory of Abraham Lincoln, determined there should be a school for the sons and daughters of these mountain men and women.

And it is so. He gave his life to the founding and fostering of what is now Lincoln Memorial University, the mountain college of America, with its seven hundred mountain students.

Lincoln Memorial is the kind of a college Abraham Lincoln would have wanted it to be. It is a university where every student works, not only with his brain, but with his hands. The gymnasium of Lincoln Memorial is the open field and the out-of-doors.

The men who get their education at this school earn it and pay for it day by day. Not a young man or a young woman at Lincoln Memorial has any time for day dreams or frivolity, nor any inclination apparently to indulge in them. It is the most serious university I have ever known. The faculty is devoted, the students are in deadly earnest. The result is more work and more accomplishment per minute and per term than anywhere else.

It is the kind of school Lincoln would have chosen to attend. The boys there are his kind of boys, high-principled, clean-cut, up-standing six-footers, clear-eyed and keen, quiet, fearless and courageous. Health and strength shows in every line of them. They are rugged and staunch. And there is nothing in the way of sacrifice too great for them to endure for the sake of an education. What some of them have already done to reach the gates of Lincoln Memorial would make an epic. They come from two hundred miles around, with their "little all" in a bundle, now and then a few dollars at the most, and most times nothing, to fight their way through school. Nothing can daunt them, and nothing ever will. This is the raw material out of which this mountain university manufactures its alumni.

To describe the grandeur of the seat of this university would beggar your vocabulary. It stands in the midst of the majesty of mountains, in a panorama of beauty and color, towering trees, gigantic rocks, and the long sweep of lowland and meadow.

There is a colonnade of trees on the campus that will remind you of the groves of classic Greece, where Plato walked and taught in the far Athenian days. There are the fresh breezes of woods and flowers, the bluest skies you ever saw, and, over all, a peace and dignity almost sublime. This is the site of Lincoln Memorial, where rises the university that bears his name.

What Lincoln Memorial University is entitled to, what Lincoln Memorial University wants, and what, by all that is

CREAMERY BEING BUILT BY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

holy it has a right to demand from the people of America is enough money to provide the tools and the employments necessary to give work to these students.

Think of it! Here is a university where $17.50, or its equivalent in toil, pays a student's tuition and room rent for three months and board for one month. Yet hundreds of students are turned away because the university has not the wherewithal to give them work to do. A score of activities could be established at once in connection with the university farm. The possibilities in this connection alone have not even begun to be developed. There has not been money enough to turn around. The commonest kind of buildings are needed, not to mention the humblest sort of housing for the students. Scores are living in shacks, and glad of the chance. One student who walked a hundred miles from his home in North Carolina, when told by the Dean that he had no place for him, that there was neither a bed to spare nor a room to give him, replied:

"I didn't come heah to git no room, I didn't come heah to git no bed, I come heah to git an education—I can sleep on the floor."

That is the spirit that is calling to the sympathy and sense of our Americanism today, and it is a monstrous wrong that of the millions bestowed every year on education in America, scarcely a pittance falls to the lot of Lincoln Memorial.

February 10–13 of the year 1917 is hoped to open a way to right this matter. With special trains under escort of senators, governors, mayors and dignitaries from the whole nation present at this great Lincoln celebration, it is hoped that the eyes of the people will be opened to the need and the righteousness of the cause of this great school, this fighting university of the mountains, and that there will be something done about it.

General Howard is dead. He gave the best years of his life pleading for Lincoln Memorial and the students of Lincoln Memorial.

Abraham Lincoln belongs to the ages.

But Lincoln Memorial still lives and will live forever to remind us in the midst of pomp and wealth that a university of the people, for the people, and by the people shall not perish from the earth.

THE BARRACKS
Temporary shelter built by the boys in 1913 to care for an overflow of students

David Lloyd George

A Character Study

by The Editor

"LET me tell you this," said David Lloyd George, with fists clenched in Rooseveltian intensity, but with an eloquence as instinctive as a Billy Sunday peroration, "the day will come when a nation that lifts up the sword against a nation will be put in the same felon category as the man who strikes his brother in anger."

This reads into his later speech as Premier of Great Britain an ideal of vital significance in the light of events. Although dimmed in warfare, this ideal shines clear and steady as a beacon light in the career of this empire-leader, called from the ranks of the "plain people" in the mountains of Wales.

The eyes of the world are on David Lloyd George, Premier of England. When he made his first appearance as spokesman for Great Britain, and the news flashed overseas of the fall of the Asquith cabinet, my mind went back to 1911, when, after a glimpse of Parliament in session, I met the wiry, nervous little Welshman, who was arousing a torrent of opposition. The thought came to me at that time, in talking with him, that here was a man who promised Napoleonic proportions or the fate of a political exile. A few hours before I had talked with the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, who was then leader of the Opposition. His room was reached through long corridors lined with impressive rows of leather-bound books redolent with the musty imprisonment of the centuries, recording the proceedings of Parliament, back and beyond to the days of good Queen Bess.

It was February and a fire was burning in the grate, giving a glow to even an interviewer's visit. If there is anything an Englishman loves, it's a cheerful blaze on the hearth. Mr. Balfour was apparently deeply interested as I answered as best I could his queries concerning the different Senators and Congressmen at Washington, but my casual mention of Lloyd George aroused a look of desperate weariness.

* * *

Of the millions who have been writing, speaking, and thinking about the war, it remained for David Lloyd George to summons in argument a quotation from our own Abraham Lincoln to confound his enemies and reconcile a situation worse confounded. The quotation he made in the opening paragraphs of his first address as Premier: "I should like to quote the well-worn words of Abraham Lincoln: 'We accepted the war for an object, a worthy object. The war will end when that object is attained. Under God, I hope it will never end until that time.' "

It is notable that he did not say Abraham Lincoln, the American. Thus Lloyd George added evidence that Abraham Lincoln and his words belong to all the world, and the memory of this masterful character of history is already an influence in the conduct and the termination of the world-war struggle.

Again I see him with that close-cropped mustache, now gray, with a brow now wrinkled, with the crows' feet around his eyes, in contrast to the almost youthful face that I recall in 1909, he alone recalling the words of Abraham Lincoln in their application to the great war of now.

These words of Abraham Lincoln spoken in tenderness, with kindness, with mercy, and yet how firm justice—"Under God, I hope it will never end until that object is attained." That object was attained and the result is a reunited country and the abolition forever of human slavery. These words seem especially significant in view of the German action of deporting the Belgians and making of them slaves, even as the Roman conquerors of the Goths and the Huns.

* * *

Think of a world character reaching an eminence where the attention of five hundred millions of his fellowmen is riveted upon him; a little bundle of nervous energy; only a little over five feet tall. How swift moving are the events of today. The story of Lloyd George is a triumph of democracy. In his early speeches there was little evidence that he would reach the heights, although his constituents in Carnarvonshire believed in him unreservedly. Early in his career he aroused Welsh patriotism as at no time since the days of Owen Glendower.

Interest in the details of his early life is enhanced since his rise to great power. The son of a schoolmaster who failed in his profession and who died an unsuccessful farmer—here we have a revelation of the source of the intense ardor of David Lloyd George in his crusade against that baleful imposition of landlordism which first gave him his fame. He has never pretended to be aught else except a Welshman through and through. He has always been a man of the people, and while attacked as a demagogue, he seemed to be one who not only pointed out what was wrong, but had remedial policies and plans always at hand. Left penniless when his father died, he knew the struggles of boyhood poverty, and a kindly uncle made a legal career possible for little David.

Completing his sixteenth year, he was articled to a firm of solicitors. Five years of study ensued, during which he mingled of necessity with the people, reading the newspapers and keeping in touch with the thought of the town and times. At twenty-one he was admitted to the bar, and in seven years it was conceded that he had the largest practice in Wales, but he never cared for the law—he loved politics. This was evidenced when at seventeen he was stumping the country in behalf of land reform and temperance, and was elected to the Council of Carnarvonshire.

* * *

In 1890 he was elected to the House of Commons. It was then he made his first trip to London, refusing to wear a top hat that was then the usual distinction of a member of Parliament. For ten years little was known of him except as an adroit parliamentary strategist and a clever speaker. He seemed to grasp a subject, state his purpose in words that everybody understood, but in these early speeches he advocated revolutionary measures. He hit between the eyes and made the landed gentry lift their hats to the son of a tenant farmer who died in poverty. He was opposed to the Boer War, but all the time he was amassing details of the thing usually overlooked by members of Parliament—the details of the budget, something which few of the six hundred and fifty members of Parliament ever seemed to know much in detail. With a voracious appetite for figures, and although far from being an expert or having a love of figures, his speeches at that time read more like a Macaulay peroration than a discussion of a table of government statistics.

One statesman facetiously remarked to the present King while he was Prince of Wales: "You ought to know Lloyd George. If there were such a thing as the president of Wales, he would poll more votes than you would." In other words, if Wales were a republic, the executive of the ancient land of the Druids would be none other than David Lloyd George.

* * *

The first impression I had of Lloyd George was that he was a fighter and a brilliant speaker. I cannot honestly say that I glimpsed the great future awaiting him. He had a picturesque accent and a brilliant sarcasm and ridicule, and threw aside or reversed all traditions in public service. As long ago as 1910, in pointing out that there were no great trusts in England as in America, he said: "In America you have great trade combines, but they are purely ephemeral. They are creations of yesterday. By the mere action of trade and industry, they occasionally collapse. Those that are still in existence the American people, with that promptitude and energy which characterize them, are preparing to deal with. But in this country the trusts I am alluding to are part of the social fabric. They have been in existence for generations and centuries.

"What is the first of them? The first is the great land trust. The land is a trust. A great financier starts his work—and I recollect it as a law student as one of the first lessons in the law of real property—by saying 'there is no absolute property in land.'"

* * *

In these early speeches it was evident that he had a profound admiration for the aggressive and progressive spirit of America. He dropped the name of "David" early in his public career—the name which signifies the patron saint of Wales and associated with the great March anniversary. He took his case directly to the people and worked faithfully on the old-age pensions committee. He whimsically remarked, apropos of that subject: "I sat as a member of an Old Age Pension Committee—appointed by a Unionist Government—and I really thought it meant business. I was younger then. We drew up a scheme and found it would cost twelve

Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

LLOYD GEORGE'S HEALTH NOT WRECKED BY SUFFRAGETTES

The rumor that the activities of the Suffragettes, both militant and non-militant, have so preyed on the mind of Mr. George that he was suffering from nervous breakdown, evidently emanated from the press bureau of the ladies who are strenuously demanding the rights of suffrage. As seen by the photograph showing the English chancellor as he is today in the study of his home enjoying the full measure of health millions a year. The Government said it would cost too much, and, by way of diversion, plunged into the South African War as a cheaper business."

His address on "Trusts and Monopolies" was one of the first to bring his name to the attention of the British people. His views on free trade are not so complimentary to American methods, for he pointed out that the little county of Lancashire in England made and sold twenty times as much cotton goods as all America in one year.

"Let me tell you this, the day will come when a nation that lifts up the sword against a nation will be put in the same felon category as the man who strikes his brother in anger."

* * *

With the same power he used in combating the landlord system, he logically developed as the man of the hour. His intense interest in social reform and in labor has kept him always close to the people. He seemed to know how far undaunted courage and positive leadership could go, almost to the breaking point. In his pleas for old-age pensions, he flashed pictures that had come under his personal observation. He considered idleness more of an evil than drinking, but, he amends, "much of this is also due to the lassitude and lack of vitality which comes from insufficient nourishment and bad conditions." He was appalled by the situation that presented itself in England. "I do not think," he says, "the better-off classes, whose comfort is assured, realize the sufferings of the unemployed workmen. What is poverty? Have you ever felt it yourselves? If not, you ought to thank God for having spared you its sufferings and its temptations. Have you ever seen others enduring it? Then pray God to forgive you if you have not done your best to alleviate it. By poverty I mean real poverty, not the cutting down of your establishment, not the limitation of your luxuries. I mean the poverty of the man who does not know how long he can keep a roof over his head, and where he will turn to find a meal for the pinched and hungry little children who look to him for sustenance and protection. That is what unemployment means."

The landlord interests bombarded him on every hand, but he kept his eye on the goal. There was a simple, Lincolnesque logic in his speeches, when he pointed out that one-seventh of the English people were in actual want, and one-third dependent on charity more or less—it was a situation that struck home. Well I remember that night of the downfall of the Balfour Cabinet after one of his speeches. There was a procession of the wives of the unemployed on the Thames Embankment. The dark and gloom of that brief day of sunlight penetrated into the brilliant scenes of the gay night life of London. In the corridor of the National Liberal Club I looked upon the portrait of John Bright, one of the last of the great Liberals, and it seemed illumined when the hope of a return to power dawned for his party.

Lloyd George's speeches were never filled with epigram, but a full and winsome logic. He insisted that it was the business of government to follow with courage the middle path between panic and parsimony—the only safe road to national security. No greater surprise came to his enemies than when he made good as Chancellor of the Exchequer. His opponents felt that here was the test that would foreshadow his downfall. How to raise and provide revenue and provide remedial measures kept his canny Welsh wit aglow, but he never lost sight of the sinking fund. He never relaxed in his determination to equalize taxation, feeling that the first essential in the people's budget was a fair distribution of the burdens of government.

There was no phase or intricacy of the budget that he could not explain, and the array of figures that would appall the average man seemed to be as clear to him as the alphabet. When he presented his final balance sheet for 1909, there was a feeling that this little man from Wales was able to handle details of finance.

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In discussing the land and the people of the landlords, there was always a large audience awaiting Lloyd George because he insisted that he was one of the children of the people and knew their trials. He declared that the burdens should not be placed altogether on their shoulders. With a dramatic gesture, closing his address, he said: "I made up my mind, in framing the budget which is in front of me, that at any rate no cupboard should be barer, no lot should be harder. By that test I challenge you to judge the budget."

The increased taxation aroused the opposition of the landlords, but never mind, he went right on and was always ready to tell of its progress and effects. He is master of the ancient Gaelic and the English language. He seems to have an intuitive judgment of what not only his own supporters were thinking, but what the opposition was thinking, and to know every weak point when ready to strike.

* * *

His defiance was no mere harangue. In speaking on "The Landlords' Tariff on Industry," he declared: "They are forcing a revolution, and they will get it. The Lords may decree a revolution, but the people will direct it. If they begin, issues will be raised which they little dream of. Questions will be asked which are now whispered in humble voices, and answers will be demanded then with authority. The question will be asked whether five hundred men, ordinary men chosen accidentally from among the unemployed, should override the judgment—the deliberate judgment—of millions of people who are engaged in the industry which makes the wealth of the country. That is one question. Another will be, Who ordained that a few should have the land of Britain as a perquisite? Who made ten thousand people owners of the soil, and the rest of us trespassers in the land of our birth?

"Who is it that is responsible for the scheme of things whereby one man is engaged through life in grinding labor to win a bare and precarious subsistence for himself, and when, at the end of his days, he claims at the hands of the community he served, a poor pension of eight pence a day, he can only get it through a revolution, and another man who does not toil receives every hour of the day, every hour of the night whilst he slumbers, more than his poor neighbor receives in a whole year of toil? Where did the table of that law come from? Whose finger inscribed it? These are the questions that will be asked."

His attack on the House of Lords had much to do with the triumph of the Veto Bill, and he asked the Lords at one time: "What is the House of Commons?" and answers his own question. "It is composed of men who, first of all, have to come down before the constituency and explain their views fully to them. Generally they visit them from door to door and make themselves acquainted with their views personally face to face; they are cross-examined and heckled; they have to explain fully what they are prepared to do if they are returned. At the end of five or six years, if they have not done it, they are called to a reckoning—to face the men to whom they have given their pledges and to give an account of their stewardship; and if they have fallen short in the slightest particular, they are called to account. That is the position of a member of the House of Commons. He is dismissed unless he actually carries out the pledges he made to his constituents."

Lloyd George had then been a member of five Parliaments—three Unionist and two Liberal, and he felt qualified to pay his tribute to the House of Lords, insisting that the time had arrived when they should not possess the absolute and imperial veto power.

The problem of unemployment brought forth the fire of his enemies at a critical time, and yet in all this he insisted: "You must have security for capital. Without security for capital you won't induce capital to risk itself upon enterprises. So I am all for giving every security for capital. But I also want to have security for daily bread. And unless you have the latter you can't ensure the former."

* * *

It is interesting to note his comments at this time concerning Germany: "Our opponents are always studying Germany, and, mind you, I'm not one of those who say Germany should not be studied, that German methods should not be looked into. On the contrary, why adopt the worst method and ignore the best? The scientific training, the technical instruction of Germany, are ignored in Tory platforms. All they want is the black bread of Germany, the conscription of Germany, the low wages of Germany. In addition to these, there's another side of the great industrial life, the insurance of Germany against sickness and invalidism. Every German workman is insured under this great system, so that when there is a breakdown something comes out of the fund to keep his family. That system is contributed to largely by the workmen themselves. The State also contributes—not a very considerable amount, but it does contribute.

"And I met Socialist leaders and trade union leaders in Germany, I met a good many employers of labor, and they said it was one of the best systems ever introduced into the industrial life of Germany. It has given a sense of security to the workmen. The worry, the weariness, the fear of what will happen has vanished. Instead of the workman going on as he does to the last moment, when he ought to be recuperating his strength because he is ill, being afraid to give up because he does not know what will happen to his family—instead of that in Germany they have got the knowledge that this great gigantic State system is at their backs, and if they really fall and faint in the struggle there is something to fall back on at any rate, something to look after them, and something to look after their wives and children.

"That is the sort of thing," he proclaimed, "we ought to copy. We have provided for a State contribution which is twice as large as that of Germany, so that although the Germans have had the system for twenty years, Free Trade Britain in a single year is able to provide twice as much as Protectionist Germany after twenty years.

"We want to drive hunger forever from the hearths," he declared. "We mean to banish the workhouse from their thoughts, from the horizon of every workman in the land before we are done."

It was in these days that Lloyd George called Winston Churchill "my friend." It was when the Veto bill was finally passed that I heard the speech of the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, then a member of the Cabinet on the Veto bill. He stuttered a bit as he read his notes on the desk, but he hurled keen shafts of satire at the members of the opposition. At the opposition desk sat Arthur J. Balfour, looking at his boots, while Churchill read his notes on the Veto bill in a flash of staccato oratory.

Outside in central hall is the site of the old House of Commons. Here Pitt and Fox participated in the famous debates when the fate of the American colonies hung in the balance. In company with the Right Hon. John Burns of Battersea, I inspected the tablets that marked the spot where stood the desk of Pitt, when he gained undying fame in an impassioned plea for the American colonies then in revolution. As I reflectively lingered, my companion asked, softly, "Would it not have been better had the American colonies remained a part of the great British Empire—and together made the one greatest nation of all times?"

It was this same John Burns who resigned from Parliament rather than give his assent to the Declaration of War.

* * *

The bewigged speaker sitting under the canopy gives a session of the House of Parliament a dignity not known in our own Congress, and the cry of "Hear, hear," will burst forth in spite of the rules. In the House of Parliament, each visitor is provided with a program of events. In the United States, they give you a diagram showing where the stately members sit. In England you have a page of the program devoted to "Questions for Oral Answer," and these furnish fireworks for the debate. At that time, the First Lord of the Admiralty was catching most of the inquiries.

It was at the next day's session that I saw Lloyd George on the bench, and it was plain to be seen that every word uttered by this little Welshman was watched and weighed in the balance. It was an interesting sight to see them shuffle and re-shuffle the papers containing notes of Lloyd George's previous utterances, seeking to find some vulnerable point of attack. The scene recalled those of Charles Dickens, who, as a stenographic reporter, used to sit in the galleries dreaming of the time when he could indulge his genius writing stories of what he had observed in old London town.

The fall of the Asquith Cabinet was because of a difference between the Premier and Lloyd George, not personal so much as temperamental. Back of this was the power of "The Thunderer" and the Northcliffe newspapers. There is no doubt but the little Welshman was straining under the delays as he sought to have the conduct of the war placed in the hands of a small board, within the main body of the Coalition Cabinet, made up of twenty members of both, but not dependent in deliberative action. There is no doubt that the success of the Liberal party and this epoch-making event had much to do with bringing Lloyd George forward as the man of the hour.

In order to understand Lloyd George at work, you must understand Lloyd George at play. He knows how to play as well as to work. After a night at the Cabinet, he finds time at ten o'clock for an hour on the links. He is a paradoxical combination of poet and bulldog. His speech on Belgium and Servia, when he said "God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which He carries His choicest wines to the lips of humanity, to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their vision, to stimulate and strengthen their faith; and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism, our shame would have rung down the everlasting ages."

While some years ago, one portion of England was hailing him as a messenger from heaven, others looked upon him as a fiend incarnate. He is at least the most-talked-of man in the British Empire. Since 1906 he has been in the public eye, and while few believed that he could administer as he could apostrophize and anathematize, later happenings have been his best proof. They called him a "performer" in England, but with his candor and directness he was displaying always those characteristics that called him to supreme power in the hour of his country's need.

It is not surprising that Lloyd George should have quoted Abraham Lincoln; not surprising that he should manifest a keen interest in things American, for after hearing one of his long but sustained addresses, you find him almost a retiring, genuine, frank, open-hearted man. Even the enemies of Lloyd George have never denied the real human qualities of the man. His bitterest enemies have never assailed his character. He remains buoyant and boyish because he still loves the out-of-doors, the mountains—playground of his childhood days.

Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

QUAINT DRUIDICAL CEREMONY IN WALES
Lloyd George arriving at Bangor on August 6th to attend the Welsh Eisteddfod. He later made an important speech on the Fall of Wausau

* * *

A peculiar fate attends the Premiership of England. Earl Roseberry worked toward that end for years, Disraeli failed in his first speeches, but in his defiance, declared that England would yet hear from him, then and there blazing the path to the goal. Even more than in our own country, the doors of Opportunity seem to be thrown more widely open with a king on the throne of England than with a President in the White House. In England the crime of caste is confined to birth, but in America it is new, made by wealth or the power of wealth. Even our own primary system has made it almost impossible for a poor man to hope to win without enlisting the power of wealth from some source to carry on his campaign. England, with its elastic government, responsive to the needs of the hour and not limited to quadrennial periods of changing administrations, has given the world some ideals of democracy not existent in republics.

* * *

The English Cabinet is a combination whose immediate contact with Parliament and King is through its chief member, the Prime Minister. While Mr. Asquith has been disposed to consult and deliberate to secure harmony, Lloyd George is always ready for prompt and energetic action. As head of the War Department, he met with daily delay and obstruction, and this is doubtless what brought him to the conclusion that a war council of five men should be organized to conduct the war.

A like situation had occurred in France, when the veteran General Joffre was retired as commander-in-chief of the Allied forces, and the same in Russia when the Grand Duke was superseded. Events have shaped themselves to bring new heart to the British nation, and turned what to his opponents seemed like demagoging on Lloyd George's part, to real account in the hour of need for his country.

When Lloyd George, unable to go to receive his appointment as Premier of England from the King, appeared in Parliament after his illness, it had a flash of the heroic. Contrast his position today with that of six years ago, and the career of Lincoln is suggested. Then his revolutionary speeches were shaking England. Bitterly assailed, he continued steadfast in his course, even defying his labor followers when they sought to strangle Great Britain in her hour of dire extremity, proving himself a patriot to the very marrow of his bones. He was inspired by the spirit of northern Democrats, who, when Fort Sumter was fired upon responded to the appeal of Lincoln to save the Union.

Today he typifies the aggressive spirit of England. The adroitness with which he handled the peace propositions of Bethmann-Hollweg indicates that Germany is dealing with a master mind—a vision as broad as the earth itself. One peculiar attitude of the man is that he never stands with his heels together—one foot is always forward. In respose, he stands as if ready to start off at any moment for the race. A dynamo of activity, his advent as Premier has given a new aspect to England —no longer lethargic, but young, virile, pulsing, agile and ready to do or die. He has glorified Nelson's appeal, "England expects every man to do his duty." He has inspired a cohesiveness the like of which Great Britain has never known in all her history. Today London presents the curious spectacle of the Lords whom he deprived of their plumage and power now following the counsel and taking their orders of the wiry little youth who came from Wales to the House of Commons, little dreaming of the destiny that awaited him in the great world struggle which the wildest, most impassioned prophet could never have foretold.

Is he the prince whom Tolstoi prophesied would "come out of the north" to put an end to the struggle? He came out of the north, and his is a leadership unexampled in the history of British statesmanship.

* * *

Under the glare of pitiless publicity, Lloyd George stands well the test.

As in early days as Minister of Munitions he was called the "Shell Master of the Nation," and in that act proved that he was the man of the hour to succeed Kitchener. He sounded the note of military and industrial conscription and followed consistently the aggressive policy with which he attacked the subject of land tenure. Even on one of his trips here and there throughout the Empire organizing for the task, he sent a message to America. There was even a twinkle in his eye during the strained moments that suggested that of

Lincoln when he was ready for a story during the dark days of the Civil War.

When a law student, his eagerness for activity was apparent. He would attend the eighteen-pence dinners, called "ordinarys," held every Saturday among the Welsh farmers living near his home. He would hear one farmer telling of another farmer's cow getting into his fields, and would go to the man, saying, "I'd better take your case." Then he would go to the other man and say, "There's trouble coming to you, so I'd better take your case." Then he would get them together and settle the matter with a modest lawyer's fee showing in the common things of his youth a masterfulness in bringing together conflicting elements, serving as a peace-maker. When the Irish revolt was at its most acute stage, Lloyd George was sent to the scene of tumult. When the two million Welsh coal miners struck, he went to the mines himself, and wrought results where arbitration boards had failed. Paradoxical as it may seem, yet aptly, he was afterward called the "human lightning rod."

* * *

Stocky of build and deep-chested, Lloyd George has the physical form adapted to the demands of a masterful and chain-lightning intellect. Whether singing at the Eisteddfod, the Welsh song festival which he attends each year; on the golf links, or in his element facing a heckling audience, Lloyd George rings true. Like Mark Hanna of Ohio, here is a man who has that second and third wind of sustained effort that carries him through to victory. He is never the creature of circumstances; he makes circumstances. There he goes, now!—in his shawl-like overcoat and Fedora hat, a figure as imperishable to the England of the future as is the "Little Corporal" to the France of today.

It is said that Lloyd George never answers a letter. He doubtless remembers the old injunction of Talleyrand: "Never write a letter and never destroy one," and while the personification of democracy, it is difficult to see or find him. His opponents have always looked upon him as a veritable wasp and busy bee that carries his stinger with him.

While an acknowledged pacificist, he never did anything which was devoid of punch, whether for peace or war. I recently met a young man who was at Birmingham at the time of the great riot, where Lloyd George had to make his escape in policeman's uniform. This in the home city of Joe Chamberlain. But in England, like America, nothing remains of pre-eminent wonderment more than nine days, and the country soon forgets—the good as well as the evil.

His peculiar knack of bringing men together made Lloyd George the ideal Cabinet maker. When his gray eyes, with almost hypnotic power, focused upon men of clashing factions, he seemed to be a veritable magnet in bringing to a common purpose. In his early activities, he seemed to have a special delight in baiting dukes, and in his campaigns he became known as "the little brother of the poor."

When Lord Northcliffe published his sensational revelation on the lack of ammunition for soldiers in the trenches, and ran the blockade of the censor in publishing the report after a tour of the trenches, it shook England to the foundation, for it attacked England's military idol, Kitchener. This was the crusade in which Lloyd George let loose the torrent of his wrath and Northcliffe the vitriol of his pen. Out of it came the Coalition Cabinet, bringing together old-time enemies. This was opportunity for Lloyd George. He took the new cabinet position, Minister of Munitions, which was virtually created for him.

* * *

Not a business man, he proved a captain of industry by bringing together from every part of the country the manufacturers and workers. He organized an exploitation department, and spurred to high speed all the initiative genius of the country. In the old mansion at Whitehall Garden, he virtually directed a business corporation, the largest ever known in history, for it was virtually the industrial force of great Britain. His old temperance speeches as a youth, came handy when he placed the ban on drink, and established a censorship on labor that compelled sobriety.

Local boards of control in the various

cities were a part of his gigantic industrial organization. He turned his genius for political organization to solving a great industrial crisis. And solved it. Nothing escapes the keen gray eyes, and his ears are always on the *qui vive*. In his war orations, there were perorations that swept the peaks. He has grasp, and his description of peoples living in the "sheltered valley" for generations, whom "the stern hand of Fate" has scourged to an elevation where "we can see the everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks we had forgotten, of Honor, Duty, Patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the towering pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven," was a trumpet call to Britain.

TRUE MANHOOD

By DAVID BANKS SICKELS

WE honor the man who is noble and kind
To all who are worthy and true;
Who seeks with unselfish ambition to find
What labor of love he can do
For others who suffer from sickness and woe,
With losses and struggles and strife,
That only the lone and the lowly can know
In all the hard battles of life.

We honor the man who with mercy and love
Is swift to befriend the forlorn;
Like the one who came down from His palace above
To comfort the weary and worn;
Who never distresses the heart of a friend
By wounds with a word or a deed,
Who seldom rebukes and is slow to offend,
For love is more potent than creed.

We honor the man who stands by the right
With truth for his armor and shield;
And faces its foes in the midst of the fight,
To battle, but never to yield.
Who pities his brothers that suffer a wrong
Incited by envy and hate;
And succors the weak to contend with the strong
In spite of their humble estate.

We honor the man who stands by the cross
And follows wherever it leads;
'Mid the gnawings of grief or the pangs of remorse,
Contends it is all that he needs
To lift him beyond the allurements of time
And soften his nature with love,
While onward he presses to regions sublime
To rest in his mansion above.

The Pursuit of Happiness

by John C. Chapple

WHAT is more hopeless than the lonesome moments, with nothing to do—just waiting? Oftentimes during such moments you can call up someone on the telephone and have a good long talk with a merry soul. If the friend unburdens some troubles and worriments, you sometimes forget your own in your solicitude. When it seems lonesome in the house with everybody gone, I just slip up to my den, and I find there Emerson, Carlyle and Thoreau, or take a dip into biography or poetry. One friend of mine always seeks his solace for lonesomeness in a game of solitaire, but he always imagines someone is looking on and talks to the empty chair beside him.

When you are lonesome do something that you do not do ordinarily. One time I found I could not "cut the pigeon wing" or double shuffle, so I practiced for an hour until I had mastered the step.

You can find new things to do—even deep breathing and exercises that you think you have no time for in the busy hours. Look forward to the lonesome moments as you would to an entertainment for, forsooth, have you not yourself to entertain?

When an individual begins to know how to answer the question "why not," his feet are in the straight road to happiness, for every question in this world has its answer in "why not." You want to be happy? Then ask yourself, why not be happy, and you will find there is no reason why you should not be so. Then the Gordian knot is cut and you are happy before you know it.

* * *

You have probably heard it intimated that new resolutions are due on January first, and why not begin the first month of the year with the one supreme resolution *just to be happy.*

There is much in the mental attitude and determination of the subject. If you can get through the first ten days of January without a relapse from the happy spirit, the other twenty days will take care of themselves. The intoxication of real happiness does not inebriate. It has no reaction. It comes.

All the world loves a happy person—he is the one individual that is always welcome. That does not mean the smirking counterfeit smile or giggle, but the happiness reflected from within, happiness that radiates from the look of the eye, although perplexing troubles may overcloud the brow—then it stays and tempers many a gale.

The lonesome moments and turning them to account is suggested as one of the first rudiments of being happy, and has been presented for the consideration of those of us who are taking ourselves seriously on the question of "How to be happy."

* * *

We all have been lonesome at times, and we will be again—and if there's anything in the world that seems like a blank wall to joy it's that very thing. To some it is the very antithesis of happiness, as opposite as the poles. To others it is a period of innocuous desuetude, a sort of bridging over from one happy event to another. And now comes one who insists that there is a very real way to be happy, though lonesome.

Let's hear the explanation:

Happiness is harmony, getting in tune with your surroundings, or what you are doing. If you are with somebody, you get no happiness unless you are interested in them; if you are alone—lonesome—you get no happiness unless you can become interested in yourself. Communion with self is sublime happiness, but few understand it. We are prone, when alone, to dwell on troubles and misfortunes—from which no mortal is free—because if we only have little troubles, we make them big ones. Consequently, there is no person so fortunate in worldly affairs but can be wholly miserable with lonesomeness, unless there be an inward vision into the soul.

What is the soul? No, this is not a religious question—not a question of creed or dogma, but just a simple question of happiness. We know there is something aside from the physical side of us, and that we call the soul.

Soul is the thing poets put into their singing verse, soul is the moving power of painters and great writers; soul is the mother of imagination and the inspiration of life, and is the one thing to stay with us always. Lonesomeness is the visiting time of the soul—the time to get acquainted, to realize what a wonderful being you are after all.

Some who never expect to be known as poets—never will be known, in fact—spend their lonesome moments in writing poetry which is hidden away from prying eyes. It is their way of reaching for wider vision and clearer expression—and the happiness that comes in such communion with their own soul is supreme.

* * *

I once knew a little boy who at times sought to be alone that he might draw pictures. He did not become a great artist; he is today a business man, yet he has confessed he still likes to draw pictures when alone with no one to see. Lonesomeness to him is happiness, because he finds opportunity to enjoy his own craving for drawing, impossible as his effort may appear to the outside world.

Not every story that is written has been published. Many employ lonesomeness most happily in giving vent to their imagination in story-writing—efforts they hide away in bureau drawers, and hesitate to acknowledge. Are these stories worth publishing? Probably not, but their writing has brought happiness in lonesome moments.

The lonesome time is the time to enjoy your hobby. Hobbies are essential to happiness, for they are the peg upon which to hang surplus energy. A discussion dealing with this phase of happiness will appear in a future issue.

Happiness and lonesomeness are not disassociated. The happiest moments are often spent in solitude. If it doesn't work that way with you, put new brushes on your dynamo and light up your soul.

You can make your eyes twinkle, you can brighten up. You can do that physically even if it requires an effort, so why not exercise your twinkle?

* * *

On the first day of each month we will hold our initiation ceremony of the Happy Habiters. There will be no form or ritual, we may not be physically present, but we will all gather around the happy habit hearthstone and just make a quiet little resolution of our own to make every hour of every day have at least a gleam of happiness.

We gather without a presiding officer, without anybody present but just those who feel they are ready to continue hopefully the pursuit of happiness. We hear no chants or witness mysterious ceremonies, but just gather in that happy spirit that may be indicative of our future condition. Our circle is all aglow with telepathic greetings of happiness of all the members, even though thousands of miles away. Whoever you are, wherever you are, Happy Spirit, we greet you, for 1917 will be a busy year for us.

The High Cost of Living

by Nixon Waterman

IT'S when we have to pay a dollar for a fifty-cent article that we are disposed to talk back and prance around a good deal. Of course it may be extravagant, but so long as we are getting a dollar's worth for a dollar in the thing we are buying, and there's nobody "gouging" us with an unfair profit, we aren't likely to do much fussing. We'll pay a tip-top price for a tip-top article any time, if we have the money.

Living today costs more than it used to.

Well, isn't it worth more? Aren't we getting our money's worth? Do we wish to go back five, ten, or twenty years to a poorer quality of goods and poorer service?

* * *

When we think of living, we think of eating, and when we think of eating, we think of the grocer. You remember that not very long ago he used to buy his crackers by the barrel. He knocked the head in, stood the barrel under the counter, sometimes covered, sometimes not. There were mice and rats in the old-fashioned "messy" store, especially when the cheese stood openly within reach on the counter. And there were cats to keep the rodents in check, and they all had a "look in" at the crackers. And there were unswatted flies beyond number.

How'd you like to have some of those crackers to eat along with the uninspected milk they used to sell?

"No, thank you!" Well, we feel the same way about it. The crackers we get today in mice-proof, fly-proof, dust-proof, air-tight packages may cost more, but they taste better. It's so with everything in the store. It's put up in better shape, it's inspected more carefully, and it's better for us. It's wholesome, toothsome, trysome. And maybe it costs a little more. But do you yearn for the old order of things?

* * *

And the grocer's clerks! They used to open up the store around six in the morning and stay till all hours of the night, six days a week, and maybe for a while on Sunday. Their wages weren't big enough to hurt. Now they belong to the Clerk's Union and get more pay and work less hours. Would you have it otherwise? Especially if you were a clerk? Yes, all this costs money. Who's paying for it? We'll let you guess.

There was a time when folks took their market baskets to the store and carried their purchases home. If they'd do that now, the grocers could sell lots cheaper. But folks don't. They don't go to the store even to order their goods. They make the grocer put in a telephone so they can order goods from their own firesides. And the grocer, finding that if he lashed his horses used for delivering goods so as to reach Mrs. A.'s away up at the top of the hill with her yeast cake, and Mrs. B.'s away over on the other side of the railroad track, with a package of crackers, in due season the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would be after him—has had to buy motor delivery wagons.

It's such a convenience to say "Hello" at the grocer, and in a few minutes hear the gasoline cart at the door with the goods, and to know that a poor horse hasn't been driven almost out of breath. But it all costs money. Who pays for it? Well, the grocer couldn't do it alone and keep in business.

* * *

It's the same way all along the line. Manufacturers and dealers are all doing things better—voluntarily or by compulsion—working shorter hours, under more desirable conditions, and perhaps having to charge a little more for it.

We don't like the employers who won't give their workers a half holiday for at least part of the year and a two-weeks' summer vacation. But are we willing to help stand the added expense?

Year by year an increasing percentage of grammar school children are being put through the high school, and on into college. We have more better paid teachers; more buildings, better conditioned for study. Who pays for it all? We do. But isn't it worth it?

We demand the best of libraries, of hospitals, of public utilities of all kinds. Our dentists, doctors, nurses, must all take a post-graduate course and attend lectures and keep right up with the times. We say that the best is none too good. And we have to help pay for increased efficiency, and some of us growl a lot about it.

* * *

Here in America this is the era of silk stockings. Many workingmen and women wear them. Everything is bettering. The poor aren't so hopelessly poor as they used to be. They may not be able to have genuine things, but they do get something resembling an initation of real living.

In many homes what were deemed luxuries a few years ago are now demanded as necessities. Porcelain bath-tubs, hot and cold water, well-heated houses, hardwood floors, telephones, gas ranges, electric lights, phonographs, sleeping porches, automobiles, etc., are all good and commendable things. They are aids toward a higher and better civilization, but they cost money. The South Sea Islanders, who have none of them, can live very cheaply. But we'd rather live here and help pay the bills.

Whoever it was that paraphrased "The high cost of living" into "The cost of high living" said something that sticks. It was more than a clever turning of words. Our bettering conditions are responsible in a large degree for the higher cost of living. We're paying more because we're getting better returns.

* * *

The farmer now has a telephone, good roads, an automobile, a traction engine and the daily city papers delivered at his gate. His sons and daughters are going to college. The "women-folks" are not losing their reason because of drudgery and isolation. Labor-saving and pleasure-bringing devices on every hand. Everything is being done more intelligently and pleasantly and with more profit. And we're having to pay our share of it. And we believe we are all willing enough to pay our share of this legitimate increase in the cost of things. It is only when somebody is "getting something for nothing," by adding to the cost of things without aiding in their production or betterment that we fuss about it. The "corner speculators" and the middlemen who just stand in the way and make us pay for having to go around them—they should, and will be looked after. The whole industrial world has to be established on a "live and let live" basis. It should be a "fifty-fifty" arrangement all around.

Farmers, manufacturers, merchantmen, transportation companies, are all entitled to at least a comfortable living profit. There is enough to go round if some one class doesn't get more than its share. Eliminate the "grabbers" and the "ultimate consumer" will have little of which he will complain. We don't like to be buncoed, that's all. We wish the farmer to live well, the middlemen and the merchants to live well, and still allow the consumer also to live well.

We are, each of us, our brother's keeper, and he is ours. An injury to one is the concern of all. Whenever somebody starts the cheating game, it has to be passed on to the next one, or somebody is out of pocket. The last man to be "it" is the inevitable loser. When a lusty turnip comes knocking at the kitchen door and demanding a lusty price for itself, we will pay it with fairly good spirit if we know that a fair portion of the money is going to the farmer who grew it, a fair portion to the transportation company that brought it to market, a fair portion to the grocer who sent it to us, but if a lion's share of it is going to some tricky middleman somewhere along the line who, like a highwayman, held the turnip up and demanded his greedy toll, then we rebel.

Take this factor out of the high cost of living, and with the bettering condition of things, there is little of which a thoughtful public that believes in a "square deal" all around has much reason to complain.

THE WORLD IS MINE!

By S. B. TOBEY

THE world is mine! I hold the deeds
If it contributes to my needs;
Its min'raled hills, its fertile plain,
Its forests vast and ocean main,
Its stores and fact'ries, mart and mill,
And all results of human skill
Are mine, in spite of death or fate,
If I can them appreciate.

The world is mine! Each morn I know,
Each sunset and each afterglow,
Each leafy tree, each shrub and vine
And fruits and flowers all are mine,
And add unto my boundless store,
Enrich my life with more and more—
What legal proofs need I employ
If I have pow'r to them enjoy?

The world is mine! The palace tall,
The lordly keep, the gilded hall
Are mine; who will may occupy;
I hold a claim they cannot buy.
The jewels which my lady deck,
The pearls encircling her fair neck
As much are mine as hers, I ween,
If all their beauty I have seen.

The world is mine! Its 'lustrous past,
Its monarchs, and its empires vast,
Its noble souls and golden deeds,
Its cherished art and sacred creeds
Are mine, I ask no other proof
Than that they form the warp and woof
Of that I recognize as me,
Of all I am and hope to be.

The world is mine! It matters not
Who cares for things; to own, I wot,
Is better far than taking care
Of costly goods, however rare.
Possession! They are fools who think
That ownership is writ in ink
On moldy records made by men,
Transferred to others now and then.

The world is mine! No law of man
Has granted yet, nor ever can
Grant ownership in very deed;
For ownership I hold this creed,
Securely is within the mind;
Outside of it we cannot find
Exclusive right to things we see;
Appreciation makes them free!

The Case of the Jeweled Garter

by William Edward Ross

"IF I were an artist, there would be my ideal woman," Peyton said enthusiastically, taking his companion by the arm.

"Where, Dick?" Weston asked in surprise, for if there was one subject Peyton generally avoided as a topic of conversation it was *le genre feminin*.

The two men had dined together and had paused a moment at the entrance of the Blackstone to light their cigars, when Peyton's remark elicited Weston's wonder.

"That vision wearing the Paquin creation, who is standing by that silk-tiled Japanese," Peyton replied. "My God, look at that!"

The woman's skirt was a pronounced slit. Midway between ankle and knee she wore a lavender-colored silk garter. The garter in itself would have excited no comment had it not been for the uniqueness of the clasp which adorned it. The size of a silver dollar, the clasp was in the form of a snake, coiled ready to spring. Its eyes were small but brilliant diamonds, while in its open mouth reposed a large emerald of fantastic design from which emanated a pale green radiance.

While the two men had been talking, a taxi had driven up and stopped a few feet from where the woman was standing. The chauffeur alighted and, opening the door of the machine, stood looking up and down the streets as if expecting someone. It was then that Peyton's cry of horror had attracted Weston's attention.

With the graceful activeness of a panther, the Jap had drawn a small jeweled dagger from his pocket and severed the woman's garter. Grabbing the jewel, he sprang into the taxi, the chauffeur slammed the door, and the machine was speeding down the boulevard before the two men recovered from their astonishment.

As the taxi raced down the avenue the woman screamed "Catch that man! Oh, catch that man!" then dropped to the pavement in a faint.

The two men, springing forward as one body, reached the woman's side simultaneously and lifted her into a touring car which stood in front of the hotel. Peyton sprang into the driver's seat, Weston stepped in beside the woman, and the trio sped after the taxi. As they speeded down the street, Weston heard excited cries behind them, and looking back, saw a man in chauffeur's dress excitedly pointing them out to a mounted policeman. The next moment the sharp exhaust of a motorcycle smote his ears.

"Speed her up, Dick, speed her up!" he shouted. "If we don't catch that Jap before the cop catches us, we'll never catch him."

Peyton needed no urging, but shot the machine forward and they soon had the satisfaction of seeing the distance between them and the Japanese's machine gradually diminish.

Down the street raced the machine, heedless of traffic regulations, intent only on overtaking its quarry. If they were reckless, the Japanese was no less so.

They could see him standing in the back of his car excitedly urging his chauffeur on.

Behind them the chug-chug of the motorcycle, becoming more and more distinct, gave evidence that the officer was a close third in the race.

So concentrated was Weston's attention on the race that he momentarily forgot the woman by his side. He was aroused from his concentration, and recalled to her presence by a tug at his coat sleeve.

Turning to the woman, he was surprised to see that she had recovered from her fainting spell and that she was grasping a brace of silver-barrelled pistols. One of these she extended to Weston, remarking:

"If you're not armed, you may need this. That Japanese is desperate, and he will not stop at anything to carry out his plans."

Weston mechanically accepted the pistol and the admiration expressed in his eyes at the woman's pluck caused a warm flush to suffuse her cheeks.

"I know you will think me horrid to inveigle you into such an adventure without telling you its nature," she murmured, "but I cannot tell you anything now. The secret is not mine, so you will have to take me on trust. You will, won't you?" she added naively, accompanying the request with the faintest ripple of a smile. And at her smile Weston realized that he would trust her with his life did she ask it.

* * *

When they approached Thirty-first Street, an electric car which had stopped to take on passengers, started forward. So close was the taxi that a collision seemed imminent. Peyton checked his speed, feeling sure that the Japanese would be compelled to stop. He forgot, however, to reckon with the latter's daring.

Instead of checking speed, the chauffeur in the taxi shot her full speed ahead and crossed the track just ahead of the car. So close were the two that the fender of the street car was torn off by the taxi's rear wheel.

Peyton, however, was forced to stop in order to avoid running full tilt into the side of the car. He had no more than done so before the motorcycle was alongside the auto. The officer, springing from the motorcycle, climbed on to the car and commanded Peyton to drive to the Twenty-Second Street Police Station.

In vain Peyton and the woman expostulated. The officer was obdurate and replied to their pleadings with the taciturn observation: "Tell it to the Captain."

Realizing that there was no use arguing with the policeman, and that they were simply furnishing amusement for the large crowd which had gathered, Peyton disgustedly turned the machine and the quartette proceeded to the station house.

When they entered the station, the woman called the precinct captain aside and engaged him in earnest conversation, expostulatory on the woman's side, conciliatory on the captain's. Finally they settled their differences and, turning to the two men, the captain said:

"You are at liberty to go now, gentlemen. I am sorry you were inconvenienced, but you cannot blame my man."

Turning again to the woman he asked, "Are you sure I can be of no assistance, Miss ———?"

"None," she interpolated so quickly that he did not have an opportunity to call her by name, much to Weston's disappointment. "All I ask, Captain, is that you keep this matter out of the papers." And, with a gracious nod to the police official, she led the way from the station.

For a block she walked between the two men, silent but thoughtful. When they reached the corner of State Street she paused a moment undecidedly; then, turning to Weston, impulsively asked:

"Can I ask you to assist me in an enterprise that is not only hazardous, but about which I can tell you nothing—that is at present? I know that this is a strange request, but there is no one else to whom I can go. My friends are all being watched, while the fact that you are a stranger might furnish the element of chance that is needed to bring me success. You heard the captain's offer of aid, but to permit him to interfere would mean ruination. Besides, the police are such bunglers and their methods so obvious. I know that it is not right for me to ask this of you, but the recovery of my jewel means so much to me—and to others," she added, with a barely perceptible little tremble in her voice. Slight as it was, Weston noticed it, and man-like, he forgot the issue in the desire to take her in his arms and comfort her.

While she was recovering from her temporary emotion, Weston covertly watched her. What kind of a dangerous undertaking could she be engaged in, this dainty feminine creature little more than a girl? Although dressed in the latest French mode, she was not overdressed, and from the tip of her tiny walking boot to the plumes of her large picture hat there was not one discordant detail. She seemed more like some rare product of the hothouse than a woman engaged on a dangerous mission. Her youthfulness was enhanced by a stray wisp of golden hair which flirted in the evening breeze tantalizingly inviting and which filled Weston with an unholy desire to twine it round his fingers.

* * *

When she had regained her composure, the girl continued:

"I know that you will not think me so silly as to believe that I would ask you to plunge into a dangerous adventure solely for the recovery of a jewel. It is not the jewel, but what it represents, that is of value to me."

"I am not asking for any explanation other than that you need my help," Weston replied. "While I am unenlightened as to what you require of me, my services are at your disposition."

"And mine also," Peyton spoke up.

"I knew you were the right sort, both of you," she murmured, her eyes filling with tears. "But the more there are involved in this matter, the less chance there is for success. You know that I am deeply grateful for your offer, even though I cannot accept it, don't you?"—turning to Peyton—"and now I must say good-bye. If I am to do anything I must commence at once. Thank you so much for what you have done already. Good-bye."

The smile she flashed him did much to lessen Peyton's chagrin at his *conge.* Seeing that the girl, while she was bravely trying to subdue it, was laboring under great excitement, he made his adieus. After Peyton left them the girl turned excitedly to Weston and demanded hysterically:

"Take me to the nearest garage at once. O hurry, hurry; it may already be too late!"

Weston did as she requested, and when they reached the garage, rented at her command a small, high-powered touring car. The girl gave the chauffeur an address on Sheridan Roads, promising him double rates if he made the trip in less than an hour.

During the first part of the journey the girl sat on the edge of the seat staring straight ahead of her. From the nervous way in which she clenched and unclenched her hands, Weston could see that she was distraught and he made no effort to talk to her. Her features were drawn and distorted, and she appeared to be only holding herself in by sheer will power. They had crossed the river and were speeding north before she spoke.

"I feel that I must tell you something, that it is your right to know; but just how much I am at liberty to tell you I do not know."

"You need tell me nothing. I have not asked it," Weston replied.

"I know," she replied, smiling pathetically, "but I cannot permit you to go into the thing without warning you what you are up against. My name is Hazel West. My father is an agent of the Treasury Department. Six months ago he was sent west to confer with the government of California about some new developments in the new anti-Japanese land law situation. He returned only yesterday.

"Although the utmost secrecy has been observed as to his motives, Japanese emissaries seem to have been cognizant of his mission. Three times he has been assaulted and an attempt made to ro bhim. Each time the robbery has resulted in failure.

"This morning he was called out of town and I believe now that the message was a decoy. He was to have left tomorrow for Washington. Before he left he locked the papers in a secret compartment of our library and entrusted the key to me.

"Some time ago I had a secret receptacle made in the back of my garter clasp for the purpose of using it for a hiding place for my jewels. I did not want to let the key go out of keeping, so I placed it in my garter box for safety. It seems to have been the worst place I could have put it."

"How did the Japanese ascertain where you kept it?" Weston inquired.

"I do not know. Every servant we have in the house is an old and trusted employee, and none of them, not even my maid, knew of my having the key. In fact I do not believe that any of them are aware of the secret compartment in the library.

"It seems impossible"—bitterly—"to keep anything from the Japanese. Despite the precautions father has taken, he has been met at every turn by their uncanny omniscience.

"When I came down town this morning, I had a presentiment that I was being followed, although I could not see any trace of my shadowers. I had lunch at the Blackstone and was waiting for our car when I observed Baron Ogi, the Japanese who robbed me. His appearance made me nervous, but I had no idea that he would resort to such a bold and open robbery."

"Who is this Baron Ogi?"

"He is a member of the royal house and head of the Japanese secret service. He is as unscrupulous as he is bold, and as crafty as he is unscrupulous. You may conceive some idea of the seriousness of the situation when I tell you that he was sent to this country as a personal, but secret, emissary of the Mikado to look after Japan's interest."

"Whew!" whistled Weston. "So that's how the land lays, is it? Mighty nice sort of a chap, that fellow. Eh? I am glad that you saw fit to tell me what you did, Miss West, for now that I know something of the situation, I'll know somewhat better how to act when I meet the yellow gentleman."

* * *

The girl's story had consumed more time than she was aware of, and as she finished the taxi stopped before a large, pretentious house.

The minute the machine stopped, the girl sprang out, followed by Weston. Throwing a bill to the chauffeur, she commanded him to wait, then ran up the stairs at a pace that taxed Weston's energy to keep up with her.

Opening the door with a latch key, she passed into the hall, where she was met by a butler in uniform.

"Quick, Johnson," she cried. "Has anyone been here since I left?"

"Only the man you sent, Miss."

"The man I sent?" she asked in bewilderment. "What man? I sent no man."

"Why the Jap, Miss. He brought me a note from you authorizing him to go to your father's library and await your return. He's there now. My God, what was that?"

There was a muffled explosion, followed by broken glass, and the sound of the fall of a heavy body.

At the sound of the explosion the girl ran frantically into a room at the end of the hall from which the explosion seemed to have come. The door was locked.

"Oh, open it! Burst it open! Break it in! Do anything, but get that door open! she cried.

Weston started forward at her cry, but tripped headlong over a rug. The butler, who was close behind, fell on top of him. Before they could extricate themselves, the door at the end of the hall opened and in the doorway appeared the Japanese. His face was covered with smut and dust; there was a large cut over one eye, and his eyes glittered fanatically. In one hand he carried a small steel dispatch box; in the other, a bottle containing a dark, greenish mixture.

Evidently he had not heard their entrance, for at the sight of them he sprang back into the room, slamming the door behind him. Quick as he was, the girl was a little quicker, and, ere the door closed, she sprang through the aperture and into the room. The next instant the door slammed shut, the force of the blow shooting the bolt of the spring lock. She was locked in the room with the Japanese.

The room was in a riot of disorder. Furniture was overturned and thrown promiscuously about the floor. In the center of the right wall was a large hole containing a twisted mass of steel, which had once been a strong box. In front of it was a litter of paper and books. A large desk standing to the right of it was partly demolished.

The Japanese, seeing the girl, sprang to the top of the desk. Drawing a pistol from her bodice, she fired point blank at him, but so quick was her aim that she missed him.

Before she could fire again, the Japanese, holding the bottle in front of him and below the level of his head, uncorked it. The room filled with a pungent odor, and the next instant the girl fell unconscious to the floor. With a demoniacal yell, the Japanese threw the bottle at her and leaped from the desk through a window, covering himself with broken glass, and into the street. Springing into the taxi, he knocked the driver from his seat, and the next moment was speeding down the drive.

* * *

Vainly Weston and the butler beat upon the door. It was a strong one, made to withstand their assaults, and for a time resisted their efforts. When it finally yielded, the rush of nauseous gas fumes blinded and half-choked the men, and they staggered backwards.

Weston, who was an amateur chemist, recognized the smell as *halogene*, a form of chlorine gas. Grabbing the butler, who was fast succumbing to its influences, he half led, half dragged him to the front door, which he pushed open, and the two men staggered into the fresh air.

When they had recovered, the butler tried to rush to the aid of his mistress, but Weston restrained him.

"You can do nothing, man," he cried, "and to enter that room now would be suicidal. The only hope for your mistress depends on the strength of the solution used. I know that it was diluted, or we would not be here now to talk about it. Go and get the nearest doctor and I'll stay here."

Before the man had returned with the physician, the strength of the gas had partially spent itself. Tying his handkerchief over his mouth and nostrils, Weston rushed into the room and grabbing the girl, carried her out into the air.

The girl's face and neck were a ghastly black. Her hands were clutched at her throat, as if trying to tear away the suffocating pressure caused by the inhaled gas. Tearing open her bodice, Weston pulled her hands down and vigorously chafed them. For a time he feared that she was dead, but, just as the physician arrived, he detected a slight flicker of her eyelids, and a moment afterwards a slight little sigh escaped her lips.

The physician set to work immediately, and in a short time, aside from the nauseous dizziness, the girl was herself again.

"You owe your life to the fact that the gas was a very weak solution, probably twenty per cent, and because you were brought into the air when you were," declared the doctor as he prepared to leave. "I would advise that you go to bed and remain quiet for twenty-four hours, but I suppose you'll refuse to do so. Women usually do," he muttered as he left.

"Can you run a car?" the girl asked Weston as soon as the doctor had gone.

"That happens to be one of my few accomplishments," he replied, smiling.

"Johnson will show you where our garage is located. Bring the car around, and by that time I will be ready to accompany you. I am sorry to ask you to do this, but father has taken the chauffeur with him."

"But," Weston protested in dismay, "you are not in fit condition to go out. Such a thing would be absurd."

"It is not a case of my fitness, but of recovering the papers. Father will be ruined if I don't recover them, and I must, must, must."

Weston said no more, but accompanied the butler to the garage.

It was a very attractive girl who stood waiting for Weston when he brought the car to the landing for her. She was completely enveloped in a lavender motor coat and wore a dainty cap perched jauntily upon her curls. All traces of the recent attack had disappeared save for a slight pallor and heavy circles beneath her eyes.

"Where to, mistress?" Weston asked whimsically, deferentially touching his cap. The girl laughed sweetly.

"You make an excellent servant," she replied merrily, falling into the spirit of his game.

"I believe," he replied teasingly, "that you always call your chauffeurs by their first name. Am I right?"

"Yes," she replied softly, a delicate pinkness suffusing her cheeks.

"I'll answer to Ed, then," he replied happily.

"Here is the address, Ed," she answered slyly, handing him a piece of an envelope.

The first part of the address was torn off, but there was enough left for their purposes. It read: " . . . Ogi, 452 Auditorium."

"I found it among the papers scattered on the library floor," she replied in answer to his questioning look. Weston tucked the scrap into his pocket and climbing into the machine, started the motor.

* * *

He proved his statement that chauffering was one of his accomplishments by pulling up to the Auditorium Hotel forty minutes later.

"Shall we announce ourselves?" he queried, as he helped her to alight.

"I'm afraid, though, that if we should the gentlemen would not be at home."

"We'll have no trouble seeing him," she answered seriously. "He is not aware that we know his identity or address."

"Keep your gun handy," she admonished grimly, when they had alighted from the elevator at the fifth floor. "You may have need of it."

Weston replied by tapping his overcoat pocket significantly.

Room 452 was situated at the end of the second corridor and out of sight of the floor clerk. When they reached it, Weston knocked sharply. There was the sound of papers being hurriedly shoved into a drawer, and the click of a curtain being raised. Then a voice asked in excellent English:

"Who is there?"

"A reporter for the *Tribune*," Weston lied, drawing his gun. There was the click of a bolt being shot, and the next moment the door opened about eight inches. Seeing who his visitors were, the Japanese endeavored to slam it closed, but Weston was too quick for him. Placing his foot in the opening, he placed his shoulders against the door, and with a vigorous shove sent the Japanese sprawling across the floor.

With a bound Weston was upon him. Drawing a knife the Japanese slashed at him, but a good solid American punch knocked the knife from his hand and the next moment Weston had him pinned to the floor.

"Lock the door and tear that bedspread into strips," he commanded tersely. The girl obeyed, and after securely tying him, Weston tossed the Jap upon the bed.

The Japanese disposed of, they commenced a systematic search of the room. Although they ransacked it from one end to the other, the papers were nowhere to be found. The dispatch box, empty, was found on a top shelf of the wardrobe.

Suddenly Weston remembered the sound of a shade being raised prior to their admission to the room.

Stepping to the window, he grasped the curtain cord and pulled the curtain down. In an envelope, pasted to the back of the shade were the missing documents. Weston handed them to the girl, who slipped them into her bodice.

"Quick!" she screamed. "The Jap! The Jap!"

In some mysterious way the latter had worked himself free from the bonds. While Weston was busy at the window he had sneaked from the bed and across the room to where the knife lay.

* * *

At the girl's cry, Weston turned, just as the Jap lunged forward. The next instant he felt a sharp, stinging sensation in his left elbow, and the blood spurted from a stab wound. Only his quickness in throwing out his arm saved his life. The blow had been aimed at his heart. Even as the knife struck Weston, there was a muffled shot, and the Jap's arm was shattered.

"Give me that gun!" Weston demanded tersely. The girl handed it to him.

"Now, you, get back on that bed, Weston commanded, turning to the Jap and enforcing his command by brandishing the gun in Ogi's face. Sullenly the latter obeyed, and when he had reached it, Weston commanded him to lie down on the bed, face down. Under the man's direction the girl rebound the Baron, and then, despite Weston's objections, she helped the latter off with his coat and deftly bandaged his arm. When she had it dressed to her satisfaction, she drew the bundle of papers from her bosom and handed them to him.

"Father will be in on the six o'clock Overland Limited and will go direct to the house. Take these papers and give them direct to him. Take our car; that is, if you think your arm is not so sore that it will interfere with your running it," she added solicitously.

"And you?" he asked.

"I have some other matters and will come home later," she replied, evasively. "You had better go now. I think it will be better if we are not seen leaving this room together. I will follow as soon as I see you drive off."

Much as Weston disliked to leave her, he obeyed. The girl stood in the window until she saw him drive off; then she, too, left the room.

Weston was delayed by a blown-out tire shortly after crossing the river, and it was long after dark before he reached the house on Sheridan Road.

The house was dark and silent, and he felt some misgivings as he ascended the stairs. As he stepped into the vestibule, three small figures darted at him, and the next moment he was engaged in a free-for-all fight. He was getting the best of the encounter when one of the men drew a dirk and plunged it into his side.

Weston sank to the floor, nimble hands went through his pockets, and a low cry of satisfaction told him they had found the papers.

He was just lapsing into unconsciousness when he heard a muttered oath and a shrill voice jabbered excitedly, "The honorable papers are most honorably blank."

* * *

When he recovered consciousness, Weston was lying in a snowy bed and a white-capped nurse was pouring some kind of a noxious mixture between his teeth. He tried to rise, but the pain in his side caused him to fall back weak and spent.

Then followed three days of excruciating torment for him. Not because of the bodily pain, but because of the mental recrimination. The first thing that occurred to him after he had recovered consciousness were the words of his assailant, "The most honorable papers are most honorably blank." That was what hurt. After all he had tried to do for her, she had made him a dupe. Perhaps her whole story was a fabrication, and she had used him to carry out some scheme of her own. Though he dismissed this thought as unjust, it left him bitter.

He was, therefore, in a very uncertain frame of mind when, on his third day in the hospital, the nurse ushered in the girl accompanied by a man about fifty years of age.

Stepping to the bed, the man took Weston by the hand and gently said, "I wish to thank you, sir, for your kindness to my daughter. She has told me of the part you played, and I have you to thank, not only for the recovery of my papers, but for her life as well."

"It was nothing," Weston replied. "I would do the same for any woman," he added bitterly, turning his head away.

When he again looked around, the man and nurse had left the room and the girl was standing by his bedside alone. Glancing at her, he again turned his head away.

"Mr. Weston," she said, with a little catch in her voice, "I came here to ask you to forgive me. I know that you have thought many unpleasant things because I deceived you, but it was the only way. I exchanged the papers for a duplicate bunch that I had prepared and sent you away with the duplicates because I knew the character of the men we were dealing with and that, unless I resorted to some ruse, my father would never get the documents again. I would have told you about my plans, but I did not have the opportunity. I never expected that the result would be this"—brokenly—"or, rather than have had you hurt I would have sacrificed the papers. You will believe me when I say that it was not for the papers, but for my father's honor that I did this thing, will you not—Ed?" she added softly.

At the sound of his name the man's face softened, and, turning to her, he held out his hand, a new light in his eyes; but, instead of taking it, she brushed it aside. Then, bending over him, she kissed him lightly on the lips and slipped from the room.

"The little minx," Weston murmured happily, and turning his face to the wall, he fell into the first untroubled sleep he had had since entering the hospital.

"The Order of the Rising Sun," second story in this series by Mr. Ross, will appear in the February issue of the NATIONAL.

The Mexican of Today

by David Taylor Robertson

Author of "The Winning of the Valley"

EDITOR'S NOTE—*The writer of this article spent a great deal of time in Old Mexico—not in her cities or along her railroads, but in the remote parts of the country, and he writes of the country with the authority of one who has had personal experience there. He saw the Mexicans, not the politicians; he saw the masses, not the favored few*

APPARENTLY insuperable difficulties await the man who would teach the average Mexican modern methods of working, for he stands away from, and regards with suspicion, any innovation upon the methods of the past.

We took a number of reaping machines from the United States for use in harvesting the grain on our large Mexican ranch. We found that we were losing a large amount of the grain by the slow method of harvesting it, so decided to use modern implements that we might harvest the crop with despatch as soon as it was ripe to the harvest. We had employed on the ranch, the year round, twenty-five men, and we could not induce one of them to take the place on the seat of the reaper and drive the mules. They seemed for some reason to fear the machine. Even after a whole season's work, and when they had seen us do the work without damage to ourselves, they still believed that the only way to harvest grain was as their fathers had harvested it.

A trip into the interior parts of Old Mexico reveal some singular things, but nothing is more interest-provoking than the way in which the Mexican does his farm work. They use the tools spoken of in Scripture, and cannot be induced to change.

The Mexican plows his land with the same kind of a plow that was used when David was King of Israel. They merely scratch the surface with the point of a forked stick, and the power which hauls the plow is an ox or two with the head yoke on them as in ancient days. At least eighty per cent of the natives of Mexico who carry on any agriculture for themselves, harvest their grain by gripping a handful of the standing grain in the left hand and cutting it with the old circular sickle held in the right. They lay the handsful in bundles, and when the bundle is large enough, they bind it as in olden times. The same proportion of them thresh their grain by the use of the threshing floor, driving mules, ponies, or cattle back and forth over the threshing floor on which the grain is spread. As we stand and view them at work there comes to us the words of Scripture: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." When the threshing is done they wait for a day when the wind is blowing, to let the breezes of heaven separate the chaff from the wheat. The Mexican has not yet reached the period of the scythe or cradle.

When the Mexican milks he stands up by the side of the cow and milks with his right hand, holding a gourd dipper in his left. When he has milked the dipper full he empties it into the bucket behind him.

We were milking over fifty cows on the ranch, and the Mexican method was altogether too slow for us. Two of our Americans, overseers, made milking stools and tried to induce the native workmen to sit on them, hold the bucket between their knees and use the two hands with which to milk. Not a Mexican could even be induced to try it, notwithstanding they saw the Americans milking three cows to their one. We finally hit on the plan of sending three of our best men up to the United States to work on a farm for six months, and when they were brought back they would work as did the Americans. The other natives were soon taught by their brothers that it was safe to work the way the American worked.

* * *

In military affairs the Mexican has a slow, almost inert mind. The senior colonel of the Mexican army traveled with me for two days in the country south of the City of Mexico. We were just north of the city of Orizaba when the colonel pointed out to me the battlefield where the Mexicans were cruelly slaughtered by the French.

"The Mexican commander cannot be taught, no matter how much sad experience he has gone through, that the enemy would ever think of doing anything that the Mexican would not do," said the Colonel. "We were camped here where we now stand. The French were in the city of Orizaba and in the valley south of those hills. Our guns were trained on that narrow defile. We stood ready to slaughter the French the moment they attempted to come through in order to proceed to the City of Mexico. To the mind of our officers there was no other way to get through but by that pass.

"When you are in the city of Orizaba, if you can find the time, take the street car and ride to the end of the line. When you get off, turn to the right and follow a wide path cut in the side of the mountain. You will note how it zigzags back and forth all the way to the top. That road was cut into the side of the mountain by the French. We awoke one morning to find that the French had hauled their heavy guns to the top of the mountain and they were pouring down shot and shell upon us. The slaughter was beyond comprehension. I was then a captain of infantry and I lost three out of every four of my command in killed, when we attempted to ascend and silence the battery. The last thing a Mexican would think of doing would be to cut a road up the side of a mountain to get at the enemy."

The Colonel showed me three wounds, one on the side of his head, and informed me that they were received at that time.

A MEXICAN PLOWING SCENE—THE DRIVER CARRIES AN OX GOAD

Mexican superstition has defeated them in battle many times. Whether the following incident is fact or fiction I do not know, but anyone acquainted with the Mexican can well believe it. It is told in the City of Mexico as the truth:

The American forces were beseiged in a large church in Mexico City. They dared not attempt an escape as the Mexican sharpshooters were lined up on the tops of the flat roofed buildings. A volunteer was called for to make the ride of the streets and go to Puebla, about sixty miles south and bring up reinforcements. U. S. Grant, then a captain, volunteered to make the ride. He mounted his horse inside the church door, the door was thrown open, and at the very instant he sunk his spurs into the flanks. The horse leaped into the street and the run was on. For four blocks of that run the Mexicans poured a hail of lead about Grant and his horse, but neither was hit. The Mexican soldiers, looking on the sight, believed his life to be charmed, and as a result they threw down their guns and ran to the back side of the buildings crying out, *Granda "deablo"*—big devil. They made no further attempt to get him, and he brought up the reinforcements.

* * *

The Mexican has queer ideas and customs. Once about midnight I was called to a home where a woman had just died. On entering the house I found candles burning around the body. The extra amount of light had aroused the chickens, most of which were roosting above the bed of death. Hens were squawking, roosters crowing and the family wailing, producing a weird and appalling clamor. Two women, one on each side of the bed, were exceedingly active. I walked over to see what they were doing, and I found that they had between them and across the dead woman's body a piece of sheet iron. They were tetering up and down on it, and when I asked them what they were doing, they informed me that they were keeping her from swelling up.

* * *

Perhaps one of the strangest superstitions one runs across among these people is found about the time the papaya or tree melon is in fruitage. As soon as the fruit has grown to about one half its size, the tree must have a certain treatment or the fruit will not mature and ripen. They came to us and insisted on giving our trees the treatment, and for the purpose of showing them that there was no ground for their peculiar superstition we gave our consent, allowing them to treat every other tree in the row. A married woman, who must be also a mother, takes a boy about fourteen years of age—it is not necessary that the boy be a son of the woman—

PAPAYA TREE IN FRUIT, READY FOR TREATMENT and going to the tree, they kneel and offer some form of a prayer. When this is finished, a knife is placed in the hand of the boy, who sinks it through the bark and makes a cut about six inches long around the tree. He then rises, hands the knife to the woman, and she sinks it through the bark and makes a downward cut of about the same length. The cut made by the woman must divide into equal parts the cut made by the boy, thus forming a cross. They then kneel down again, offer a short prayer, and pass to the next tree.

When the harvest came we showed them that there was no difference in the sizes or quality of the fruit, but they insisted that the flavor was better and claimed that they could pick out the fruit from the trees treated without any difficulty.

Another peculiarity of the Mexican is his desire to work for the man who keeps cattle. It does not make any difference what his job on the place is so long as his employer has cattle. He may have nothing to do about the cattle. If a man would keep his hired hands, he must keep a number of cattle, the more cattle, the easier to get the men. A Mexican will leave the employ of a plantation owner and take one-half the wages in order to work for the man who has cattle. We had over eight hundred head at the time the trouble broke out, and the men would come from the ranches about us and beg us to allow them to work for us, while the men who had no cattle could not induce their men to stay. When the Mexicans congregate in the villages, the topic of their conversation is the cattle that are on "our ranch." They seem to swell up with their own importance if they work for men who have cattle. In Mexico a man's wealth and importance is judged by his herds.

* * *

The Mexican needs long years of training to bring him out of his traditions. They cling to the past with a wonderful tenacity. The task of bringing them out is one which will require a wonderful patience. Little can be done for the boys and girls, but it is the unborn generations in which their hope lies. The next generation will be as the past unless some one shall lead them. The home life of the Mexican must be changed. There must be produced a new environment in which to train the new generations. The Mexican must be taught the sanctity of the marriage relationship. He must learn that the home is something more than a place in which to sleep. At the present time a large proportion of the people cohabitate rather than marry, and as a result the moral condition is beyond conception. Her present population is fully one-half illegitimate.

We had a man die one night on our place, and as we had no burying ground, we asked the privilege of burying in the ground of a neighboring plantation. We had to take the body through a path in the woods for a distance of about three miles. It was carried on the shoulders of the men in relays. The wife and two children followed the remains, making great lamentation. When the body was lowered into the grave, it seemed as though the wife would throw herself into the grave in her grief. We turned from the grave as soon as it was filled in, and started on foot back to our plantation. We had gone less than one-half the distance on the way home when the widow picked up another man who entered the home and took the place of the one just buried. In the rural sections, and even in the lower parts of the cities this is the rule and not the exception.

Mexico needs help, and needs it from those best able to give it to her, and able to give her the best. Who can best serve her? Our answer is that the United States has the best and should extend it to the needy. We should enter Old Mexico not for ourselves, but for the Mexican, for he needs us and needs what we have to give.

A Day in New York

by

George Willoughby

A REASONABLY intimate acquaintance with four cities on the Atlantic seaboard is essential to a well-rounded American education—Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. A day in New York is to me always an exhilarating study. While the exigencies of business require a lively jump here and there, shooting up and down the subway from the Battery to Forty-second Street, like a shuttlecock four or five times a day, there are always scenes and incidents in New York, the metropolis of the nation, that command the attention of students in philosophy, art, literature and business. At first you feel repulsed by the rush and roar, by the rattle of teams over the pavement; if you happen to arrive over the Fall River Line early in the morning, you are interested in the busy meat and fish markets, and the vegetable, provision and fruit venders making preparation for feeding the great city. Think of three millions of people supplied with oxygen from the murky air that floats over that little island of Manhattan. The early morning cars are filled, and you notice that most of the people are reading Jewish newspapers, for, with all due respect to the race, there are more Jewish people in New York today than ever resided in Palestine.

THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING

The signs on the buildings indicate that a large portion of the retail business of New York is in the hands of the descendants of Abraham, and I am not so sure but that the growth of New York may not be due to the business genius of these same people. Here in the crowded tenements, coats, jackets, trousers and skirts are made up in the styles which the country at large wants to copy. Even the literature and plays of New York deal with the "clothing business."

Somehow you cannot drift away from the idea of business in New York. If you see two friends at luncheon they are talking business.

It is well that all the activities of the city do not begin at the same hour. From earliest morning to six o'clock, seven, eight, nine and ten, successive legions of recruits for the great ranks of trade gather, and seething streams pour into the great office buildings, each one of which houses as many souls as a small city. In the faces of the people there is a sort of a "money look."

In glimpsing the future the average person entertains fleeting hopes of winning his millions, and it is to New York, where the fever of speculation runs rampant and the "prospector" never tires, that many come. Gothám is the great business maelstrom—here all great schemes are brought; here railroads and industrial plans are financed. When development or money are sought, the promoters come to this gilded city, hat in hand, hoping for capital to exploit their wary projects.

There seem to be no real celebrities in New York—a few perhaps, but men usually have no prominence in New York until they have served an apprenticeship in public life outside the great city. Though Mayor Mitchell is the executive head of twice as many people as were in the United States at the time of the Declaration of Independence, still, with all his arduous duties, he is almost lost in the great city which he governs. The stately Municipal Building, looking like a Colossus, is the successor of the modest city hall where Tweed reigned—and boodle flowed.

* * *

Again one may stop just for a moment at Fraunces Tavern, away from the nerve-racking tension of Wall Street, and lunch in the room where Washington took leave of his soldiers and read on the walls excerpts from that famous speech. Then again it is interesting to visit the subtreasury on Wall Street where the first President of the United States was inaugurated, for New York is closely associated with the basic history of the republic, and it becomes a little world in itself; so it is not to be wondered at that the people become provincial. Some do not realize that a country exists beyond Hoboken or the Harlem River. They get into the routine of going to and fro from their work, and to spending a little hour or two on Broadway or in the theatre, and they feel that this is life. Perhaps it is.

On one corner of Madison Square at noontime the speakers advocating socialism

WALL STREET

The foremost financial center in the world, and the most powerful banks have their offices here. In 1653 Peter Stuyvesant built here a wall to defend New Amsterdam at this point. The wall disappeared two hundred years ago, but its memory is perpetuated in the name of the street hold forth, and almost every propaganda finds its advocates and forum in Madison Park. On the benches in the morning sit the human derelicts, the flotsam and jetsam of the race, some of them trying to catch a nap. Then later comes the nurse with the children, and this little green spot, protected by towering buildings, is almost as cosmopolitan, and surely as democratic as any other park in the world.

It is no wonder that Central Park, with its trees and lakes, is the beloved spot in New York where the Community Chorus concerts are given, where the neighborhood spirit blossoms, and where children actually play and see the grass and flowers. Yet it all takes on a citified air, and does not seem quite natural, because it is surrounded by this atmosphere of citification.

* * *

The business man spends as little time in the office as possible, for there are golf games and theater parties, and the telephone begins to ring early for making appointments for the day.

One evening I rode about with a busy man of "many engagements," and found that he had "some" functions to attend—six or seven in one evening. Among them was a "barn dance." With the guests arrayed in dusters and straw hats and false whiskers, nothing was lacking to make the scene bucolic except the *spirit* of the farm, for these make-believe farmers would insist upon giving a cake walk and fancy steps known only to the Bowery.

* * *

There are great schools on the East Side, teeming with children, representing almost every nation or country in the world, from ancient Syria to the gold fields of Alaska, the Latin republics of South America, and the far-away cities of Asia.

Fringing the shores of the island are tall ships that sail to all ports of the world; but at the great docks of the Hamburg-American line and the North German Lloyd is the Vaderland, the largest ship in the world, lying there waiting for peace to return.

More subways must be built, for the millions mobilized in the subway every day are increasing. The rush hours at the elevated, subway and surface cars reveal the brutality of crowds. Hats torn off, furs disheveled, and coats ripped open—to save what? A few minutes of time in getting home.

The great city fairly quivers with the messages carried over the metallic telephone wires. Yes, telephones tingling everywhere, in unison, every second of the day. The little island is underlaid with wires over which thousands of voices are speaking at one time, in all tongues, and yet there is no confusion of Babylon.

BROADWAY AT NIGHT

The famous "Great White Way." Between 34th and 46th Streets lies the section of the famous thoroughfare which attracts so much attention from visitors. All the important theatres and more than two-thirds of the leading hotels are here located. Thousands of electric signs make the night wonderful

Within a fraction of a second after lifting the receiver of a phone in New York, one can be talking to a man many miles away. And thousands, aye, millions, may be talking at that very second, and yet there is not here the confusion of tongues which occurred when the Tower of Babel was being built.

* * *

When there is a great parade, the dignity of old Washington Square is asserted as a terminal point. Over in Grammercy Park, which is the only park in New York owned privately, memories of Washington Irving and his compeers live in the memory of some of the men coming down to business in Wall Street, as when they used to ride down from Twenty-third Street to business in "busses," with straw in the bottom. And there are some of us old enough to remember when Twenty-third Street was pretty well up-town. When the Pennsylvania station was built, the center of population and ways of traffic changed, and West Twenty-third Street became a deserted village. Even the centre of the night life on Broadway is moving north of Forty-second Street.

One English writer has insisted that New York City is like cats—"it reveals itself at night." You wonder, after all, what controls this whirlpool of activity. Then, looking at the moving electric signs—the bottle emptying into the glass, the lady with the skirt, the chariot race, the chewing gum girl that winks, and numberless others—perhaps you understand the alluring fascination of the nightly saturnalia of light and carnival. Skyscraper after skyscraper—the very sky scraped with aeroplane towers and electric signs!

TIMES SQUARE

A view north of 43d Street, where Broadway crosses 7th Avenue. It is a great center of activity, the most important hotels and theatres in the city being within a radius of a few hundred yards. In this district, too, is soon to arise the twenty-five hundred room hotel Commonwealth, to be the greatest hostelry in the world

The little sculptured dragons and lions on the frieze of the towering buildings, unmoved by the passing crowds, and unnoticed by them, cause one to ponder on the hours that have been spent by the sculptor on this bit of beautification, now buried in this out-of-the-way nook by enterprising owner and architect.

* * *

Where to dine is one of the problems that agitate the stranger in New York. He can have a feast surpassing Belshazzar's, or he can get one of those little table d'hote dinners that is not equaled anywhere else in the world for the money. An Italian restaurant with spaghetti, an Hungarian with goulash—no matter what the fancy of the stranger be, it is all to be found in New York. Then he goes home to the good old pumpkin pie and home cooking—which is the one thing that cannot seem to live within the bounds of New York.

The palatial hotels seem to rival the splendors of medieval Venice. In the magnificent lobbies everybody is moving—there's the rush to the telephone or to the telegraph desk, as if a sentence of death impended were things not done within the second. Some rush and rush until one can see strain in their eyes and jaded looks upon their faces. Yet there are some disconsolates sitting about in chairs, waiting for an appointment which is never to be consummated, waiting for a reaction after a deal that never was completed. Here in the lobby is the rich young swaggerer who may be very much the worse for his dinner cocktails. How this endless line of hotels seem to prosper in good times—scarcely a room is available when auto shows or other unusual events occur in New York.

The churches, from the old Moravian Church to the Cathedrals, make one feel somewhat as if the materialistic genius of the age has swept by them and left them as mere relics of the past. Within their walls are just as devout worshippers as one can find anywhere, for the same God, reigns in these sacred edifices as elsewhere.

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Theatre life in New York can hardly be judged in the theatre, for perhaps less than a third of the audience are New Yorkers. They seem afraid to applaud because they are afraid that someone may laugh at them and call them Rubes, for the average New Yorker has a horror of being considered provincial. There is the first-nighter with his blase air and his cynical grin, taking himself as seriously as though the fate of the play depends on his opinion.

CONGESTED RIVINGTON STREET

Showing conditions at the intersection of Orchard Street. On these blocks the tenement houses cover every inch of area of the lots. Over three thousand people live in this block, one of the most densely populated in the world

On and on, up past Harlem and up the

Hudson the great city is pushing. On over toward Long Island and into New Jersey, the millions of commuters come and go. The trains pouring in and the trains pouring out carry the shifting tides of travelers that ebb and flow every minute of the twenty-four hours. With a glance at the headlines of the newspapers, they are soon immersed in the activities of the day, and then go home again. There is the same routine in New York City as everywhere else, and the same sort of people. They are no better and no worse, but as it is the American metropolis, one feels that not to have been in New York is not to know the United States of America any better than a resident of New York can know the world without having been to Europe. Around the newspaper bulletin-boards gather the throng in silence, reading the news that tell to some the victory, and to some the defeat, of their mother country. After one generation the immigrant who lives in New York finds his sons and daughters developing into real Americans.

The one exhilarating thing about New York is the spirit of hopefulness manifested by thousands of its people—no matter whether the skies be dark or bright, someone is happy, someone looks upon the future with eager and trusting eyes.

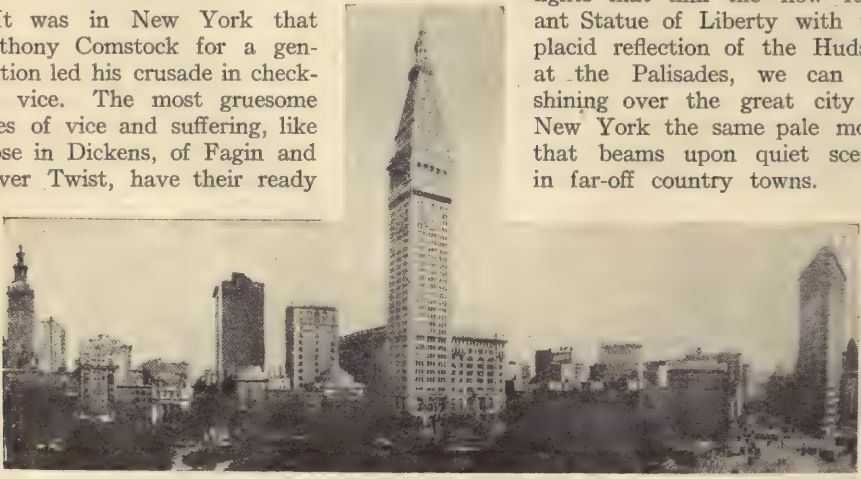
One cannot think of traditions of the past or history, but must keep constantly thinking of today and tomorrow.

* * *

It was in New York that Anthony Comstock for a generation led his crusade in checking vice. The most gruesome tales of vice and suffering, like those in Dickens, of Fagin and Oliver Twist, have their ready counterpart in New York. Over on the East Side there gather men who, as disclosed in the several trials of gunmen, can be hired to murder, sometimes more easily than they could be employed to saw wood, while the cheaper methods of simply using a board with a sharp nail to put people out of the way, and many poison plots remind one of the days of the Borgias. The newspapers, reflecting as they do only the gruesome and horrible things of the times, naturally make one feel pessimistic, but it is forgotten that there are millions of perfectly normal people living in New York, pursuing their way of life in its even tenor, and living just as long and happily there as if in more placid pastoral retreats.

The glory of Broadway has its fascination, but palls, and yet one always has a desire to go back to it again. There are thousands of people who would rather live in an apartment four feet square, and let their feet stick out of the window while they sleep, than to live in any quiet country retreat where they could not feel this eternal surging of human activities, which grips their senses, even though they may not be a part of it.

In the motley of architecture, in the revel of pleasure, and in all the keenest activities of business is a ceaseless symposium. And yet, looking out of the windows from a skyscraper hotel on the myriad twinkling lights that link the now radiant Statue of Liberty with the placid reflection of the Hudson at the Palisades, we can see shining over the great city of New York the same pale moon that beams upon quiet scenes in far-off country towns.



He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow.
—*Byron.*

The Lost Brigade

by

Charles Winslow Hall

(CONTINUED)

SYNOPSIS—*In 1739, with England and Spain at war, in the struggle that took place in the West Indies, England is valiantly assisted by her loyal colonists. Stephen Hay, son of a prosperous Cape Cod farmer, hears that Captain Timothy Ruggles is to raise a company in Barnstable County to go out against the Spaniards. An Indian apprentice boy of Elisha Hay, Stephen's father, plans to accompany him, while Lish, the youngest son, also longs to go. They talk it over while out fishing in the bay, but are interrupted by Uncle Zenas Freeman, who warns them there is a storm coming. Uncle Zenas is upset, and is saved from drowning by Stephen, who takes him to his home and then returns to his own home at Ploughed Neck. Here he receives a visit from Mr. Timothy Ruggles, who enrolls Stephen as a member of the company which he is gathering, as a sergeant. Stephen accepts the commission and on the next evening calls to see Uncle Zenas, and incidentally his daughter Margaret, to whom he is betrothed. Shortly after, Squire Ruggles again visits the Hay family, urging the necessity for haste in recruiting the members of his company. Untequit, who is to accompany Stephen, secures ten Indian warriors among his people for the expedition, though Stephen cannot bring himself to take part in the "bond of blood" which Untequit requires before letting him know the secret reason which prompts him to go to Cartagena. Before leaving home, Stephen sees an old sea captain, Hewson by name, who lives in retirement. Hewson tells Stephen the story of his life, and of his participation in a former struggle at Cartagena. He desires Stephen to look after his brother, whom he has not seen since that time, and who still lives at Cartagena. To this end he gives Stephen his brother's ring, which he takes from a heavy sea chest. By this token the brother will recognize that Stephen is a friend and comes from Hewson. After making his will, Stephen leaves home to join his company, which, not being supplied with arms, is disbanded by legislative act. But Stephen and Untequit join a company raised by Captain Stewart, and soon embark for the West Indies. Here Stephen saves Untequit's life by drawing the poison from a snake wound, thereby unconsciously completing the "bond of blood" which he refused before. Stephen is later conducted by Untequit to the mountains, and here he sees Caneotus, Untequit's grandfather, leader of an outlaw band, who is ill and later dies. It was to see him that Untequit had undertaken the perils of the Cartagena campaign. Meanwhile the fleet has arrived and the volunteers now look for action*

CHAPTER XII

TWO days later the vessels sent out by Sir Chaloner Ogle, to observe a strange squadron on his way through the archipelago, also came into port, having had a sharp sea fight in the night off Cape Tiburon with a portion of the French fleet in those seas, in which, after much damage to rigging, spars, and bulwarks, and the loss of over one hundred men on each side, both parties suddenly discovered that they were the representatives of nations at peace with each other, and, after many very pretty apologies and complimentary regrets, parted to pursue their several courses.

On the tenth of January Lord Vernon, Sir Chaloner Ogle, General Wentworth, General Guise and Governor Trelawney, held a council of war at the Government House in Spanishtown, and there decided that, in view of the hostile meeting briefly chronicled above, it would not be wise to attempt anything against Cartagena before ascertaining whether the French admiral, D'Antin, had any intention of joining his forces to those of the king of Spain, a thing far from unlikely in the unsettled state of feeling between France and England. Accordingly, the Wolf sloop, Captain Dandridge, was despatched to windward to reconnoitre, and orders were given to the fleet to hasten forward their preparations for a new cruise. But the delays were many and unavoidable, and sickness had so ravaged the crews of many of the men-of-war, that some of them counted the disabled by hundreds. Four of the great warships had lower masts so damaged as to be unserviceable, three of M. Rochefeuille's shot and one shattered by lightning in a storm, while all of Vernon's own vessels had long needed new rigging and stores, which arrived in the transports convoyed by Sir Chaloner Ogle.

Besides this, the vessels were nearly all short of water, and although Vernon had made the best possible provision for speedily supplying that necessary element, it was not until the 22d that Sir Chaloner Ogle, with his division, sailed out of Port Royal harbor, followed by Lestock on the 24th, and the admiral himself on the 26th, accompanied by the transports, guarded by the Falmouth and Litchfield men-of-war.

* * *

On the 31st the whole fleet had beat up to Port Morant, and, seven days later, lay off Cape Tiburon, the western point of Hispaniola, where the next day the Wolf joined them, with news that the Marquis D'Antin with nineteen ships lay at anchor in Port Louis; and Lord Vernon at once beat up to the Isle de Vache, about six miles to the west of Port Louis, where a French officer going on board the Weymouth informed Captain Knowles that D'Antin had sailed for Europe.

Knowles at once communicated with the admiral, who despatched him in the Spence sloop to reconnoitre, and, having satisfied himself that but one vessel-of-war lay in the suspected port, he returned; but the next day, with Captain Boscawen and General Wentworth, landed at Port Louis, where they were politely entertained, returning with the information that the admiral, with twelve of his nineteen ships, had sailed for Europe nearly a fortnight before.

In consequence of this, the fleet put into Tiberon, Donna Maria and Irish Bays, where all the empty water casks were filled, and the Americans were again exposed to the indignity of being brigaded with the Jamaican negroes, and detailed to cut fascine and gabion materials; but the health of the men was much improved, and on the 25th the signal was given, and one hundred and twenty-four sail drew out from the wooded bays of western Hispaniola, and glided before the trade winds southward without storm or accident, until, on the evening of Wednesday, the 4th of March, the leading ships signalled that strange sails were in sight, and Knowles, in the Weymouth, with his attendant sloops, Experiment and Spence, led the way in shore under the Isle of Arenas, and into the anchorage of Punta de la Canoa, Playa Grande.

It was nearly daylight, however, before the transport in which Stephen's company had been bestowed came down under foresail and jib, and ran in between two of the triple row of warships which strained heavily at their ground tackle, in from fifteen to twenty fathoms, with the trade winds still blowing a light breeze, and the land currents setting strongly westward toward the goal of their hopes, the city of Cartagena.

With the daylight all were on deck, except the sick and dying, of whom there was no lack.

Misery had become too universal to excite remark, and even on board of the cleanly Salem transport, in which Captain Stewart's good fortune had still ordained that he should remain, there had been sad changes. The honest, hard-featured Yankee skipper had long since succumbed to the fatal fever, and his son, still emaciated by the same disease, had almost lost heart, and ever brooded over his father's death, the long detention of the transports, and his fears of meeting his bereaved mother and the owners of the Two Friends.

* * *

And now as they pitched heavily in the long groundswell which swept the almost open roadstead of Punta del Canoa, the boy-skipper sat soberly on the top of the low cabin, and beside him Captain Stewart and Stephen, now Sergeant Hay, were talking over the situation and their hopes, while Woodside, the English first lieutenant, seated on the quarter, angling for groupers, and joining from time to time in the conversation.

"I did not know, Hay, that you had ever visited these coasts before; I suppose, then, that the dim lights we saw last night to the southwest were the beacons of Cartagena," said Captain Stewart.

"I reckon not," said Skipper Clarke, "for the epitome says thet the entrance is near thirteen miles to the west'ard of the city."

"That is so," said Stephen pleasantly. "There's no man in the fleet that studies chart and book closer than our skipper.

I was in here once, driven upon the coast by a gale, in the Revenge, letter-of-marque, and had to run into this very anchorage. No Spanish vessel could put to sea in such a gale, but we were only six miles or so from the city; and they sent out a battery of light guns and drove us to sea, before we half liked the look of the sea and sky, I promise you."

"Know you aught of the land hereabouts, sergeant?" asked Stewart.

"No, sir. The only thing I know is that I landed in a whaleboat just inside that ledge, and filled a couple of casks with fair water, while two of my men gathered half a bushel or so of guavas and custard apples."

"There's a new book in my kit, Stairs," said Woodside wearily, for the stout, ruddy Englishman had failed sadly during his short stay in the tropics. "'Tis said to be a translation from the work of a Spanish pilot, and ought to be correct."

* * *

Stairs, who had lost much of his trim appearance and stiff pomposity, soon returned with the little book, one of the numerous *brochures* brought out by the absorbing interest of that year pregnant with the coming war, 1740, and by his master's direction handed it to Captain Stewart, who spread out the map which prefaced the letter press, on the top of the companion way.

"We are lying here, I suppose," said he, after a moment's thought, "and, if the map is correct, opposite a neck of land which, once occupied, would shut out Cartagena from all succor or hope of reinforcement from the interior. I suppose we shall soon be sent ashore, although I must say that the prospect of landing through yonder surf is not inviting."

"Had we such boats as that," said Stephen, pointing toward a long American whaleboat which was lashed amidships, "we could easily do so, but such heavy, clumsy, low-lying craft as the boats of the squadron are totally unfit for such work. If, however, there's any scouting to be done, I could easily find a crew on board here."

Stewart started to his feet. "Do you hear him, Woodside? What say you, shall we have the honor of the first landing?"

Woodside threw his tackle down upon the deck. "With all my heart, Stewart, but first we must get leave of the Admiral, or at least of the captain of the Weymouth yonder. I knew him slightly in London, and if he is in a good humor, I can, I think, get permission."

"Well, sergeant, choose your crew. Captain, I suppose you'll let us have the boat?" he continued, turning to Clarke, who, however, showed little apparent pleasure at the proposed adventure.

"I don' know," he said thoughtfully. Thar's more than an even chance o' losin' the boat, an' she cost forty dollars in good silver, an' besides the ol' man sot a heap by her, an' I wouldn't sell her fer more'n she's worth."

"I'll pay for her, sirrah," said the lieutenant wrathfully. "I'll leave ten guineas in your hands before she leaves the side; if we come back you shall keep two, and if not, the whole are yours."

"I didn't say ye couldn't hev the boat," said Clarke, quietly. "An' yer money ye may keep ef she comes back all right, an' welcome. But I've a mother, an' three sisters thet hes no father now, an' I somehow doubt ef they'll ever see me agin, an ef so thar'll be a hard show fer 'em in this world, I tell ye."

"Forgive me, captain," said Woodside, touched by his evident depression of spirits, "you are right to look out for your poor mother and your sisters; let us have the boat, and you shall have the guineas and my thanks, too."

"Wal," said the young man, "thar's one more condition, an' thet is thet you'll take me with you. I'm at home in thet old craft, an' I'd like one more look at the kentry before I leave it; I've a rifle in my berth yonder thet I reckon might be of a leetle use if, as is more than likely, thar's Spaniards watchin' us from the woods ashore."

* * *

Woodside was almost speechless at this new development of character in a man whom he had once deemed sordid and grasping, and at the best, spiritless and unmanly, if not actually cowardly.

"What say you, Captain Stewart?" said he at last, "it is for you to make up the party, of course."

"I think as to the men, we had better leave it to Sergeant Hay, but the skipper, of course, has a right to go or not, as he chooses, and for my part I am glad he is going with us. How many will she carry, sergeant?"

"We ought not to take more than the regular crew, cap'n," said Stephen hesitatingly, "for the surf is heavy, and we don't go to fight, but to scout and learn what is to be seen under yonder palms and ceibas. Six men are her crew, and we can take eight, but more would be in the way, and all must know how to swim."

"That last will shut me out of your list," said Stewart regretfully. "I shant submit to it in my case, I assure you."

"Now what's the use, cap'n?" said Clarke, quickly. "I tell ye, we've got an ugly job to land yonder, even with good men; an' one man thet can't swim is sure to drown himself, an' perhaps three or four others."

"There's another thing, captain," said Stephen, gravely. "When we land, unless we can find a lee, we shall have to run her up the beach on a roller, and be ready to jump out and catch her before the undertow sucks her back under the next breaker; and if we're pursued, we've got to launch her into the surf and jump aboard with no time to spare, and you're not used to that kind of work."

"He's right," said Woodside, "and you'll have to stay, captain, I think. An officer must go, or I'd stay myself and trust to the sergeant. However, I can swim like a fish, and know something of boating in the surf, for I spent two summers among the Orkneys, and they know what a heavy sea is there."

"Well, I suppose I must yield to younger men," said the doctor slowly. "Detail your men, sergeant, and get everything ready at once."

"Will you take an oar, skipper, or go bowsman?" asked Hay of Clarke, who had just come upon deck with a long, heavy rifle in hand, which he proceeded to divest of a close swathing of woolen rags, completely saturated with porpoise oil.

"I kin do both, I reckon," he said quietly as he slowly rubbed the brass-mounted stock and massive barrel with a dry cloth, and poured in a loose charge of fine powder, preparatory to testing her condition for service. "Best to take no more then one extra man, I guess," and "squibbing off" his piece, he tested the barrel by blowing out the smoke through the pan, and taking a small charger of alligator tooth, measured out with the utmost nicety a charge of powder, which he slowly poured into the narrow bore of his piece. From a small pouch attached to a shoulder-strap, he took a tin box of greased buckskin patches, one of which he laid upon the muzzle, and selecting a bullet with great care from a handful taken from the same pouch, he placed it in the centre of the leather, and with his loading rod drove the tightly-fitting missile down upon the powder. After loading he primed the piece, and slightly waxing the edges of the pan, shut down the cover firmly and tied it with a piece of whipcord.

"I'll lay a guinea thet thar's a piece will answer all demands at sight, es Squire Tompkins used to say, an' ef so be the pan don't get a knock, she'll dew it jest the same ef the boat rolls over an' over a dozen times in goin' ashore. Mr. Sampson, git out the boat."

* * *

The mate, a huge Cape-Codder, called to his aid a dozen bystanders, who in less time than it takes to tell it, had the lashings off, the boat raised from her supports, turned right side up on deck, and her oars, mast, and other fittings cut loose from their fastenings. Her tholepins were carefully fitted, the oars laid in place, her mast taken out and stowed away, and her lockers cleaned of whale tub, line, boat hatchet, and other whaling gear. "There's an old lance slung in its hooks, too," said the mate, "take it out, Jones, and clear away all this craft."

"Leave the whale line in, Jones," said Stephen. "As for the lance, it may serve to fend off with among the rocks." The soldier deftly put in order the somewhat tangled fakes of the whale line, and Stephen saw at once by his wistful expression, that the fellow was longing to go on the proposed excursion.

"Jones, Coggeshall, Gibbs, take your muskets and bayonets, but leave your accoutrements on board. Untequit, you will go, too, and as we have no cartridges, get out your powderhorns and bullet-bags in that wooden box in my berth."

Jones, a Cape Ann shore fisher, was off like a flash. Coggeshall, a Marbleheader, and the privateersman whom we saw in good Samuel Miller's gun shop, had already brought his musket on deck and was loading it from some private source of supply, displaying as he did so a handful of musket-balls carefully sewed up in soft leather; and Gibbs, of Falmouth, deliberately finishing his pipe, went below to prepare himself for the trip.

* * *

Woodside had already received his sword and pistols, and stood awaiting the launch of the boat, which was soon alongside and rising and falling with the rough sea. Untequit leaped in and took the after oar, and Jones and Coggeshall, the privateersman, the two next forward, and Clarke the bow, after having first carefully secured his weapon to the thwart with a piece of marline.

"Come, Gibbs, bear a hand," cried Stephen, as he took the long steering oar, and motioned Woodside to rather contracted quarters in the stern sheets.

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered the volunteer, but a roar of laughter greeted his appearance, for he had laid aside his cocked hat and wig, and a stout oilskin fisherman's "sou'wester" was tied tightly over his ears, above the gay coat and stiff stock of his regimentals.

"Here, sirrah!" said Woodside sternly, "go below and put on your hat and wig at once; it won't do, you know, to go in such trim aboard the Weymouth. We should have all hands laughing at us, from the first luff down to the powder boys."

Gibbs returned, with his despised headgear, and soon the light boat was lying under the lee of the Weymouth, and Woodside, having sent his card on board, was invited into Captain Knowles' cabin.

"I am glad to see you, sir," said he, after the first greeting; "but Vernon has been pleased to keep me very busy, and I cannot spare you much of my time at present. Still, I am really glad to see you, and if there is any favor that I can do you, command me."

Woodside bowed his acknowledgments. "I thank you, sir, but I come to ask your permission to reconnoitre yonder shore with some of my Americans. I have alongside one of their whaleboats, and a crew accustomed to heavy seas and landing through the surf, and skilled in Indian fighting and privateering service; and if there is a landing, we will find it."

"Dear me, dear me!" said the captain, who was fast verging on fifty, "I don't know what to say. I have no specific orders, and yet it might be of great use. Still, I shouldn't dare to risk boats or any of His Majesty's stores on such service."

"I risk the boat, and as to the men, all are of my company, except two belonging to the transport. We will be prudent, and will search the shore thoroughly."

"Well, well! if you will go, I won't hinder you, and the Spence sloop shall be ordered to cover you with her guns if you are attacked. Be prudent, though, for I know your father well, and would not have him blame me if aught befalls you. James, pass Lieutenant Woodside the decanter. Sir, I drink to your good fortune and speedy promotion; but be careful, be careful!"

Woodside thanked him heartily, drained his glass and ran on deck. Half the crew were at the side gazing curiously at the long, sharp craft as she rode like a duck at the end of a line from the boom. At a motion of his hand, they veered in, he descended the side and stepped aboard, and, five minutes later, they were to leeward of all the fleet, except the sloop, which was already answering the signals from the Weymouth.

As they swept by her, an officer on her quarter waved his hand to them, and already she lay with a spring upon her cable, ready to lay her broadside to the shore, although, thus far, no sign of human life was to be seen on the beach or in the dense forest beyond.

CHAPTER XIII

Two hundred yards from the beach they lay upon their oars, while Woodside with his glass swept every yard of the alternate patches of glistening rock and yellow sea sand, on which the heavy rollers dashed into foam with a roar which made it difficult to hear what was said close to the ear, unless uttered at the top of the voice;

while even the staunchest surfmen shook their heads as they noticed the weight of the huge green rollers and saw the refluent foam sucked back by the strong undertow.

"I'm afraid we must give it up today," shouted Woodside; "we' can't face such a sea as that," and, as he spoke he pointed to a rocky islet rising some feet above the surrounding waves, which, struck by a sea heavier than its companions, disappeared for a moment beneath a whirl of foam and the cloud of spray that dashed across the highest peaks.

* * *

But the next moment Clarke had seized and was about to level his rifle at an object whose presence no one had heretofore suspected.

Leaping up from behind the highest fragments of the submerged island, a naked Indian sprang into the sea, and was borne like a withered leaf along on the crest of a roller until lost from view behind some projecting point of rock; and the skipper, putting his weapon down, pointed to the islet and took up his oar as if ready to pull the head of the boat around toward the hidden cove, which he felt must lie inside the ledge.

Stephen smiled, but held up his hand and shook his head, motioning to Woodside to turn his glass toward the point at which the spy, for such all felt that he must be, would have to land. The landing was rocky, but the cliffs were flat and open on top, with neither brush nor grass to cover an enemy, although a single stunted cedar stood near the further edge of the little promontory, behind which seemed to crouch a naked human figure. Handing his subordinate the glass, Woodside pointed to the native, for such he seemed to be, and shouted in a lull of the surf beat, "Let us try it."

Hay raised the glass and saw a dusky-hued arm raised in air, and a gleam of steel; and dropping the perspective, caught up his musket, took a quick aim, and fired. The distance was extreme, a good two hundred yards, and the motion of the boat precluded certain aim, but a dry twig flew into splinters above the Indian's head, and the next moment his lithe form was gliding at full speed toward the forest, which lay perhaps a quarter of a mile inland, although many clumps of bayonet-grass, low thorny chapparal, and beds of cactus lay scattered over the more sterile belt of open ground.

Stephen lowered his piece, steadied it between his knees and loaded it with that grave and steady deliberation which to the novice is provocative of much irritation, but is really the result of experience founded on numerous mischances arising from undue haste and careless preparation. Having examined his flint and lock, and finally primed the piece with equal care, he laid her down beside him, while his men took the same opportunity, by turns, of assuring themselves of the state of the priming of their own weapons.

Then nodding his head as a signal to give way, Stephen headed the boat toward the narrow opening between the islet and the shore, and taking advantage of a lull in the heavy swell, ran in under its lee, and laying the boat's head off shore, hastily glanced round at the cliffs. The prospect was not reassuring, for the walls of the chasm, although low, were steep and smooth, and the seas, although much broken on the outer ledges, were nevertheless too heavy to risk laying a boat alongside the rocks, which would soon have splintered the light whaler into kindling wood.

* * *

Suddenly Clarke stood up in his place and pointed to the tree, from which a rude kind of ladder of roots and creepers hung dangling over a projecting shelf of the rock.

Hay saw at once his opportunity, and giving the steering oar to Woodside, stepped lightly forward, and taking the whale line made a running bowline, which he committed to Clarke with directions how to use it. Then, seeing that the tub was old and shaky, he dashed in the bottom, and taking the lower end of the coil, carried it aft, and assisted by Untequit, coiled some twenty fathoms there ready for use.

Clarke, in the meantime, laid aside his oar and took his place in the bow, while Hay, watching his opportunity, ran the boat close up to the highest point of the little islet, and the skipper leaping ashore, threw the bowline over a projecting ledge, tightened the noose and leaped aboard just in time to escape a heavy sea, which swept them half way to the cliffs before he could check the boat's headway by a turn of the warp around the loggerhead.

Stephen waited for one or two seas to test the safety of his new mooring; but, finding that the boat rode easily amid the broken rollers, he signed to Clarke to ease away on the whale line, and to the men to back up to the cliff, until the stern of the boat rose and fell close to the ladder, and not a dozen feet from the volcanic rock of the surf-beaten ledges.

He seized the rude ladder, fearing to have it come down by the run, for he knew that the spy had sought its destruction; but a sudden fall of the boat, which left him hanging by it above the water, somewhat assured him of its safety, and, clambering up its rude projections, he found himself on the summit; the next moment the warp flung by Untequit fell across his outstretched hands, and, passing it around the dead cedar, he returned the end into the boat, and in five minutes more the little party, with their weapons, were safely landed on the shore of Punta Del Canoa.

Woodside's first care was to survey the surrounding country with his glass; but he was soon assured that no immediate danger was to be feared, for the point was narrow and several hundred yards in length, with nothing upon it which could conceal a foe, while the woods were even farther away than he had at first supposed.

He accordingly led the way inland a little out of the din of the surf, and the party, throwing themselves down on the short, dry herbage, proceeded to stretch their limbs, cramped by their long boat service, and to take breath after the hard rowing necessary to counteract the swift sweep of the seas.

"We must not be taken, at all events," said Woodside, "for we now know that a landing is possible even in such a sea as this; and that is a point of the utmost importance, for even the clumsy boats of the men-of-war can be moored where our boat is lying."

"Thet's true," said Clarke, "but I reckon that few on 'em would ever git thar onless the steerin' was better than I've seen so far, any way. But a leetle less sea would make it safe enough."

"We must leave one man here to keep guard over the boat," continued Woodside; "and as he must be keen-sighted, vigilant, and of good judgment, I must leave it to you, sergeant, to choose the man; for on the boat-keeper may depend the liberty, if not the lives, of all."

"Then, if it is left to me, I should ask the skipper to take that duty; and if I might presume, lieutenant, I would ask that you lead us at once inland to reconnoitre the woods; for if there are no troops there now, we can look around all that we wish to, and there certainly will be some here in a few hours at most."

"Let me go, Master Stephen," said Untequit, quietly. "If anything should occur, the whole of us could hardly get aboard and pull off before cavalry would be down upon us. I can outrun a horse for a half-mile, and if you will let me, will crawl up yonder dry water-course that flanks the wood to the left; then, if all is clear, I will signal you to come up and join me."

"I don't think we could do better," said Woodside, musingly. "Untequit, you can go, but hasten as much as you can with safety."

* * *

The Indian asked permission to throw aside his uniform coat, hat, wig and belts, and tying a dingy kerchief around his head, drew off his heavy gaiters and spatterdashes, and with only a long knife and pistol in his girdle went back to the cliff, and laid his musket and clothes beside the tree where Clarke also took his post as boat-keeper.

Untequit, keeping to the west, followed the edge of the promontory for a moment or two, and was then lost to view, having found a succession of rough shelves, under cover of which he skirted the shore, entering the mouth of the dry gully without the knowledge of even his own party, by whom he passed while they were busily engaged in looking around them.

Suddenly Lieutenant Woodside, who was using his glass, lowered the instrument, stared open-eyed at a clump of bushes near the edge of the gully some two hundred yards away, took another look through the instrument, and finally turned to Stephen muttering, "We must get out of this! There's an Indian yonder in that gully that our man was to take. By the way, where is he? He went down to the boat to leave his clothing."

* * *

Stephen caught up the glass, but instantly lowered it and broke into a low laugh. "Well, he's got by us easily enough, and I guess no one yonder, if there are Spaniards up there, will see what we haven't been able to."

"Well done," said Woodside heartily. "Do you know though that, when I came out here, I had nothing but contempt for colonial soldiers," he added in a low tone. "But now I am certain that almost any one here is better fitted to manage a matter like this than I am myself."

"I don't think that, sir," said Stephen gravely. "Nevertheless I am glad to see that you appreciate those things to which our men have been trained, and in which, for my part, I hold them more skilful than any other people in the world, and that is the use of boats, general skill in markmanship, and individual fighting."

"I don't believe there are any troops yonder," said Woodside thoughtfully, "for our man entered the wood some moments ago, and I have seen him several times since then gliding from tree to tree around its border, and penetrating deeper into the forest."

"There he is!" cried Coggeshall, rising to his feet. "We may go forward now, an' get some fruit, mayhap, before we hev' to go off on board again."

Just then Untequit was seen waving his kerchief, and the whole party, rising, took their muskets and moved rapidly across the open, leaving only Clarke at his post by the dead cedar. Fifteen minutes later they reached the wood, and, passing through—for it was a mere belt—found themselves in a country road, whose broad ruts showed that the *rotas*, or wooden-wheeled ox-carts of the country people, were about the only vehicles that ever passed that way.

"There's a small hill yonder that commands a view of the forts and the city," said Untequit; and, ascending the eminence, which, indeed, gave the anchorage its name from its shape, which somewhat resembled in outline an overturned canoe, they crawled cautiously up until they could overlook the summit, and saw, some six miles away, the spires of Cartagena, the fortress of San Lazaro, and the convent-citadel of Nuestra Senora de al Popa.

"We hed better get off at once," said Coggeshall, pointing to a turn in the road some two miles away, where it wound around a sandy hill slightly wooded with huge cotton-trees. "Those lancers will soon be here, at the rate of speed they're makin', an' we can't gain anythin' by stayin'."

"I move we have some of the fruit from yonder enclosure," said Stephen, pointing to the foot of the hill, a little to their right. "The boys on board would like some plaintains, I guess, and we can each take a bunch as well as not."

"So be it; but no time is to be lost, for in fifteen minutes they'll be here," said Woodside; and plunging down the side of the declivity, they found themselves beside the deserted cottage of a fisherman, whose nets, paddles and rude household equipage showed signs of recent occupancy. In the little garden around it were a score or more of plantains, bananas, guavas, orange, and other fruit trees, nearly all of which were in bearing; but as the former were most plentiful, each man cut a bunch of yellow plantains or red Baracoa bananas, and crossing the road, plunged into the forest, emerging at the beginning of the gully by which their scout had come in reconnoitring the place.

* * *

Down this they raced in single file, until reaching the cliff they emerged on the shelf of rock from which they could see the islet, which was now much larger in extent, the tide having sensibly fallen since their landing, and at the same moment they heard apparently from just beyond the hill the clear notes of a well-blown bugle and the "*Andela! Anda!*" of the captain of lancers as he urged on his men.

No time was to be lost, and Woodside hurried his men to the platform where Clarke still sat, keeping well out of sight behind its trunk, and evidently anxious about something or other.

"I'm glad you're come," said he, "for I consait ther's somethin' ahind yonder side of the cove thet isn't thar for any good. Pursued, did ye say? Tumble right in thar," he said, catching up his rifle. "Fust the fruit, then the men, an' then myself."

"Well said," laughed Woodside, "but I come last, skipper. In with you, Jones, Gibbs and Coggeshall. Carefully, now. Here are the muskets. In with you, Untequit. Go down, skipper, for yonder are the lancers at last, just beyond the gully, and by heaven! by the side of the captain rides that naked Indian that tried to cut the rope. In with you, Hay."

"By the eternal!"

* * *

It was Clarke who spoke, and as he caught the officer's wrist to call his attention to seaward, his lips were drawn firmly over his teeth and his glance was painfully fixed and keen as he pointed out an unexpected danger.

From beyond the suspected point shot out into the heaviest of the surf a rude *balsa*, or raft of logs of the light cottonwood, joined three abreast, with the central one turned up into the shape of a prow, and, kneeling upon it, a single Indian, with a broad paddle, drove it with surprising swiftness toward the islet. Arms, save a knife in his belt, at first sight he seemed not to possess, but Stephen pointed to a tiny quiver on his shoulders and a long, slender reed which lay between his naked knees, and even Woodside grew white as Hay said impressively: "He has a *gravatana* there; the arrows he carries yonder are fatal. If he reaches the islet we are lost."

As he spoke he posed his musket and fired, but the ball caught on the rising crest of an intervening wave, and ricochetted over the head of the occupant of the *balsa;* and from behind them, those on the top of the cliff heard the nearing hoof-beats of the cavalry.

"Git daown intew the boat, leftenant, an' yew, tew, Hay, an' tell your men I'll tend to yonder varmint, an' they may save their fire to cover me. I'll git him when he lands; ef I don't, may I never hear Salem church bells ag'in."

Woodside lowered himself into the boat. Stephen unrove the bight of the whale line, threw it into the stern, dropped down the native ladder, and reloading his piece, looked from the figure above him to the Indian *balsa* and its occupant, who had just drawn in under the lee of the ledge, and, catching up his weapon and drawing his knife, leaped from his rude craft to the summit of an isolated rock a couple of yards from the main islet. With a cry of triumph, he drew himself together for the final leap; but the tall, gaunt rifleman overhead raised his heavy weapon, and a sharp, whip-like crack, scarce heard above the surf, told that the death shot had parted. The war cry died away on the dusky lips, the deadly tube fell from the outstretched hand, and the Guayqueria, faithful to the death to the Spaniard, fell dead in the midst of the surf.

"Hello! below thar'! look out for her, sergeant," and Stephen caught in his hands the trusty weapon, as its owner dropped lightly into the stern, and sprang over the thwarts to the bow, where, seizing the line, he joined with the others to warp the boat out of musket shot of the shore.

"We needn't mind their muskets much," said Coggeshall, "but them Spanish 'scopetas are the devil to carry. Ah! here they come, boys!" and as he spoke, the lancers drew up on the edge of the cliff and opened fire. As Coggeshall had intimated, their arms and ammunition were poor, and the one or two balls which struck the boat rebounded or fell harmlessly into the sea; but one of the troop, reserving his fire, drew up a short, clumsy bell-mouthed weapon, and, taking deliberate aim, fired just as Clarke bent over to cut the line short off at the chocks—for that was no time to count a few feet of rope against men's lives.

* * *

The splinters were seen to fly in the bow of the boat, a terrible burst of profanity followed, and all thought that their skipper had been severely if not mortally wounded; but when he rose, he held in his hands the stock and barrel of his long-tried piece, cut short off at the small of the stock by the huge bullet of the trabuco.

As the boat shot out into the open sea, the men caught up their muskets and returned the fire by way of bravado; but only one bullet took effect, killing the horse of the commander of the pursuing force.

By this time the heaviest guns of the

Spence sloop opened upon the lancers, who disappeared promptly from a field where so unequal a game offered itself; and as the boat passed her, a hearty cheer burst from the lips of the tars, in honor of the success of the adventurers.

Going on board of the Weymouth, Lieutenant Woodside reported the events of the day, and urged on Captain Knowles the acceptance of one of the bunches of fruit; and having received orders to hold himself and men in readiness for further service, the men returned to receive the thanks and applause of their captain and comrades on board the Two Friends.

Chapter XIV

The next day at dawn a boat came alongside the Two Friends, and Lieutenant Woodside received an order requiring him to report with his whaleboat and crew to Captain Cotteril of the Lion, a large sixty-gun ship; and with the same crew as the day before (with the exception of Skipper Clarke, who remained on board to repair his broken rifle), he hastened alongside the Lion, and found her men at quarters. A few moments later General Wentworth came on board, and, albeit the sea was rougher than that of the day before, the ship got under way and stood down the coast, carefully conned by her Spanish pilots and keeping the lead going continuously, as the course lay nearer the dangerous shallows on which the heavy rollers broke into masses of white foam.

As they drew out from the shelter of the islets, the sea grew still more terrible, and the oldest seamen shook their heads as the ship staggered along under short sail, unable to open her ports on the lower decks, and so tossed and buffeted by the long, heavy rollers that the sailing master and his assistants looked anxiously to the conditions of spars and stays, and rove and applied preventer gear wherever additional strength could be secured; for the Lion had been long on service, and much of her rigging needed replacing, for which neither time nor material had been afforded.

But, although the day was clear and cloudless, and the wind gradually lulled as the sun rose higher over head, the danger only became more pressing, for the shoreward current set them nearer the breakers, and the heavy yards and booms swung and slatted as the ship was heaved and listed to larboard and starboard by the mountainous rollers.

"We shall lose our boat, lieutenant," said Stephen anxiously, "and much I fear that harm will come to Gibbs yonder, for they say among the men that the masts are shaky, and the shrouds old and rotten, and should it go, it will crush both the whaler and the other boat at the boom."

Woodside spoke to the officer of the deck, and ten minutes later, in obedience to orders, Gibbs made fast one end of the whale line to the painter and, bringing the other in on the boom, let the boat run astern, where, at the end of thirty fathoms of warp, she danced like an eggshell over the heavy sea, and awakened no little admiration of her graceful make and lively qualities among the English officers, and the crews of the clumsy yawls and heavy cutters of the ship.

They had scarcely, however, ceased canvassing the peculiarities of American boat building than the watch was called to take in the maintopsail, for the wind was now almost insufficient for steerage way, and the slatting of the yards promised at every roll to carry away the topmast, which sprung like a piece of steel.

"We had better return, your excellency," said Cotteril to the commander of the land forces, who stood with him near the break of the quarter deck. "We are losing the wind in here under the land, and our only hope of safety lies in standing off shore into yonder streak of blue water."

"We can't have much reason to fear," replied Wentworth, rather contemptuously. "There is no wind, as you say, and Lord Vernon says you have one of the staunchest ships of his squadron. What danger can there be?"

* * *

More he would have said, but at that moment the slender pole of the main-top-gallant-mast snapped its stay, and the broken rope in its fall struck a topman, who, with a bruised and bloody face, still managed to cling to his hold on the topsail yard; but a larger sea than before was seen coming a half mile to seaward, and Cotteril roared, in a voice of thunder:

"Lay down there in the main-top! Lay down from aloft, all! Lively, men—lively!"

* * *

The order came not a moment too soon, and, fortunately for the lives of the men, was obeyed as promptly as it was given. Some slid down by the stays, others swarmed down the shrouds, while a few of the older and less active men had hardly quitted the ratlines when the wave, racing down upon them, filled the deck half full of water, and sent the faithless mainmast with all its gear over the side, bringing down in its fall the lighter spars of the fore and mizzen masts.

Wentworth stared aghast at the terrible scene of confusion which followed, and the view presented alongside, where a huge mass of wooden spars, heavy rigging and widespread canvas lay under the lee, forming a dangerous raft, against whose projections each roller dashed the ship with a force which momentarily threatened to be fatal.

"Let us take to the boats," said the general, hastily, but Cotteril, with somewhat of disdain in his tone, made answer:

"It would cost me my commission to give up one of His Majesty's ships while a chance of saving her remained, and I do not despair of carrying her back to Plaza Grande, although the case is serious. Your own boat or that of the Americans, is at your service if you desire to return to the fleet, but my duty lies here."

"Pardon me, captain," said Wentworth heartily, "you know we of the army are poor sailors, and ignorance they say is the parent of fear. I will remain and share your fortunes; perhaps you can make use of the Americans you spoke of. Captain Knowles recommended them to me very highly, as better than ordinary for dangerous service."

Cotteril nodded pleasantly, but turned to give orders through his trumpet to extricate his vessel from her dangerous predicament, and the splashing of the anchors and rattling of the chains through the hawse-pipes soon followed, and after some moments of suspense, the ship begun to swing head to the wind and pitch into the tremendous rollers with a force which, but for the sandy nature of the ground, which allowed the anchors to drag, would have torn away the windlass or snapped the chains like pipe-stems.

Meanwhile the men with axes and knives cut and slashed at the rigging in order to get clear of the wreck which still lay alongside, giving a heavy list to the ship and adding to the strain upon her cable. Gibbs, Jones and Coggeshall joined in the work, cutting quickly, but so as to save the largest possible amount of material. Stephen, with his Spanish knife, did almost the work of two men, and Untequit, the most agile of the crew, saved much of the gear belonging to the canvas of the foremast and foretop, in which service he caught an approving glance from the captain himself.

"I'd like to save the wreck from yonder Spanish hounds," said Cotteril to his companion, "but the anchors won't stand the strain, and it must go to leeward, I fear." But Stephen, who was just descending the mizzen rigging, forgetful of etiquette and rank, spoke as he would have spoken on the deck of the Two Friends.

"Why not bend on a large kedge, and let them drift into shallow water? There they'll be out of reach of the Spaniards, and we can get them when the sea goes down."

"Well said, my man. How they ever got you into a red coat, I don't see. Pass the word forward, Mr. Alston, and let them make fast a strong warp to the wreckage and bend on one of our heaviest kedges."

"'Tis easier said than done, sir," said the first luff rather contemptuously, "for the drift must be dead aft, and our drift is now so fast that we should be right amid it again in a few moments. If we could carry the kedge to the westward an hundred fathoms, it might help us."

"Say the word, sir, and we'll do it with our whaleboat," said Woodside eagerly; "and as to the warp, our whale line, they say, will stand more than ordinary cordage of nearly three times the circumference. Only I'd recommend you to trust details to Sergeant Hay here, who knows most about it."

"Very well! very well! How much of the whale line have you, sir?" asked the lieutenant.

"About one hundred and eighty fathoms, I think, sir," said Stephen. "I'd like to have you sling the kedge by a piece of spar, so that we can get its weight more amidships," he continued.

"All right, sir. Get your boat under the lee and your gear shall be ready," and two minutes later the boat was lying under the quarter, and one end of her line lashed to one of the shrouds remaining uncut, while the rest lay coiled in the stern of the whaler. The kedge, brought aft by a dozen men, was slung by two ropes to a long stretcher, and the other end of the warp having been first bent to the kedge, the boat was run under the spar, and being carefully eased away, the kedge hung beneath the keel of the whaler just under the amidships thwart. The men bent to their oars and rowed out under the lee of the vessel, while Stephen paid out the line, for the men kept the proper course, keeping the sharp stern to the crests of the huge ocean rollers, and then cautiously edging away to the westward until only a few coils were left in the boat.

"Stand ready to cut the line in the centre of the spar, Gibbs," cried Stephen, as he caught the few remaining fakes in his hands and threw them clear of the gunwale, just as they had safely escaped the crest of a huge green roller and looked across the green abyss to another equally huge.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Gibbs, laying his keen knife on the rope, which secured only by slight lashings, lay stretched along the spars.

"Cut then, and stand clear," cried Stephen. The knife fell, the rope parted, one moiety slipping through the lashings and the other carrying the spar end over end into the sea, and the light craft lay clear of danger, ready to return to the Lion, which still dragged under the added strain of the wreck.

* * *

Stephen waved his cap; the axes of the tars fell on the few shrouds which still held; and as the American, with his long steering oar, made for the lee of the vessel, he saw the submerged tops gradually draw apart, and the dismasted man-of-war righting and riding more easily at her dangerous moorings.

Later the next day the wind breezed up sufficiently to allow the Lion to get under way and return to the squadron, and the New Englanders were sent to their vessel, with orders to join a small squadron detached for special duty on the morrow; and, indeed, it seemed likely that, for a time, at least, Captain Stewart would have little assistance from the presence of his tall sergeant and the crew of "the Yankee whaleboat."

On the ninth of March the sea was still heavy, and the huge rollers, as they broke upon the shallows to the westward, forbade any decided general movement; but the smaller frigates about noon got under way, and, manning their deck batteries, stood down the coast, running close in shore, as if about to cannonade the city, while the Dunkirk, Captain Cooper, with the two sloops so often mentioned, kept on down the coast of Tierra Bomba, an island which, separated by a shallow strait from the city, stretches westward for several leagues to the passage of Boca Chica, or the "Little Mouth," the only navigable entrance to the great lagoon of Cartagena.

* * *

Nothing, however, came of these movements; for, although Don Sebastian de Eslava, the military governor, sent his men to the outer walls, he well knew that neither his own brass pieces nor the iron guns and short carronades of the frigates could work harm across the broad expanse of sandy shallows and dangerous surf which defended his stronghold on the seaward side; and threatened its future existence with the same fate which had befallen what was formerly a broad and level, although sandy plain, but was now a shoal unsafe for the lightest canoe, except in perfectly calm weather.

But that night, as they returned, wet, weary, and hungry, they noted an unusual stir in the fleet, which seemed to intimate that on the morrow the long delay would be ended, and the great struggle between the Briton and Spaniard would be brought to an issue.

Clarke met them at the rail. "I've sold the boat an' I reckon I sold her well, tew; an' arter this I s'pect you'll hev to live aboard the Weymouth, fer Captain Knowles I hear has begged ye fer special service. Hows'ever, I'll be sorry to hev ye leave, an' tonight the cook hes somethin' hot an' hearty fer ye in the caboose. We've hed good luck fishing today, an' you'll be the better for some fried *pompano* I reckin."

* * *

Captain Stewart confirmed the news and handed Lieutenant Woodside his orders to report to Captain Knowles the next morning. His men were to take their kits and be quartered on board until further orders.

"You'll hev a chance to see how you like the food an' lodgin' thar," said Clarke, meaningly; "but I reckin if they'll on'y let ye off by yourselves once a day, you can find somethin' decent to eat."

"We can't always expect to live as well on board ship as we have with you, skipper," said Stephen, heartily, "and I, for one, shall never forget your kindness; but we will carry some bird shot and fishing tackle with us, and it will go hard but we manage to pick up fish and meat enough for ourselves, while we are detached."

"They say that we are to go on board Commodore Lestock's vessels," said Captain Stewart, a little wearily. "I hope not, for I was on board a vessel of the fleet yesterday, and the men are crowded together so that there is little chance for the sick, and great danger to those not yet attacked by the fever. It's a pity that the council of war has decided not to attack on this side of the town; and as we have to enter the harbor over thirty miles from here, they will have every opportunity to send out their treasure and ineffective population, and bring in supplies and reinforcements. We have come, I hear, to a fair basis for the division of plunder, but I'm afraid we are selling the lion's skin on the back of the beast."

"The captain is not himself," said Woodside, as they sat on deck enjoying their food, so thoughtfully prepared for them by the young skipper, "and he has enough on his hands as an officer, without trying to be surgeon to his own command and honoring every call that is made on his kind heart; although God knows it would be well were all in authority here as humane as he."

As he spoke the captain came up from below, and stepping to the rail looked across the intervening waters toward the shore, where here and there the gleam of the bivouac fires, or the glimmer of a lantern, told that Don Sebastian de Eslava was not yet minded to withdraw the corps of observation, which for the last three days had been entrenching themselves and awaiting any attempt to disembark.

The sea was going down fast, and the rollers, though large, seldom broke into foam, but swept lazily along with an occasional gleam of phosphorescent fire wherever the oily surface was broken by prow or cable, or the occasional passage of a boat from one vessel to another. Above the sky was clear, and in the deep blue the tropical constellations shone with a wondrous beauty, and as Stewart raised his eyes to gaze upon them, his regular and noble features seemed almost like the profile of a marble statue, so pale and thin had he become with over anxiety and unremitting labor for others.

"'Tis a question," said Woodside gravely, "if we keep our captain long, and though once I'd have deemed it a bit of luck to get the trade, damme if I shouldn't be sorry to step into his shoes, for a kinder man I never saw."

"That is true, sir, and as brave as he is kind, I'm sure," said Stephen. "But you must talk to him, lieutenant, for he has a noble wife and loving daughter at home there in Boston, and I doubt if he will leave them over well provided for should aught befall him."

"Come, Woodside, this won't do," said Stewart, approaching them, "the night air is not the best thing in the world for you who have been hungry and weary all day. 'Tis a beautiful evening though, and even the great war ships seem less grim and cruel. The sky, too, is so clear and the stars so brilliant that all things seem full of peace, and rest and beauty. Why, the very waves that have swept against us so heavily for the past week seem going to sleep, and one would think that neither human suffering nor the destructive passions of man could exist in such a scene. I assure, you gentlemen, that the contemplation of so much peaceful beauty is a great relief to me, for I weary of the human suffering and death that so far has surrounded us."

* * *

Suddenly a terrific scream, or rather series of cries, came up the hatchway of the schooner; a half-clad figure emerged, and, eluding the sentinel, crossed the gangway at a bound, leaped upon the rail, and ere Stephen could prevent it, sprang into the sea. Hay was about to follow, but Untequit, who had followed the delirious man from below, laid his hand upon his shoulder and ejaculated, "Look!"

On the inner crest of the roller which had just passed beneath them, a sharp object, cutting the water with great velocity, appeared above the water, and the next instant a huge shark was seen enveloped in a phosphorescent glow, which rendered the squaliform monster almost supernaturally terrible and repulsive; and as the spectators stood almost petrified with horror, the man-eater glided down into the depths where the doomed man had disappeared.

Stephen broke from his trance and seized the sentinel's musket, Woodside felt mechanically for the heavy pistols he had laid aside, and Untequit looked in vain for a weapon; but the terrible episode was soon over. For an instant the head and outstretched arms of the doomed man were seen above the surface, and then there was a shriek of mortal agony, a gleam of crimson in a circle of phosphorescent water, and all was over.

"Poor Jarvis!" exclaimed the captain. "He was a stout shipwright at Medford Bridge last summer, and left a good home and the prospect of a fair heritage to die thus terribly. Well, well! I must go to bed, but I fear me I shall not rest much after such a sight."

"'Tis the lot of man, captain," said Stephen quietly, "and what matters it how we go out of life, so that our work is well done. I've seen many die of the black vomit, and to my mind the shark's jaws were a better choice. You must harden yourself to such sights, for we go where worse awaits at the best, and perhaps more than even the strongest and cheeriest can endure."

"True, sergeant; and in Him there is strength to endure all things as good soldiers. Good night and needed rest." And soon only the sentinel and the drowsy sailor who kept the anchor watch were left upon the deck of the little transport.

(*To be continued*)

ORPHEUS LAMENTS

By P. F. KIRBY

THE seasons come and go,
  Year after year the same,
June's warmth and Winter's snow,
  And Autumn garbed in flame;
Each brings its golden hours,
  Its moment's ecstacy,
Each spring brings back its flowers,
  But not my love to me.

The faint, far gleam of dawn,
  That glitters on the sea,
Full on white sails that yawn
  To the wind that follows free;
The great sun, red and burning
  Wild paths on wave and lea,
Come with each morn, returning,
  But not my love to me.

Boyhood Haunts of Mark Twain

by Bert V. Chapel

THE rough and stony career of Mark Twain, as well as his height and beauty of thought, began its start honestly—there never were ten miles of more rough and stony road than that between Santa Fe and the little inland village of Florida, Missouri, the birthplace of Samuel Langhorne Clemens—"Mark Twain." Yet for scenic effects a rough road is always preferable to a smooth one; and it was well worth the jolts and jars just for a glimpse of the approach to the village, high up on the bluff, with the Salt River winding around its base.

Fortunate we were in having with us Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bybee, an uncle and aunt. Mr. Bybee came from an old slave-owning family, was born and raised in the neighborhood, and filled in the scenes of the trip with incidents and memories of boyhood.

"Yes, if we had taken the other road we would have passed the 'deep-hole' where we all used to go swimming, and where I almost ended my career, having gone down for the third time. While it is a little farther this way, yet it is safer, as there are some steep hills and a bad ford to cross the other way. Now over the next rise and down in the slough is where a man killed his neighbor because of a feud."

As we drove upon the approach to the bridge which spanned the river, we stopped, struck with the beauty of the scene. Mr. Bybee pointed with his hand and said:

"There at the right is the site of an old grist mill. To this mill grain was hauled from the outlying district, and then hauled by mule-trains over the hills to Hannibal. That was in the days when the Mississippi was 'The Great Highway of Commerce'."

As we sat there and looked across the river at the seemingly perpendicular mass of rock rising in the air, it seemed impossible.

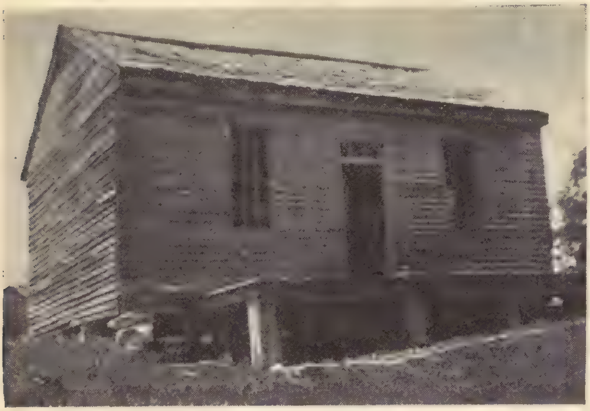
"Oh, yes," uncle continued, "there is a little, narrow, concealed road, hardly room for passing, that winds up the side of the cliff, worn there by the countless hoofs of countless mules and horses."

There is always that anxious moment just before reaching the summit. A moment of expectancy, a sense of discovery, a wondering of what is on the other side. Sometimes it is disappointment, sometimes elation. Ours was elation, for there, nestled in a hollow, on the top of a high bluff, was the little village of our search, a birthplace typical of the man it produced—rugged and rough, but with height and beauty.

There is one in this little village to whom the literary people, historians and posterity, will give thanks; who for "sentimental reasons," as he expressed it, has bought, and is preserving, the birthplace of Mark Twain.

After a succession of sales, the lot and two-roomed house with lean-to was bought by a church congregation, and for ten years was used as a stable. Sometime ago the congregation decided to tear it down and replace it with a modern red barn. It was at this point that Merritt A. Violett could not for "sentimental reasons" see the old house destroyed, so purchased it for twenty-five dollars. Being unable to buy the lot on which it stood, Mr. Violett has moved the house directly across the street, restoring its whitewashed walls, the rag rugs and its antique furniture.

"Oh, I thought I'd fix it up a bit so the Ladies Aid Society could meet in it to sew," said the admirer of Mark Twain. "And then I thought it would be nice to have a place for travelers to stop. It's all torn up just now, but if you all like, you can fix one of those boards on that barrel there in the corner and eat your dinner in here. When you come back, I'll have it all fixed up for you."



MARK TWAIN'S BIRTHPLACE

As restored by Merritt A. Violett. It stands now across the street from the original site in Florida, Missouri

So today we may make our mecca journey to the birthplace of Mark Twain, and find an awakening atmosphere of appreciation through the love of a man for a great author.

The village is divided as to the authentic house of our author's birth. Two factions maintain a continuous discussion, one contending that it was a house which was on the north edge of the village. This building was torn down a few years ago, made up into canes and other souvenirs, and sold over the country. A modern house now stands on the site. I do not wish to make valueless the thousands of souvenirs that perhaps people are cherishing throughout the country, but facts seem to be against them, and the wood they hold was not taken from the birthplace of Mark Twain. The other faction declare that he was born in a house now standing on the south edge of the town.

Mr. Violett, not wishing to buy and preserve a building whose authenticity as the birthplace of Mark Twin could be questioned, wrote to the "Mark Twain Commission." This Commission, appointed by Herbert Hadley, Governor of Missouri, consisting of F. L. Schofield, W. L. Chamberlain, W. B. Pettibone, J. L. RoBardo and S. F. Roderick, was to investigate the question and authorized to make the expenditure of $11,000 for the erection of a bronze bust at the place of Mark Twain's birth, and a statue at Hannibal, Missouri, his boyhood home.

The Commission decided that the house now standing on the south of the town was the birthplace.

If further proof is needed, we have Mark Twain's own statement. In the first volume of Mr. Paine's biography is a photograph of the house which was made into souvenirs. Across the bottom of the picture Mr. Clemens has written these words: "This is not my birthplace; it is too stylish."

Albert Bigelow Paine, the authorized biographer of Mark Twain, made a trip before Mr. Clemens' death, from Connecticut to Missouri, to gather data, and verified the investigations of the Commission.

Mr. Violett also fortified himself with the statements of his mother, who was a neighbor of the Clemens family.

The whole controversy has doubtless arisen from the fact that the family moved soon after the birth of Samuel from the house on the south to the one on the north of the village.

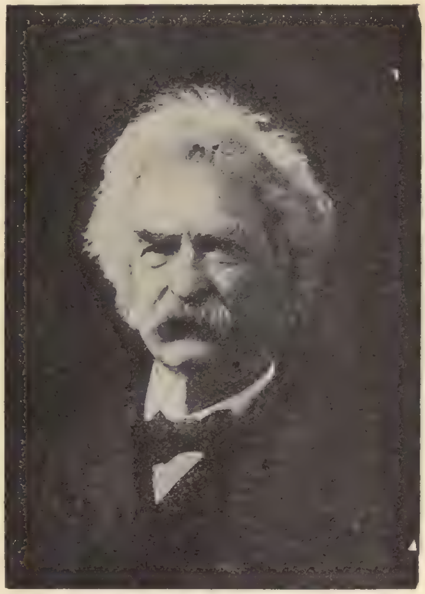
It is also true, because of the brief residence of the family at Florida after Samuel's birth, that some authors credit Hannibal as being his birthplace; a distinction which the people of Hannibal themselves do not claim.

Mr. Paine seems to be the logical biographer of our author, for years before as a schoolboy in Xenia, Illinois, he says: "I was literally brought up on the stories of Mark Twain."

How well he equipped himself is shown by the fact that he spared no expense in following step by step the "Innocents Abroad." On his return to the States he made a trip touching all points in Mark Twain's life which could be of interest to a biographer. A magazine editor has said: "Albert Bigelow Paine had the biggest Boswellian opportunity of modern times." Surely no one who has read Mr. Paine's three volumes on "Mark Twain, a Biography," would say he has fallen short of that "Boswellian opportunity."

Mr. Clemens seemed to have but little interest in and but a vague memory of the village. I have read of only one visit to the vicinity of his birth. He gives us this return in his short story, "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed." And because of its appropriateness it will doubtless be interesting.

> You have heard from a great many people who did something in the war; is it not fair and right that you listen a little moment to one who started out to do something in it, but didn't.
>
> In the summer of 1861 the first wash of the wave of war broke upon the shores of Missouri. Our state was invaded by the Union forces. The Governor issued his proclamation calling out 50,000 militia to repel the invader.
>
> I was visiting in the small town where my boyhood had been spent—Hannibal, Marion County. Several of us got together in a secret place by night and formed ourselves into a military company. I was made second lieutenant. We had no first lieutenant. I do not know why. There were fifteen of us. By the advice of an innocent connected with the organization we called ourselves the Marion Rangers.
>
> We waited for a dark night, for caution and secrecy were necessary; then toward midnight we stole in couples and set out together on foot. Our objective point was the hamlet of New London. We kept monotonously falling back upon one camp or another, and eating up the country.
>
> The last camp which we fell back upon was in a hollow near the village of Florida, where I was born, in Monroe County.
>
> Here we were warned one day that a Union Colonel was sweeping down on us with a whole regiment at his heel. This looked decidedly serious. Our boys went apart and consulted, then we went back and told the other companies present that the war was a disappointment to us, and we were going to disband.
>
> So about half of our fifteen, including myself, mounted and left on the instant. An hour later we met General Harris. He ordered us back, but we told him there was a Union Colonel coming with a whole regiment in his wake, and it looked as if there was going to be a disturbance, so we had concluded to go home. He raged a little, but it was of no use; our minds were made up. We had done our share; had killed one man, exterminatd one army such as it was; let him go and kill the rest, and that would end the war.



MARK TWAIN

Whose humorous tales have provided the world with an effective antidote for gloom and the "blues"

> I did not see that brisk general again until last year; then he was wearing white hair and whiskers.
>
> In time I came to know the Union Colonel whose coming frightened me out of the war and crippled the Southern cause to that extent—as General Grant.
>
> I came within a few hours of seeing him when he was as unknown as I was myself; at a time when anybody could have said, "Grant? Ulysses S. Grant? I do not remember hearing the name before." It seems difficult to realize that there was once a time when such a remark could be rationally made, but there was, and I was within a few miles of the place and the occasion, too, though proceding in the other direction. . . . I could have become a soldier if I had waited. I had got part of it learned; I knew more

about retreating than the man that invented retreating.

It is somewhat singular that in after years, when both had grown old, that Mark Twain was chosen by General Grant to be the publisher of his autobiography.

The old residents of Florida are authority for the following incident in Mark Twain's life. They state that his parents were rather odd folk, and that on moving to Hannibal, Samuel was forgotten in the confusion and left behind. His absence was discovered about five miles out. A horseman returning found him curled up in a closet fast asleep. This oversight is explained by the fact that an older brother was charged with his care, but in the excitement of leaving for the "big city" forgot his charge.

Another story has its rounds among the villagers. However, it must be taken with a grain of salt, and yet it is wonderfully human. An old physician is said to have commenced to record in his notebook the names of the women who have claimed the distinction of first dressing Mark Twain. He is reported as having filled one page and became weary.

As Uncle was hitching up the team, and just as we were about to leave the place of which I had heard so often, as a boy, I went back, alone, and stood before the granite base and bronze bust of the great humorist.

I noted that it is not placed on either of the disputed sites of his birth, but at the intersection of the streets in the center of the village, which was a very diplomatic stroke. An incident paralleled by "The Christ of the Andes" controversy, and settled in a very similar manner.

In the granite are carved these words:

IN THIS VILLAGE
WAS BORN
Nov. 13th, 1835
Samuel Langhorne Clemens
"MARK TWAIN"
HE CHEERED AND COMFORTED A TIRED WORLD
Erected by the
State of Missouri
1913

As I stood and read this inscription and looked about me at the humble surroundings, I recalled the saying of the Pharisee, "What good thing can come out of Nazareth?" Looking at the two-roomed, pioneer, weather-beaten building before me, with its hand-hewn shingles and siding, I could picture the little unknown boy playing about the doorstep. I thought of the simile with that of the boyhood of Lincoln, of Grant, and of John Muir, and became convinced that the embryo of greatness seeks secluded and humble spots.

* * *

Mark Twain spent the impressionable days of boyhood among very impressionable surroundings. The town of Hannibal, Missouri, and adjacent country is surely youth's paradise, for the one thing needful in an adventurous boy's life is a big cave. This very thing Nature put into the life of Mark Twain and his associates.

My concept of the "Mark Twain Cave," made immortal by the Tom Sawyer-Beckey Thatcher episode, was just an ordinary cave that one might find tucked away among the hills of any river country; that Mark Twain had greatly exaggerated the size merely to make an interesting story.

However, we found the cave a most extraordinary one, containing approximately fifteen miles of passageways. While we did not grope our way with lighted candles along the whole distance, yet after we had seen the "Footprints of Adam and Eve," dodged by the "Devil's Backbone," on through the "Reception Hall," passed "Jessie James Den," went through "Fat Man's Misery," and came out onto "Fifth Avenue," and saw the labyrinth of passages leading off to the right and to the left, we concluded the estimate of the guides conservative.

We also concluded the Tom-Beckey episode might have been a great reality, and not mere literary license. But the original Beckey Thatcher denied the incident when I asked her about it, saying:

"Sammy and I often went out to the cave to play when children, and at times were temporarily lost, but never as badly as Mr. Clemens wrote about. He was always inclined to make things sound big."

"Did Huckleberry Finn ever go with you to the cave?" I asked.

"Yes, sometimes, but I often refused to go about much if Huckleberry was along. I never thought much of him; he wasn't a nice boy, and I used to tell Sammy I couldn't see why he would run around with 'Huck'."

There is a most peculiar sensation as you leave the daylight behind and descend into those high vaulted caverns, amid the screeches of the venerable bat, the liquid sound of falling waters, into the depths of darkness. A noticeable fact was the condition of the air, not stale and suffocating, but cool, fresh and soothing as the morning breeze just before dawn. Perhaps the falling waters produced this condition.

To one having read "Tom Sawyer," perhaps the first thought as you pass through the massive door would be to look at the spot where "Injun Joe" met his horrible death. At least that was my thought, and at the turn of every passage I could see the big hand of "Injun Joe" reaching out into the inky darkness, or its shadow flickering on the jagged walls.

I drank from a crystal basin, and wondered if it be the spring from which Tom Sawyer drank after his long, long search. I watched my candle melt away and thought of the sinking, sickening dread that must have filled the hearts of Tom and Beckey as they sat and watched their candle drip away inch by inch. And poor Tom, knowing his mortal enemy, "Injun Joe," was out there in the darkness keeping his silent watch.

In "Tom Sawyer" we read that after the finding of Tom and Beckey, Judge Thatcher had a heavy door made, and thereafter the cave was kept locked. Whether fact or fiction, we found the heavy door securely locked. Guides live nearby and will show the cave for a small admission.

The cave was bought by the Hannibal Electric Company, who planned to build a road and run cars for interested parties, but as yet they have not thought it a profitable investment.

The cave is located about two miles down the river from Hannibal, and is very obscurely tucked away between two hills.

As an illustration of the indifference of man to the obvious, upon inquiring as to the distance of the cave from town, we received replies varying from "Oh, just a bit down the road," to four and five miles. And even asked one who had been an inhabitant for years, yet on questioning found he had never taken the trouble to go out to the cave.

MEMORIAL TO MARK TWAIN
Bronze bust erected at his birthplace—Florida, Missouri

The return walk to Hannibal is most picturesque. A narrow road with the "Father of Waters" on your right, and a wall of Nature on your left.

It is on this road that you pass under

"Lover's Leap," which, if we are to believe local mythology, has a literal meaning. Surely no more appropriate place could have been found by the disappointed lover.

I would say that "Lover's Leap" is Nature's distinguishing landmark of Mark Twain's boyhood home. It can be seen for miles, as viewed from the Mississippi, long before the little city itself is discovered, nestled among the valleys.

MARK TWAIN WAS FOND OF HIS PETS

Many were the times he climbed to the top of that massive rock of layer limestone and sat for hours gazing at the magnificent sweep of valley across the waters, and watched the river-boats as they rounded the upper bend and crept slowly by, hundreds of feet below him. Is it to be wondered at that just such inspirations caused him to write, in later years, "Life on the Mississippi," a work which he considered among his best literary efforts.

If we mention the Guardian of the South, we must not forget to mention the Guardian of the North. For upon the summit of Holliday's Hill, overlooking the "mighty Mississippi," whose shifting channel and sandbar he knew so well as a pilot, and from which he received his pseudonym, stands the bronze statue of the immortal "Mark Twain," guarding the playground of his boyhood.

And such a playground as Nature planned for just such boys as Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn and Joe Harper, with its hills, valleys, ledges, cliffs, caves and tunnels. Then, as though this were not enough to delight the heart of a boy, Nature added the great river, with its islands which, of course, had to be explored, and perhaps some even discovered, by the "Black Avengers," of which "that mean little Sammy Clemens" was leader. Thus it was the mothers of the time must have characterized him. For at that time the only meaning the world had of the words "mark twain" was the river vernacular, the leadsman's call.

There are two theories given why Mr. Clemens chose "Mark Twain" as his *nom-de-plume.* One is that when pilot on the Mississippi, the boat hands, when taking soundings, would call up to him "mark twain—mark twain." thus meaning two fathoms, or twelve feet of water, which was safe water for the boat to clear. Because of this call his associates nicknamed him "Mark Twain," which after he began to write he took as his pen-name.

An incident is given of a time in after years when Mark Twain and his family were taking a boat trip. The pilot had called for soundings, and as the measure was lifted from the side of the boat, the call went up "mark twain—mark twain." Mr. Clemens' little daughter hearing the call, ran up to him and said, "Papa, a man wants you downstairs; I heard him calling you."

The other theory is given as follows: When Mr. Clemens was a young man he read an article written by one who signed his name "Mark Twain." Mr. Clemens wrote a scathing review of the article. It developed that the writer was an old Southern gentleman, who so keenly felt the humiliation and degradation that he died of a broken heart. Mr. Clemens then chose the name of the writer he had wronged as a restitution, and as a perpetuation of the old man's memory. I leave to my readers the choice.

* * *

It was on our return trip from the cave that we were informed, much to our delight, of the existence of the original "Beckey Thatcher," in the person of Mrs. Laura Hawkins-Frazier. Here she still remains, immortalized in fiction, but unaffected through it all.

One glance at her sweet, jovial, mother-loving face and plump body, and you are not surprised that she is giving herself as matron of the Home of the Friendless. She makes a picture which satisfies your imagination, when, surrounded by her big family of homeless babes and children.

She met us in her rooms and talked freely, yet unaffectedly, of her girlhood and lifelong friendship with Mark Twain, showing us her collection of mementoes, which contains letters, notes and pictures, with the inscription, "From your Boyhood Sweetheart."

One picture I admired very much was a large photo of Mark Twain, which made him look majestic, with his bushy snow-white hair and cream serge suit. Beside him stands Mrs. Frazier.

In reply to my question of the circumstances under which the picture was taken, she said:

"A short time before Mr. Clemens' death, he invited me to be his guest at his home, 'Stormfield.' I went, and we had two weeks of old-time memories. One day a photographer came and asked Mr. Clemens if he might take his picture. As Mr. Clemens started to pose he suddenly shouted, 'Wait a minute,' and calling to me said, 'I must have with me my boyhood sweetheart—Beckey Thatcher.' So that is the reason why I'm in the picture."

I left with this unanswered question in my mind—unanswered because I felt it too personal and sacred to ask—if they were sweethearts in youth, and still sweethearts in old age, why not more than sweethearts in the years between?

As I close my eyes and think of Hannibal, two distinguishing markings stand out before all others—"Lover's Leap" on the south, and to the north, on the summit of Holliday's Hill, the bronze statue. I like to think of them as the Guardian of the North and the Guardian of the South, for midway between stands the boyhood home of Mark Twain.

To one keen of sentiment, this is doubtless the most interesting spot which Hannibal has to offer. Every boy's old home is sacred to himself, from the knot-holes in the floor to the figure of the paper on the wall.

Every window and every doorsill of the two-story frame house at 206 Hill Street has its own mute story to tell of the pranks and episodes of Tom Sawyer, as this house has a double significance, it being not only the home of "Sammy Clemens," but of "Tom Sawyer" as well.

Mark Twain states that the character of Tom Sawyer was "a combination of the characteristics of three boys I knew." My guess is that ninety per cent of "Tom Sawyer" was "Sammy Clemens."

George A. Mahan, an attorney of Hannibal, bought the home in 1911 and presented it to the city as a memorial museum, in perpetuation of the memory of the youth that went out from among them and became the Friend of Princes and Peasants—yes, and The Entertainer of the World.

Our knock at the door brought the custodian, who because of her admiration of Mark Twain is most fitly chosen as custodian and collector for the home. Several articles have been sent from different parts of the country, and it is to be hoped that many more may be collected.

I have not been asked to say this, but

if there are those about over the country who have souvenirs which they would be willing to send to the museum at Hannibal, I am sure they would be greatly appreciated by the custodians and greatly enjoyed by the large number of tourists who visit the Tom Sawyer Home daily. I am sending all I have, though it be only a block of walnut wood taken from the birthplace of our author.

I have a letter from Mr. Mahan, the donator of the Home, in which he says: "His little boyhood home is being visited by great numbers of people daily, something over six thousand having registered their names during the last year, and the register showing over twelve thousand names in two years. This appreciation by the people far exceeds my original idea.

"We felt that it was worth preserving for the benefit it would do boys and girls who are struggling for a place. We are securing a few manuscripts and things owned by Mark Twain, but people who have them love him so well that they hate to give them up, and certainly no one can blame them for this."

The custodian conducted us through the rooms with these remarks:

"This is the front room, used as a parlor. Later Mr. Clemens and his brother converted it into a print shop. This room back of the front room was a combination of living-room, dining-room, and bed-room. It is this room which is mentioned in "Tom Sawyer." It is here Tom was confined during that long failing illness, brought on by his overworked faculty of auto-suggestion. This illness was invented by Tom in retaliation of Beckey's coolness toward him. He reasoned, as every boy has, that if he could reach that point which lies between life and death, then Beckey, Aunt Polly and Sid would feel sorry of the way they had treated him. He could then get well at his convenience and be the gainer.

"Aunt Polly had tried every remedy, from hot-sweats and mustard plasters to cold-packs and water-cure, but it was not until she struck Pain-Killer, which she administered internally, that Tom began to show life and animation. To the delight of Aunt Polly, Tom got away with large quantities.

"There are the same tell-tale cracks in the floor, which served Tom as depositories for the large quantities of Aunt Polly's liniment. One day Peter, the cat, became interested, and Tom, being generous, satisfied its curiosity. It was then that Peter put on the added energy of a wild cat, tearing about the room, undoing all of Aunt Polly's tidiness, and *that* is the window out of which he disappeared."

Returning to the front room, and pointing out of a window to a house across the street, the custodian said:

"Over there in that long house is where Beckey Thatcher lived, and a block away was the home of "Huckleberry Finn." "Huck's" home has been torn down. As "Huck" was ragged and dirty, so was his home an eyesore to the neighborhood."

* * *

On the walls hung a bas-relief, done in copper, also a picture of Mark Twain surrounded by his creations. But the picture that remains in the memory is an enlargement from a kodak, done in sepia. This picture was taken without the knowledge of Mr. Clemens, and shows him in meditation seated on a veranda overlooking a beautiful valley. The expression is an unusual one of deep thought, yet repose. He seems to have cast off things mortal and taken on immortality.

The custodian, noting my study of the picture said: "There are times during the dusk of the evening, as I sit here alone gazing at the picture, a psychic presence seems to pervade the room." Does Mark Twain return to dwell among his boyhood haunts? Maybe, who can tell.

As we were about to leave, she asked us to register our names in the big guest book. There we read the names of many notables and people from every walk of life, who have come to pay homage to the great humorist.

It seems contradictory, in view of his reputation as a humorist, yet Joseph Fort Newton once said to me in conversation: "Mark Twain was the saddest man I ever met; his sadness seemed eternal; his humor was unconscious."

Thus it was we signed, and thereby dedicated our signatures to the one who "cheered and conforted a tired world," "the Lincoln of our literature."

The Glory of Toil

by Edna Dean Proctor

WHETHER they delve in the buried coal, or plough the upland soil,
Or man the seas, or measure the suns, hail to the men who toil!
It was stress and strain, in wood and cave, while the primal ages ran,
That broadened the brow, and built the brain, and made of a brute a man;
And better the lot of the sunless mine, the fisher's perilous sea,
Than the slothful ease of him who sleeps in the shade of his bread-fruit tree;
For sloth is death and stress is life in all God's realms that are,
And the joy of the limitless heavens is the whirl of star with star!

Still reigns the ancient order—to sow, and reap, and spin;
But oh, the spur of the doing! and oh, the goals to win,
Where each, from the least to the greatest, must bravely bear his part—
Make straight the furrows, or shape the laws, or dare the crowded mart!
And he who lays firm the foundations, though strong right arm may tire,
Is worthy as he who curves the arch and dreams the airy spire;
For both have reared the minster that shrines the sacred fire.

Floods drown the fairest valleys; fields droop in the August blaze;
Yet rain and sun are God's angels that give us the harvest days,
And toil is the world's salvation, though stern may be its ways:
Far from the lair it has led us—far from the gloom of the cave—
Till lo, we are lords of Nature instead of her crouching slave!
And slowly it brings us nearer to the ultimate soul of things:
We are weighing the atoms, and wedding the seas, and cleaving the air with wings;
And draining the tropic marshes where death had lain in wait,
And piercing the polar solitudes, for all their icy state;
And luring the subtle electric flame to set us free from the clod—
O toiling Brothers, the earth around, we are working together with God!
With God, the infinite Toiler, who dwells with His humblest ones,
And tints the dawn and the lily, and flies with the flying suns,
And forever, through love and service, though days may be drear and dim,
Is guiding the whole creation up from the deeps to Him!

From "The Glory of Toil," Houghton, Mifflin Company

Inspiration in Outdoor Exercise

Love of Outdoor Games Largely Responsible for a New Order of Music Distinctly American in Spirit

by Albert Spalding

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Albert Spalding, the famous American violinist, and considered today to be one of the world's greatest living violin virtuosi, has contributed the following article on the relation of exercise in the open air to art and music in America:*

NOT long ago a well-known concert manager ambushed me as I left the links of a popular country club in New Jersey. Evidently he was upset, but was brimming over with what he considered helpful advice.

"Mr. Spalding," said the impresario, waving a newspaper which I saw was open at the sporting page, "coming up in the train I found an interview with you in which you praised the game of golf. Then when I got here at the appointed time I found you so busy playing the game that you kept me waiting. Do you realize what you are doing? Can you not see that you are endangering your musical career?"

"How so?" I asked.

"Why," said he, "surely you realize that the cultured, music-loving public can never reconcile the idea of strenuous outdoor sports with the finer things in music. To the cultured mind, muscle and temperament will forever seem incompatible; and for a man to identify himself as an athlete, will mean that as an artist it is impossible for him to merit cultured support. Of course, personally I do not care; but these opinionated people, we must remember, support our concerts—"

I cut the lecture short. And then, pride incited, I let him know that if it came to a question between my golf and his concerts, golf would win. In spite of this I am forced to admit, that, from the managerial viewpoint—the argus eye that must observe every angle affecting the box-office—there was a measure of reason in this gentleman's diatribe.

This man embodies the old school of musical conventions, ideas, and illusions that once held "cultured" America by the throat. He is a hang-over from a formative cultural period that, swayed by ultra-affectations, believed that to be a real musician a man must wear long hair, and dress in threadbare ill-fitting coats; that avoidance of baths and unhealthy habits were to be excused as eccentricities of genius, and that a musicianly horror of the clean outdoors and physical exertion were true marks of temperament. This is what the public of twenty-five years ago believed, and which a few survivors of that period still believe.

But the manager is all wrong in thinking that the new, ambitious, clean-minded public of today, with its worship of physical health and the means thereto, still holds those ideas. Crude America had borrowed its cultural ideas from Europe, and rushed them to extremes that never existed in Europe.

It used to be thought, due to the snobs and the snob followers, that America would never produce a really worthy musician or composer. One does not hear so much of that opinion today. I could name offhand a long list of American musicians of all sorts, instrumentalists, opera and concert singers, and composers, all famous at home, and all accepted as true artists the world over. And most of them—bear this in mind—are everyday, hard-working Americans. The men among them keep their hair trimmed, and wear clean linen, and to a striking degree are ardent lovers of outdoor sports.

The few American musicians who pose and parade the old conventional affectations are either seeking advertisement or trying to divert attention from their musical deficiencies.

A new order of music, truly American in its spirit, expression, method and technique, is being evolved by American musicians. It is music which reflects the American national spirit, and which accords with the particular musical hunger of the American public. Many influences enter into this new music, which already is being accorded its place by the greatest foreign critics. And not the least of these influences, to my mind, is the great American love of outdoors, of cleanliness, health, sanitation and physical exercise so Americanly expressed in our myriad games which both please and benefit at the same time.

I like, and have been helped in every way—especially in a musical way—by almost every outdoor game in vogue in this country. I play a little baseball, or used to until the danger to my fingers made me renounce the game. And so with la crosse, tennis and polo, all of which I play in inverse proportion to their hazards to one's digits.

Golf I play a great deal, because I love the game. I would play it more if it were not that I find the clutching of the handles, unnoticed by the average player, if carried to an extreme by me, affects the flexibility of my fingers. To be sure, the effect is only temporary, but it interferes with the arduous practice which we slaves of the violin must incessantly follow.

Nevertheless, what I gain from golf outweighs a hundredfold any disadvantages it may hold. Physically it keeps me in trim, which is equivalent to saying that it keeps me mentally trim. I liken a good brisk game of golf to a mental housecleaning, when the debris is swept from the cellars and the cobwebs dusted from the ceiling corners of my mind. The

ALBERT SPALDING ON THE LINKS
Following a "drive" at the Rumson Country Golf course at Rumson, New Jersey

ALBERT SPALDING PLAYING TENNIS
At his private courts at his summer home in Monmouth Beach, New Jersey

idea of inspiration roosting preferably in unventilated holes, reeking with tobacco and alcohol fumes, and lurid with unhealthy thought and hectic conversation is all foolishness.

The inspiration of the great outdoors comes in a dozen ways from a dozen sources: The chirruping of the birds on the links, and the humming of insects; the clean smell of the outdoors and the soothing play of the winds in grass and trees; off in the distance the lowing of cattle and perhaps the raucous cawing of crows; nearer the friendly contention of competing players, the melodious laughter of happy girls, and the shrill whistling of street songs by the care-free caddies. It is all inspiration, in solo and ensemble—inspiration of the great, free outdoors and of the vivacity which the American spirit, it seems to me, typifies. And upon a mind and body exhilarated and quickened by the stress of the game, the seeds of the American inspiration find root, whereas in hectic surroundings they must wither.

Americanism, so-called, when you sift it to the bottom, is nothing more nor less than the refreshing, exhilarating, unconventionality manifest in the people of this land. From out of the spirit of freedom a new, distinctive race has been evolved, and already this race has developed qualities, habits, and customs that differ from those of any other race. And in no other respect does this racial distinctiveness show more clearly than in art, especially musical art. This country is beginning to produce a music that reflects the moods of the people. Just as you can hear a Hungarian rhapsody and assign it to its race, so can the foreign critic hear an American composition and identify its origin. American music will be a music in no sense inferior to the music of other people, while in many respects it will be superior. True, it will shock the conservatives, and be deprecated by them because of its chief merit—a departure from the conventional.

For me, whose labors are definitely toward the composition of American folk music, rules and restrictions adapted for European music of an entirely different sort are very often a barrier; while the outdoor impressions which come with indulgence in outdoor games are the means which smooth the road for me. Thus I find possibilities I could get in no other way.

I do not mean that outdoor sport embodies the *only* American characteristics. There is the spirit of American industry and progress to be found in the factory towns where ambitious, honest labor is the dominant note. Then there is the Southern plantation where darkies still sing their songs as they work in the fields—songs which were the first, and are as yet the most distinctive, of American folk music.

But among all these varying peoples, each imbued with the American spirit, the love of outdoor play is keen, and that is why in outdoor play I think I find the very essence of Americanism.

Some Important Heraldic Charges

Their Meaning and Symbolism

by Leonard Wilson
F. S. G., F. S. A. Scot.

Member of British Record Society, Société Académique d'Histoire Internationale, National Genealogical Society of America, etc.

> Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their Father's house.—Numbers ii:2.
>
> And the children of Israel did according to all that the Lord commanded Moses; so they pitched by their standards, and so they set forward, every one after their families, according to the house of their Fathers.—Numbers ii:34.

THE foregoing quotations from the Scriptures clearly demonstrate the antiquity of symbols (practically identical with proper heraldic charges) to represent individuals and tribes. The heraldic student could, without difficulty, show for such ensigns an origin still more ancient by furnishing illustrations of the various figures used with symbolic intent by the ancient inhabitants of Egypt and Mexico thousands of years before the Christian era. The real origin of what are now called "heraldic charges" is clearly, therefore, lost in the mists of antiquity and may be considered almost contemporaneous with man himself. Heraldry proper, however, cannot be considered to have been reduced to a science until about the twelfth century. A great impetus to the study and use of heraldry was given by the Crusades, and it flourished in its full glory in the days of chivalry.

Everything in heraldry has a meaning. As blazoned in modern coat armor, every part of the whole armorial achievement has some special signification (including what are known as the accessories, such as the helmet, the mantling, the scroll, the motto), the tinctures employed for adornment and distinction, the partition lines dividing the field of the escutcheon, the marks of difference and the lesser charges. The Honorable Ordinaries and the Subordinaries, well-known and comparatively few, all have their own story to tell of their origin and signification. Heraldic charges, properly so called, are, however, in great variety and include almost every conceivable thing "in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth." They are consequently divided into three classes: Natural, Chimerical and Artificial.

The Natural charges are again subdivided; first, into formal, consisting of such figures as angels, cherubs, the sun, moon and stars, the waves of the sea, the flames of the fire, etc. The second is the animal division consisting of mankind, beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, etc. The third consists of the vegetable kingdom such as trees, shrubs, plants, herbs, flowers, fruit and vegetables.

The Chimerical charges, as their name implies, consist of fabulous animals having no existence save in the imagination of the old heralds. The best known of such charges are the unicorn, the dragon, the mermaid, neptune and such like creatures.

The Artificial charges comprise civil objects, such as plows, buildings, ships, musical instruments, etc.; military objects such as swords, daggers, spears, axes, etc.; and religious objects consisting of crosses, keys, escallops, mitres, etc.

Thus, as will be seen, the number of heraldic charges of one kind or another, is practically unlimited, yet each has its special signification and symbolism.

It will not be possible, of course, within the limits of this series of articles, to give the history and signification of all of those charges most popular in heraldry. An attempt will be made, however, to describe some of those common to many families, and which undoubtedly rank among the most important:

THE LION RAMPANT

The lion is termed by heraldic writers "king of quadrupeds or four-footed animals." It forms part of the royal arms of England. On the second great seal of Richard I, A.D. 1194, we have the first representation of the three lions, and these have long since that time been the royal arms of England, as they may be seen today on the coinage and royal standard. The Scotch also adopted the lion, "A ruddy lion ramping on the field of gold," as their national arms. The ancient kings of Wales and the monarchs of Norway, Denmark and Belgium all have the same proud device.

This awfull beist full terrible of cheir,
Persing of luke, and stout of countenance.
Ryght strong of corpes, of fassoun fair, but feir,
Lusty of shaip, lycht of deliverance,
Reid of his cullour as the ruby glance.
In field of gold he stude full myghtely
With fleure de lucis sirculit lustely.

—William Dunbar, "The Thistle and The Rose" (1503).

Porny says: "The lion was by the ancients looked upon as the king of beasts, and that title has been continued to him down to our days, being esteemed the most magnanimous, the most generous, and the most bold of all the four-footed race, and therefore he has been chosen to represent the greatest heroes, who have been indued with such like qualities. This noble creature also represents command and the magnanimity of majesty, at once exercising awe and clemency, subduing those that resist, and sparing those that humble themselves." The lion was originally borne as an ensign of the Tribe of Judah long before the evolution of heraldry, and ranks with the eagle of the Romans and the white horse of Wodin. The lion is often referred to admiringly in the Old Testament. Wade remarks: "The lion has always held a high place in heraldry as the emblem of deathless courage." Guillim, speaking of the lion, says: "It is a lively image of a good soldier, who must be valiant of courage, strong of body, politic in council, and a foe to fear." It is the emblem of St. Mark. In Venice it is borne with wings.

Hulme observes: "The lion, the recognized king of beasts, is naturally in great favor with the heralds, and the regal associations connected with the creature made it in a marked degree a suitable device for the king and for those whom he would desire to especially honor." "The lyon," says Ferne, "is the most worthiest of all beastes; yea he standeth as the king, and is feared above all the beastes of the feelde. So that by the lion is signified principallitie, dominion, and rule. Wherefore, the bearing of this beast was fitly applyed to a kinges progeny; fortitude and magnanimity is denoted in the lyon." Coats affirms that the lion is "the most magnanimous, the most generous, the most bold and fierce of all the four-footed race, and therefore he has been chosen to represent the greatest heroes who have been indued with such like qualities. This noble creature also represents Command and Monarchical Dominion, as likewise the Magnanimity of Majesty, at once exercising Awe and Clemency, subduing those that resist, and sparing those that humble themselves."

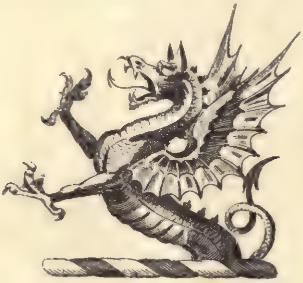
Some modern writers have not hesitated to say of the lion that the splendid ideal of resistless might, of kingly courage, of dignity, of noble generosity is but a fiction; that his courage springs from a knowledge of his superior power, and that his forbearance and generosity are but indications that the creature at the time he displayed these estimable qualities had but lately dined. Even Guillim, in his "Display of Heraldry," seems doubtful, for he declared that "the lion when he mindeth to assail his enemy stirreth up himself by often beating of his back and sides with his tail, and thereby stirreth up his courage to the end to do nothing faintly or cowardly. The lion when he is hunted carefully provideth for his safety, laboring to frustrate the pursuit of the hunters by sweeping out his footsteps with his tail as he goeth, that no appearance of his track may be discovered. When he hunteth after his prey he roareth vehemently, whereat the beasts being astonished do make a stand, while he with his tail makes a circuit around them in the sand, which circle they dare not transgress, which done, out of them he maketh choice of prey at his leisure." Thus his tail keeps the lion's courage up to the proper level, if he feels it oozing away at all, and when matters get too serious for this to be of any avail, this useful appendage conceals the tracks of the flying owner. The third service is almost equally useful and still more grotesque, as we realize the lion cutting a line with the end of his tail round the beasts who have come to hear him roar; the tail is thus at once a spur to valor, a protection in defeat, and a ring fence.

THE EAGLE DISPLAYED

The eagle in heraldry signifies greatness, strength and a keen intellectual vision, even as its name, "Aquilla," implies wonderful power of sight. It would seem to be more adapted for a national than a personal bearing. The kings of England and of France and the Germanic nations adopted it. Charlemagne used it. Marius, no doubt, in recollection of the Athenian and Persian golden eagle, ordered it to be carried by every Roman legion. The Germans are said to have adopted the eagle in accordance with their claim to be the successors of the Roman emperors. The shield of Leopold Margrave of Austria bore the eagle in 1136. The shield of the Emperor Frederic II is in sculpture in Westminster, and in York Cathedral are fine stained doors bearing the same device upon the shields depicted, having been executed early in the fourteenth century. Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, used the eagle upon his armor as is shown upon his seal. His father, Richard, elected King of the Romans in 1257, no doubt adopted it. An ancient Norman family derives their name "De Aquilla" from the bearing upon their arms, they being the Lords of the Honor of Pevensey. The House of Lancaster also bore the eagle badge. A Roll of Arms of 1275 shows it as a badge of the Emperor of Germany. Our own United States eagle is the pride of every American heart.

True magnanimity and fortitude of the mind is signified by the eagle, which never seeks a battle with small birds or those which, on account of their weakness, are unequal to herself. The eagle was held in great honor among the Athenians and the Persians also, they exhibiting a golden eagle on their standard. One old authority says: "The eagle is most liberal and free of heart. The prey that he taketh he eateth not alone, but giveth a part thereof to other birds that follow him." Another says: "This bird, when her wings are displayed, doth manifest her industrious exercise, and also doth signifie a Man of Action occupied in high and weighty affairs, and one of a lofty spirit, ingenious, speedy in apprehension, and judicious in matters of doubt. She hath, moreover, a tender care of her young, for when they be ready for flight, she taketh them on her wings, and soareth with them through the air, and so freeth them from all danger." It is related that the old eagles make a proof of their young by exposing them against the sunbeams, and such as cannot steadily behold the brightness are cast forth as unworthy to be acknowledged their offspring.

And again: "The eagle, though he mounteth high, yet is his eye still roving on the ground; so those who are highest in honor should still entertain the humblest thoughts, but with this difference from the eagle, in that he looketh downward to seek some prey, which is most unworthy of any noble spirit, whom it ill-befitteth to search into poor men's states to make a prey of them." The beak of an eagle in old age becomes so hooked that it prevents its feeding, and so impairs his strength, but then he flies to some rock and whets thereon the same until he becomes no less capable of food than before, and so renews his strength.



THE GRIFFIN SEGREANT

The wings of the griffin are never represented closed, and it also has ears, which last detail is the only difference between the head of an eagle and the head of a griffin when the rest of the body is not represented. It is interesting to note that the griffin, as a distinct creation, antedated the days of heraldry, as it was used on the great seal of the town of Schweidnitz in Breslau, A. D. 1315. In the grant of arms to the town in the year 1452 the griffin is gules on a field of argent.

The terms applied in heraldry to the various positions of a griffin are the same as those applied to a lion, except in the single instance of the rampant position. The griffin is then termed segreant.

A great curiosity in English heraldry is the griffin, for the reason that a male griffin is supposed to have no wings, but is adorned with spikes or rays showing at some number of points on its body. The male griffin is, however, very seldom met with in armory.

One old authority says: "Whilst we consider the griffin a purely mythical animal, there is no doubt whatever that earlier writers devoutly believed that such animals existed. Sir John Maundeville tells us in his 'Travels' that they abound in Bacharia. 'Sum men seyn that thei han the body upward as an egle, and benethe as a lyoun; and treuly thei seyn sothe that thei ben of that schapp. But a Griffoun hathe the body more gret and more strong than eight lyouns of such lyouns as ben o' this half (of the world), and more gret and stronger than an 100 egles such as we han amonges us . . . ,' and other writers, whilst not considering them an original type of animal, undoubtedly believed in their existence as hybrid of the eagle and the lion."

Guillim says that the griffin "sets forth the property of a valorous soldier whose magnanimity is such that he will dare all dangers and even death itself rather than become captive. It also symbolized Vigilancy, and is found to be as old as the time of the Phoenicians, as shown by the Count D'Alviella." Another authority says that the griffin shows "Eagerness in Pursuit." The griffin appears in the arms of Simon de Montacute in the time of Henry III and Edward I.

A griffin, says one authority, is "a fabulous animal of antiquity, said to be generated between the lion and the eagle, and is represented as participating of both." It is supposed to have been introduced into armory to denote Strength and Swiftness.

THE PEACOCK IN ITS PRIDE

The peacock is also called the pawne. The regular peacock arms were borne by one Rignald Peacock, Bishop of Chichester, Doctor of Divinity, who translated the Holy Scriptures into English in 1547. The peacock is an ancient charge in heraldry, as is instanced by the fact that it is mentioned by the author of the "Book of St. Albans." It is not a common bearing, which one writer surmised is on account of the fact that "the bird owes much of its beauty to the rich and variegated coloring," and this feature, a most characteristic one, is scarcely attainable in blazonry.

The peacock is the most beautiful and proudest of birds, and might, perchance, have been first used in heraldry on account of its beauty and pride of carriage. It is the bird of "Juno, Queen of Heaven," and might perhaps have been borne on shield or helm at the tourney or joust, by some favored knight in reference to his "fair lady Dulcinea of Roboso" whose beauty he considered, overshadowed that of other dames. It was believed by the ancient races that the peacock was a destroyer of serpents. There are many examples of its use in English heraldry, and English knights would sometimes swear "by the peacock." It also formed one of the principal dishes at State banquets.

One old writer says that the peacock is the emblem of pride, "for it displays its plumes against the rays of the sun that they may glisten the more gloriously, but when it loses its train (at the fall of the leaves) it becomes bashful and seeks corners where it may be secret." The peacock when borne affront with its tail spread is termed "in its pride."

THE GARB

The term "garb" is a corruption of the French word *gerbe*, which signifies a sheaf of any kind of corn. "The wheat garb, or sheaf," says Guillim, "signifies 'Plenty' and that the first bearer did deserve well for his hospitality." It is, however, as Wade remarks, "held by other writers to mean that the 'harvest of one's hopes' has been secured."

Sloane-Evans observes: "A very frequent, but exceedingly ancient and honorable charge in heraldry, is the Wheat Sheaf, technically termed a garb. This garb is generally supposed to be *or* in tincture, so much so that the word *or* is usually omitted as unnecessary. The bands of the Sheaf do not differ in tincture from the Sheaf itself."

The earliest appearance of the garb in English heraldry is on the seal of Ranulph, Earl of Chester, who died A.D. 1232. Garbs therefrom became identified with the earldom of Chester and still remain on the sovereign coat of that earldom. The arms of the Prince of Wales, as Earl of Chester, are "azure, three garbes or." The ancient family of De Segrave bore arms, as is shown in the Roll of Henry III, "sable, three garbs or." Since the year A.D. 1390 the arms of Grosvenor have been "azure, a garb or."

"From time immemorial," says Tyas, "wheat has had the highest rank and has been regarded as the emblem of riches or wealth. It stands first in the enumeration of the inestimable products of the land of Canaan, in the eighth chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy: 'He that withholdeth corn (wheat) the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it.'"—Prov. xi: 26. Tyas continues: "Wealth is then very appropriately represented by an ear, and abundance of riches by a garb, of wheat. In order to acquire this wealth, man must

break up the glebe, and prepare it for the reception of the seed, by adding such matters to the soil as experience has taught him yield nourishment to the growing plants." Thus "industry is required at the hand of man; he has had no power to increase the produce of the earth during the growth of the corn—that increase has depended upon the will of his Maker; he puts in the sickle, and binds the cut corn in sheaves, and bears them away to his barn, where, during the dark and gloomy days of winter, the sound of the flail may be heard, as it beats out with measured strokes the abundant wealth with which man's industry is rewarded by the bountiful hand of his Creator."

Mysterious plant! Unknown thy native soil,
A blessing springing from a curse thou art,
Of sin-doomed man gladdening the weary heart,
Abundant recompense for all his toil,
When to the reaper's arms thou hield'st the spoil;
Yet must the reaper ply the sower's part,
Nor from the stubborn clod thy green blades start,
Unwatered by his sweat and ceaseless moil.
Mysterious plant! Uncultured thou might'st spring
In Eden's bowers; thou ownest no home on earth
In which unbidden thou dost flourish now;
And thy rich harvests still the record bring
That blessing with His judgments God sends forth,
Who made man's bread be earned by sweat of brow.

NOTE—*The writer of this article will be glad to answer, free of charge, any request for information on genealogical or heraldic subjects. Correspondents should enclose, with their inquiry, a stamped, addressed envelope for the reply. Letters should be addressed to "Genealogical Editor, the* NATIONAL"

THE LITTLE TIN CAN

A LITTLE tin can was thrown away
From the monster ship on the sea one day
With a note inside—'twas the captain's whim
To see if the little tin can could swim.
"Go straight to my love with your little love note;
If the weather be kind you may keep afloat;
But how will you fare on an angry sea,
When the winds and the waters shall disagree—
With neither a compass nor sail nor chart,
And a cargo as light as a woman's heart?

"Farewell, little can," said the sailor man,
"Beware of the pouch of the pelican,
The cyclone, shark and the whale."
Said the little tin can to the sailorman
"I'll do as well as any tin can
To weather the angry gale."

The cyclone came and the ship went down;
And never a word came back to the town.
But the little tin can still kept afloat,
And safe inside was the little love note.
The captain's boy on the beach at play
Picked up the can that was thrown away
That bore to the wife from the pulseless deep
The last love dream of the sailor asleep—
Like a voice come out of the silent sea
And a kiss brought back from Eternity.

—*Fred Emerson Brooks.*

Old Gorson's New Year's Gift

by Will Gage Carey

WHEN Chris Deprez and young Eddie Monroe became obsessed with the lure of yellow gold and went up into the untrammeled solitudes of the Blue Mountains, the crisp chill of early fall was in the air. On the slopes the leaves of the chittum tree *(cascara sagrada)* were fringed with flaming red. The sumac and Oregon grape seemed to vie in producing a wild riot of vivid coloring. The firs and tamarack stood unchanged; but the grouse, sheltering beneath, had taken on heavier plumage. The squirrels had retired for a season of seclusion and were at home to none.

To those doubting ones who, from the settlement watched the departing prospectors, Eddie Monroe had shouted back with the confidence of buoyant youth: "In two months, folks—mebbe three months—we'll be back here again; then the Lost Blue Bucket Mine will be a *lost* mine no longer!" Chris Deprez neither looked nor shouted back, but strode grimly on ahead.

* * *

It was in the early forties that a party of settlers heading for the vast unknown regions of the Northwest camped for a few days somewhere in the vicinity of the head waters of the Deschutes, and there noted a quantity of peculiar rocks, heavy and of unusual coloring. Scant heed was given to the matter at the time, though one of the party more inquisitively persistent than the others, filled a big blue bucket with the strange rocks, and buried it near camp. When these early pioneers finally reached the coast, word came up to them from California of a wonderful strike there of vast mineral wealth. They were shown ore from this new Eldorado; then they knew—too late—that the rocks they had seen strewn along the banks of a little creek somewhere back along their trail through the Blue Mountain country were heavy with *gold*.

Some of the party immediately made their way back as best they could, in quest of the little stream and the buried bucket. Their search was futile. They could find absolutely no trace of that camping place; no buried bucket, no rocks heavy with golden treasure. Since then—for half a century and more—men have searched for the Lost Blue Bucket Mine; and men still search.

* * *

In a cluster of sheltering tamarack, by a spring, Chris Deprez and Eddie Monroe came upon a cabin built of heavy logs. It was evident that the former owner, or occupant, had long since departed; so they moved in, unloaded their packs, and made themselves thoroughly at home. To Eddie, the finding of this cabin abode seemed a mere fortunate accident or circumstance; his companion, however, though he made no mention of the fact, knew all about it, and purposely headed that way.

A month went by.

Eddie Monroe, not long from the effete

East, proved an excellent working partner, and counter-balance for grizzled old Chris Deprez. His effervescing spirits, his cheery confidence, his absolute faith in the ultimate success of their venture were all thrown in continual opposition to the other's taciturn spells of gloom and depression, and almost habitual pessimism. Together, however, they made a smoothly-working team: the boy's ardent enthusiasm and hope serving a helpful purpose in connection with an old man's experience and wisdom of the wilds. Each needed the other; to what extent neither, perhaps, realized.

So far as finding any trace of the Blue Bucket Mine was concerned, their four weeks of weary searching was without avail. They did find a little creek, however, the gravel of which showed a trace of "color"; somewhere, in the ledges above, lay the lode. To find this they now bent every energy.

* * *

It grew colder as the days went by. Active prospecting ceased while they put in a supply of wood for the big fireplace which occupied almost one entire end of the cabin. At night, in the ruddy glow of the crackling logs, they played cards. Chris Deprez taught his young companion the typical western games of solo and Black Jack, and in return received reluctant instruction in cribbage, for which latter game he displayed instant and continuous disregard and antipathy.

In December, the enthusiasm of the youth, the sagacity of Deprez, the constant energy of both together with a generous sprinkling of good luck, brought them a measure of success. They found the mother lode which gave color to the creek below. In exposed places the snow laid deep; but the ledge where they now worked was sheltered so that their operations were but little hampered or restricted.

Each day they brought back to the cabin varying amounts of gleaming gold; though always enough to prove that their find was no mere pocket, but a fine-paying proposition if they stayed with it. They called their mine the Virgin Primrose. Neither virgins nor primroses had been encountered in the vicinity; the name was merely one of Eddie's fantastic conceptions. So long as the yellow grains were forthcoming, Chris Deprez cared little what they called the gray ledge.

Strangely, the character of each seemed now to undergo a change. It was Chris Deprez who ever appeared cheery and contented; Eddie seemed given over to frequent spells of disquietude and glum dissatisfaction.

One night as they sat in the glare of the fire he suddenly remarked: "Chris, I can't help thinking we're wasting good time up there on the ledge—"

"Yer makin' big wages, ain't yer, son?" Chris broke in.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," Eddie answered. "The Primrose is all right in a way—"

"Then what's eatin' yih?"

"The Lost Blue Bucket Mine—"

"Oh, that it, eh?"

"Yes."

"What's yer idea, then?"

"We might have millions, instead of thousands, when we go back down if we could find the Lost Blue Bucket."

Chris Deprez stroked his grizzled beard.

"Well, Eddie," he said at length, "I'm not sayin' but what yer right; yet we've got a purty good thing in the Primrose; an' there's men tramped these wilds for the last forty years lookin' for the Lost Blue Bucket—an' many of 'em ain't even struck pay dirt—"

"Here's my idea, Chris," the younger man broke in, "to work the Primrose on half time, and the balance of the day we'll spend prospecting for the Blue Bucket; or, we'll work a day and prospect the next. What do you say?"

To this last arrangement Deprez at length gave reluctant consent; and returns from the little Virgin Primrose immediately began falling off one-half as a consequence.

* * *

The snow had not, as yet, interfered with the work at the ledge; but the heavy drifts made the matter of prospecting just so much time and effort wasted. In fact, on alternate days now, Chris remained alone at the cabin; while Eddie Monroe, still under the lure of the Lost Mine, made valiant, though futile tours, through the wintry wilderness, hoping almost against hope, to strike some trace of the long-lost lode.

It was on one of these solitary jaunts, during the last week of December, that Eddie Monroe had an experience somewhat out of the ordinary. He had stopped in a sheltered ravine to eat a cold snack. He was sitting on a fallen log when some subtle sense seemed to tell him that he was being watched. Turning around suddenly, he beheld on the cliff above an old miner, gazing intently down at him. His face, rugged and seamed, was covered by a bushy, white beard reaching to his waist. Despite his years (he was much older than even Chris Deprez) his blue eyes gleamed out brightly. His battered felt hat was tilted far back on his silvery locks, and now Eddie noticed that a jagged scar of flaming red extended diagonally across the old man's brow. On the whole, it was a venerable figure; there was nothing malignant about the stranger's attitude; still, even with that fleeting inspection, Eddie somehow felt a vague uneasiness stealing over him. He arose slowly and walked over toward the ledge; arriving there and looking up, he found that the figure had vanished. From the depths of the ravine, however, he fancied he heard a sort of muffled chuckle, suppressed laughter, more pregnant with mocking scorn, seemingly, than real mirth.

Eddie Monroe returned to the little cabin in the tamarack grove. He made no mention of the strange apparition to Chris Deprez.

* * *

Came New Year's morning, and with it the partners' first quarrel.

In the natural order of rotation it was the day for both to work at the Primrose. Being a holiday, however, Eddie proposed that instead of going over to the ledge to spend the day, they should start out together—prospecting.

"What better way, Chris," he argued, "to begin the new year than by making a united effort to attain the real purpose which brought us up into these Blue Mountains?"

For the first time, then, Chris Deprez seemed to lose patience with his impulsive young partner. He had consented to one foolish arrangement (the working of the Primrose on short time) merely to avoid a rupture, and to keep peace in camp; but there was a limit to all things, even to the old man's indulgence.

"I tell you, boy," he burst forth vehemently, "this is no season to prospect! We're lucky even to be able to work the mine now. Why, no one but a blamed tenderfoot would look for the Blue Bucket —"

Eddie Monroe sprang up in anger.

"Blamed tenderfoot!" Well, yes, perhaps he was; but he'd show this old sourdough has-been where to head in yet! Restraining with an effort a hot retort, he made up a pack, shouldered it, and without a glance in the direction of the astonished Chris, bolted out of the cabin, slamming the heavy door behind him.

* * *

At a distance of a quarter of a mile from the cabin he came to a sudden halt.

He was in thick timber now, and just at the edge of a narrow ravine. He started on, then once more stopped abruptly. Dropping to his knees, he bent down over the steep side of the gully. His ears had not been mistaken. Up from the shadowy depths came a faint, faltering voice: "Help—*h-e-l-p*!"

Throwing aside his pack, he ran back along the trail to a point from whence he could make his way slowly down into the ravine.

There was no snow where he was now, but the rough, broken surface was covered with pine needles, slippery as ice. Jagged boulders caught his clothing; fallen logs barred his way; still he hurried on as best he could down into the semi-darkness below.

Again the cry: "*H-e-l-p!*"

Nearer now, but still weak and faint.

He changed his course diagonally to the right. In another moment he came upon the form of a human being stretched out flat on a rude bed of pine boughs. He bent over the form, then gave a sudden start of amazement. The prostrate figure was that of the old miner he had caught spying on him from the high cliff!

There in the shadowy, uncertain light he seemed like some stricken, aged and hoary gnome or ancient dryad of the forest. His long, straggling white beard, his scant, silvery locks no longer crowned with the rakish felt hat, his evident feebleness and utter exhaustion, made him a pitiful spectacle.

He raised a thin, trembling hand to Eddie's shoulder.

"Yuh've come," he began faintly, "you've come at last to help a poor, dyin' ol' man?"

Eddie bent lower.

"Yes—yes, I'm here to help you. What can I do? Are you sick—or injured? Tell me what to do?"

The stricken patriarch groaned.

"I'll carry you up to the ridge," Eddie resumed, hastily, "and then to my cabin. We'll soon have you in good shape—"

The other cut him short.

"No—no! Don't touch me; it's too late. But listen here, boy—" He struggled up on one elbow; his eyes gleamed with a smoldering fire as he went on: "I know what brought yuh to these parts, son; it was the Lost Blue Bucket; that's what it was—he! he! he!"

His cackling, uncanny laugh was worse than his groans. Eddie shuddered at the sound. The old man continued: "Well, *I* know where the Blue Bucket lode is—an' I'm dyin'; an' yuh—yuh're young an' strong, with years of life ahead—an' yuh *don't* know what I know; me what's dyin' —he! he! he!"

He fell back as though exhausted; then, despite Eddie's efforts to quiet him, he was up on his elbow again, raving as before and chuckling hideously.

"Let me carry you out of here," Eddie entreated.

"No—not till I'm dead!" the old man shrieked. "Listen, boy—in ten minutes I'll be dead; I must talk fast. What day is this?"

"Thursday," answered Eddie, then added, "—and it's New Year's day."

"New Year's?" he repeated vaguely. "Well, boy—my New Year's gift to yuh—say, listen to me; do me one small favor before I cash in—an' the secret of the Lost Mine—with its millions, *millions*—is yours!

Eddie smoothed back the disheveled gray locks.

"I want to help you; I'll do anything you say—"

"I'm hungry—starvin'—"

The boy sprang quickly to his feet. "I've grub in my pack; I'll get—"

"No—listen; this is a dyin' man's request; an' ol' man's who's goin' to give yuh millions fer doin' him a small favor! I want no cold grub. Go to yer cabin, hear me? Bring me back some hot—steamin' hot—flap-jacks. Get back here with 'em in time; an' I swear that if there is breath of life left in my body then, I'll tell yuh jes' where to find the Blue Bucket. Yuh'll know in three minutes what it tuk me thirty years to find—he! he! he!"

Eddie hesitated.

"You really mean that—that you want nothing but flap-jacks? Can't I do something—can't I bring you something—"

"Yuh do what I tell yuh, young feller!" the old man ejaculated fiercely. "An' min' yuh're back here in ten minutes—or the bargain's all off!"

Eddie turned and began scrambling swiftly up the side of the ravine.

* * *

Ten minutes!

To run madly back a quarter of a mile to the cabin, get the griddle cakes, race wildly back to the ravine again—could he do all this in ten minutes? The time seemed pitifully short when a fortune was at stake. He must make every second count; make all haste possible; perhaps a minute or two over the allotted time wouldn't matter. But he *must* be back before the old miner sank into an unconscious state; and while he still had strength sufficient to impart the secret.

He reached the ridge and tore off madly down the trail. Ten minutes! He went over and over in his mind every detail which must be attended to in that brief time. He knew that batter for the flap-jacks was all ready prepared; this was fortunate; it would be but the work of a moment or two and the cakes would be crisp and brown. How many should he take? He decided on three; yes, three would be ample to fulfill his part of the contract.

He reached the cabin.

With his heart pounding painfully against his ribs he threw his weight upon the door. It refused to budge; it was bolted upon the inside. He turned sick at heart; a presentiment of evil seized upon him. What if his partner, still sullen from their late quarrel, should refuse to let him in!

"Chris! *Chris*!" he shouted.

No answer.

"Let me in, Chris! You must—you *must*. This is Eddie; open the door—quick!"

He listened; his heart gave a quick throb; some one was stirring within. Then some one began speaking; it was his partner.

"Go 'way, Eddie, an' don't bother me," came in a mocking drawl; "I'm busy now, Eddie; I'm *playin' a game of solitaire*." It was Chris, and he was in a quarrelsome mood.

"Solitaire"—and a fortune—millions slipping from them with each second's delay!

"Chris! Oh, Chris, only listen to me; I've found—that is, I'm on the track of the Lost Blue Bucket—"

"Happy New Year!" came in taunting tones from within.

"Chris—oh, *Chris*—"

"Uh-huh?"

"I must get back—"

"Go on back!"

"Let me in!"

"No."

"Chris—"

"Yes, Eddie."

"Open this door; I demand it!"

"Forget it."

With the desperation of despair Eddie began pounding upon the door with all his might, alternating his blows with kicks. He pleaded and threatened in turn. The millions of the Lost Blue Bucket slipping away through this simp's stubbornness—great yellow veins of gold for which men had searched for years—all this to be lost by seconds! It was maddening. Suddenly he pressed his face close to the heavy door.

"Chris," he shouted, "there is a sick man in the canyon."

"A what?"

"A sick man, I tell you!"

The heavy wooden bar was hurriedly drawn back.

"Why in thunder didn't you say so before?" Chris exclaimed. His partner, without speaking, lunged on past him into the kitchen.

Eight minutes later Eddie Monroe was back at the ravine again, with three hot griddle cakes wrapped in an old newspaper. Without any difficulty, he found the place where he had left the ridge to clamber down the steep side of the gully. He began the descent with reckless haste. He slipped on the pine needles; he bruised his limbs against sharp boulders; his hands and clothing were torn by briars; still he kept on and on, his one fear being lest he be too late.

Finally, he got to the bottom of the ravine. He found the bed of pine boughs. A cry of bitter anguish escaped his lips.

The old miner had vanished.

* * *

Eddie shouted.

The echo of his voice came back with mocking repetition; then all was still.

When those customarily of happy and buoyant nature do give way to grim grief and despair, they seem to plunge direct from the heights into the darkest depths of abject misery, there to flounder in futile anguish of soul and spirit. It was so with Eddie Monroe. Had Fate never given him the slightest chance at locating the lost mine, his serenity would have remained all unruffled. But to come so near—to have the secret almost within grasp—then to lose through the sheer stupidity of another seemed unbearable.

He shouted again and again; he searched in all directions, but all in vain. He could account for the miner's disappearance in but one way: the old man, evidently, becoming delirious, had wandered far away into the forest's depths, there to die unattended and alone. With him then—most likely forever—would pass the secret of the mine.

He got up suddenly from the carpet of pine needles upon which he had thrown himself, and headed hurriedly up the side of the ravine. His disappointment had changed now to resentment. His partner—*he* was the cause of the whole dismal failure and dire calamity. He determined first to have it out with Chris, then to go down out of the mountains forever.

He arrived at the cabin.

Within, he found Chris still occupied with his game of solitaire—the game which had already deprived both of them of a fortune!

Pale, trembling, Eddie Monroe started

in on his hapless partner. He told of finding the dying miner in the gully; of the latter's promise to divulge the location of the Blue Bucket in exchange for a mess of flap-jacks; of his haste to reach the cabin in time; of how, not getting in at once, the precious secret was lost to both. He rebuked and reviled old Chris, his denunciation and bitter tirade continuing until he sank, at length, exhausted upon a bench.

Chris Deprez listened unperturbed.

When the other paused he observed: "Eddie, you say this ol' miner had a long, white beard—gleamin' blue eyes—"

The boy glowered at him sullenly.

"Yes," he answered savagely. "And across his brow there was a long, red scar—"

He was cut short by a roar of laughter from his old partner. When the paroxysm of mirth was under control somewhat, Chris went on: "Boy, *that* was ol' 'Scar Face' Gorson! Ev'ry New Year's for the last fifteen years, he's given away to some tenderfoot the secret of the Lost Blue Bucket."

Eddie sprang to his feet.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "I tell you—"

"Listen, boy," Chris resumed quietly. "There are some things yuh know more about than I do, and some things I know about better'n yuh. Fer intance, I know all about 'Scar Face' Gorson; strange I never told yuh before. This poor ol' feller came to these parts thirty years ago; he was lookin' for the Lost Blue Bucket. He spent the best part of his life lookin'. The years of solitude and unlucky search made him a little 'dippy' at last. Then he got so it made him mad to see any one else up here in the wilds—*his* mountains. Fer the last fifteen years ol' Gorson seems to live only to fool some tenderfoot on New Year's day. He seemed to pick 'em out in advance, and lay for 'em. He must have seen yuh, son, and laid aroun' here waitin' fer a chance to spring his New Year's gift; that's all ol' 'Scar Face' has got to live fer now."

Eddie listened, his brain awhirl with conflicting emotions.

"Chris, old partner," he said, when the other finished, "awhile ago you called me a 'blamed tenderfoot'—"

"I know, son, but I didn't mean—"

"Well, I *am* that, and more! But Chris —Old Gorson gave me a New Year's gift worth having, after all!"

"No!"

"You bet he did! He handed me a jolt that has knocked a little sense into me; he—and his wasted life—have given me a true appreciation of the little old Virgin Primrose, and my old partner, Chris Deprez, too. Tomorrow we go back to work at our mine, where there's *real* gold."

"An' the day after tomorrow?" Chris asked, meaningly.

"Back to the Primrose again, and every day you say so; for from now on, old partner—you're boss."

The old man reached over and clutched Eddie's hand. That the very depths of his heart had been touched was evidenced by his next words:

"Come on, son, I'll jes' play yuh a game of crib!"

Five Beautiful Golden Years

by Ethelyn Steuart Hollyday

I CAME up the side entrance to our house, and a large rubber ball, gayly decorated with bright colors and pictures, fell directly in my path. Looking up, I saw two bright eyes peeping over the rail of the third-story veranda. It was a little neighbor girl in our big city, where it is the custom to know little about your next-door neighbor, and she was shyly watching to see the effect of the ball dropping in front of me. I threw the plaything up to her; she laughed and threw it down again. So we continued throwing and catching.

For two or three days she watched for my home-coming, and we both found much pleasure in renewing our strange but perfectly natural childhood's way of getting acquainted. I watched the baby eyes as they lit up with joy and sparkled. The fourth day she seemed listless, and told me her throat was sore. She tried to smile, but it was a sad failure.

"Poor little thing," I thought, "with no mother to comfort her—only her father left."

The next day I saw a red card outside the door. It was a Board of Health notice of quarantine. My heart jumped when I learned that it was the baby for whom the card was put there. Soon a stream of doctors, autos and nurses went to and fro from the house.

Each day I watched the doctor's face grow sadder and graver. Then one morning as I came out of the house, I saw a small white crepe ribbon fluttering pitifully in the wind. I turned away, my eyes full of tears and a lump in my throat.

* * * * *

Five beautiful golden years! Just long enough to know the soft summer sky, just long enough to catch the sweet perfume of the flowers and listen to the birds' song. Five beautiful golden years—that was all!

"Politics—Why Not?"

by

Marcus M. Marks

President, Borough of Manhattan

UNDER our form of government by the people, success depends primarily upon the development of the character and intelligence of the average citizen. Our educational system, therefore, lies at the very root of the conservation of democracy.

While we should economize in physical matters, insist on strict honesty and high efficiency and eliminate duplication and extravagance, we should not cut down proper service.

No matter what a city's financial condition may be, education must not be permitted to suffer. It would not be economy, but dangerous extravagance, to withdraw, by night or by day, in summer or winter, opportunities for the development of the best American ideals among our foreign as well as native-born men, women and children.

The entire educational system, including State Department of Education, City Board of Education, and local School Boards, should be divorced absolutely from partisan politics—neither should an educational policy be dictated by politically-elected officials. The Board of Education should be strictly non-political, and superintendents, principals and teachers must be selected and encouraged purely on the basis of fitness for service.

Nevertheless, politics in the broad and clean sense should be the individual concern of teachers, parents, and pupils.

It is gratifying to see, in this country, an increasing interest in politics on the part of college and university professors. The teachers in our public schools ought to emulate their example. In European countries educators have for many years taken an important part in political life, and it is even more important here that they should be encouraged to greater activity in civic development. By showing personal interest themselves, they can influence thousands of their pupils to a new realization of their civic duties.

Throwing out one administration and placing another in power is comparatively useless without the steady, active support of the administration by the best sentiment of the people. An occasional spasm of civic virtue is a "flash in the pan." If only a few citizens take an active part in civic affairs, public servants are very apt to do just what private servants would do if their employers were always out—they would do as they please, and, instead of being the servants of the people, many public officials would become czars or dictators. Our form of free government is too precious to be dissipated or weakened by such neglect. The schools should actively encourage devotion to public service.

CIVICS is defined in the Standard Dictionary as:

> The science that treats of citizenship and of the relations between citizens and the government.

POLITICS is defined in the same dictionary as:

> The branch of civics that treats of the principles of civil government and the con-

duct of state affairs; the administration of public affairs in the interest of the peace, prosperity and safety of the state; statecraft; political science, in a wide sense embracing the science of government and civil polity.

The two definitions are practically the same, and quite properly so; for the meaning of the Latin root of the word "civics," i. e., *civis*, the citizen, is similar to that of the Greek root of "politics," i.e., *polis*, the city. But the Standard Dictionary gives a second definition of "politics":

> Political affairs in a party sense; the administration of public affairs or the conduct of political matters so as to carry elections and secure public offices; party intrigues; political wire-pulling; trickery.

The second definition is brought before the public as a result of the inactivity in politics on the part of those who, while they may study or teach, *do not practice* civics. Civics is theoretical—politics is practical. The offensive definition of politics may justly be charged less against the politicians than against those citizens who are not politicians—who are absorbed entirely in their own selfish affairs; who are negligent or indifferent regarding public interests.

If the people really would rise to their sacred obligations of public service, there would soon be no need of different definitions for civics and politics—the two words would become synonymous, as they should be.

AROUSED INTEREST IN POLITICS

It has long been my endeavor to stimulate workingmen, business and professional men, to greater activity in civic affairs, and, looking further ahead—about a year and a half ago I asked the Board of Education to permit the schools to send small groups of boys and girls, particularly those interested in the study of civics, to the Board of Estimate and Board of Aldermen meetings. They have since been coming to the meetings; at times they have been bewildered by what they saw and heard, but, on the whole, I feel certain that a lasting impression was taken away, and that their studies in civics have meant more to the children after having observed some of the physical operations to which their text-books only casually alluded.

One of the lessons that should be impressed upon every boy and every girl in our schools is the lesson of democracy—the lesson of self-government; each pupil should be admonished to look forward to doing a full share of service in the direction of making our city, our state, and our country more representative of the best ideals of democracy. The example of the teachers in this respect should be made an inspiration to the children.

MARCUS M. MARKS
President of the Borough of Manhattan

The broader use of school buildings should be encouraged. While partisan politics should at no time enter the school, it seems to me that after school hours the rooms should be used wherever practical for civic and political discussion, also for election polling places. The atmosphere of the school room will be helpful in raising the standard of politics. The absence of red lights, brass bands and oratorical fireworks will be very helpful to promote calm deliberation, patient study, and wise conclusion.

LOCAL SCHOOL BOARDS

The local School Board System should truly be the democratic touch between parents, teachers, and the Board of Education. If a system of conferences between teachers and parents (which I herewith propose) would use the machinery of the local boards to bring before the Board of Education suggestions for improvement and for economy, the additional responsibility and broader service of the local School Boards would certainly be helpful to the Department of Education, and furthermore would attract more of the best citizens to service on these Boards. I am glad to say that there is a strong tendency in this direction now, which should be further encouraged.

THE PARENT AND THE SCHOOL

The relation between the teachers and the parents should, it seems to me, be much closer. Occasional meetings are not sufficient—the teachers are organized; some parents' associations are organized Why not establish an official co-operation between the two organizations, providing for frequent and regular meetings, in large and in small groups? It will be very helpful to both teacher and parent, and also develop the best interest of the child.

The parents, the teachers, and the children of our city should actively co-operate in developing the highest type of civic service and patriotism.

The school, in spreading enlightenment, liberality, fraternity, and appreciation of the blessings of free government, is the most helpful agency for progress toward the better life of the people.

If the educators of our country take a proper interest in politics, and inspire the coming citizenry with a desire to wipe out the evils which still survive in American politics, they will perform a function which, till now, has been largely neglected, and they will render an invaluable service to the Republic.

THE MAN WORTH WHILE

THE man worth while is the honest man,
Honest in thought, in deed, in plan;
Who speaks the truth where a lie would serve,
Who scorns the false, who has real nerve;
Who will fight for a friend, and walk a mile
To serve him, if need be, once in a while.
Who measures his conduct from day to day,
With an eye to perfection, rather than pay;
Who knows not deceit, nor hypocrisy's guile,
Who is eager to serve the world, and smile;
Who is simple and frank, and plain as well,
Who abhors a sham, and is quick to tell
The fraudulent, canting, treacherous wight
From the open, ingenuous, trusty knight;
Whose word is his bond, whenever given,
As good, in fact, as though writ in heaven;
Who sees the whole truth in poetry writ,
Whose life work, indeed, is governed by it;
That "our acts are our angels, or good, or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."
Who is "first in war"; the same in peace;
Who is a power for right, till wrong shall cease;
Who has courage, conviction, is free from guile,
And generous, too—that's the man worth while.

—*W. H. Walsh.*

The Round Peg

by

Deber Mack

"ENGAGING" was a term often applied to Jimmy Wilder, sometimes on account of his appearance, but as often because of entanglements which might have led to matrimony. The fact that he was, at the age of twenty-six, regarded as a bachelor, was mostly due to his judgment in selecting sweethearts who, when his ardor cooled, preferred silent suffering to legal recourse.

The idea of a breach of promise suit never entered Jimmy's head, for it takes money and position to furnish balm for wounded hearts. Jimmy possessed little of either, being a clerk at the silk counter of Goss & Geary's department store, with an eighteen-dollar stipend; and to clinch matters, he had a comfortable way of converting the broken threads of a tiresome love affair into a bond of friendship.

Whether this was due to his strain of Irish blood, evidenced in his charming features and ingratiating mannerisms, or to a chivalric Southern temperament with a romantic soul above silks, no one cared. Jimmy was deservedly popular, from the business manager down to the negro boy who swept the store. That Jimmy did not get on in a worldly sense was a logical sequence. That he got on at all was remarkable, when his head was full of fancies and his heart overflowing with affection, although his sales were noticeably larger during the brief period between an old affair and a new one. He fitted into his niche without dissent or dissatisfaction; and if he sometimes dreamed of other walks in life, he no more expected the realization than he did a physical entrance into heaven.

"Mr. Wilder, customer," came the sharp reminder from Butterworth, the floor-walker.

Jimmy stared guiltily. He had, under cover of arranging some draped figures at the back of his counter, been retying his cravat and polishing his nails. It was nearly time for closing, and he was to take Olive Barnes—his last charmer, a pretty clerk at the ribbons section—to a little dinner at the Comet cafe. He turned from a dream of soft, confiding brown eyes to meet a pair of brilliant blue ones; and with his own misty, appealing, full of romantic charm, he held the newcomer's while the floor-walker gave a warning cough.

"Something, lady?" Jimmy asked.

The girl, whose appearance proclaimed her station, recovered herself at once. Glancing over his head, she replied in a distant manner:

"Show me some old-rose messaline."

Jimmy hastened to serve. Without looking directly at her again he displayed the soft folds of merchandise with all the art of his trade. She was inclined to be critical, demanding other grades and tints until the counter was heaped with a swirl of soft drapery against Jimmy's gray coat, and above which his grayer eyes showed to advantage. He met her eyes, and in their blue depths were wonder, admiration, and something else so oddly compelling that he could not withdraw his gaze. With a flush of anger she turned away without a word. Butterworth hurried up obsequiously.

"Was there nothing to suit you, madam?'

* * *

With a brief answer she hurried on, while the floor-walker drew nearer Jimmy.

"That was Miss Hilton, the millionaire's daughter, an' we'd be mighty glad to get their trade. I didn't see you tryin' very hard to please her. By George! I b'lieve you made her mad starin' so. I guess your arts in that line are better appreciated in your class," he sneered.

"Look here, Mr. Butterworth," Jimmy began with angry emphasis, "I—" He broke off short, on remembering that Edna Harris, the head of the glove department, with whom his last affair had just been successfully terminated, had previously encouraged the advances of the floor-walker, who was round-shouldered and bald. "I was tryin' to make a sale, honest, Mr. Butterworth, an' I'm blessed if I know why she pranced off like that. I didn't know I was starin' at her—she wasn't much out of the ordinary as a looker."

Jimmy smiled blandly while trying to decide if the strange thrill that came with the memory of Miss Hilton's eyes were a beginning or the end of the incident. It appealed to him as something out of the ordinary, differing from the admiration of women of his class which might be open or thinly veiled, but never concealed. As Jimmy remembered, it was a reproach, a challenge, as if the girl had said, "I might show you what I really feel if you were not what you are and with no desire to be anything better. Why don't you step out of the rut? But there! you are nothing, after all, and I am angry that I have been attracted."

To Jimmy's credit he was more disturbed than flattered. It touched his complacence at his position in life which had heretofore been agreeable. If his dreams did not correspond with his surroundings, the latter did not suffer by contrast. The cheap boarding-house was the best he had known and served the demands of a healthy man too full of warm impulses to be hypercritical. He fitted into his niche with a yielding grace peculiarly his own.

As the floor-walker passed on, Jimmy's deft hands rolled and replaced the silks, while his eyes alternated between the clock and a golden-brown head just visible if he looked over the partition at the back of his counter. He hoped Olive had worn her red waist with the brown suit. It gave the needed touch to her creamy complexion and a dash of color to the neutral interior of the Comet. With due regard to the state of his finances, he planned the modest feast, the first shared with Olive, since his passion was but a week old as counted by the calendar, although Jimmy was firmly convinced that he had loved her since the beginning of time. This was a favorite conviction of Jimmy's, the only difference being in the object of his adoration; but to him it was ever new. So oblivious of the past was he that he thought no more about it than he did of an old coat which could no more be called a proper article of apparel if it had no collar than his new love interest would be the real thing without this particular conviction.

* * *

Satisfied with himself and the world at large, he waited at the door for Olive. His smile deepened as he noted the red collar above her trim brown jacket and perceived that the girl, who was slender and graceful, had none of the tawdry smartness of many of her friends. Her apparent admiration without which Jimmy could not have rested content, was not unmaidenly, but rather an expression of modest yielding.

They walked away together, she absorbed in gazing shyly now and then into the wonderful pulse-stirring gray eyes; he in practicing his arts until the blood glowed faintly under the creamy curves of her cheeks. When they were seated in the cafe, their talk flowed in the usual channels.

"I had a big day," she told him. "I sold a bill to Miss Virginia Hilton, the millionaire's daughter. Wonder what she could want with so much red ribbon all at once."

"Table decorations, likely," suggested Jimmy with the air of one accustomed to festive occasions. "She was at my counter, too, but I didn't sell her anything."

"How'd you know who she was, then?" There was a sharpness hinted in Olive's query which surprised Jimmy, while it satisfied him.

"The floor-walker told me—I didn't ask him, though," he added suavely.

Olive sighed.

"It must be nice to order just what you want an' not have to think how you'll pay for it. Wouldn't you like to be rich, Mr. Wilder?"

"Jimmy," he corrected.

"Jimmy, then," she repeated as the waiter unloaded a tray which represented half of Jimmy's daily income. "Wouldn't you?"

"Oh, of course," came rather absently. "I s'pose we all do, but I don't think much about it, believe me."

"If you had a chance, now," she persisted, "of marryin' real well off, don't you think you'd grab it?"

"How could I?" Jimmy paused in his serving to glance reproachfully. "Could you?"

"Oh! That's—different. I guess I don't care much."

"I've figured out," he confided over the dessert with all the air of a proposal, "just exactly how a couple can live—an' live well—on eighteen dollars a week."

"So—so have I," she admitted, then blushed in annoyance.

"Yes, I put it all down the other evenin'. I'll show you sometime." He was rather disappointed that she had anticipated one of his masterstrokes. It had not failed before.

"You see," she explained confusedly, "mamma an' I together make eighteen dollars."

"Oh!" Jimmy grew tenderer as he helped her put on her jacket. He was an artist at suggestion, infusing more meaning into a simple action than most men convey in hours of conversation. As Edna Harris once said, that he made one feel what he said was so much more important than what he did say.

They took a car, after a walk along the lighted street, reaching the district of cheap flats where Olive and her mother lived in a tiny apartment. Jimmy required no urging to go in to meet Mrs. Barnes.

The orderliness of the small rooms, gratifying in their lack of cheap adornment, was no less surprising than Olive's mother who was an older, alert edition of the girl. She was cashier in a restaurant and bore evidence of better days. Jimmy's approval was genuine and unqualified. It was something of a satisfaction to know how a girl will look when her youthful charm is gone. Enchanted by visions of himself as a part of the pleasant household, he lingered late; and when he at last detached himself, he carried away the agreeable impression that he had made no error in his selection this time.

* * *

For another week his attendance on Olive was marked and her cheeks took on a permanent rosiness. His manner was suggestive of everything which he did not say, but meant to soon. For the first time he wished to be very sure she was the right one—not that he doubted it or his ability to recede gracefully as his love waned, but he desired to interpose some obstacle since everything was running so smoothly. To his romantic temperament it seemed hardly fitting or natural that such should be the case.

He was thinking of this one Sunday morning as he walked in the public park. The day was pleasant for early spring, and the sun shone warmly through the budding branches. The grass along the walks but hinted as yet of emerald hues.

A sound of rapid hoof-beats arrested his attention. He stopped to look in their direction. What he saw was Miss Hilton, garbed to a nicety, seated on a high-stepping, docked chestnut horse. Impersonally he watched her approach, intending to look elsewhere as she passed; but absorbed in admiration of her equestrian skill, he withdrew his gaze too late. As the horse paced by, Miss Hilton's eyes met his. This time she did not turn away angrily. In an instant she was gone, followed by a groom, but impressionable Jimmy felt anew the compelling power. His serenity was replaced by a vague uneasiness; his pace quickened and he almost wished that economy and a fastidious personal cleanliness had not banished tobacco.

"I can't make her out," he decided. "What made her stare so? No, she just looked, an' such a look! Somethin' magnetic—hypnotic is better—about her eyes that gives a fellow the shivers. Fascinatin', too." He straightened up and shook himself, but the impression remained. "I'll see Ollie," he resolved, "an' her sweet brown eyes will—"

* * *

A curious, ominous sound in the direction Miss Hilton had ridden sent Jimmy forward alertly. Instantly she reappeared, clinging to one bridle-rein, her frenzied horse whirling and plunging in response to her desperate tugs. As they swept within reach Jimmy lunged at the bit.

"Ease up on your grip," he shouted, seeing at once that the animal was more bewildered than frightened. She promptly grasped the pommel. In a moment Jimmy was master of the trembling horse. Assisting Miss Hilton to alight, he conducted her to a seat beneath a nearby tree, the led beast tamely following. The girl was singularly collected.

"The groom will be along soon," she told Jimmy as she glanced at her watch. "I sent him on an errand. I am glad of this opportunity to express my appreciation of your chivalrous conduct."

"Don't mention it," he stammered, conscious that he was not deporting himself in a manner either preconceived or in harmony with the high-class adventure. She frowned impatiently.

"Have you always been—a clerk?" Even Jimmy felt the reluctance of words which became a chasm between them. His attention was directed toward the horse as he answered:

"Exceptin' for a season when I was a ridin'-master's assistant." He did not see her frown again. "What—what can I do for you? The groom don't seem to be showin' up."

The girl's face wore an odd mixture of dissatisfaction and eagerness which Jimmy analyzed as disgust with an adventure that placed her under obligations to one below her class and as curiosity about such a being. Neither disgust nor curiosity affected him particularly. He was revelling in the romance of the episode, which he would relate to Olive, with the recounter's privilege of embellishment.

"Sit here and tell me about yourself." She made room by her side.

"Not much to tell," he remarked, as he seated himself, still holding the horse's rein. "I'm a clerk at Goss & Geary's an'—"

"I know," she interrupted. "Have—have you a family?"

She was digging the toe of her riding-boot into the gravel, a gesture universally feminine, which Jimmy recognized as being without class distinction. Suddenly he regained his confidence. He shook his head, the simple act conveying a world of isolation and unsatisfied longing, while suggesting a delight that at this time he was free from any ties. He might not have meant to give this impression, but he would not have been Jimmy had he allowed the opportunity to pass. With the conception of an artist, he permitted that overworked "pregnant silence" to take the place of words.

As the groom loomed against the horizon Jimmy sighed eloquently. As if he had said, in place of the sigh, "Must this end a meeting which has been all too short?" she replied with decision:

"Go, now. I think we shall meet again."

He bowed himself off rather hurriedly, but as he paused at a curve in the path for another glance he saw the groom turn away with a peculiar smile after receiving something from Miss Hilton's hand.

* * *

There was a speculative tilt to Jimmy's head as he regarded Olive when he called after an early dinner. Somehow her gracious acquiescence was not so pleasant. He felt a desire for undiscovered depths to her simple, loving, confiding nature; for even obstinacy or ill-temper to disturb the dull placidity of his progress in her affections. He tried an old device of making her express an opinion which he argued her into withdrawing, but he felt no triumph. She yielded her opinions as readily as her heart, which Jimmy would have been glad to feel was not wholly his.

With none of the delights of a love won through difficulty and without one doubt which the honest brown eyes could not answer, Jimmy's thoughts strayed to Miss Hilton who presented complexities, and because he could not reach any conclusion whatever, his thoughts remained with her through a busy bargain Monday.

Just before the closing hour, when Jimmy's arms began to weary from its automatic, thirty-six-inch extension, Butterworth approached the silk counter. He appeared fairly scintillating interrogation points as he ordered another clerk to attend Jimmy's customer.

"You're wanted in the private office, Mr. Wilder." He paused to make more impressive his climax. "Hilton, the millionaire, is askin' for you."

"For me?" Astonishment changed to elation as he pictured himself in the role of a dignified hero. While Butterworth waited impatiently, Jimmy smoothed his hair and whisked invisible dust from his clothes. He bought a handkerchief as he passed that department, and in exchange for a small coin he had it sprayed with violet water at the drug section.

* * *

Having thus reinforced his mental condition by a confidence in correct externals, he followed Butterworth like one who hears an expected call and goes prepared. His "Happy to meet you" in response to Mr. Hilton's greeting was in the approved style and intonation of Goss & Geary's Social Club etiquette. He was a bit disappointed in Mr. Hilton's appearance. A reddish fringe surrounding the bald dome of a stout, shapeless body was far removed from Jimmy's idea of gracious dignity.

"Well, young man," the elder remarked after a quick, shrewd appraisal, "my daughter tells me you saved her life yesterday."

"Hardly that," Jimmy modestly disclaimed.

"She says so and I've no reason to doubt her," the other objected as if everything depended upon the establishment of that point. "No reason whatever."

"Of course not," Jimmy agreed.

"And having saved her life," Mr. Hilton continued with pointed emphasis, "you have established a big claim on my gratitude."

"Don't mention it," came from Jimmy, who felt the Social Club had been a great benefit along the line of polite conversation.

"And so, young man"—with a sigh as if the worst were over—"I have come to propose that you accept a position with the brokerage firm of Dunning & Company, of which I am the head. As fast as you learn the business, you will be promoted, understand. I intend to make your effort well worth your while."

"I'll try my best, sir," came obediently from Jimmy. Mr. Hilton frowned.

"Begin now, then, by discarding all forms of servility." Seeing that his meaning had not penetrated, he jerked out, "You're no longer a clerk. You will receive two hundred dollars a month—more when you advance. Kindly report at ten tomorrow."

He rose to go, but stood fumbling his hat, while Jimmy, too dazed to speak, watched him.

"My—ahem—daughter," came at length with a snap as if wrenched out against his judgment, "wishes me to assure you that she experienced no ill effects from yesterday's accident."

Jimmy, far from being dense, recovered his poise.

"I hope to hear her say that to me," he returned boldly. To his further astonishment, a comprehensive, indulgent smile passed over the millionaire's countenance.

* * *

Jimmy hurried to the ribbon counter for a word with Olive.

"I've dropped into a soft thing," he confided, detailing Mr. Hilton's offer. "Oh, I'm in for a fortune now." He avoided the startled brown eyes as he went on quickly, "I'll be so busy straightenin' things up that I won't have time to see you this evenin', but I'll drop in soon an' tell you all about my new life. Don't you think I'm in luck? Ain't you glad for me?"

There was a slight pause before the girl spoke.

"I'm glad for anything that will make you happy, Jimmy."

He preferred to separate the sincerity of her answer from its too evident pain, but the appeal of the wistful brown eyes overcame prudence.

"Until I see you again, little girl, you might be figurin' out how two can housekeep on two hundred a month."

The sudden joy which gemmed Olive's eyes and tinged her face with pink swept Jimmy on with tender emotions. "If I can draw out some of my salary in advance," he decided, "I'll bring her a ring the next time I see her. I will, by George!"

When he appeared at the office of Dunning & Company the next morning his worldly affairs were in admirable order. He had turned his back upon the old life. He wore a new suit and had established himself at an uptown hotel. With his wonted adaptability he entered into the spirit of his new duties with a zest which brought favorable comment. "Hilton's protege," with pathway made easy, bade fair to become a favorite and a success.

* * *

It was rather lonely for Jimmy that first week. He saw Mr. Hilton but twice, both short and unimportant meetings. During the long evenings there was nothing to do but to sit in the hotel or go to the theater by himself. He missed the cheerful comradeship upon which his happiness depended, particularly the feminine part. Earlier in the week, when the engrossing duties of his new position had dimmed Olive's image, he had almost decided that his fancy for her was as fleeting as for former divinities; that it was well the matter remained in an incipient stage. But when the desire for his kind became so insistent that he could not ignore it, he was restrained by a nice conviction that if he sought her now, he would be using her merely for the gratification of his own selfishness. He remained away, therefore, conscious of martyrdom and a certain content in his inability to enjoy the pleasures within his reach—his check came in advance and without his request.

At the beginning of the second week Mr. Hilton sent for him. In the long interview Jimmy was given to understand that he showed promise, and that every opportunity would be placed in his way. Mr. Hilton frankly told him he needed education, and that a tutor—several, in fact—would be at his command. This was hardly to Jimmy's taste, for he had no special yearnings toward the tree of knowledge. Still, if it was a part of the game, he hoped he was sport enough to try a grab at the apples. Aloud he answered with an enthusiasm he did not feel:

"The very thing! Trot out your tooters."

"They will call on you this evening," Mr. Hilton promised, "and they are gentlemen—gentlemen. If you care to observe their correct deportment it might—ahem—help you; and here is my tailor's card. I have asked him to furnish you with what you need."

Jimmy was not slow to accept the offer to garb himself correctly—he had already discovered his lack—nor to take the hint concerning his manners. To his surprise he learned the etiquette practiced at the Social Club did not conform to the highest standards. The lessons bored him and he put off his instructors with promises that soon he would "settle down to biz after the new wore off."

A fortnight dragged slowly, during which Jimmy discovered some things without the aid of the tutors, whom he hated. Miss Hilton, he learned, dominated her father. Her word was law. It required no astuteness for Jimmy to understand that her father's gratitude was but a cloak for his daughter's desire to further the young man.

"But why," he wondered, "ain't I invited to the house? That's not said right —why aren't I—why am not I—Oh! hang it all!—they don't hear me, anyhow. I wonder why I *ain't*."

He suspected why when his tutors began instructions in dinner etiquette, inviting him to an exclusive hotel, where the lesson was demonstrated. Jimmy bore this good-naturedly, and made progress, with the daily expectation of receiving a dinner invitation which came after another week. Jimmy was a little nervous as he donned his dress suit.

* * *

Things passed off smoothly enough at the dinner. Miss Hilton, dazzling in an evening gown, her father and an aunt were present. If Jimmy made mistakes he was blissfully unaware of them, and so far as he could judge from his well-bred entertainers, they were not displeased with him. Before the second course was ended, however, Jimmy began to tire. He was oppressed by the formality and elegance; disappointed that the sight of Miss Hilton did not bring a return of that strange thrill; indignant that his needful consideration of which was the bouillon spoon and which the fish fork allowed him no time for soulful glances at the girl across from him. By the time the ladies departed he heartily wished for the familiar boarding-house fried onions and steak in place of the delicacies, at the component parts of which he could not guess.

He was more at ease in the drawing-room. The aunt obligingly dozed at a distance, while Mr. Hilton, in response to a gesture from his daughter, excused himself for a time. This was obviously an arranged opportunity to which Jimmy, with unwonted perversity, did not rise. Miss Hilton no longer presented complexities. He felt dull and acted stupidly and when, recognizing this, he took an early departure, he was filled with disgust at not having acquitted himself more creditably.

* * *

By the time Mr. Hilton's car bore him to the door of his hotel, the disgust extended to his position as well. "I'm a fish out of water," he decided. "To have any fun out of the game you've either got to be born to it or else stay with it till you learn it. Seems to me it ain't—isn't—worth the candle. I'd like to punch that head-waiter person who made me feel so fidgetty at dinner." Jimmy was really ill-tempered, and as he stood on the pavement watching the gay crowd emerge from a vaudeville theater close at hand, he was stirred by a compound of envy and isolation.

Two familiar faces caught his eye. With a yell of joy he made straight after them.

"Mr. Butterworth! Edna, Edna Harris!" They turned in surprise.

"Why, it's Jimmy!" the girl exclaimed. "Look at his togs, will you? Some class to them."

"I'm so glad to see you," Jimmy repeated over and over, stopping each time to shake hands. "Say, let's go over an' have some oysters. I'm dyin' to hear about everybody."

They formed a merry party. All the things Jimmy forgot to say at Mr. Hilton's he relieved himself of then.

"We all do miss you awful, sure thing," Edna told him, "especially one." Jimmie's heart thumped madly. He had been hoping to hear and yet— "You can guess who I mean. She ain't at the store any more."

"Why, what—?"

"Sick. Just pinin' away. Some says there's consumption in the fam'ly. I hear Olive's mother's got to send her to a hospital or else give up her job to take care of Olive. Course she couldn't do that. I guess they ain't saved anything much."

* * *

All Jimmy's gaiety vanished. His thoughts were in a whirl. "Ollie sick, Ollie sick!" he kept repeating to himself. Absently he paid the bill and bade his friends tonight. He was like an automaton until Edna ran back to whisper:

"Go see her, Jimmy. She didn't take it like the rest of us did."

"I will," he promised, crushing Edna's hand.

Jimmy spent a sleepless night, but morning found him eager and prepared. His trunk was already on its way to the old boarding-place, and he had been promised his former work at Goss & Geary's before he called at the Hilton residence. The millionaire was at breakfast, but came at once to Jimmy, who went straight to his object without preface or apology.

"Say, Mr. Hilton, I ain't fitted for this kind of thing, an' I'm goin' to back down. I can't learn the game an' I'm not sport enough to want to. I'm awful obliged to you for your interest, but I guess I'm a round peg that won't fit into the square hole. So I'm goin' back."

"Why—why," stammered Mr. Hilton, rather bewildered, "isn't this decision sudden?"

"I guess so, but it's dead sure. I know now what I want. I s'pose I owe you a lot I can't ever pay back—" Jimmy paused to cough. He had wondered with some uneasiness how he stood and whether, when a fellow had things done and hired for him without consultation, was he expected to pay for them?

"Of course not," came with relief to Jimmy. "You owe me nothing, and if you must go back"—there was evident relief to Mr. Hilton also—"I shall try to be helpful to you in any way you desire. I hope"—confidently—"that you will not object to a gift."

"No," Jimmy promptly confirmed, with visions of a handsomely furnished flat, "not at all." He turned as he was about to go and with some embarassment added, "Give my respects to Miss Hilton."

He stopped twice on his way to Olive's, but it was yet early in the forenoon when he ran up the stairs to her apartment. A weak, hollow-eyed, woeful Olive, the ghost of her happier self, appeared in response to his knock.

"Jimmy!" was her glad cry before she sank down with colorless face.

"Your Jimmy," he returned, as he caught her in his arms and gazed into the questioning eyes, "who will never, never leave you again, believe me. Say, little girl, I've got a license and a ring in my pocket. Put on your hat an' we'll go out an' get tied."

"Do you mean it?" she whispered with cheek pressed against his. "Is it me you love, after all?"

"Always—has—been." He punctuated his declaration in a manner so ardent that the pale cheeks flushed scarlet.

"You don't care for Miss Hilton?" she persisted.

"No, no."

"Well, then, if you'll tell me all that's happened between you, I'll—go."

He readily promised, with one mental reservation induced more by delicacy than by judgment. Olive should never know that Miss Hilton's runaway was due, not to a broken bridle-rein, but to the unhooking of a very strong and safe snap.

A MERCHANT FROM ARCADY

By WINIFRED VIRGINIA JORDAN

I HAVE for sale—who'll buy them, please?
The fragrant scents from Southern seas
Where roses sigh
And bare their hearts to summer's kiss;
The scents I have hold all their bliss!
Oh, who will buy?

A rainbow gave this charm to me;
This scarf of crimson gauze you see
From out the sky;
It wipes away the hurt of tears
And laughs away the frown of fears.
Oh, will you buy?

I have for sale a heather bloom
A-thrill with joy from God's own room
Where ceilings high
Bend over dreams that drowse in song
And store them up the whole day long.
Oh, will you buy?

And, oh, see this! A moonbeam's glow
Caught by a lover long ago.
'Tis sweetly shy
And lovely; has a golden smile
That stops the hours with gentle guile
Oh, will you buy?

And I have here a butterfly
Whose beauty none shall e'er deny.
'Twill never die,
For mem'ry warpt in youth's fair things
Lies folded in its crimson wings.
Oh, will you buy?

Ah, yes, and here's a magic flute
A-tune with Spring's aerial lute
Where love-songs lie;
And all who play it have the art
Of bringing joy to every heart!
Oh, will you buy?

I come from far-off Arcady
That lies beyond the twilight sea,
My luck to try.
My goods again I cannot trade,
Their virtues are before you laid.
Oh, who will buy?

Some of the Season's Theatrical Offerings

by

William Elliot Merrill

CAN the American stage be said to still reflect "Yankee" ideas and ideals? Has the constantly-growing blend of American and English theatrical aims and enterprises brought a refining influence which has changed entirely the purely Yankee aspect of our stage productions? These are questions which are being seriously discussed today by a large number of theatrical writers. Many insist that the ever-increasing hosts of English actors in the United States, coupled with the fact that a large proportion of our stage material comes from England, Germany, and France, indicate that the "Great American Play" is further away from consummation than ever.

Others, however, point out that managers here and there are encouraging the native playwright and the native drama, and they declare hopefully that the production of such plays as "Children of Earth" and "The Man from Home," and the enthusiastic welcome extended by the play-going public to such a distinctly American actor as William Hodge are the best proofs that the Yankee spirit has not entirely disappeared from the stage. On the contrary, they aver, it is constantly being developed.

William Hodge is practically the only representative of the genuine Yankee type among our better-known players. He has the typical Yankee physique and features—the lean, lanky figure, the sharp face, the voice that can be made to reproduce so accurately the slow drawl and accent of the Vermonter and the Hoosier. He has always portrayed essentially Yankee characters, whether they were Indiana lawyers, as in "The Man from Home," up-state farmers, as in "The Road to Happiness," philosophical Kentucky roustabouts as in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," or Missouri business men, as in "Fixing Sister." Though superficially all of these characters differ, they are the same in spirit, in instincts. They possess the same shrewdness, the same honesty of purpose, the same ability to detect humbug.

In "Fixing Sister," Mr. Hodge's latest success, in which he is now appearing at the Maxine Elliott Theater, New York—seen last season in Boston, by the way—the actor plays the part of John Otis, a Kansas City business man, who comes to New York to save his sister from foreigners who are scheming to get possession of her patrimony. The manner in which he conducts his rout of the bogus nobleman is characteristically American—allowing him to think he is progressing finely in his game and then exposing him just as he believes himself entirely successful. Mr. Hodge fits the part as easily as it fits him. He is the amiable, slow-moving, sagacious Otis to the life. And in the end his Americanism is as completely triumphant as in the memorable "Man from Home."

Mr. Hodge believes religiously in the American "idea."

"Why shouldn't I continue to play Yankee characters?" he asks. "They should never be allowed to pass from the American stage. Goodness knows, they were always popular with the public. There is sufficient material right here in our own country to draw from without crossing the seas to obtain it. Our national life is teeming with dramatic possibilities, in whatever section you look. I naturally prefer the down-east or middle western phases of it, as I am more familiar with them. I have known and lived among persons who are like John Otis, and have been acquainted with their hopes and aspirations and ideals.

WILLIAM HODGE
Playing golf at his home in Great Neck, Long Island, with his little son and favorite dog as interested spectators

"When I was a boy in the little town of Albion, up-state, I used to see such a figure on the streets, and having secret stage ambitions, I used to long that some day I would represent him on the stage. None of the plays I had ever seen contained truthful representations of his type. My ambition was finally realized when, after a season with a small repertory company in Pennsylvania, I was engaged to play the part of Freeman Whitmarsh in "Sag Harbor," which James A. Herne was staging. Whitmarsh is simply Otis in an old salt's clothes. From that time on I have always endeavored to play distinctly American characters. But what is more, I appear in plays written by Americans and engage wholly American companies to assist me. 'America First' is my motto, just as much as it is Charles E. Hughes' or Woodrow Wilson's."

* * *

A decidedly pleasing event of the early theatrical season was the sprightly performance of Miss Lola Fisher in "Good Gracious Annabelle," at the Park Square Theatre. This comely and clever young actress, who became a Boston favorite two years ago in "Under Cover," and who won such a striking success in "Rio Grande" last year, is being hailed by leading dramatic critics as a distinctly new and rarely charming personality on the stage, and as an artist of remarkable skill and versatility. Her happy interpretation of "Annabelle" had much to do with the quick success of this bright comedy.

The play, which is the daintiest bit of farce seen in years, deals with Annabelle Leigh, ostensibly a widow, who is in quite a predicament financially. She has invited a party of friends to an elaborate luncheon at a strange hotel, and finds, to her dismay, that she possesses no money to pay for it. It is later revealed that her husband still lives, and she has not divorced him because, as she naively explains, having a husband in the background has protected her from unwelcome suitors. She receives a quarterly allowance from him, but she has spent every cent of the last, and substantially hypothecated the next installment. She appeals to a friend for a loan, only to be told that his wife has attached his bank account, leaving him with but five dollars, which he cheerfully gives to Annabelle.

Complications follow, and soon Annabelle finds herself "homeless, penniless—and a co-respondent," the aforesaid friend's wife having named Annabelle in the divorce proceedings against her husband. In the first act is a particularly delicious scene between Annabelle and John Rawson, a western mining man, whom she had met in a "perfectly nice" way—though a way on which the well-nigh defunct Mrs. Grundy might look askance. Annabelle tried to ask him to pay for the luncheon, but she loses courage. She works up to her climax very cleverly, but in the end tells him that the great favor she wished to ask of him was to wear an enormous orchid which she had bought with *the* five dollars.

In the meantime was introduced into the plot a bibulous young man, son of a wealthy father, who instructs his servant to discharge the cook and several other domestics at his country estate, also to replace them at once. Annabelle hears of the vacancies, and in her predicament conceives the idea of going to Wimbledon's place in the capacity of cook, taking along her friends to fill the other positions.

Annabelle congratulates herself upon her hiding place and her escape from appearing in court, when she meets Rawson, who has made a pact with Wimbledon's butler which allows him the freedom of the house and grounds for several weeks. Wimbledon returns unexpectedly and consternation reigns. He is led to believe that Rawson is the new captain of the "Blue Bell," and "Annie," the cook, pleases his eye for the beautiful. Annabelle learns that Wimbledon has the several shares of stock which she had released temporarily to tide herself over another embarrassing period. Wimbledon is much elated over their possession, for he desires to gain control of the mine in which John Rawson is heavily interested. Wimbledon and Rawson, by the way, are old enemies, although they had never met.

By fair means—or foul, as you will—Annabelle recovers the shares of stock from Wimbledon, Rawson watching through the window all the while. She finds that she loves John Rawson, but can *never*, *never* marry him. The friend of the five dollars turns up also, and pleads with her to "fly" with him. A detective is called in to search for the stolen shares; Annabelle finally confesses to the theft, and reveals herself in her true status. Explanations being in order, she tells the story of her marriage, at sixteen, to the gruff, bearded hermit she had never seen before, and whom she left immediately after the ceremony. The hermit husband, it happens, is none other than John Rawson, and everything ends happily for Annabelle.

The play was written by Miss Clare Kummer, a newcomer—no witticism intended—in the light comedy field. She is best known, perhaps, as the author of "Dearie," which was so popular several years ago. One is constrained to believe that the play was written for Miss Fisher, as it would be difficult to imagine anyone else playing "Annabelle." In "Rio Grande," her lot fell in tragic lines, and while her work in that border drama was most admirable, one could wish for many other happy plays like "Annabelle" for Miss Fisher—where she can delight the

Photo, Ira L. Hill's Studio

"AND IN THE SKY—IS JUST A TINY—OH, THE SMALLEST IMAGINABLE STAR!"

SARAH BERNHARDT

multitudes with her sunny presence instead of making them weep for her.

* * *

Scarcely a year ago cable despatches brought the news of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's serious illness; in fact, it was thought she could not live. This year came the announcement of a Bernhardt World Tour—a stupendous undertaking in itself, but one not incredible of accomplishment to the indomitable Sarah Bernhardt. In November she came to Boston, playing for one all-too-short week at the Hollis Street Theatre. Seats were at a premium; everybody wanted to see Bernhardt—some for patriotic reasons, others who admired her from having seen her so many times in the past; still others who had, until then, only dreamed of seeing her —this woman whose voice and superb acting had inspired millions.

Today, youth, freshness and enthusiasm are in demand, and it is wonderful to think of a woman of seventy-two, a great-grandmother, appearing on the stage in all the wonted splendor of her art. Sarah Bernhardt suffers greater handicap than years —and can present only scenes which do not require her to walk. She reclines, she sits, she stands, but those who loved her of old for her divine frenzy miss that impetuous rush to the footlights which characterized her in the earlier days.

Scenes from her most notable successes were produced, among them "Hecube," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Camille," and others. Never once during any part of the performance was one conscious of her infirmity—her spirit of eternal youth, her ageless voice with its irresistible intonations transcended the physical.

An insuppressible wave of enthusiasm swept over the great audience as the curtain rose and revealed Sarah Bernhardt, clothed in regal grandeur as "Hecube." Her portrayal of this mother-queen, giving up her son to serve his country, plumbed depths of emotion seldom stirred in these days of superficial drama.

To have seen her as Jeanne d'Arc, is to have sensed the spirit of France; to have felt the very pulse of its people. One cannot soon forget her "Maid of Orleans" before the court, for she was that maid in very truth. With her inspired utterances, her unbreakable courage, her flashing eyes, she was a typical daughter of France. In like manner, she was the greatly-loved, greatly-wronged Marguerite Gautier in "Camille."

After having seen Bernhardt in these roles—her inscrutable eyes, spiritual face, expressive hands, all symbolizing defiance to the encroaching years—it would be anti-climax to see anyone else play them. One does not think of her as old. She is a living illustration of the truth of her own maxim—it is the spirit within which grows old, which makes the wrinkles. She has kept the fires of youth burning, and stands today, as she has stood for years, the foremost figure on the stage of the world.

A SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATION

SHOULD my love speak cross to me
When we go out walking,
I know it isn't really her,
It's just a tight shoe talking.

It seems a scientific fact—
The sweetest disposition
Will simply curdle up like whey
When cramped in this position.

—*Bennett Chapple.*

Favorite Poems of Noted People

by George Leon Varney

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Our "Heart Throbs" contest convinced us that everyone has a favorite poem, whether treasured in memory or scrapbook. So we are glad to present to our readers these excerpts from a collection of letters contributed by representatives of many branches of activity, in answer to the question, "What is your favorite poem?" Special attention has been paid in this first article to the favorites of soldiers, sailors, and surgeons. Part II will be devoted to the favorites of authors, artists, preachers and politicians*

PART I

"WHAT is your favorite poem?" This flattering inquiry addressed to scores of persons of prominence the world over has elicited enough answers to enable the writer to compile two good-sized volumes of excerpts entirely apart from the usual anthologies of the day.

Before compressing a vast amount of the collected material into the microscopic space of a magazine article, it would be well to state the reasons why the little interrogative was sent forth with a seemingly superabundance of nerve and curiosity.

In the first place, the conductor hoped, by canvassing among many minds and many spheres, to come into possession of valuable bits of information in support of his oft-repeated contention: that the notion that our age is peculiarly unfavorable to poetry because we are too prosaic, or too scientific, or too pacific, or what not, is peculiarly foolish. Secondly, to find out whether there is a general agreement existing as to what constitutes poetry. Thirdly, to gather from near and far, for permanent preservation, poetic jewels specially cherished by various well-known representatives of our age; and lastly, to learn, from a careful comparison of letters received, just what style of poetry appeals to the majority of human hearts.

To state that the undertaking has proven most interesting as well as instructive would be a mild way of putting it. Open doors and glad hands on every side have made the results exceed fondest hopes; and not a single letter submitted by the brilliant galaxy of contributors carried with it a serious discussion of the futility of the effort, or a curt refusal, or a sarcastic reply. This wonderful fact alone, if nothing else, is sufficient to make one feel that such an expensive symposium is well worth the labor and time spent upon it. A perusal of the lines drawn from so many avocations, trades, professions, and pursuits in life furnishes excellent food for one's sense of humor as well as presenting a rare feast for the psychological mind.

What a gift for appreciating the thunder, the might, the majesty of the masters of the craft must slumber in the brain of the mortal who writes:

"My favorite poem is this—

There was a young maid who said, "Why
Can't I look into my ear with my eye?
    If I gave my mind to it,
    I'm sure I could do it—
YOU NEVER CAN TELL 'TIL YOU TRY!"

And yet, Mr. Psychologist, no less a person than Ellis Parker Butler, one of our foremost humorists, is the gentleman guilty of making such a confession.

Shades of Horace, Homer, and Sappho! Gadzooks and odd bodkins! What an anesthetic or stimulant needs to be prescribed for him whose pulse is stirred by nursery jingles and to whom the creaks from the jokemill sound like the pipes of Pan! What tears must trickle down the cheek of Calliope as she hears jingoism called Poetry and sees strong men drinking the froth of nonsense from the cup designed for babes and simpletons!

You smile, but a broader smile is yours when I inform you that George Ade, the funny man, the Aesop of our times, confesses to a love for James Whitcomb Riley's "Good-bye, Jim" and Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." This is no joke; it is a sidelight. And yet, believe it if you dare!

Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard!" Ah, how dear to the heart are the lines of this old familiar poem. For over a century and a half its curfew has tolled the knell of parting day; and its meditation on life's inevitable end is as sweet today as when first through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault the pealing anthem swelled its solemn note.

The name of many a historical figure, like that of Daniel Webster, is linked inseparably with this charming rural vignette, "this testimony," as it is called, "to the essential value of obscure and humble lives." Leading all others in rank of popularity, one is inclined to believe that great men, admirers of the poem, are usually bromides. But then—who could help but remember such lines as these?

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
  The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Or take, if you will, that other oft-quoted truth, the favorite of General Wolfe, who recited it to his men while en route to the Plains of Abraham:

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

But why lift the curtain of the darkened past for admirers of the poem? The light of the present (or near present) is what makes this symposium possible, and in view of this the solicited expressions from our own distinguished collaborators should be held above all others. Therefore, allow me to introduce a few more recent admirers of the "Elegy," along with their own words concerning the same:

"The favorite poem of my youth was Gray's 'Elegy,' and I have no reason to change my mind. It still seems to me to be the greatest short poem ever written."—Rev. A. C. Dixon, pastor of the Moody Church, Chicago.

"There is one poem in the English language which has always stood so distinctly for what I conceive poetry to be that I name it and it alone as my favorite poem. It is Gray's 'Elegy.' "—Alexander Doyle, noted sculptor.

"Not at all through critical discrimination, but from lifelong familiarity, and by reason of its haunting quality in the memory, my favorite is Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.' "—George W. Cable, author of "The Adventures of Creole Life."

"I think Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard' is my favorite poem."—Samuel E. Kiser, the poet.

"My favorite poem is Gray's 'Elegy.' The preference extends back to my boyhood days."—Rear Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee, of battleship Maine fame.

"My favorite of all favorites is Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.' " —Late Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, the hero of Santiago.

"You may quote me as saying that my favorite poem is Gray's 'Elegy.' "—Col. LeRoy T. Steward, ex-Superintendent of Police, Chicago.

'Twas poor Charley Klein, the American dramatist, who lost his life when the Lusitania was torpedoed by a German submarine, who wrote me under date of June 23, 1909: "My favorite poem is Gray's 'Elegy.' "

Perhaps one of the most interesting of all cherished replies is the one received from Will T. Davis, the well-known theatrical manager. As a postscript to his splendid letter he writes: "I am fortunate enough to possess, through the kindness of a lady friend, an actress whom I was able to befriend in an emergency, a facsimile of the poem as originally written by Gray, together with a photograph of the churchyard made quite recently, the yew tree under which Gray sat when he conceived the poem, together with a sprig from the tree gathered by the young lady herself. I may say in this connection that I did not expect the gift, but in admiring and descanting upon the souvenirs she had brought from Europe, I remarked I would rather possess that facsimile of Gray's poem than all the other things she had collected. Imagine my surprise, about a week later, to receive the 'Elegy' and the picture mounted and framed and given to me as a token of regard and friendship."

Other prominent friends of ours who count the 'Elegy' among their favorites are Irving Bacheller, novelist: Henry Clay Barnabee, dean of comic opera; Captain Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N.; Peter Newell, artist; Gen. Horace Porter of Navy League fame; Harold MacGrath, journalist; Sir Gilbert Parker, English writer and statesman; Col. David Banks Sickels, poet and financier; Hon. Brand Whitlock, writer and diplomat, and a host of others.

* * *

Perhaps you are one who has communed with Nature until it is an open book. If so, I have a question to put to you. Here it is: If you were asked to select five poems from a standard anthology to be classified in a reference index as the favorite reading of soldiers and sailors, what would you name? Dollars to doughnuts, you would search for verses vibrating with bursting bombs, or, perhaps, you would inform me that soldiers and sailors are not readers, and that it would be like casting pearls to swine to offer a poetical blossom to a son of battle.

But tut, tut! Despite the general belief that men of military training are not supposed to possess any knowledge of poesy, prominent military and naval leaders inform us that defenders of the flag are skillful, judicious and expert gatherers of verses, and that the lines they enjoy the most are those farthest removed from bugle calls and cannon ruts.

Can you imagine Milton's "Paradise Lost" as the favorite reading of a strategist? Can you note any inspiration for a soldier in "Adam's Morning Hymn in Paradise"? And yet, my friend, it was no less a personage than the late Lieutenant-General Arthur MacArthur who wrote in reply to my query:

"To my mind there is no work in the world so deeply and so uniformly impressive and suggestive as 'Paradise Lost,'

"My own experience is to the effect that perusal of this great masterpiece frequently stimulates unconscious mental action, the involuntary processes of which induce new conceptions of the possibilities of human destiny, and opens a boundless scope for the imagination of the future evolution of the race."

A man who could write such words must have had a heart like a cathedral, filled with song and symphony. He was a soldier, but he didn't give himself so completely to physical facts that he starved his imagination and his spiritual faculty. He was of the clods and stones of battle, to be sure, but above the medley of all he was master of a fine-grained soul.

* * *

Do you mark a song of the trenches and the charge of a gallant brigade as the favorites of Lieut.-General Nelson A. Miles, formerly Commander-in-chief of the Army of the United States? If you do, you will pardon me when I say your imagination is leading you astray. There is no rattle of musketry, no brass buttons, no song of the camp, no Barbara Frietchie, no Horatius at the Bridge in the reply received from the retired General. What he forwards as his favorite is a copy of Derzhavin's "Ode to God," given in the excellent translation of Sir John Bowring.

"This poem," writes the General, "has been translated into many of the Asiatic and European languages. Among the first I would mention the language of China and Japan. By direction of the late Emperor of China this poem was printed in gold letters on white satin and hung up in the palace. It is the grandest poem written since the time of Homer, and should be committed to memory."

I hope General Miles will overlook my saying it—but personally I am not surprised to learn that the General's choice does not glorify war or worship the coveted bronzes of pasture heroism. No one knows better than the brave General how long it has taken to chain the beast in us, remembering, too, how ever ready the slight chain of civilization is ready to snap.

Why, then, should an old soldier of the General's stamp and experience be expected to glorify and help to encourage so terrible a monster as human cruelty? Those poets or near poets and weavers of crimson who are everlastingly pounding kettle drums and burnishing and bestowing iron crosses are the ones, and not the national defenders, who are trying to feed and fatten the dogs of war. They are the arch enemies of society; and the more brilliantly they light the way to destruction, the greater is their crime.

* * *

Strange as it may seem, but nevertheless true, we find but three other men making mention of the beautiful Ode sent in by General Miles. They are Sir Gilbert Parker of England, Dr. Samuel Plantz, head of Lawrence College; and, will you believe it, another soldier—Brig.-General Edward Porter Alexander—a survivor of the Confederate Army. In his letter, General Alexander states that he himself has never met anyone who is familiar with the poem, and that only twice has he seen or heard it mentioned by anyone else—once in an article by Hon. Andrew D. White, and once by a lecturer on Russia. So you see some soldiers, as well as a few others, look beyond ordinary anemic publications for the things that leave an indelible impression.

Though he has served in the militia of our country for over half a century, and during spare moments has written forty or more canteen and knapsack tales, Brigadier-General Charles King doesn't salute any of his patriotic associates as being the father of his favorite. On the contrary, he turns away from the fife and drum corps to promenade with Owen Meredith's daughter "Lucile." And in this line let it be recorded that the brave old survivor of Indian skirmishes, Filipino insurrections and the struggle of the states, is the only American knight we know of who wears his heart on his sleeve for this particular lady. Most attractive to his eye is her charming tribute to life's marker:

The dial
Receives many shades, and each points to the sun,
The shadows are many, the sunlight is one.
Life's sorrows still fluctuate; God's love does not.
And His love is unchanged, when it changes our lot.
Looking up to this light, which is common to all,
And down to these shadows, on each side that fall
In time's silent circle, so various for each,
Is it nothing to know that they never can reach
So far, but what light lies beyond them forever?

A strong reply worthy of reproduction is Major F. R. Burnham's offering, showing that even a scout doesn't necessarily have to content himself with the shell and husk of the sweet and precious of our language, but may take the rich kernel and thoroughly digest it.

"A scout," writes the Major, "is not generally supposed to have any knowledge of poems. However, in my case I may say I read poetry quite extensively and enjoy it. Strange as it may seem to you, I like some of the Psalms, and some of the writings of Paul, especially where there is that splendid defiance of death in the pursuit of his aims which he considers worthy. All poems showing the growth and strength of a man who has conquered his fears and is now captain of himself, appeal to me. I would rather be an eagle for an hour than a fat dunghill fowl for a thousand years, or even a harmless turtle dove.

"The unconquerable spirit that rides supreme in disaster and death and will finally look and meet the Creator face to face appeals. Mind you I do not mean a wild defiance of either God or Nature, but a willingness once embarked on a line of action known to be right—then give life itself with a smile and face eternity with eye undimmed by tears or fear.

"Duty and pride of race, such as the poems of Kipling—the sobering thought of his 'Recessional' vibrate one's heart chords for days. To sum up, I think the greatest happiness and pleasantest ending to life is to die in a great cause—'tis a privilege given to very few."

Sounds like the sort of a letter one might expect if the Kaiser and his royal cousins decided to collaborate. Neutrality says "May God speed the day."

The only American scout that has ever dignified literature is Captain John Wallace Crawford—"Captain Jack," they call him on the plains. He has enjoyed a career as adventurous and as romantic as the most imaginative mind could possibly picture, and at the same time he has been an unlettered lingual floriculturist in whose garden the sweetest smelling garlands of speech have bloomed perennially.

To use his own words, he loves to wander

'Mid the vales and mountains green,
In the borderland out yonder
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

Poet, philosopher, and pulpiteer, he loves all poetry pertaining to Nature. Sunshine trails and apostrophes to the various wonders of the universe are his delight; and his feeling for his fellow-men is best expressed in his four lines of broncho philosophy:

I would rather find a wayward stray
And help him to atone
Than entertain the angels
At a picnic 'round the throne.

Only a vestryman of Nature could voice his hidden creed in such unveneered simplicity. Only a worshipper of the open temple could crowd his love into such a narrow space.

It would be unfair to speak of scouts without mentioning the name of one, who, on the very forefront of youthful imagination, stands as a great spirit and a national hero—"Buffalo Bill"—or, more properly speaking, Colonel W. F. Cody. A man who has spent his life on tented fields, on perilous vigils, on lonely rides through the country of the most cruel and subtle foe, and who in his closing days stands like Othello with occupation gone, surely has heard the marvellous songs of the Creator, has seen exquisite grace, or enjoyed the defiant beauty of Nature during his long career under the wide and starry sky.

"I have no favorite poets," writes the Colonel. "Poems I love best breathe of Nature and the wilds. I was born and raised on the border; my happiest days have been spent on the plains and in the solitude of the awe-inspiring mountains. And it's there I'll spend the evening of my life."

If we call the roll of the captains of the sea, they are almost unanimous in saying that poetry is to them a most attractive force. To them the vast immeasurable influence of the artist wafts itself over the waters like a breeze filled with the ozone of life and love.

Love, did I say? The very mention of the word reminds me that, strange as it may seem, not a sailor, married or otherwise, contributing to this fund of information, confesses his love for "Nancy Lee" or "Neptune's Daughter," not one mentions a sweetheart, a mermaid or a water nymph. Horrors! must we call the modern sailor the eighth wonder of the world?—and to think that his paternal ancestors boasted of sweethearts in every port. "Surely, the world doth move," saith the preacher.

To weigh anchor, Captain Richard P. Hobson, the naval constructor who attempted to bottle up the Spanish fleet in '98, is an ardent admirer of Shakespeare. The extracts possessing a singular charm are Cardinal Wolsey's speech to Cromwell (Act. III, "Henry VIII") and Polonius' utterances to Laertes (Act I, "Hamlet"), with strong emphasis on the lines:

This above all—to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Brevity marks the letter received from the late Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans ("Fighting Bob"). It was written from Bar Harbor, Maine, the twentieth day of August, 1910: "You may put me down as follows: Byron's 'Corsair,' John Hay's 'Jim Bludso,' Kipling's 'Piet,' and the 'High Ballad of Waterval.' "

Admiral George Dewey, now the only remaining great battle hero of the Navy, raises his colors for the schoolboy's classic, "Abou Ben Adhem," one of the finest poems ever written, an epitome of true Christianity. Captain Bradley A. Fiske finds Gray's "Elegy" and Kipling's "Recessional" tugging at his heart strings; Rear Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee, like the late Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, clings to Gray's "Elegy," while Rear Admiral Charles T. Hutchins fires a royal salute for Coleridge's remarkable poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," Tennyson's "Grandmother," and Hay's "Jim Bludso."

* * *

The charms of the sea as pictured by the poets fail to draw forth much praise or enthusiasm from the mariners of the deep. In the lists submitted by a dozen or more leading "old salts" there is a conspicuous absence of foam and wave. One skipper is faithful to "The Dying Gaul," another prefers the never-to-be-forgotten "I remember, I remember, the house where I was born"; a third calls for the dear old songs of Ireland; a fourth one wants to be credited with a love for the standing favorite of his baby days, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what thou art," and so on and on; but nary a son of the sea raises his voice for the marine pictures of the poets. "Old Ironsides," "The Inchcape Rock," "The Revenge," "The Phantom Ship," "Columbus," "Drake," "The Ballad of the Clampherdown," and Byron's "Apostrophe to the Ocean" are some of the masterpieces unnoticed and unsung.

Let us consider the favorites of a number of our physicians and surgeons. Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle, better known as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, the greatest detective in literature, unmasks more of his inner self when he declares: "'In Memoriam' is, in my opinion, the wisest, deepest and most perfect poem in our common language." Dr. William A. Gordon, noted alienist, seeks the ultimate triumph of things as expressed in the full-blown thought of creation's revelation:

. . . . . . that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God has made the pile complete.

Dr. Frederic Griffith, inventor of the chloroform inhaler, and the modern enclosed ambulance, states that Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" and the last chapter of Ecclesiastes seem to contain all his philosophy and satisfaction. Then there is Dr. G. Frank Lydston, contributor to medical and surgical literature, who raises his voice for the lights and shadows of poetical mysticism contained in Stephen Phillips's "Marpessa." The lines that cling the closest to the fingers of Dr. Eccles, discoverer of alkaloids calycanthine, glaucosine, etc., are from the pen of one who became more renowned among his fellow-townsmen as a writer of witty, facile verse than as a practitioner, and, although he became professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard, he was never really eminent in his profession. We mean Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; and the lines Dr. Eccles holds above all others are from "The Chambered Nautilus":

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Most interesting is the reply from Dr. Max Nordau of European fame. From Paris, the noted physician and author of philosophical essays writes:

"My reading covers a wide range, comprising the literatures of many languages and nations, to all of which I am fond of reverting frequently, and with ever new pleasure. But I suppose you do not care for my enumerating them all, and you wish me to mention my favorite poems in English lyrics only.

"Well, then, I tell you unhesitatingly that the three pieces of English poetry that are dearest to me are: 'John Anderson, my jo, John,' by Robert Burns; 'Jephtha's Daughter,' by Lord Byron; and 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere,' by Alfred Tennyson.

"I know nothing more deeply felt, more touching, more simple and human than the first; more pathetic and powerful than the second; more plastic, proud and intense than the third."

In poetry, Dr. Walter Kempster, the first physician in this country to make systematic microscopic examination of brains of insane, finds excellent food for the mind. No one poem satisfies his catholic tastes, for to him variety is the spice of life. One kind of a poem, according to him, would produce mental dyspepsia, as one form of food, only, would produce physical dyspepsia. However, one poem that frequently arrests his attention is President Lincoln's favorite, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" Other magnificent, uplifting lines that are rich and sweet to him are the Book of Job, the Psalms, the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, and the fortieth chapter of Isaiah.

Dr. J. Ackerman Coles, one of the most highly educated in the ranks, turns to verses written by his own father, the late Dr. Abraham Coles, whose translations have arrested the attention of linguists and scholars throughout the world. From the many he selects "In Memoriam" and "Lo, I am with you all the days." The latter one set to music and its companion song, "Ever with Thee," were much admired by the Quaker poet Whittier. In one of his letters to the Coles family, written shortly after the doctor's death, the poet declared them to be immortal songs. And to quote his own words: "It is better to have written them than the stateliest of epics."

The late Dr. Roswell Park of Buffalo, the surgeon who attended President McKinley after he was shot, loved Coleridge's witching melody of verse. He admired the controversial power and imaginary creations of the poet; and after the remarkable poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," he considered "Abyssinian Maid," "Christabel," and "Khubla Khan" his favorites. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who was more widely known as an author than as a physician, although he was prominent as a physiologist and especially as a neurologist, warmed both hands before the poetic fires. To him poetry met different needs and rendered service at different exigencies and in different moods. In my album I find among other lines from him, this confession, which seems to cover the question: "If I was asked and obliged to answer concerning what English poem I should rather have written and to choose one of no great length, I should say Keats' 'Ode on a Grecian Urn.' "

"The best piece of poetry I know—and mind you I have studied all the English bards from Chaucer down"—writes Dr. Judson, "is Prof. William Herbert Carruth's beautiful lines concerning the mysteries of life. True, they are easy lines, but they speak louder to me than any noise from the depths, any call of the unbridled. I simply can't get away from them, and the more I read them, the more I enjoy and appreciate them. Let me repeat them here for you—

A fire-mist and a planet,
  A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
  And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
  And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
  And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
  The infinite, tender sky;
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
  And the wild geese sailing high—
And all over upland and lowland,
  The charm of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
  And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
  When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
  Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
  Whose rim no foot has trod,
Some of us call it Longing,
  And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty—
  A mother starved for her brood—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
  And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
  The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
  And others call it God.

As a closing bit of information I might state that Dr. George Bowers expresses admiration for Milton's "Penseroso." Another admirer of Milton was the late Dr. John B. Murphy, Chicago's foremost man of medicine and one of the world's most distinguished operating surgeons, whose favorite poem was "Paradise Lost."

Perhaps I have presented a sufficient number of extracts to convince the "Doubting Thomas" among us that poetry is something more than mere drivel to the prescribers of pills and physics. If poetry is, as somebody has defined it, "the cry of life when it is unable to endure the pain of silence,"—why then should not those who relieve us of our physical cries and pains be among the very first to hearken unto that higher cry which is the voice of Art itself?

(*To be continued*)

My Friend—William H. Beck

by

The Editor

IN the course of a busy life of newspaper and magazine work, it has been my privilege to meet many prominent people. This list includes many of royal blood, and men and women who have achieved the highest peaks of fame. Of all the eminent people I have known, the greatest, to my mind, are those Nature's noblemen who surpass royalty and understand human nature. In the early struggles of the magazine I found a good friend in William H. Beck. He was then past middle life, and had been one of the world's busiest men.

Born in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, after graduating from Bucknell University at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the army. This was in 1862, and it was part of his duty to carry the Brigade flag. Upon his return home he read law with Attorney George L. Miller and was soon admitted to the Union County bar. Later he went to Virginia and practiced his profession in Winchester and Alexandria, also practicing in Washington for a short time. In 1880 he became a claim agent and went to New Orleans to take testimony in German and French claims, later going to Paris to collect them. These claims were first disavowed by our government, but later on were paid through the French government.

Upon returning to the United States he resumed the practice of law and continued to make his home in Washington. A man of keen vision, he soon became active in business pursuits. He saw the possibilities of the western prairies, and when others were abandoning their claims in North Dakota, declaring it was no fit country for a white man, William H. Beck went forth and invested, showing his faith in a section which the geography of his school days had designated the great American desert. He early foresaw the development of the telephone and was one of the pioneers in the exploitation of talking machines. He founded the Eastern Talking Machine Company, now one of the largest distributors in the country.

Always busy, he was never too engrossed to extend a helping hand to young men, and imparted to them his broad vision. He was one of the first stockholders of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE; he saw the great development of the magazine long before we saw it. His judgment was ever leavened with common sense. Although he has been an intimate friend for many years, he would not permit a line about himself to be printed in the NATIONAL. He was a student of affairs, a philosopher, and the best-informed man I have ever known. He never married, but devoted his life to his friends. About a year ago he was taken ill and spent his last days at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, at the home of his sister, Mrs. Valeria Myers, where he died on September 18. He left two sisters, Mrs. Valeria Myers of Lewisburg, and Mrs. Joseph F. McCoy of Reading, and two brothers, Samuel Beck of Philadelphia, and Thomas Beck of Lewisburg.

How I treasure the memories of those

THE LATE WILLIAM H. BECK

last days at Lewisburg! As we rode about the town, he pointed out scenes of his early childhood, the Academy, and the place where he was born, and even the cemetery where he expected to find his last resting place. There was a pathos about it all, but there never seemed to be a sad moment for William H. Beck. He enjoyed the acquaintance of many prominent men, and was always thoroughly posted on all the great problems and questions of the hour. In his will he requested that his friends bring but a single flower to place upon his grave, but they did not know of this and the beautiful floral remembrances that came from all over the country were indeed a tribute to the memory of William Beck. He also intimated that if desired, some friends might say a few words at his bier—he wanted no funeral oration—and it was my great privilege to pay the following tribute to the memory of my friend:

> Beloved friend, we come not to say goodbye. At the bier we find bud and blossom that bespeak the beauty of a noble life. These flowers may wither, but the fragrance and memory of the noble deeds that adorn the life of our friend will never pass.
>
> * * * * *
>
> The cycle of seasons never ends—on and on continue the months, and their memories. We look upon the face of our beloved friend sleeping—resting from his labors. Taps have been sounded, and his army comrades gather to enfold him in the radiance of the flag he defended. Loved ones, friends and neighbors of youth touch the sunrise and sunset of his life, with a horizon that sweeps the vision of a multitude of friends everywhere. He lived not in the blare of public life, but was ever found in the "House by the Side of the Road," and was a friend to man.
>
> He was all that a friend implies, and the memory of his deeds builded into the warp and woof of the character of others, remains a priceless heritage, ringing with the Harmony of Life, that sings with the spheres in the endless songs of Eternity.

THE MARSHES AT IPSWICH

HIGH o'er the fen the shielding verdure shoots,
And hides the marshy rankness at the roots;
The passing glance a waving plain beholds,
Nor marks the wat'ry waste the green enfolds;
Thus pleasing prospects charm the distant eye,
But fade and tarnish as the gaze draws nigh;
Thus sceptered pomp, magnificently bright,
Turns gross and tawdry to the closer sight.
Judge not the world by wealth of outward show,
But test the firmness of the soil below!

—H. P. Lovecraft.

Among Mountain Folk

by

Adam Bede

Former Congressman from Minnesota

MANYWHERE among our own loved mountains have I pilgrimed in days recent and ago. Through the Sierras and Rockies, the Alleghenies and Adirondacks, the Green and White of New England and the Blue of Dixie, the primrose path of pastime in the midst of busy days has lured me far. The call of the mountains is the shout of freedom, and in their fastnesses liberty first found a home. For Nature in action, whether in hills or billows, on land or sea, bequeaths its boldness and defiance as an inalienable heritage to the character of the people. Pitied be he who has never played with a rainbow or felt transfigured with inspiration at the birth of a world.

It was Dr. Frost, of Berea College, who spoke of the southern hill folk as our contemporary ancestors, and Lincoln, no doubt, had them most in mind when he declared God must love common folks best, because he made so many of them. And yet of all God's handiwork they are the most uncommon. The finished products of the schools are as much alike as so many pigs in a poke, but the output of the hills is as different as diamonds in their original lustre. Hedged in by natural barriers and insulated from the currents of life in the outer world, the hill-dwellers have developed a civilization and language in many ways as precious as they are primitive and abiding; for even the magic of modern science has not yet disturbed their faith or dispelled the pillar of fire and cloud of smoke which mark the unerring way when reason fails. As eager as a desert herd at the watering trough, their youth stand at the well of learning and literally imbibe an education. Sometimes they gulp it down when nobody is looking. How soon will the flood of culture wash their native soil away? There are men with more degrees than a thermometer who couldn't dream one line of a Lincoln speech. Some sort of training that will not run the whole world into one conjugation will help a heap in the hills. We need a few irregular verbs.

As our train arrived late in Cincinnati and missed its southern connections, a passenger from the mountain country said he was sorry as he was afraid it would *misput* him. That was shorter than to say it would make him miss his train out of Chattanooga. "Misput" should be in the lexicon of youth throughout the land.

"Hello, Jeff," said one native to another, "are you toler'ble or terrible?"

Down along the Ohio River where there had been some vote-buying and election frauds, a victim said the judge not only fined him ten dollars, but *disinfected* him for five years. Most just and learned judge!

In a teachers' examination, the applicants were asked to parse these lines from Gray's "Elegy":

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Several parsed the words "can, bust, back," as verbs, which would have made it a tragedy instead of an elegy. But the superintendent marked their parsing perfect.

* * *

As a matronly mother pig came nosing her way down the street, chaperoning a brood of piglets, a mountaineer said he reckoned they were going to a meeting on birth control to be addressed by Dr. Chester White and Sir William Berkshire, both specialists in that field of scientific activity.

"Yes, Dolph's done fer," an old resident answered to an inquiry, "he'd jest been settin' round so long that he got pendy*seatus*."

No mere man can run a country hotel, and when you find a hostelry that is neat, homelike, and inviting, with clean linen and a bountiful table, then *cherchez la femme*. I have known men to loaf around in dingy little lobbies for twenty or thirty years, chewing tobacco and doing target practice, and opposing a merchant marine, all the while believing sincerely they were running the hotel; but when mother died, they found she had been running it, and the house soon passed to strangers. A man may run the Waldorf-Astoria and do it well—I know it has been done—but any man who says he ever ran a country hotel is a vacuum of veracity—the truth is not in him. In a free translation, he's a liar. This is just as safe a bet in the hills as it is on the plains. Somewhere in the Tug River country I was be-nighted in a mountain town, which extracted money from strangers under false pretenses, by taking up more room on the map than it did on the ground. The only tavern was a rambling, dilapidated enclosure that looked like the Mammoth Cave lured from its hiding place and captured in the open. It was one of those places in which a man might serve time if he couldn't pay his fine. The presiding genius who assigned the prisoners to their cells was a genial soul who fought above the clouds at Lookout Mountain and had been up in the clouds without a look-in ever since. He possessed what my old friend Rabelais was wont to call "a certain jollity of mind pickled in the scorn of fortune." But when under writ of *habeas corpus* we were haled to a lower level of the cave to dinner, there was *prima facie* evidence of other and gentler beings. The cloth on the one long table was as white as the plumes of Navarre, and no grace offered by human lips could do justice to the bounties that were spread before us. The fruits of trees and bees and seas, and every soil and climate were assembled there, nor had the hand of the housewife forgot its cunning. I smothered my surprise with biscuits like mother used to make, and gargled them down with honey from the honeycomb. We had just come to the end of a perfect day when a vision appeared like a Peri at Eden's gate, and in accents sweet and low made inquiry at the open lobby door if the children were all in. Her abundant hair was white, her face spiritual and surpassing fair, her manner modest and appealing. Then we knew that God was in the hills and His kingdom was at hand, for His messenger had spoken.

At the opening of the winter lecture course the chairman announced the program would begin with a prelude, which was fortunate, and that local talent would render *Tolstoy's* "Good-bye." This almost killed the author, and Tosti has since passed away.

* * *

As the throngs press on and off the cars at the innumerable little stations that are scarcely a mile apart, the stranger is impressed with the freshness of youth and the ofttimes withered parchment complexion of old age. Thin, sharp features are the rule, but some are full and broad like those of our western Indians. At one station a woman whose face was a century old, but whose hair defiantly retained its original color, pushed her way to the rear of a crowded coach. Her thin black garments were frayed with years of toil. A sunbonnet shaded her features from the garish light of day, but could not conceal the ploughing and harrowing of Father Time. It was a strong, illiterate face that looked like a Balkan war map after a week-end visit from Von Hindenburg. In it could be seen all the pent-up passions of the centuries that were to pass on as a dynamic force to posterity. The features were strong and masculine. The mouth, hard and vicious, a sort of facial port of entry and egress, looked more like an accident than a natural affliction. The woman had been kidnapped—only the human shell was left.

* * *

Flocks of little cabin homes hedged in between bluff and stream, or hanging like henroosts on the hillsides, covered with coal dust and looking as much alike as so many blackbirds, seemed ready at the least provocation to fly away, or slip into the water and take to the sea. Perhaps they had heard the men folks talk of war, and they knew of their own experience the woes that women have. So why not be a houseboat or a hospital-ship, a submersible, or something? The times and manners were making them restless and unhappy. They must do something or go somewhere. Surely they had been tied down to earth and tramped on long enough where they could see nothing but little dinky tram cars slipping down the mountainside to the coal tipple, and back again to a dungeon that knows neither night nor day. They longed for the uplift of another Johnstown flood that would bear them away on a new and noble career. For didn't General Coxey, or somebody, say there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to Washington? Why should a cabin always remain a cabin? Hadn't they been dwarfed and stunted long enough in their environment? But for lack of opportunity they might now be castles in the air or colonial mansions. Perched on top of posts so that the air and the pigs could get under them for ventilation, life had always seemed stilted and unnatural, and they were resolved to rest on their own bottoms, to have pillared fronts and be the homes of colonial dames—or perchance another Monticello. Perhaps Congress would help them. They would see about it. Then the train bumped into a little town that you couldn't see on account of the washing on a clothesline, and a native who had asked me why the president (accent on the "dent") sent General *Perishing* into Mexico, said he liked that engineer because if he hadn't jerked the car he wouldn't have "knew he was to home."

To educate really means to draw out, although in the old pioneer days, when government was more important than instruction, it was often translated to drag out. A teacher in a mountain school was drawing out a class in civil government.

"What is a republic?" she had asked, but the question brought no response. "Can't anyone tell me? A republic is where the people choose. What is it, Johnny?" for Johnny's hand was high in air.

"Where the people chews terbacker."

* * *

In this charmed southland, while campaigning not long ago, I arrived at my *desig*nation, long after dark on a short day in late October. The weather was drippy and dreary. Members of the committee who dined with me at the hotel were dubious about the meeting. They said most of the Republicans lived in the country, and the rain might keep them at home. However, we would go to the courthouse at eight o'clock and say a few words to dismiss those present. But word had gone out to the hills that there would be stories and humor at the meeting, and when the hour arrived, the courtroom was crowded, for a story to the hill folks is like a grasshopper to a turkey gobbler. Every chair in the offices of the building had been commandeered, and still many people were standing. The conditions were ideal. It was wet and gloomy outside, and bright and cheerful within. It was as easy as talking at a penitentiary. Nobody tried to get away. The chairman had touched on local conditions and then turned the speaker of the evening loose on an audience as eager and helpful as ever cheered the words of man. The meeting was soon transformed into a sort of Episcopal Service in which the audience was doing most of the work, when at some happy turn of fact or fancy, a man from the mountains rose in the midst of the audience and, holding his Ingersoll watch high in his hand, exclaimed: "I extend yo' time one houah." I learned later that one hundred and fifty-eight half pints of red licker had been given out that afternoon for medicinal purposes on account of the weather. It was a right smart town, but mighty hilly.

Norfolk! Step to the end of the car, please, and I'll brush you off.

A Plea for Poland

By

Myrle Wright

IF one could visualize even a tithe of the horrors which the present war has imposed upon bleeding Poland, it would be impossible to turn a deaf ear to the appeals of that unfortunate country. Devoted to Polish relief work are Mr. Ignace Paderewski, the world's greatest pianist, and his self-sacrificing wife, Madáme Helena Paderewska, and they are doing everything possible to help alleviate the sufferings of their starving and needy countrymen. As the third winter of this tragic world war advances, it is felt that every American should endeavor to do something, no matter how small, toward answering the appeal of Poland. It is not only richly deserved, but it is just and due that America should aid this country which has for so many years been the football of nations. And do we not also owe something to the memory of Kosciusko, to whom we have erected a statue in the nation's capital?

Throughout this unfortunate country there is a ratio of 240 deaths to 100 births, declares Henryk Sienkiewicz, the distinguished Polish author of "Quo Vadis," in an article in the *American Red Cross Magazine.*

"The present war has inflicted injuries on nearly all the peoples of Europe," says Henryk Sienkiewicz, "but on none of them have the calamities pressed so heavily—with a weight as intolerable—as on the Poles, a people of twenty odd millions, divided between Russia, Austria and Prussia.

"Belgium and Serbia were devastated by sword and fire, but the storm which passed over these two countries was of short duration, and the Belgian and Serbian soldiers had, at least, the consoling thought that they were giving their lives 'for altars and firesides' in defending their own liberties and their own rights. To the Poles such a consolation was denied. Nearly two millions of Polish soldiers have been drafted in three armies, and in consequence have been forced into a fratricidal struggle.

"Even if Polish territory had not become the theater of war, this fact alone would constitute a crown of misfortune. But it is precisely on our territory that the struggles have been the most intense, where they have endured the longest and are again to be renewed. To prevent the rationing of belligerents, the villages and towns have been burned, crops in the granaries and in the fields destroyed, and cattle driven off. They have razed the factories, and those which are standing have been forced to suspend operation in default of raw material and because their machinery has been taken away. As an inevitable consequence of desolation, famine and epidemic prevail through Poland.

"The fraternal compassion of your country, in which at present takes refuge not only the humane conscience banished from Europe, but also the spirit of Christian charity, fills us with hope and fortifies us in our most bitter hour. The situation of Poland is horrible! However, if the civilized people, jointly and severally answerable to humanity in its entirety, do not cease to regard our cause as they do their own, we will cling fast to the end, and we ourself will awaken soon, full of force, and ready for a new life in liberty.

Another appeal is being made by Mme. Jane Arctowska, on behalf of the great numbers of Polish professors, scientists, scholars, students, and men and women in all the learned professions, who, because of the frightful devastation in Poland, have been compelled to take refuge in foreign lands. Many have gone into France and Switzerland. Their situation after more than two years of war is frightful—their resources gone—and most of them with no occupation in the foreign countries where they are refugees. Even more tragic is the fate of those left in Poland, for, added to their physical misery is an ever-present mental agony. They see their country devastated by the greatest battles that have ever been fought; they see their brothers killed by thousands in the front ranks of each of the battling armies; they see towns and villages wiped out of existence and the population left to starve and freeze. They see all this, and more. They struggle between doubt and hope; with hunger, misery, and a brain sick with their maddening helplessness.

* * *

To help alleviate this situation, a group of representative American men and women have organized the Polish University Grants Committee, the work of which, though as yet little known throughout the country, has raised the hopes of many unhappy Poles, who look for the help that will, perhaps, keep them from starving through this third winter of the war. The Polish University Grants stand for infinitely more than ordinary charity to suffering humanity—they are the expression of brotherly sympathy and the helping hand of friendship extended from the cultured people of America to their colleagues in distress.

In this work, in Paris, are associated Madame Sklodowska-Curie, the eminent discoverer of radium; Mrs. Robert Bliss, wife of the Secretary of the American Embassy to France, and Dr. B. Motz, an eminent Polish physician, who has long been a resident in France. In the United States, the following, among others, are identified with the work of the Polish University Grants Committee: John Burroughs, Professor Thomas C. Chamberlin, Hon. Joseph H. Choate, Dr. J. Chalmers DaCosta, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, Professor Franklin H. Giddings, Miss Virginia Gildersleeve, William Dean Howells, Professor Edm. Janes James, Professor Dugald Jackson, Professor David Starr Jordan, Professor Josiah Penniman, Professor Edw. C. Pickering, Miss Emma Woolley and Professor S. J. Zowski.

Contributions to this fund should be made out to the "Fifth Avenue Bank for Polish University Grants," and sent to The Polish University Grants, Room 814, 33 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

POWER OF SONG

A LITTLE hand, that of a little maid
Just starting on her pilgrimages here
And of the future having yet no fear,
Confidingly in my rough palm was laid
While down the narrow grass-grown lane we strayed
To where the mountain-shadowed brooks appear
Running with currents musically clear
As when in childhood on their banks I played.

One hand was soft with finger-tips of rose,
The other, wrinkled parchment written plain
With record of the years marked deep and strong;
But yet the little hand led where it chose,
And at what pace it chose, adown the lane;
Such also is the magic power of song.

—*Isaac Bassett Choate, in "Through Realms of Song"*

Impressions of a Freshman at Harvard

WHERE is there a boy in America who has not heard of Harvard? Many thousands have dreamed of attending Harvard who have never reached the historic gates, but as one of the great cavalcade of Freshmen who made their assault on Harvard in the fall just past, I feel that it is now time to register my impressions concerning the institution. Then I will keep the memorandum to see how it reads when I graduate.

The political campaign was in full swing when I arrived, and it would interest William Allen White and many others to know that nine out of ten of the young men were for Hughes, and among the young voters it was about four to one in his favor. This may be because the average student is "agin the powers that be," but there is something about Hughes that was especially attractive to Harvard boys, and I am glad I had an opportunity of carrying a torch in the Hughes parades.

Although I had never been in Boston before, I felt that indeed the "world was mine" when I passed my Freshman examination and found myself enrolled as one of the six thousand students of Harvard University, and was ready to wear the crimson necktie. My father, uncles and aunts had provided me with enough letters to Boston friends to keep me busy socially the entire year, but I have made only one call in the two months. I have been to Boston just four times. I've written to mother every week, and she insists that my letters increase in interest. I have in mind all the different places I mean to visit, including Bunker Hill Monument and Plymouth Rock, which I expect to see sometime before I graduate.

What interested me first were the old buildings and landmarks. Naturally, Massachusetts Hall, bearing the date of 1720, held especial attractions for me, for these old places are interesting to a western boy. Classes are still held in this hall, and a few students live in the rooms on the top floor. All the seniors are supposed to room inside the yard—the sacred precincts within the walls—and you can imagine how a freshman feels when he walks through the yard and finds the stately senior standing on the doorstep—lord of all he surveys.

The Freshmen are more homogeneous now than ever. They room within a block of one another at Gore Hall, and what goes on between sunset and sunrise is not recorded in the college records. In Gore Hall the students usually have bedroom, study and bath, although sometimes three or four boys occupy a suite.

Before I arrived at Harvard, I had visions of a den all aglow with college colors, pictures, and trophies of student days in the making. The co-operative society had supplied all necessary furniture, leaving the walls bare. A Harvard banner was the first decoration I put up in my room. Now I have the banner of the home high school, a picture of the home team, and "strictly personal" photographs.

Contrary to my anticipations, I found human instructors at Harvard. For once I appreciate what good lectures mean that do not smack of the dull church affairs at home. I have learned to use my notebook under all conditions, but I find that the handsome chirography with which I won a prize at home has gone a-glimmering. A few of the boys pretend to use shorthand, but no one—least of all themselves—can read these notes.

The fifteen-minute chapel exercises every day are not overcrowded. The average attendance is perhaps fifty to a hundred—out of six thousand. The spiritual work at Harvard centers about Phillips Brooks Hall, where most of the students are enrolled for social work.

* * *

Harvard is all and more than I expected. There are a few croakers among the Freshmen, who can't seem to get into the real spirit of the school.

At five o'clock every day I have gymnasium class, and am developing a muscle for the Varsity "8." Most of the classes are in the morning, a few in the afternoon, but I find that the only time I can assure my friends they are likely to reach me by telephone is at night. Busy every minute, I never realized how quickly the time could pass, except when I gave a thirty-day note to cover my extras.

You hear a good deal about the "gold coast." I catch a glimpse of it every day, and while some of the fellows amount to very little, there are some mighty good old scouts living on the gold coast. They may have fat bank accounts and rich fathers, but more of them are full of the fire and initiative and eager to get into the real democratic spirit.

As a Freshman, I find that the Greek societies are not besieging my door. However, I have seen some very interesting, not to say ludicrous initiations of these same fraternities. They have the fellows out making speeches, dressed up in costumes that would make Charlie Chaplin green with envy. While hazing is now only a tradition at Harvard, the initiations of some of the fraternities make life gay for the candidate, and I suppose my time will come in "due season," as father writes about the check he is going to send.

My decision to come to Harvard was made because of its reputation and the opportunities it afforded. If it had been running for three hundred years, I felt it had some advantages over those that had just begun celebrating anniversaries. You don't have to wait at Harvard for the country to grow up. Everything seems to be here that an educationally thirsty lad like myself might desire. It is just a question of what you want to take up. There are so many things going on all the time, that it's hard to decide what kind of a celebrity you desire to be. There is a delightful consciousness in living in a place where you know you are surrounded by interesting things, whether you take advantage of them or not.

I love the hours at the incomparable Widener Library, for I don't believe there is a more palatial housing for books in the world. It seems as though there is no book printed that is not quickly available—a regular quick literary lunch.

They said at home that I could not sing, but after hearing some of the boys rehearsing I believe there's some hope for me. I'm training now for the Glee Club. We began the term vociferously singing "Fair Harvard,"—afterward we took up "Harvardinia" and "Up the Street." I have been waiting two whole months to hear an echo of the refrain of "Solomon Levi." Thank heaven I play the mandolin—and am in demand. I can pick it off at a lively pace, and what would any college be without a mandolin? Some think that the *ukelele* has taken its place, and undoubtedly most of the favorite airs have a Hawaiian origin, but I don't believe it will be long before the boys return to their old favorite.

Yes, I have met President Lowell at chapel exercises and at one of his Sunday afternoon receptions. One could not shake his hand and look into his face without feeling that he is a superior man and a real democrat.

The most interesting buildings to me on the Harvard grounds, are the museum and library, but somehow I love the old Wadsworth House, which was formerly the home of the Presidents, with the veneration of one worshiping historical shrines.

They are a clean and wholesome lot of

young fellows—these Harvard boys—just the same as everywhere. There was a shadow of disappointment after the Yale football game, but we realized that there is another game coming next year.

In preparing to take up several courses in economics, I find that my "government" is about the hardest thing I have to master.

It is as easy to make friends at Harvard as anywhere else, and occasionally there is evidence of homesickness among the freshies. Had a twinge of it myself on one or two rainy Sundays. I overcame it by going down to the common room with the other fellows and getting acquainted.

The uncertainty among many of the boys as to just what they want to do in life is amazing. Some of them come with well-formulated plans, and early in the freshman year each boy usually has an idea of what he is going to do. When one fellow declares himself, it sets the others to thinking. I have made up my mind to go on to the Administration School, and prepare myself for newspaper work, and then I'll try my literary wings—if I do well with Dean Briggs.

* * *

Each Freshman has a faculty "adviser," and it may be interesting to note that Dean Briggs particularly appealed to me. While I have not seen him frequently—only an occasional lecture, in fact—I am looking forward to being a member of his classes. He was entirely different from the impressions I had gained by reading newspaper articles about him. Instead of austere and stern, he is kindly—one little man who seems really to understand us. I wondered how so much knowledge concerning English literature could be crowded into one brain.

The Freshmen are furnished a joke service by the stately Senior advisers. They met us with the proverbial open arms and looked into our eyes tenderly, doubtless promising themselves to give us the benefit of their ripe experience—but —I have been trying to find a fellow who has seen one of these Senior advisers since the first "stroke." They are like the old-fashioned "joiners," who were present at initiations, but never responded at roll-call.

Most of the Freshmen are out for some team or other. I have been thinking, because of my kangaroo legs, that I will try for the high jump on the track team. Wish I could impress it upon father and uncle that all this interest in athletics has its serious purpose, and to my mind it is as important in the general scheme of student life as the lectures. Athletics is pre-eminent in the minds of the students, and that is what makes the spirit of Harvard cohesive.

* * *

Usually I am considered an economical, careful fellow, but I suppose my first year will cost me about nine hundred dollars. The thing that is on my mind now is the mid-year exam. They begin the last of January and continue through the first week of February. We have it a bit easier after that, but Bunker Hill will have to wait until after those mid-year examinations. The eyes of all the good folks at home are upon me, and I know that the humiliation of the "flunk" is not susceptible of explanation.

Most of the boys have long since been christened with nicknames. I did not draw the one I wanted. I had thought of something that would sound good in a college student novel, but I have to be content with the plebeian "Plunk." I am sure that I do not possess an over-abundance of what is commonly called a plunk, but perhaps it is the lack of them they mean. I chanced to mention in a most casual way that what I was waiting for was the plunks from home. So "Plunk" it started, and "Plunk" I suppose I must remain until the end of my Harvard days.

No, I have not reached the point of wanting to be a real "sport." Contrary to the usual impression, there are very few who finish their college career other than creditably. At least that's my observation during these very important first four months. Perhaps I am bold in expressing my opinion so frankly, but one professor told me that the impressions of the first few months are more keen than in all the years thereafter.

So I close with a vision of Class Day—in June-time, 1920—with a certain young Priscilla I know with me to help celebrate the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrim fathers and my graduation days on the leafy campus.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE glow of the New Year's kindliness, when greetings are coming in thick and fast, impel one to look over the old letters and simple, loving messages, that awaken memories and scenes of long ago. Incidents are disclosed in old letters, seemingly trifling at the time, that have done much to decide the destiny of individuals.

A friend of mine showed me a letter just received from an old playmate. He said it was from the bright boy of the school, who always "spoke the pieces," did everything, was popular with the girls, took the leading part in amateur theatricals and had a beautiful voice that charmed all hearers at social events. Early in life he felt the fascination of a public career and the hypnotism of an audience, for he learned that an audience hypnotizes a speaker or actor as well as *vice versa.* He wanted to be an actor, and an actor he became. New York is full of them. He started out in the shadow of a great actor, and like many, he remained in the shadow of greater stars. He took parts here and there, living as best he could, from hand to mouth. The letter asked for the loan of funds to get his dress suit out of pawn, so that he could take advantage of the first chance of an engagement that had offered itself in months, and further showed that he had actually lacked food. Then the boyhood friends met.

"Bert, old boy," said the actor, "I remember now how I scoffed at you as the boy in school who was going to become a doctor, and I have not yet become an actor, although I have tried many years. You are the boy who sold papers to get a little money, and who got others to earn a little money, not only for you, but for themselves; and I have been thinking, old man, tonight, that after all, a good many of us derelicts who are now floating around were then the fellows who were thinking too much of ourselves, and that you, the supposedly flinty-hearted employer, were, after all, the prince that gave us the chance to earn that extra twenty cents on Saturday afternoon carrying wood. Then I looked down on that task, thinking my career would be something more than filling wood boxes. Now you have the smiles of a family well cared for, and the applause of everyone on your payroll when you say, or think you have said a clever thing. You men who employ people little think of the fact that you have always a well-regulated audience about you, that is just as encouraging and inspiring to you, only more permanent than the audiences that we appear before night and day."

The actor philosophically continued, as he looked outside at the snowflakes falling, and thought of an overcoat in pawn somewhere, so long ago that he had forgotten the address and lost the ticket.

"Old man, I have not become an actor, and I would like to know—standing here, addressing you in rolling r's and Shakesperean tones—if I can have a job. You can make me happier than in making me a gift, which I know your generous heart prompts. Give me a chance, and I will begin doing some work and save some money, and then perhaps I may find myself, in the future, with these experiences of today merely reminiscences to relate amid the cheery tales of a comfortable home."

All this sounds like an essay or a sermon, but it was an actual conversation that passed within a few minutes, in a hotel lobby, where people were busily rushing about, whether they were getting anywhere or not. It was just a little glimpse "behind the scenes" in everyday life.

* * *

THERE are sometimes indicated many of life's little tragedies in the eddy and flow of the tide of manuscript mail that comes to an editor's desk. Like the doctor who must keep his professional work entirely divorced from his sympathy, so the editorial work on a magazine must necessarily be conducted without succumbing to the desire to help where the manuscript has no particular value. But at times there are instances in the everyday routine of affairs that compel by their very force the recognition which otherwise would be denied.

Among the manuscripts received in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office some months ago was a poem entitled "Thinking." It was a crudely-written, poorly-spelled affair and received but a passing glance on the part of our readers. In the regular order of routine the manuscript was returned, but later came back to us unopened, and the mute appeal of its contents took on a deep and added significance. Tramp, vagrant, derelict, whatever might be the sad lot of its humble writer, his effort reveals that suffering which only the human heart drawn down by misfortune and dissipation may know. Does the silent returned envelope testify to a self-condemnation too great to bear? We know not. From out the dark, surging pool of despair comes the voice, the outburst of overwhelming emotion, revealing the bare, stark, naked soul in its cry:

> I often searsely Wonder Why:
> My life has got to Be,
> One continuance round of Tryes:
> That's all it's ever been to Me.

We print the lines as they were sent to us:

THINKING

Dear loved ones at Home:
O'' how I long to See,
While through this World I Rome:
My thoughts revert to The.

Mother, Wife and babies Three;
If but I could only See,
I'd trot the babies on my Knee:
They always quarrel to sleep with Me.

The days and Weeks go draging Bye;
They seem like months and Years,
I often think if I should Die;
I know of two would shed a Tear.

It's dear old Mother and My Wife;
God knows I love them Both,
I pray to dream of them to-Night;
My heart is sad and almost Broke.

I often searsely wonder Why;
My life has got to Be,
One continuance round of Tryes;
That's all it's ever been to Me.

I was taught to believe in heaven and
Hell;
And We are living now on Earth.
From My experiance its hard to Tell:
But how can hell be any Worse.

I wish to God I'd never Been;
And such a wish they say a Sin,
Now if I was rich like some big Men;
Perhaps I'd see things difrent Then.

But its only Wish thats all Envain;
I am going to start life new Again,
And live it difrent, not the Same;
And see if there's any-thing to Gain.

From home tonight I am far Away;
And Will for ever always Stay,
I'll trust in God and daily Pray:
That I will see them some sweet Day.

* * *

THE law of life is constant change, and nothing, to me, is more interesting than to become acquainted with a bright young fellow and wonder where I will find him after ten or twelve years.

One day I met Mr. Edwin Bird Wilson, and I felt, when I observed his manner of handling matters on his desk, that that man would sometime be running a business of his own. And sure enough, Edwin Bird Wilson, Inc., is the name of a new advertising agency located on the eighth floor of the Bankers Trust Building, Wall Street, New York.

For several years Mr. Wilson has been

well known as advertising manager of the Bankers Trust Company, and for the American Bankers Association Travelers Cheques. Naturally, in building up this extensive business, he has secured a wide acquaintance among bankers, and is well known in banking circles by name and signature. In his work with the Bankers Trust Company, Mr. Wilson had the opportunity of surveying the entire field of banking exploitation, and he felt that there was a desire among bankers to obtain intelligent assistance in advertising plans, particularly with respect to preparation of copy for newspaper advertising, booklets and letters. Many have written to Mr. Wilson for advice and assistance, and so frequent of late have such inquiries become that he deemed it advisable to resign as advertising manager of the Bankers Trust Company, and open an office for himself.

The organization which he had served for so many years remains one of his clients, his agency taking entire charge of directing and placing its advertising. Mr. Wilson has a genius for correlating matters, and is enabled, in his new agency service, to meet the demand of small bankers in all parts of the country for as good advertising material as that obtained by the larger banks, and maintain this service without the expense of a separate advertising manager. This is the situation which occasioned the organization of the Edwin Bird Wilson, Inc., and there are few details in reference to the advertising of banks and the promotion of their business by publicity that have not in some way come under Mr. Wilson's personal supervision and experience.

EDWIN BIRD WILSON

* * *

A BUSINESS man who is not interested in something outside of his business must be a very dull business man indeed, when there are so many things to be done outside the little circle of everyday routine. In Chicago a movement has been launched called the "Off-the-Street Club." These hyphenated words mean a great deal, and thereby hangs an interesting story. Sixteen years ago a busy man who loved children, hired two small rooms on the west side of Chicago, and gave a number of little ones a place to play. He remembered the days when he loved to play. He also taught them how to do useful things. He had no money, but the call of the children was too much for him, and he went from door to door telling the story of the project and gathered the money.

Then he came across an advertising man and the project touched the A. M.'s heart, so the Chicago Advertising Club provided more room, musical instruments and library, and more children were taken care of. Since that time they have continued to take an interest in this work, and today there is a three-story building with play-rooms, work-rooms, a kitchen, a gymnasium, and a good library, with volunteer teachers for every department.

It provides for seven hundred children a place to play; a place to learn helpful, practical things, such as the rudiments of trades for boys; cooking, and the care of children for the girls. Best of all, it takes them away from the dangers and temptations of the streets and makes useful men and women of them.

This work is a great credit to the Agate Club and Advertising Association in Chicago. That is why you read the announcement in the advertising pages of the NATIONAL of this deserving and most helpful organization which cares for thousands that are soon to become citizens of the United States.

* * *

I have just finished the reading of your twenty-eight pages of monthly review of "Affairs at Washington" in the NATIONAL. I have *Review of Reviews*, *American*, *McClure's* and *Metropolitan* each month, and appreciate and admire them all for what they are and what they represent and appeal to, but in my just estimation there is no magazine on the continent which in all respects is so truly American and national as the NATIONAL of Boston. Hurrah for it!—GRANVILLE FERNALD, South Waterford, Maine, May 2, 1916.

* * *

SO often in public life a man as he rises to heights begins to leave his old friends who have helped him, and his interest shrinks in them; they seem smaller to him. He has lost the true perspective on those who furnished him with the power by which he rose to fame's heights. It is called ingratitude, a quality that always roused Shakespeare's bitterest invective.

This is one reason why political life is shunned by so many men of high purpose and ideals. Every election reveals a shameful amount of duplicity and treachery, but with a clearer study of politics in the schools and a more general participation in public life by men who believe that honor and integrity are as essential in public as in private relations, there is hope. The work of Mr. Marcus Marks, President of the Borough of Manhattan, in beginning in the schools to teach the real duties of citizenship, and participation in public affairs, is already reaping good results. His article on this subject in this issue of the NATIONAL will undoubtedly evoke widespread comment and favor among thoughtful people seriously concerned as to the future.

* * *

LOOKING over the volumes of the *North American Review*, one is carried back to the very atmosphere of world-thought when Napoleon was at last safely exiled to St. Helena. Month by month, in the years that followed, the topics uppermost in the minds of the thinkers of the country are reflected in the pages of the periodical, yellow with age, which has become a chart to historians. But the articles are an intimate record of men famous in history and show the development of the men themselves in their work. In early youth, I recall taking a copy of the *North American Review* from the library table and sitting down, with wrinkled brow and the dictionary, trying to prove to my proud mother that I could read real "heavy stuff." The dramatic discussion between Beecher and Ingersoll was being published, and popular interest was as much aroused in succeeding articles as in the chapters of *New York Weekly*. Year by year, the files of the *North American Review* have become the essential and enduring foundation for a library of contemporaneous thought of the century. This periodical had Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and nearly all the names eminent in the history of the times not only on its subscription list, but as subscribers who wrote to the editor. Letters received from Abraham Lincoln complimenting, and protesting against a misinterpretation of his inaugural address; from Oliver Wendell Holmes in a jovial mood; Longfellow in courteous comment; John Greenleaf Whittier in serious vein; in fact, many of the names prominent in American public life and literature are associated intimately and directly with the *North American Review* in the century of its existence.

To read the comment on Balzac written at the time when he was in the height of his fame, by Washington Irving; to read reviews of the novels of Thackeray and Dickens when they first appeared, takes us back to the very source of things. The portraits of Henry Cabot Lodge and of William Dean Howells, as handsome young men back in 1872, wearing becomingly the dignity of editorship of the *North American Review*, have the fascinating interest of looking over a family album, for the frequent change of editors reflects a varying list of contributors to fortify the editorial policy.

The contents pages, year by year, indicate the drift of a century of American thought. Here first appeared the name of literary celebrities, then unknown to fame, and here is the material that made them famous. Here is what they wrote as they were observed, and they were living their lives as we are living ours today.

The *North American Review* appears even more attractive than ever with its tasteful typographical appearance, and its contents, including the caustic comments of Colonel Harvey, keeps its pages ever bright and sparkling with perennial youth, and constitutes the most potential force in periodical literature of the times.

Colonel Harvey is one of the most intrepid and incisive of American editorial writers. He is a philosopher and an analyst. His virile comment on current events, with a knowledge of what has gone before, is a refreshing reminder that there are today thinkers brave enough to express themselves, even though their ideas may not drift with the current of popular prejudice.

Colonel Harvey makes good use of the light of a century's comment of the past contained in the files, in forecasting and analyzing events of the future. It is not idle comment that commends the present editor of the *North American Review* as not only intently carrying on the work that has stood the test of a century, but that in his trenchant pen modern thought has a valiant champion, representative of the progress of the times.

* * *

WITH millions of dollars pouring into one Maine county for potatoes, there has been an awakening throughout New England to the advantages of farming in that section. In an address at Springfield, Massachusetts, Mr. Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, presented the situation in a concrete way:

The prosperity of the producer is dependent upon the purchasing power of the consumer. Commercial activity or prosperity is dependent upon activity of interchange and intercommunication.

Increased production, increased consumption, increased profits and increased wealth must come from increased effectiveness of all the elements that enter into production.

Increased effectiveness can only come from advanced research, study, investigation, and the adoption or application of all the highest practical methods which trial, experiment and experience establish to be good.

GEORGE HARVEY
Editor of the *North American Review*

The great West, and the great commercial and industrial centers, which have been tempting the New England boy from home, do not now offer the same comparative ease and comfort and opportunity to those who have to live by their own physical exertions, as they once did. For all those rural opportunities are now equal and rural conditions superior. When the new generations of boys in rural New England understand this, appreciate this, they will act accordingly, and we will see rural New England keeping pace with industrial New England, and the pace will be one that will go far when once started.

And this is the vision of a man who has already done things agriculturally for

New England. His Agricultural College at Lyndonville, Vermont, is a most substantial expression of his earnestness in the matter. In the meeting at Springfield, facts were pointed out as to ways and means of anchoring land on the farm, saving it from being washed away and how to utilize that soil to the best advantage. It is estimated that the amounts of land in this country washed away every year are over three million square miles.

There was a discussion as to raising watermelons in New England that made the mouths of the auditors water. The startling fact was brought forth that the best "Georgia" watermelons in the New England market this year were raised in Massachusetts.

The meeting indicated a revival of that unity toward development, recalling the old neighborhood spirit that made the farmer the independent citizen of the nation.

* * *

We rejoice that such an excellent, *clean* magazine as the NATIONAL is published. We have taken it since 1904, and it has grown since then. I notice in looking over some of them published in that year that whiskey was among the ads, but not now, nor tobacco, either, and there are not the objectionable pictures that we see in some others. Success to you and your work!—W. W. B., Richmond, Vermont, April 14, 1916.

* * *

IN my travels about the country, I realize more and more the desire, the hunger even, of the average man for sympathetic appreciation of his ideals. Often his habit of repression keeps him from being at his best even in the glow of the family hearthstone. But going far afield, he sometimes finds a kindred soul willing to put aside for the moment the routine of everyday life and talk of the things that have been furtively glanced at as coyly as a young maiden with her first love letter.

And the best of it all is love, love the finest expression of creation; love that feeds the imagination, man to man; love that understands.

Reduced to the last equation, we find that the spirit of Rotary equals understanding, glorifying that age-old admonition of "Know thyself." In the words of the greatest of all books, we are told that "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding."

What more comforting when the clouds gather, than to look into the eyes of a friend who sympathizes and understands? What more glorious than the unqualified joy of that same friend in the moment of our triumphant achievement or prosperity?

It has been truly said that all of John Locke's writings, even his "Essay on Human Understanding," were intended to counteract the enemies of reason and freedom in his own age. This is obviously true of his works on Social Polity, written at a time when the principles of democracy and toleration were struggling with passive obedience and the divine right of kings, and when even the popular asserters of public liberty were the greatest engrossers of it, too. The state, with Locke, was the issue of free contract, and was not a natural organism. That the people, in the exercise of their sovereignty, have the right to govern themselves in the way they judge expedient for the common good, and that the civil government, whatever form it assumes, has no right to interfere with religious beliefs not expressed in actions inconsistent with civil society, was the essence of his political philosophy. He saw that things in this world were subject to such constant change that no society long remained in the same state. Rotary is an expression of a like spirit.

While the material good is one of the benefits of the Rotarian, it is but an incidental phase, as every club is supposed to include in its membership men who are deserving of patronage in their respective lines. If they are undeserving, they cannot long remain Rotarians. In many cases the man has been inspired to build his business up to Rotary, rather than ride on the wheels of Rotary.

Rotary is an all-encircling organization in which a man of any belief, political, religious or social, may come with the feeling that he belongs, and will, above all else, have his beliefs respected. In a Rotary meeting, you intuitively think of a man as a Rotarian, and would naturally repress anything that might wound his sensibilities.

LONG ago it was stated by the NATIONAL, that wooden shipbuilding would have a renaissance in America; this is evidenced at the Department of Agriculture, which thus sets forth the virtues of "greenheart" among the specifications for new ships at the Navy Department:

A wood which outlasts iron and steel when placed in water is used in ship and dock building, trestles, bridges, shipping platforms, flooring, and for all purposes involving great wear and tear. The woods of two species of West African trees have been introduced into English markets as substitutes for greenheart under the name of African greenheart, but both are inferior to the South American tree.

All the gates, piers, and jetties of the Liverpool docks, and practically all the lock gates of the Bridgewater Canal in England are of greenheart. It furnished the material also for the fifty pairs of lock gates in the Manchester, England, Ship Canal. When the greenheart dock gates in the Mersey Harbor at Liverpool were removed in order that the channel might be deepened and widened, the same wood was again employed in building the enlarged gates. Greenheart was also used for sills and fenders in the lock gates of the Panama Canal. Nansen's ship, the Fram, and the Antarctic ship, Discovery, were built of greenheart. In addition to its use as timber, great quantities of the wood are made into charcoal.

Though it grows in many parts of South America, Jamaica, and Santo Domingo, it is being cut only in British Guiana, where it is found along the seacoast and water courses, seldom extending more than fifty miles inland. Greenheart used to bring one dollar per cubic foot at the point of shipment, but the present price is considerably less. Constant drain for more than one hundred years upon the most accessible stands of greenheart in British Guiana has stripped the forest of its best material, and the wood now obtained is of inferior quality. Tracts are now being cut over in some places for the third time. Only the heartwood of the tree possesses the peculiar durability desired, and the best wood is found in old trees.

There are other woods in the tropical forests which are scarcely less enduring and suitable for marine construction. Protected against worms, wooden vessels have been in service a full hundred years, while the life of a steel vessel does not average over twenty years. The wooden sailing vessel with auxillary oil engines will soon replace many tramp steamers. The hull of the old Constitution has already outlived the ironclads of McKinley's administration.

In a few years the use of auxiliary oil motors and sails will revolutionize much of the carrying tracts of the world, and sailing wooden ships may again play an important part in the transportation of freight, and especially in coast-wise traffic.

* * *

"The Minor Chord" came to me last night, and I have nearly finished reading the same. I wish that I could tell you how much I have enjoyed the reading. I certainly congratulate you upon being the author. If it was your only good work in life, you could still feel that you had created something worth while. Something that would live and carry its many good messages of bravery, patience and cheer for many years to come. As I read on and on, and found so many kind tributes to woman, I felt that you must have been blest with a good and saintly mother. Every page carried an uplift.—C. H. L., South Norwalk, Connecticut.

* * *

THE rapid changes and paradoxical processes evolved by what is called public sentiment are as subtle as the ebullitions of the subconscious mind. The laws followed are natural, for human nature is basically of definite growth. A member of a distinguished foreign commission visiting this country during 1915 told me that the most impressive thing in the United States to him was the aggressive and high-minded vision of those men who are directing the affairs of our great corporations. They seemed to have a courage little less than heroic in going ahead and doing their duty despite what seemed to be apparently unjust handicaps. He mentioned the telephone company as one supreme example of their abiding faith in the people, and called attention to an address made by Mr. N. C. Kingsbury, vice-president of that company, which typified the crystallization of the personal visions and ideals of the leaders of American corporations which had attracted widespread attention abroad, because their success foreshadowed successful policies and was even showing national executives how to meet many problems of modern life. In this address Mr. Kingsbury stated clearly and concisely the exact purpose of his corporation in advertising so extensively:

"We advertise because we became convinced some years ago that the public at large knew very little about our business, about its problems, its purposes, its ideals and its difficulties, and we have been trying to educate the people of this country along those lines. If we were looking at the narrow, direct return from this investment in advertising every year, of course we could not trace it.

"We are not alone or unique in this attitude," he continued. "Indeed, I believe it is the general attitude of business men today. But in order to convince people of that fact we have to keep reiterating it in thousands of different ways through thousands of different mediums. The return on such an investment is beyond all calculation.

"When we consider that each year something more than $700,000,000 is spent in this country for publicity, we have some idea of the importance of return upon this investment not only to the investor himself, but to the public at large.

"The world today is ruled by public opinion. Almost without exception the governments of the world are governments by public opinion. The aggregate of private opinion gives us public opinion, which in nations finds expression in the form of government, selection of officials and adoption of codes of manners, morals and laws.

"Not only in governmental affairs, but in business affairs, more and more must we appeal to the people, and the people must assume the responsibility to a greater extent than ever before in the conduct of business.

"Business interests in my opinion have been entirely too slow in appreciating the necessity of publicity and its influence on public opinion, and I believe that fact is responsible for much of the distrust and suspicion which has arisen in the past with respect to business affairs. Many business institutions have doubtless suffered from hostile publicity, from sensationalism. In most of such instances, the fault, in my opinion, has been with the secret methods employed and the constant suspicion and danger of misrepresentation.

"A new era in publicity, in advertising, seems to have been inaugurated in the business world, and I am sure that those of us who are in constant touch with the various methods and purposes of publicity will hail with delight indications of great improvement which have taken place in the last few years."

* * *

WITH all humility, tempered with a little natural pride, and a hope that readers of the NATIONAL will understand my temerity, I want to share with my readers a letter received by a brother from a friend:

> Your beloved brother, Joseph Mitchell Chapple, has been here in our midst in Joliet and has gone.
>
> He was entertained by the Joliet Rotary Club, assisted by the members of the Advertising Club, Merchants' Association, Commercial Club and Association of Commerce. He favored us with an address upon "Service," pointing out the success achieved by great men in the past and present, and the heights to be reached in the future by men whose everyday life is actuated by altruistic motives for the betterment of mankind.
>
> We enjoyed him thoroughly and learned to love him, feeling that our city is better for his having been here, and the sweet memories of his short visit with us will be more than a delightful reminiscence of the profitable day we have enjoyed with one of the best of our fellow-men.
>
> This spirit of service which he so well exemplifies is a part of not only himself, but of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and is what has made it and what will perpetuate it and maintain it as one of America's best household organs.—M. F. L., Joliet, Illinois.

At the Stroke of Twelve

by

Florence M. Pettee

SHE had not seen life in any of its phases. She had merely lived the accepted, labeled days prescribed by an entirely proper mother. Freedom—it was a word to conjure with—meant all the glamor, the call of what she did not know. It meant people—real people, not stupidity, formula-bound, twenty-karat prosaicness. It galled insufferably, this eternally accepting some mere ghost of a bygone standard, which measured and labeled one, like a Worth or a Paquin—passable or chic—among one's wholly up-to-date, 1915-modeled friends. One could no more hark back to the material things of 1914, no matter how worthy the material, than one could venture beyond the limit of that small, circular orbit which rotated along such smoothly regulated lines of the "Proper Thing."

How she hated the smugness of it all. Its very satisfaction in its own standards appalled her. Who made it all, anyway, and, once made, why should one follow blindly in the swirl of that momentum? Or fall out absolutely, to gravitate along an orbit wholly at variance with what one was expected to do.

Well, suppose one did refuse to be carried along by sheer momentum? Suppose that one dropped off or out of it all? Whose concern was it? The wheel would still rotate, the moths and the butterflies would still swirl madly along in its path. No one would note the loss of one imprisoned follower.

She was not young. Twenty-five does not mean convent-bred *naivete.* But she was inexperienced. Could one believe that she, young and attractive—she knew it not conceitedly, but conservatively—educated and willing, could one believe that she had lived beyond the call of Romance?

It was not so incredible when one reasoned it out. At fourteen she had been hurried South into the cloistered apartness of convent walls. There she had grown and gathered until twenty—years the Sand Man marked all too plainly. Then she had traveled for five years, until she awoke, like Rip Van Winkle, to find a quarter of a century had passed, to find her little world as changed as she herself was, when she had suddenly been precipitated back into it. They were the "old" friends, to be sure, with the years added, but the scales had fallen from her eyes and she weighed them to find them wanting. Was this Life? this mere following of a program twenty-four hours each day? She couldn't believe it. There must be something more that she had missed. What was it? Romance? The word caused no thrill, just idle curiosity. Was there such a thing in the world, or had it gone with Santa Claus and fairies?

The musing girl raised a sensitive, dreamy face from a small desk in a city home. The house was as mouselike as the girl, in its quiet. Her mother, her sister, they all had gone, and she was alone. She had pleaded a headache, mere pretext on her part, although her head did really whirl in her effort to untangle chaos.

Her books were everywhere. Would fiction help? After all, who had ever heard of a real cure by book? She hated formulas, likewise recipes; the books would not help.

Her telephone, a desk one, next looked shiningly at her. "Try me," it seemed to say. Unimpressed, she shook her head.

Suddenly she stepped quickly to her telephone register. She turned it back, away from her, and opened at random. The letter was "P." Not even looking, she placed the book, upside down on the desk. It was heavy. With her pencil, eyes closed, she stabbed in real, necromantic fashion. Her pencil point showed: Plympton, Webster Clarke, 4 Highland Terrace. She took down the receiver and gave the number, firmly, casually. A slight delay, some one cut in; then "Hello" in a man's voice.

The waiting girl did swallow suddenly, and a rather small voice replied, "Hello, do you recognize my voice?"

A pause continued and then, "No; who is it, please?"

"You don't know your sister's old friend?" She made her voice reproachful. "You met her in New York, this spring."

A genuine pause, so unbroken that she feared he had hung up, though she had heard no tell-tale click. Then: "I have no sister. This is 122 W. M.; my apartments. Aren't you mistaken?"

"No," she replied, "you have made the mistake. Shall I prove it?"

"Yes," unexpectedly prompt. "Taxi here and I'll make my proof a five-pound box of Huyler's to a Blackstone. Are you on, or are the little doubt goblins besetting you? Aren't you afraid to come to my lair? Maybe I'm Bluebeard—"

A tinkling, girlish laugh vibrated the wire. "I've never quite outgrown Bluebeard of 'Jack the Giant-killer.' So Cinderella will hail the magic taxi and arrive. Good-by for a time."

"Now, I've done it," said a crumpled little heap. "Shall I, or shall I not? Yes, I will," and she instructed the taxi to arrive in thirty minutes.

She opened her wardrobe for Cinderella's dress. Nothing suited. Then a daring scarlet evening gown flashed a poppy face at her. It was spangled like a circus-rider. Again she hesitated and then pulled it out. It showed merely straps at the shoulder and was ballet-skirted. She donned it, likewise high-heeled, red slippers and stockings.

Her hair troubled. She compromised with what she wished and what the costume demanded. Then she rouged her already scarlet cheeks and found a scarlet cape, black-lined. She tiptoed downstairs. The taxi was prompt. It waited.

* * *

The night glinted like a Christmas tree, all stars and lights. She gave the address, then leaned back, dazed, not daring to think. She was too excited to watch the snail-like crawl of the motor as it threaded its way through the crowded street. A church chimed the hour. It struck eleven. "Just one hour and Cinderella disappears," breathed the silent little figure.

A slowing down, the door opened, and she found herself before the regulation city brown-front—the number read "Four." Before she could find the bell the door opened noiselessly, and a servant ushered her silently to a heavy curtained door. He drew back the heavy sliding-doors. The girl found herself in a room like its door, heavy, paneled, dull-wooded. A man's room unmistakably, a den or study perhaps. There were books and curios everywhere. She seated herself in the most uncomfortable-looking chair. It matched her mood.

Promptness seemed her password. A door from somewhere opened quickly, and a man entered the dim-lighted room. He pressed a switch for more light. For that she was grateful and embarrassed both. Her costume seemed so tawdry in the quiet richness of the room's soft hues. She drew her cloak closer.

"So it's Red Riding Hood, not Cinderella," the voice said. She had not looked above the desk.

"I'm both," almost inaudibly.

"But how?" and a hand from somewhere seemed to indicate the scarlet she strove to conceal.

"Red garb—disappear at twelve," came the little voice in a strange quaver. Then she looked up.

Rather a boyish face met her gaze squarely. It was a clean-cut, rather stern face, relieved by a whimsical, boyish mouth. It was the mouth that had summoned her there, she decided. She felt better.

He sat down and merely glanced at her, a common, expected sort of a glance. She was grateful that his glance had not traveled below her face.

"Do you believe in fairies, secret societies or wagers?" he flashed at her.

"All of them," she parried.

He picked up a paper knife, balanced it lightly, then: "Why do you avoid a direct answer? *Which* do you believe in?"

"Fairies," she responded meekly.

"Where do you place me?" he smiled whimsically.

"I don't know," frankly.

He smiled. "Do you realize that in the official Blue Book this would scarcely be construed a fairy tale?"

"Of course; that's why I came," she replied.

He looked at her, sternly this time, with a quick tightening about the mouth. Then incredulity flashed over his face. "Suppose I tell you that you cannot disappear at twelve, Cinderella-like—that since you came here freely, I shall keep you here at my own free will." He looked at her fixedly.

She didn't like his face, and his eyes mercilessly examined every detail of her dress. She shrank farther back in her chair and glanced to measure the distance to the door.

He laughed at her side glance. Then his face changed and he took her cloak from her and carried it to a nearby chair.

Her glance traveled quickly to some stray papers on his desk. The heavy overhead light brought out the words in startling clearness. She started quickly, then the shrinking girl became the poised, slow-motioned woman her world had known.

He seated himself again at the desk and found a cigar. "It's not a Blackstone—but may I—" and then they both laughed spontaneously, hilariously.

"You didn't frighten worth the try," he said. "Why? This is as new a role for you to play as it is for me. You trust me. Why?" Then he waited.

She paused perceptibly, then said slowly: "Because you haven't forgotten Mother Goose—and—because—something else that I cannot tell you—yet."

"Will Cinderella bequeath it to me instead of her slipper?" and he glanced at his watch. "It is now eleven-thirty. What shall I exercise for you, Princess?"

"I'm very thirsty," she confessed.

He touched a button, then spoke through a tube in the wall. "Just a moment." Then to her, "Command, and it shall appear."

She ran beside him and spoke through the tube he held for her: "Real lemonade, with sliced lemon and strawberries."

"Make that order for two," he commanded. The quiet servant brought both and disappeared.

"Anything else?" the man asked.

She shook her head.

"May I tell you a fairy story, if I hurry?" he asked.

"Please do, and bring in all the elves and sprites and gnomes," she added.

* * *

He paused, then began with obvious effort, like all fairy tales: "Once upon a time there was a small boy who believed—how he did believe—in fairies. He was rather a dreamer, this little boy, and he dreamed that *all* little girls were fairies, because they were always beautiful princesses when they were not fairies, and one has to have magic to be a princess. The little boy loved to lie in the grass and find turreted castles in the sailing clouds, where lords and beautiful ladies rode by on milk-white chargers. He always dreamed such wonderful dreams for his cloud people, the kind that came true. For every prince he found a little princess, who smiled trustfully and read 'Mother Goose' aloud, like the voice of the brook in the grasses. And his fairy folk always believed.

"When the little boy was eighteen, a girl came to live near him. A strange, will-o'-the-wisp fairy little girl, all smiles and tears and laughter. Her clothes were like the snow-clouds his dream princesses wore. He called the little girl his princess and planned heroic deeds to win her, just as he planned as a boy.

"Then the princess gave a grown-up

Mother Goose party and dressed herself like Cinderella, and the boy was the prince.

"The house was fairyland, all twinkling lights and gay young voices. Elves, goblins, and earth-sprites vied with each other in gay costumes. In the midst of the fun the prince lost the princess." He paused. "But he didn't have to search far for her. When he strayed back to the house he found her, perched beside the punch bowl, no longer Cinderella, but a leaf-strewn Bacchante, serving punch to the throng about, from one of her slippers. All about her, flushed and staggering dwarfs struggled with goblin and elf for more, and then more, until the swaying figure caught off the other slipper and plunged both in at once, while the mob howled.

"At that something broke in the watching boy, and he plunged out of the house, away from the lights and through the shrubbery. He staggered into his own deserted home and made directly for his library. He tore down all his fairy tales, those that read 'and they lived happy ever after,' and tore them apart and to bits until his head hurt and his fingers bled from the sharp edges. Then he buried his head in the torn-up leaves and wept all his dreams away." The voice was low, but the girl listened with strained attention.

"A drunken princess and shoes of punch was all he mourned, and that was the way they found him.

"The boy didn't die of a broken heart, or broken dreams, for youth doesn't die of either, often. But an ideal had been shattered, an impossible ideal, maybe, but none the less genuine. The man of science took the place of the boy of dreams, and Don Quixote became Gulliver, and traveled far. He dabbled in curios and became interested in his fellow-men, the real ones, not the cloud ones; so he studied them all, and their countries, and what made them do certain things, in fact, he studied human emotions and their psychology.

"Tonight your strange call awoke the old, seemingly not-dead Quixote, who has slumbered some ten years—"

"How strange," her voice thrilled. "I, too, awoke tonight, after twenty-five years." Their eyes were the eyes of tired children who had wandered far, sleep-walking, to awake in a different land.

"One, two," began a clock somewhere. A door opened and a slight, graceful woman entered.

"Aunt Kate, this is Cinderella," began the young man; "she is leaving me a promise instead of her slipper."

"Four, five," continued the clock.

"Call 2271 M at midnight tomorrow," called back the scarlet figure, and was gone.

No 2271 M responded at twelve sharp.

"Why did you trust me, Cinderella?" came the persistent voice.

"Because Cinderella didn't have to lose her slipper to know the Prince," came the enigmatic reply.

It was some years before she told him the big reason. It was entitled "Experiments in Human Emotions," and lay on his desk that night.

THE POET

THE poet would incarnate thoughts sublime,
And into bloomy phrase confine his theme.
He sees the veil of beauty in a dream,
And loveliness that will outlast all time.
Wreathe round each image with celestial rime,
With love and tenderness till mine eyes weep
For happiness, and languid let me sleep
Close to thy side on bank of rose and thyme.
The world deceives! Oh, how my sad heart moans
Its own immediate sorrow to thy lyre.
I follow you, sweet bard, until my groans
Transmuted are to songs of happiness,
For thou alone canst light the golden fire
Of life, and make the glooms of death-time less.

D. H. Verder.

Our Trade Future in the Orient

by Flynn Wayne

THERE is a far-reaching significance in the observations of Judge Elbert H. Gary after his recent extensive trip to the Orient. As one of the business leaders who think and observe in universals, few men have a larger grasp of world affairs than the head of the United States Steel Corporation. He remained in Japan for some weeks, and visited the principal cities there, as well as in China and the Philippines. While the tour was mostly during the heated months of summer, the indomitable tourist-observer gives a most interesting survey of the vital phases of Oriental life and customs as relating to the future trade of this country with the Orient. With his usual alertness, the Judge gets at the facts from a business point of view, and frankly reported the most hospitable and friendly expression toward the United States, despite sensational rumors to the contrary. His visit has done much to allay the general suspicion that all is not well in the relations between Japan and the United States.

In an address before the American Iron and Steel Institute, Judge Gary told of the wonderful resources of the Philippines, and insists that the United States was indeed a Good Samaritan. In contrasting the conditions of today with those prior to the time that the Stars and Stripes were carried to the Orient, there is a real story of the progress of civilization. He commends our government and the administration of its laws in the Philippines; the building of schools and hospitals, and most important of all insists that the Filipinos, who understand and appreciate what is being done, are grateful, and are in no apparent haste about absolute independence of the big brother country in the West.

While the Philippines have been costing large sums of money to the United States, it is pointed out that with the exception of the money paid for maintaining the army and navy, which is no more than it would be if stationed elsewhere, all of the current expenses are now being paid from the treasury of the Philippine Government, which would not have been possible without the assistance of the United States, who assumed a moral obligation that could not be shirked. It gives hope of making the Oriental venture of Uncle Sam not such a dismal failure after all. His comment on China is all-comprehensive:

"Apparently," he declares, "the leading Chinese statesmen, the most intelligent and most influential citizens, and the best thinkers are keenly alive to the situation, and are earnestly solicitous for the immediate future of China. The present Governmental Administration and the Parliament as well are devoting their talent and energy to ascertain and apply a solution for the problems which interfere with the growth and strength of their country. They realize that there is needed a new constitution which will establish a concentrated, unified, though democratic, government; a new and modern financial system which will be satisfactory to the financiers throughout the world; an adequate, thoroughly-trained and fully-equipped military force for defensive purposes; and the adoption of a systematic plan for the development of the whole country for the benefit and for the promotion of the welfare of the whole population. The leaders are frank and outspoken in declaring the desirability of a government such as I have indicated; and they appreciate also the necessity of having the friendship and assistance of all other nations. They know that, under these conditions and with this attitude on their part, and not otherwise, they may expect to establish a credit which will secure the loans necessary to reorganize the affairs of government, and will put to practical use the instrumentalities for providing the money which is now lacking.

"The present Government is an honest, unselfish, capable, industrious and harmonious organization. There are statesmen in China of high intelligence and qualifications. It should be only a question of time when the internal strifes, that are prevalent and have done so much to obstruct and retard legitimate growth and prosperity, will have ceased; when the peoples of the different provinces will be pacified and possessed of a spirit of genuine loyalty and patriotism. This is what is especially needed in China, and this is what will be experienced when there is a clear and general understanding of the motives of those now in governmental control.

"China is now in a transition stage of activity. For a single and simple instance, the visitor to Shanghai may see from his hotel window, within a space of two hundred by seventy-five feet, the jinrikisha, the sedan chair, the wheelbarrow (carrying a large load of freight or passengers), a cart drawn by a caribou or water buffalo, a donkey or pony cart used as a passenger vehicle, a bicycle, an automobile, an electric train; and nationalities and costumes of a great variety of patterns and styles.

"One of the principal things needed in China is first-class railroads. We know by experience what they are and do for a new country. There are provinces with immense acreages of the most fertile soil and a population of scores of millions, that have no pretension of reasonable facilities for getting to purchasing or consuming markets. If there can be established the basis of credit as already suggested, and as now seems probable, it is to be hoped American capitalists will participate in further loans which will permit the rapid extension of railroad lines, for this will tend to correspondingly increase the volume of general business between the two countries. The people of China who are well posted are desirous of maintaining the most cordial and intimate relations with the business concerns of the United States. Formerly China desired to be left alone. She wanted to be exclusive and seclusive. She claimed to be self-contained, and really thought it was wise to live unto herself alone. That belief and attitude are becoming changed as a nation. She now wishes the open-door policy to prevail. The national latch string is out for all other nations. Indeed, in some instances, those in authority have been too willing to grant concessions. Permanent concessions of territory at Shanghai, Peking, Hankow, Hongkong, and other places have been granted to various foreign countries who still own and occupy the same. The United States was formerly included in the list, but I think we have released and abandoned all that was ever given to us."

The Judge has made a careful analysis of Japan, and in his report brings back a word of hearty co-operation and greeting that makes the reader feel the very atmosphere and get a glimpse of sociological conditions in the Cherry Blossom Empire. He says:

"If you suggest these men may have dealt simply in diplomacy, so-called, or in diplomatic language, I answer, they gave me no reason to think so; I secured their confidence as I gave them mine. They do not hesitate to advance the reasons for peace and the objections to trouble. They realize that the geographical locations of these two countries should make them practically allies, although acting independently and in their individual capacities and interests. And, from the business standpoint, the Japanese manufacturers, merchants, and financiers are desirous of co-operating with those in the United States, to the fullest extent, in protecting and promoting the welfare of both and at the same time benefiting those in other countries with whom both of us may be conducting business. They understand and appreciate the spirit of co-operation which has actuated the men engaged in our lines of business, and they would be pleased to consider with us all legitimate plans for the application of this principle. While it is a difficult problem, requiring patience, skill and tact, still I believe we may be able to work out methods which will benefit all concerned. It is well worth trying. International conditions are peculiar. They are complicated and will be worse. Every one interested in international commerce should make careful survey of existing facts for purposes of future explorations and developments. There are many practical problems to consider, and their solution will require time and thought; but we will find the Japanese business men ready to take them up in a fair, reasonable, and intelligent manner. The subject of Japan's intentions toward China and her posessions is a mooted question in many foreign quarters. From considerable inquiry and study, I conclude Japan sincerely desires that China shall proceed and succeed in the directions I have indicated; that she shall become firmly established as a sound, peaceful, progressive, prosperous and rich government with free and open seaports, transacting an increasing business of every kind, within the limits of her capabilities, with any country or all countries outside her domains, on a fair, just, and profitable basis. I am confident Japan would like China for a continuous, permanent, friendly, profitable and satisfied customer, with no political, social or financial difficulties, internal or international. I think we may expect to see, before long, efforts on the part of the Japanese people to cultivate cordial business relations with those in China. I know there are important and influential men in Japan who will actively advocate this course. I am also of the opinion, founded on conversations, that the Japanese will be glad to consult with Americans concerning financial, commercial, and even political questions relating to China. Japan and China both wish for close and intimate relations with the United States, and are willing to discuss and determine all matters affecting the rights and interests of any, with the purpose of doing justice to themselves and all other nations. The more our statesmen study these questions, the more clearly it will appear there need be no irreconcilable differences of opinion."

The experience of Judge Gary indicates that the American business men should visit the Orient as often as possible (and go in the autumn or early spring months, if such a time would be found feasible), because it would tend to widen the vision and make them see the virtues in other countries as well as in their own. He closes with a fearless and frank expression of what may come after the war, and points out how new conditions must be met, as the purchasing power of the whole world will have been very much reduced at that time, and that foreign competitions may bring conditions even worse than in the spring of 1914, at the beginning of the war. American producers and their workmen must, and he believes will, face the future fearless and unafraid, realizing that in the adjustment of American standards of wages and living, the country must be vigorously fortified and protected with an effective tariff, or suffer under the conditions following the great conflict, which is making many far-seeing and thoughtful men very sober as a result of apprehensiveness based upon logical results indicated most clearly by past experience. In studying these conditions on the spot and getting in touch with the human situation so as to prepare for the future, Judge Gary has again emphasized his brilliant and yet balanced leadership in American business affairs.

MY MANY ROOMS

By ALICE HAMILTON RICH

THESE many rooms are far apart
In cities east and west;
And as I ponder cannot say
Which one I love the best;
To each, Love welcomed me and gave
The blessedness of rest;
Love bade me come, Love bade me stay,
And "Mizpah" when I went away.

And now as traveling on I go,
In memory sweet I see
Homes beautiful, and guest rooms dear,
Love gave in trust to me;
And in Love's name I breathe a prayer,
In heavenly mansions Lord prepare
Guest rooms for all of you.

Photo, Steffens, Chicago

JAMES A. PUGH

President of the Pugh Stores Company, and a popular business man of Chicago, where he is well known as a public-spirited citizen of sterling qualities. It is to him that Chicago is indebted for the magnificent Municipal Pier on Lake Michigan, for it was he who conceived the idea, designed the structure, and started the campaign which finally resulted in the city building the pier. He has always contended that Lake Michigan has remarkable advantages for economical transportation and for recreation and bathing purposes. His new plant, known as Pugh Terminal Building, is located within a block of the recreation pier on Lake Michigan

The Pugh Method of Modern Merchandising

by

W. C. Jenkins

STUDENTS of industrial progress cannot fail to marvel at the unprecedented development that has taken place in mercantile affairs during recent years. With this development have come conditions that are constantly demanding a change in methods, and the application of systems that were unnecessary a few years ago. But notwithstanding this great progress in methods of merchandising, our system is far from perfect. We observe a vast difference between the price of food products when they leave the farm and the amount charged by the family grocer in the city. Millions of acres of land well adapted to the growth of vegetables and grain are lying idle because farmers do not find it profitable to cultivate them, despite the fact that the prices of everything they grow continue to soar higher and higher. Manifestly there is a vast economic waste somewhere; the system of marketing the products of the farm is faulty, and millions of people are daily paying tribute to uneconomic methods which have heretofore defied all efforts in the direction of improvement.

It has long been realized that advanced thinkers must come forward in the field of merchandising, as did Edison in electrical affairs, and Bell in the conveyance of sound. The actual problems of mercantile progress must be turned over to enthusiastic investigators who have no ready-made prescription for business improvement, but who will work unceasingly to eliminate useless customs and waste, and set up a standard that will bear every evidence of efficiency and economy.

In sympathy with these ideas a deep-thinking business man of Chicago has recently been giving the problems of conservation and economic waste a great deal of study. He called other thinkers into conference, and after many meetings announced a plan of merchandising so new in its aspects, so startling in its possibilities, and so free from objectionable elements that it has been pronounced the shortest possible route between two points of vantage in human affairs—the farmers' crops and the kitchens of those who live in the cities. This thinker is James A. Pugh, who is today regarded as one of the greatest constructionists of the Middle West.

* * *

The late Professor Hugo Munsterberg would call Mr. Pugh a "psychological expert"—a man whom the professor said is of no less importance in commercial and industrial affairs than are the electrical, chemical and financial experts. A study of Mr. Pugh's accomplishments in recent years and a brief analysis of his new plan to eliminate so far as possible economic waste, cannot fail to be of considerable general interest.

Mr. Pugh has organized a corporation, known as the Pugh's Stores Company, with the object of ultimately controlling and operating one thousand stores in the twelve states which comprise the Middle

West. These stores are to be located in carefully selected business and agricultural districts, each store being a subsidiary of the parent corporation, and to enjoy all the economies that result from buying merchandise in immense quantities, and advantages which arise from carrying a line of goods that fills practically every requirement of the farmers, and in addition to these advantages, the ability to purchase everything that is raised on the farm. It is a gigantic undertaking, fraught with great possibilities, and should receive the attention of every citizen who pretends to a concern for public welfare.

The intimate relation of efficiency and economy has been the object of very thorough study during late years. The necessity which has arisen for improvement in service and reduction in cost has stimulated men to action, and remarkable results have been achieved in many lines. The Pugh idea—the effort to free business from costly and unnecessary fetters—must be generally commended, for the undertaking cannot be regarded as a hostile campaign in which sordid self-interest predominates so much as it may be attributed to a desire to eliminate that which is objectionable in business. Mr. Pugh and his corps of expert assistants contend that there is somewhere an original creating cause which drew these undesirable atoms into existence, and it is their purpose to curtail as much as possible every factor in business that adds to the cost of living.

* * *

Years ago some men started a mail order business, with a claim that they could eliminate much unnecessary cost, and they did. The mail order business has assumed immense proportions, amounting, it is claimed, to nearly one billion annually, which indicates that the effort to establish a better system of economical buying has received considerable favorable recognition. But the mail order system has not only its limitations, but its disadvantages. Many people are not satisfied to buy from a pictured description; they must see the real article. Then again the expense of shipment and return on the vast number of rejected articles must be borne by the purchasers whose goods are satisfactory, for in the last analysis the satisfied customers pay the company's expenses in doing business with the dissatisfied customers. Under the Pugh plan the dissatisfied customers are practically eliminated, since the stores in the chain carry, in addition to the general line of merchandise, samples or photographs of everything usually needed in the home or on the farm.

The plan of operating general merchandise stores in the smaller cities in connection with a mail order business has considerable to be said in its favor. For instance, the customer can buy his everyday necessities at mail-order cost and get immediate delivery; the stores will carry either samples or photographs of every article listed in the mail order catalog, and expert advice is furnished concerning the utility of articles with which the customer is not familiar.

In a limited way, country merchants have endeavored to assist the farmer in disposing of his produce. They have taken what vegetables, meats and grain they could sell in the cities, but their efforts in this direction have been more or less handicapped by lack of proper marketing facilities in the cities. Mr. Pugh proposes to create a department of selling that will insure quick and satisfactory disposal of every article purchased from the farmers. A huge market warehouse will be maintained in Chicago, and warehouses in the larger centers of population, which will be under the direct supervision of experts in buying and selling, and to these warehouses will flow the farm products purchased by several hundred store managers scattered through the Middle West. These products will be disposed of at wholesale and retail, and there is no doubt but that in the near future the company's Chicago warehouse will be able to establish prices for many articles, and these prices, Mr. Pugh states, will be considerably lower than those which prevail when they are handled through present channels. It is believed this method of buying and handling farm products will insure the utmost economy and therefore permit the lowest prices to consumers.

Manifestly the services which the Pugh Stores can render the farmers will be thoroughly appreciated, and reciprocal relations will be quickly established. This, in itself, will be an asset of great value in the undertaking. There is no reason why services of the highest value to farmers cannot be furnished with practically no charge. It can readily be seen that the creative ability of a thousand store managers who are well versed in business psychology, and who are engaged in furthering one vast mercantile enterprise, will bring forth new ideas, new methods and new economies. Whenever one of these store managers evolves an advantage, its benefits will be immediately available to every unit in the organization. To bring this feature into action each manager is required to send to the home office two new business suggestions a week, and out of these two thousand new suggestions something should come that will be of advantage to all concerned.

* * *

The Pugh Stores plan seems to be based somewhat on the holding company method of operating public utility properties, which has recently placed the traction and lighting business on such a solid and satisfactory foundation. In former years each individual company had its own separate organization, its own set of officials, and its own financial system. In the smaller cities the business did not warrant the employment of experts and the limit of financial credit was quickly reached. Under the holding company plan, when the individual concern becomes a part of an organization composed of many companies, the stronger supports the weaker, and each gets the benefit of larger credit, expert engineering advice and the highest efficiency in management at a minimum cost. It was through the application of more scientific methods made possible through the holding company plan that public utility companies were able to give substantial reductions in rates for gas and electricity; it also enabled the traction companies to give much longer and more comfortable rides for the nickel.

Notwithstanding the advance in prices of nearly every other commodity during recent years, public utility rates have been greatly reduced. The same result would undoubtedly follow in prices of merchandise if mercantile affairs were on a better and more scientific basis. The Pugh Stores system is undoubtedly a step in this direction, and while it may not have attained absolute perfection, it has many conspicuous advantages that must be recognized.

If anyone in the world has to deal with concrete realities and must know the facts, it is the merchant. He cannot base his business conduct on probabilities or fancies. Realizing these truths, Mr. Pugh has conceived a plan by which in districts where his stores are in operation a careful census of statistical data will be collected by the local managers. The records pertaining to each farm will be kept separately and will embody the number of acres under cultivation and the kind of grain and produce planted. The farmers' needs are also recorded. If there are no children, the company need not go to the expense of mailing a catalog on baby carriages or infant wear. On the other hand, if a new binder or mower is needed, literature on harvester appliances can be very profitably mailed him. In other words, there is no waste of effort and money in mailing useless advertising matter.

Being in possession of the crop statistics of several important states, the home office can forecast with considerable certainty the coming business conditions of the Middle West and trim its sails accordingly. It can buy and sell to much greater advantage than the merchant who conducts his business on the guesswork plan, for it has gotten to the very core of prospective commercial requirements. Its knowledge is such that it can tell what is most likely to happen and can prepare to take advantage of every situation.

* * *

Beyond all this is the company's scheme of furnishing credit to the farmers, and by which it calls to its aid the local bankers. The ordinary farmer whose crop prospects are hopeful can, by a very simple and advantageous plan, obtain the co-operation of the Pugh Stores manager and thus secure what cash and merchandise he may need until his crops are harvested. This is an advantage of no mean importance and no doubt will receive the warm commendation of many farmers.

It is easy to realize the advantage which the Pugh Stores will possess over the small town merchants. Those who are familiar with the country stores know that there has been but little progress in rural methods of merchandising during the last twenty years. Many merchants seem to have gotten into a hopeless rut, and they are continually seeking the lines of least resistance. When Pugh Stores competition, with expert managers and up-to-date methods, appear on the scene, it is easy to foretell what the end will be. It will cause better methods to be adopted by other merchants, and work for the common good of all.

* * *

The number of Pugh Stores is growing every day. Since March 1st, 1916, when the enterprise was launched, over sixty stores in the smaller cities in Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa have become a part of the new organization. The company officials state that the work of increasing the number will be pushed vigorously until the organization has at least a thousand stores. There is scarcely a day which does not bring merchants to Chicago from the smaller towns who are anxious to consider the plan and the advantages which would result from joining the enterprise.

One of the principal advantages which the company possesses for conducting such an enterprise, is the most modern plant in the world for handling goods in large quantities. This plant is known as the Pugh Terminal Building, and is said to be the largest structure of its kind under one roof in America. The building is 1,380 feet long, 120 feet wide, seven stories high, and contains twenty-three acres of floor space. It is located within a block of the new recreation pier in Lake Michigan, built by the city of Chicago at a cost of several million dollars, and it is less than a mile from the center of Chicago's retail district.

On the north side of the building the company has ample railroad facilities. Eight hundred cars of freight can be handled every twenty-four hours. On the south side is the Chicago River, with dockage for five large vessels, and under the basement is the subway, which connects with fifty-two railroad freight stations in Chicago. Subway cars can be placed on any of the floors for the purpose of loading or unloading. Space not now occupied by the company is rented to Chicago jobbers and manufacturers.

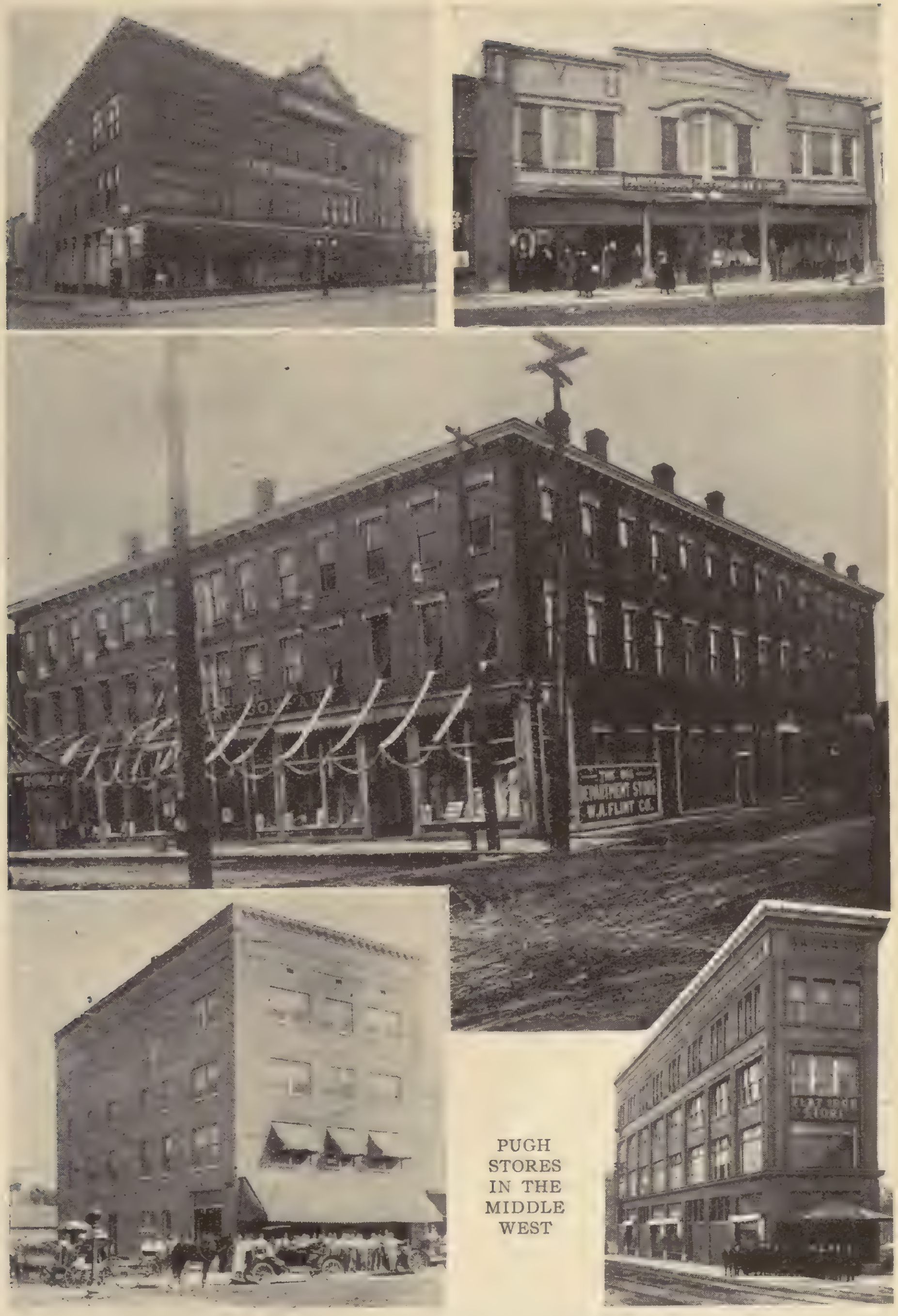
The building of an immense market warehouse adjoining the Terminal Building will be begun in the near future. This feature will be of great advantage to the housewife who can reach the Terminal Building from any part of Chicago for a nickel, and where she may buy the products of the farm without being compelled to pay tribute to brokers and commission men. The company is contemplating a plan by which street car fares of customers will be refunded.

Not least among the factors which will contribute to the success of the Pugh Stores enterprise will be the company's organization of women demonstrators. In such lines as suits, millinery, dress goods, toilet articles, cooking methods and pure food products, these demonstrators will perform a useful service to the farmers and greatly stimulate sales.

No matter how excellent a plan may be, it would fail to attract attention from conservative people if the dominating head of the enterprise did not command public confidence and respect. Measured by this test, the Pugh Stores Company possesses an asset of great significance, for there is no more popular business man in Chicago than James A. Pugh. Those who know him do not hesitate to declare that his word is as good as his bond. No man is better known in the western metropolis, and no face is more familiar. He is an ardent admirer of those honest pleasantries that make life happy, and he never stoops to anything that is sordid, mean, or contemptible. He loves the right, and no man has a greater abhorrence for that which is wrong. In his present undertaking there are thousands who are willing to declare that "if Jim Pugh is at the head of it, the enterprise is all right."

* * *

No doubt there are some persons who are ready to come forward with a general assortment of criticisms of the plan. Being a practical optimist, Mr. Pugh's efforts are not deterred by opposition, especially that which originates in prejudice or jealousy. He remembers that Chauncey M.



PUGH
STORES
IN THE
MIDDLE
WEST

(From top to bottom) Stoughton, Wisconsin, store; Parkersburg, Iowa, store; Vincennes, Indiana, store; Metropolis, Illinois, store; Urbana, Illinois, store

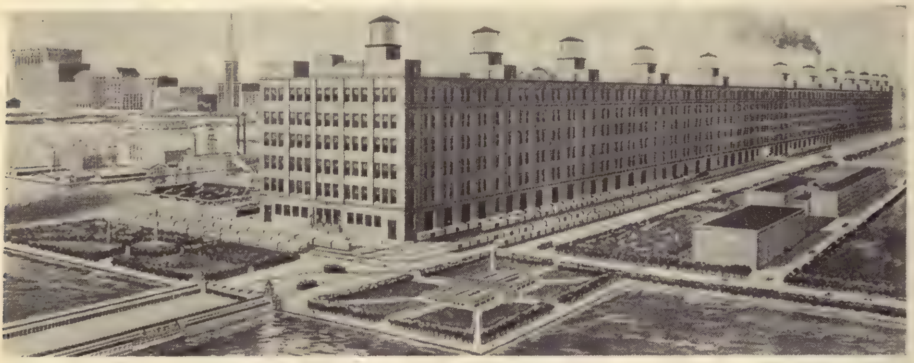
Depew held an option on one-sixth of the Bell Telephone stock in 1877, but upon the advice of friends and so-called financial experts, he dropped it. Had Mr. Depew followed his strong faith in the new enterprise, his investment would now be worth a hundred million dollars. The same friends and experts would have advised him against Professor Morse's stock, Field's Atlantic cable stock, and that of the Westinghouse Air Brake and Pullman Car Company.

* * *

It is the optimist with the fertile imagination and not the pessimist with discouraging ideas who does things; and when we study the great accomplishments of recent years in Chicago, we see in bold relief the name of the founder of this new plan of merchandising. Mr. Pugh, a Welshman, with characteristics of the Lloyd-George type, has done more for the city of Chicago in the last decade than any other man. While in the plate-glass business some years ago, he discovered a weak spot in the methods of marketing furniture, with the result that he brought about the construction of the Furniture Exposition Building, and thus made Chicago the greatest furniture center in the world. Mr. Pugh managed the enterprise for twenty years and succeeded in bringing the selling departments of four hundred factories to this city, where samples of their furniture are placed on exhibition. This enterprise today brings from eight to ten thousand furniture dealers to Chicago twice each year.

His Terminal Building is the most efficient merchandising warehouse in the world, and is a source of considerable pride to every citizen who is interested in the welfare of Chicago. It is also of considerable advantage to many manufacturers who are today using it for business purposes.

To utilize the hundred miles of water front in the city of Chicago, Mr. Pugh put on the river the lighterage system which connects the dockage with the various railroads entering Chicago, thus saving teaming charges and enlarging the freight facilities of the railroads.



PUGH STORES COMPANY MERCHANDISE BUILDING

The most modern mail order building in the world, with facilities for handling a general mail order business not to be found in any other building. There are railway freight terminal facilities for handling eight hundred cars daily, and dock facilities for loading or unloading several large freight boats at one time

To James A. Pugh the people of Chicago are indebted for the magnificent Municipal Pier built on Lake Michigan, for it was he who conceived the idea, designed the structure, and started the campaign which finally resulted in the city building the pier. Mr. Pugh spent several months in Europe, visiting all the large seaports, and making close study of the various methods of dockage and systems of handling the freight and passenger traffic. He chose some of the features of the Ostend Pier; to these he added ideas which he gained at other European landing places, with the result that he was able to lay out a comprehensive plan for the Chicago undertaking. The plans, which had cost him over $150,000, were turned over to the city of Chicago, and he has the happy realization that his scheme developed into the completion of the largest municipal recreation pier in the world.

He has persistently and consistently preached the advantage of Lake Michigan for economical transportation and for recreation and bathing purposes. With the view of demonstrating the possibilities of the lake, he became active in boating enterprises, and is the only man who has ever driven a motor boat at a speed of more than a mile a minute. Just before the European war Mr. Pugh went to Europe with a view of not only bringing back to America the cup, emblematic of the world's championship, but to call attention to the possibilities of Lake Michigan for boating contests. The outbreak of war caused the enterprise to be abandoned.

It is remarkable what this man has been able to accomplish in inciting others to action. No matter what he undertakes, he seems to carry with it some peculiar attribute which attracts energetic men who quickly become enthusiastic in the cause. No doubt his frank, open countenance, and his genial conversation contribute in no small degree, but back of these pleasantries rest the important requisites of honesty and integrity.

In his latest enterprise—his plan of modern merchandising—he will, in a large measure, revolutionize buying and selling in the Middle West. His own exposition of the plan was recently given out for publication and is as follows:

First, we inventory the farmer to know what he has, what he will produce, and thus know how much money he will have to spend to make himself a complete agriculturist.

Second, we place in the farmer's hands a pictorial outlay of the entire line of merchandise we have to sell him.

Third, we locate in each county seat a general store, having as manager a man trained to know every article we list, that he may explain to the farmer which article will suit his purpose best.

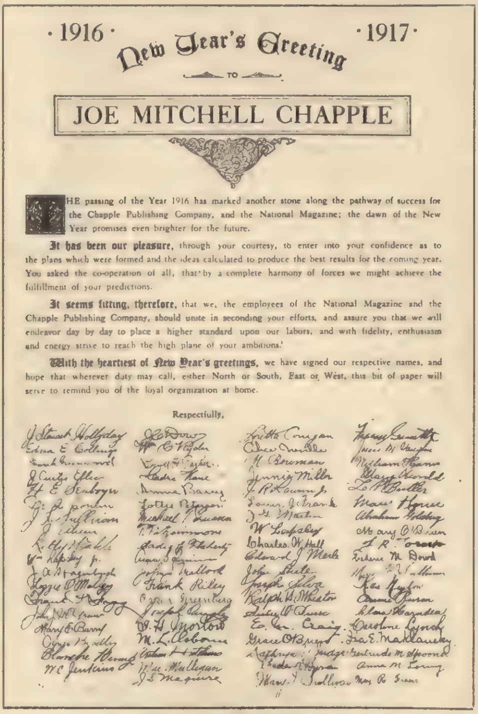
Fourth, we take back from that farmer his butter, chickens, eggs, potatoes, and other farm produce and deliver direct to the consumer in cities like Chicago and New York, this avoiding the middleman's profit.

Mr. Pugh is now devoting his entire energy to this plan of modern merchandising, and has succeeded in attracting to his enterprise a staff of expert assistants. These men are all enthusiastic in the belief that the new plan is full of promise, and that the system will eventually revolutionize the mercantile methods of every town in which one of the stores is introduced. Business efficiency experts who have studied the magnitude of the Pugh Stores undoubtedly have marvelled at the thorough manner in which every detail of the enterprise has been worked out, and some have asserted that under ordinary guidance it would require five years to bring a new system of merchandising up to the efficient standard which already exists in the Pugh Stores organization. The prediction is being freely made that within the next five years the company will be one of the largest mercantile organizations in the country.

There is no unmixed good in human affairs; the best principles, if pushed to excess, degenerate into fatal vices. Generosity is nearly allied to extravagance; charity itself may lead to ruin; the sternness of justice is but one step removed from the severity of oppression. It is the same in the political world; the tranquility of despotism resembles the stagnation of the Dead Sea; the fever of innovation the tempests of the ocean. It would seem as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, a universal frenzy seizes mankind; reason, experience, prudence, are alike blinded; and the very classes who are to perish in the storm are the first to raise its fury.—*Sir A. Alison.*

The Editor's New Year Pass

SHADES of a halcyon past—or pass, as you wish. On New Year's morn, I found on my desk the shades of a pass such as I used in the days when I had the reputation of having ridden on every railroad in the United States, and many in Europe, on a railroad pass. The Interstate Commerce Commission has been conducting an investigation to find out if there was any railroad on which Joe Chapple did not travel on a pass, prior, of course, to the enactment of the Hepburn law.



·1916· New Year's Greeting ·1917·

TO

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE passing of the Year 1916 has marked another stone along the pathway of success for the Chapple Publishing Company, and the National Magazine; the dawn of the New Year promises even brighter for the future.

It has been our pleasure, through your courtesy, to enter into your confidence as to the plans which were formed and the ideas calculated to produce the best results for the coming year. You asked the co-operation of all, that by a complete harmony of forces we might achieve the fulfillment of your predictions.

It seems fitting, therefore, that we, the employees of the National Magazine and the Chapple Publishing Company, should unite in seconding your efforts, and assure you that we will endeavor day by day to place a higher standard upon our labors, and with fidelity, enthusiasm and energy strive to reach the high plane of your ambitions.'

With the heartiest of New Year's greetings, we have signed our respective names, and hope that wherever duty may call, either North or South, East or West, this bit of paper will serve to remind you of the loyal organization at home.

Respectfully,

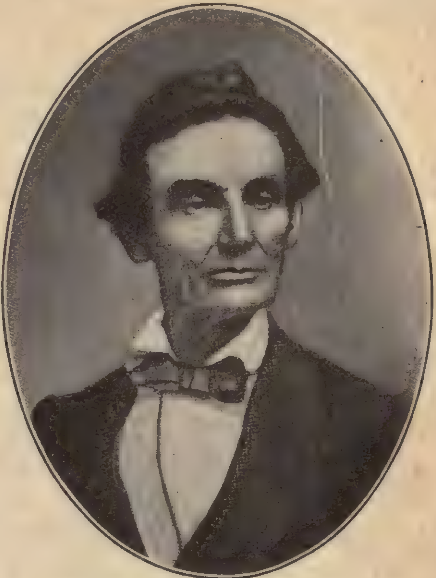
J. Stuart Hollyday
Edna E. Collings
Mary E. Barry
W. C. Jenkins
Anna Barry
T. Fitzsimmons
Frank Riley
J. H. Morton
M. L. Osborne
Wm. Mulligan
J. S. Maguire
Loretta Corrigan
M. Bowman
Jennie Miller
W. Lapsley
Charles W. Hall
Joseph Silva
Ralph W. Wheaton
E. M. Craig
Grace O'Brien
Mary O'Brien
Caroline Lynch
Gertrude M. Spooner
Anna M. Long

When this bundle of passes was handed to me on New Year's morn, it awakened a thrill of past adventure. The suspicious look which the conductor used to wear in the old days came to mind—it was sometimes an indignant look. But those were the days when my face was familiar to the conductors because I rode often. Those passes all bore magic numbers and the fine hieroglyphics that reflect officialdom. And the different passes were filled out with an itinerary for the coming year that would make me feel like a world traveler. Round the world, Dan to Bersheeba, Jericho to Jerusalem, Fiji to Samoa, to Hongkong and return; from the north to the south pole, with stop-over at the equator; one from the summit house of the Himalayas to the Andes; one from the Panama Canal to the Suez; from Patagonia to Paris. The itinerary seems to be unlimited—good for emergency funds at John Wanamaker's for fifteen cents carfare to get to the Grand Central Station; good for one trip going south from the South Station on an Ashmont-Milton car.

And the best of all was that the passes were officially signed by my old friend the Duke of Hunyadi, and a more recent

Read this, and tell me— Who wrote it?

"O Memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise."



LINCOLN THE LAWYER
From an Ambrotype, taken in 1856

IT was Abraham Lincoln who wrote it.

You will find it on page VI of the introduction to "The Poets' Lincoln"—a new work published by us containing in a single volume nearly all the world's great tributes in verse to the martyred president.

In this volume are nearly 100 reproductions of original authenticated portraits, many of them never before published. The one shown herewith is from an old ambrotype of Lincoln taken in the days when, as a lawyer, he "rode the Circuit" from county seat to county seat in Illinois.

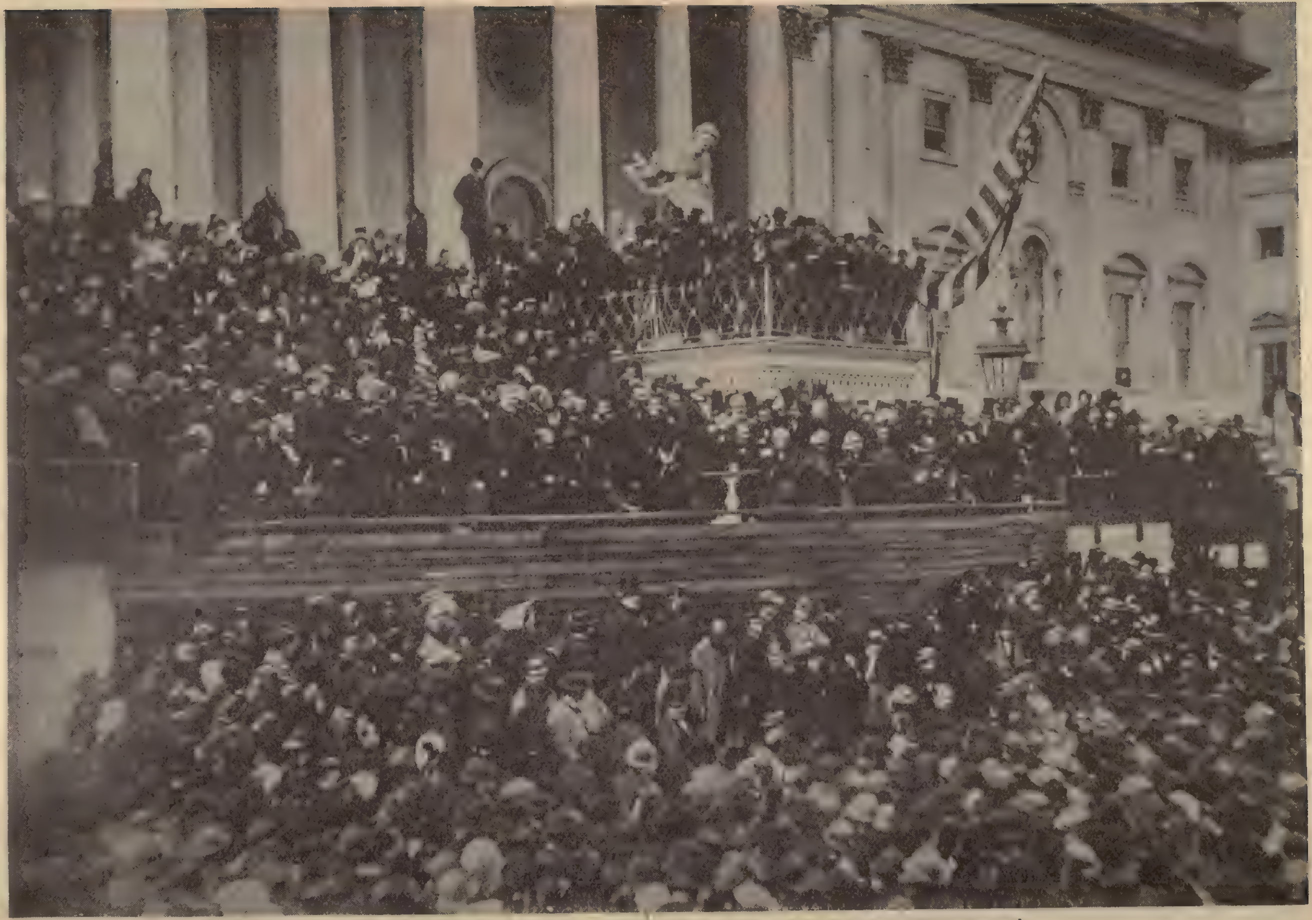
You who would give that friend of yours a book worth while, a beautiful book of 260 pages, bound with illuminated cover, gold stamped and richly illustrated, will find it in

"The Poets' Lincoln"

Price $1.25 Prepaid

In the volume also are poems written by Lincoln himself, practically unknown to the world, etc.

The Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., Boston, Mass.

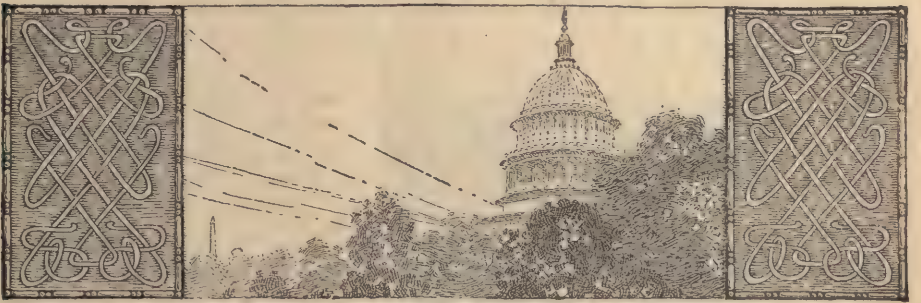


From an old photograph

SCENE AT THE SECOND INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Public

NATIONAL
MAGAZINE



AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

FOR the first time since Thomas Jefferson, a President of the United States has addressed the Senate in person as his constitutional counselors in reference to foreign treaties. He presents the opinions matured in his mind, and he asserts a new doctrine—the doctrine of the Nazarene—"Peace without Victory."

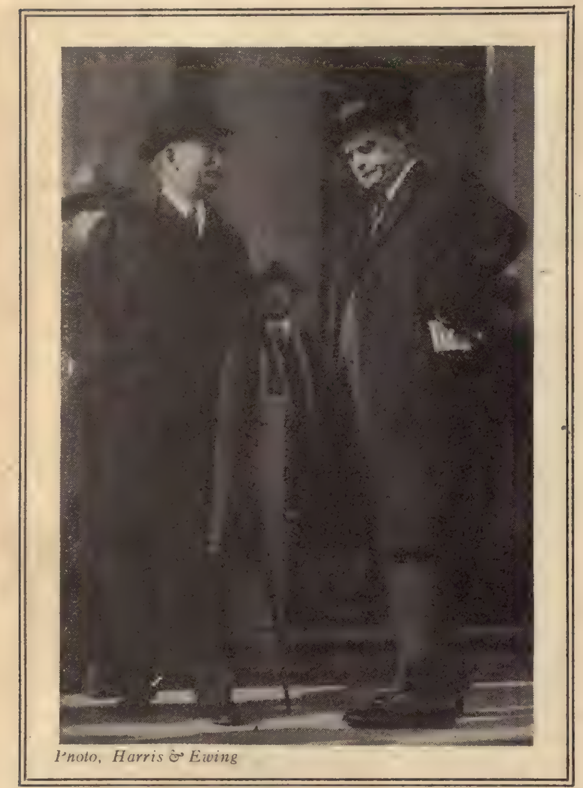
Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, and, by the grace of God, a fellow-citizen of this world, lifts his hand for a new dispensation in the dealings of men and nations one with another.

He demands the freedom of the seas; affirms anew that government must derive its just powers from the consent of the governed. He appeals for a free Poland, for the rights of Belgium and the integrity of small nations; the limitation of armament and of armies and navies. He says with authority what all men know, that peace secured by crushing either side cannot long endure. He holds that right and justice must prevail if the World War is to end all future war. He advocates the expansion of the Monroe Doctrine for the good of all humanity and in both hemispheres.

This message of the American President stands solitary and alone in executive history. Call it transcendentalism, call it Utopianism if you will, the conception is sublime. It is no answer to hark back or call to life the dark deeds of the past. What this nation or any other would have done does not affect the mightiness of this message: on earth Peace, good will toward men.

Woodrow Wilson has stamped the impress of his administration upon the history of America. This pronouncement of the head of the American government will live forever in the history of the times as an event of epoch-making proportions. The Powers of Europe may repel this great appeal, but the President has turned the mind of the peoples toward a new thought and to a new ideal, which must and shall come in the providence of God, to the end that war, its ignorance and cruelty, shall cease to be.

WITH the treaty officially transferring the Danish West Indies to the United States was created a rival for Great Britain—a nation on whose possessions the sun never sets. The national boundary lines, including the Philippines and Porto Rico, extend over nearly 180 degrees of longitude—lacking one minute and twelve and two-tenths seconds of completing the twelve hours. One degree of longitude makes a difference of four minutes of time; 180 degrees equal 720 minutes, or twelve hours. With the acquisition of the Danish West Indies, the cycle is completed, for when the sun is peeping above the horizon in Porto Rico, twilight is gathering in St. Croix, the easternmost as well as the southernmost of the Danish islands.



Photo, Harris & Ewing

THOMAS W. LAWSON
The foremost figure in the "leak" investigation. Mr. Lawson (*on the left*) is conversing with Congressman Buchanan of Illinois

It seemed almost a fateful coincidence to realize that when Admiral Dewey closed his eyes, the flag that he served was floating in perpetual sunshine of United States possessions engirdling the earth.

This treaty was not the document the President would have liked to sign. He had his heart set on a document that might lead to days of peace in the endless revolution of the sun, but the war eclipse still continues in Europe.

From the contemplation of territorial possessions, following the orbit of the sun, Washington has been all agog over the "leak" investigations. It all started innocently enough, but has developed into a tempest that cannot be contained in the proverbial teapot. The Committee on Rules is now clothed with the majesty of authority, and with the services of an attorney who is considered the expert cross-examiner of the country, proceedings started to lift the lid. This is lid-lifting time in legislative halls. The Republican National Committee met and elected a vice-chairman, and that started the lifting of lids on the old factional fight between Progressives and Republicans. The Senate, betimes, was whiling away the hours. Water power bills were discussed before lifting the lid on appropriations, and in the House wars and rumors of war concerning the organization of the Sixty-fifth Congress formed the fulcrum for lid-lifting expectations.

At the executive office, the President "lifted his foot," figuratively, and pushed the button to speed up Congress, but Congress is sensitive about speed laws. The swiftness with which the Adamson Bill went through and the *vox populi* at home during election time have made them wary of plunging spurs into the "good old doll" of legislation. Diplomatic dinners have been the order of the day, and as Lent approaches and lifting lids survey new costumes, social activities increase. Defeated Congressmen await wearily the ides of March, or the Kalends, to snuff out their Congressional careers, for the old custom of providing for the lame ducks has been vigorously applied.

EXCITING, indeed, were the days when the leak investigation was at its height. No hearing ever staged in Washington was more dramatic or commanded more popular attention. The testimony of Mr. Thomas W. Lawson was especially graphic in its various stages. Newspapers throughout the country were filled with Lawsonesque announcements, insisting on an investigation by Congress so that he could give out the information in a way that would lift the lid. I met Mr. Lawson in the lobby of the Willard, and found that he had lost none of the Lawsonian terse and epigrammatic manner. While we were talking, secret service men sidled up and sidled by—filled with the rabbit-footing hope of a departmental ear-full. Tacking to and fro over the lobby, they made the spectators feel that here the inner machinery of genuine simon-pure secret service was at work in an attempt to entrap the distinguished witness.

The debate on the floor of the House reflected the acrimony of the hearing and indicated that there were two distinct viewpoints measured largely by a party vote. When Representative Cantrill of Kentucky broke the ranks it was evident the House realized that the

BERNARD M. BARUCH

Member of New York Stock Exchange, who was subpoenaed to appear before the House Committee to tell his story of the alleged stock market leak aureole of its majesty was in jeopardy unless the matter was carried through to a finish. Some Democrats claimed that this only echoed campaign acrimonies. The threatened encounter between Mr. Lawson and Representative Burnett M. Chiperfield of Illinois showed that the affair had aroused more heated discussion than is usual on the floor of the House. Representative Campbell of Kansas threw his bombs effectively, and with that Disraelian disdain—which by some members has been called the prime-minister gesture—he precipitated matters. Mr. Campbell has the reputation of looking like Henry Clay, but there wasn't much of the spirit of the Compromiser in the way he handled the rough-and-tumble debate that day.

SECRETARY LANSING TESTIFYING IN THE LAWSON LEAK CASE
The position of Representative Chiperfield, who is seen facing Secretary Lansing, shows his tremendous build, and how close he was to Mr. Lawson, who later stood where Secretary Lansing is standing in this picture. At the bottom of the picture appears the head of Jerry South, who sat on the floor until the proceedings "warmed up"

IT would not be fair to say whether it was a member of the House or Senate, or whether the incident occurred during the days of the "leak" investigation, or long, long before—which would be more reasonable and probable. The secretary of the particular Senator or Representative involved was a woman of dowager proportions. She was, too, an authority on matters coming within the jurisdiction of that office. In leaving one day, the legislator remarked that if Congressman So-and-so—identified as a small, weazened-up and waspish sort of a man—should appear, she should "hold" him. His instructions were delivered in the usual phraseology of the day, and the scene that followed showed that they were interpreted literally, for when the solon returned he found his expected caller being "held" by the Amazonic secretary. In the old days the little event would have meant coffee and pistols for two; this time it only furnished a morsel of gossip for the cloakroom and the society wags, which continued the usual nine days. The net result was a wedding, and the little Congressman was "held" thereafter by the Gordian knot of marriage, which was strained to its utmost until cut by divorce proceedings.

Expressions used in ordinary conversation oftentimes have a dual interpretation that gives the would-be humorist an opportunity to exploit a new vintage of jokes, and presents another terror to foreigners trying to acquire an understandable knowledge of the elusive and elastic English language.

ANNOUNCEMENT of an opposition candidate for Speaker occasioned some lively times in the House. The candidate being groomed is Representative Irvine L. Lenroot, of Superior, Wisconsin, who is pledged the support of the insurgent Republicans. The Democrats are naturally jubilant over this new, periodic development, believing that it insures Speaker Clark's re-election. The opposition to Representative Mann first developed because of his endorsement of President Wilson's peace note. Mr. Lenroot, who is serving his fourth term in the House, is a forceful speaker and has made a record that has attracted the admiration of many of his colleagues. He has an incisive and keen way of conducting an investigation or a debate, and took an active part in the Lawson "leak" hearing, as a member of the Committee on Rules. He indulges in philosophic comment, and is counted one of the strong men of the House, with a good "lightning rod" for any factional storm that may be a-brewing.

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THOMAS W. LAWSON TESTIFYING BEFORE THE HOUSE RULES COMMITTEE

Mr. Lawson is seated in the center by the table, just after his outburst at Representative Chiperfield. Jerry South, clerk of the House and sergeant-at-arms of the Rules Committee, is standing directly back of Lawson's chair to see that no further violence is threatened. The outline of Representative Chiperfield's head and back is shown at the extreme left of the picture

WITH all its inflexibility in the study of rates, there is an occasional bit of relaxation at the Interstate Commerce Commission. The shortage of coal, which nearly occasioned the closing of the public schools, to say nothing of numerous factories over the country, was under discussion, and it was remarked that the president of one of the largest coal companies had been compelled to move to the Willard because his coal supply was exhausted. This may have been meant for a joke. The philosopher of the party commented that coal as carbon was related to the diamond in more ways than one. So, as carbon was the dominant subject, the foreign stenographer carefully put away a bundle of carbon papers with the hope that, in a case of dire extremity, it might at least prove true to its function of producing heat.

Evidence is accumulating that hydro-electric power will be the ultimate solution of the fuel question. Lying within a radius of a hundred miles of Washington, there is enough water power undeveloped to heat the city without a pound of coal, according to recent estimates. George Washington had in mind the development of the Great Falls of the Potomac when he selected Washington as the capital of the nation. The Great Falls are still accessible for the necessities of the times.

HON. JAMES WATSON
The new Senator from Indiana, who first won distinction as chairman of the Republican convention in Chicago

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ALWAYS interesting, to me, at least, it is to observe how various groups of young men rise to public eminence. Senator James E. Watson and former Senator Albert J. Beveridge were classmates in college, and both have been elected to the United States Senate, thus continuing the rivalry of school days. When Jim Watson returned to Washington, it seemed as if he had never been away. He was a prominent figure in the House of Representatives for years, and just naturally took up his work in the Senate Office Building as though he had never been anywhere else. His return to Washington recalled his service as chairman of the notable Republican Convention of 1912, which brought him into national prominence.

When I called to see him the first week he was in the harness, he was busy giving his Hoosier constituents the information that pours out every morning from the Senatorial desk. He gave a sigh of relief, like many of his colleagues, when he contemplated that there were no seed perquisites this year. It didn't feel any different, he insisted, except that he knew he was going to be busier than ever. He knows just how to act as a young Senator, and will bide his time. When his opportunity comes to speak, it may be depended upon that Jim Watson will be right there "with his ears pinned back and ready to spring."

This biding of time for the newly-elected Senator is virtually a training for the argumentative bouts and discussion of measures for which he is supposed to be primed with precedents and information gathered in the committee room.

The junior Senator from Indiana was especially pleased with one caller who insisted that he had dropped in for just one thing, and that was to exercise the friendly prerogative of one Hoosier to another, and ask him for a "chew of tobacco." This happened to be Senator Jim's gum day, however, with tobacco forsworn, but his secretary came to the rescue with a ream of good old Indiana twist. Another constituent made happy, another vote for Watson cinched for life!

AS dainty as a wayside daisy and the picture of an airy fairy, the little dancer, Lillian Emerson, nine years old, born in North Carolina, has captured society at the national capital. She has appeared before Princess Victoria in London, and Queen Mother Alexandra, the Dowager Empress of Russia, Dowager Queen Amelie of Portugal and many of the "crowned heads of Europe." This talented child genius has been dancing with all her heart to help out contributions to the tuberculosis fund. She was the principal attraction at a recent entertainment in Washington for the benefit of a fund to prevent the spread of tuberculosis in France. Little Lillian is a protégé of Messrs. J. B. and B. N. Duke, of North Carolina and New York, and of Mrs. Lawrence Townsend of Washington, and now Washington wants to adopt her. There is poetry in her every movement, and the rhythm of her dances brings a vision of fairyland and dancing elves.

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MISS LILLIAN EMERSON

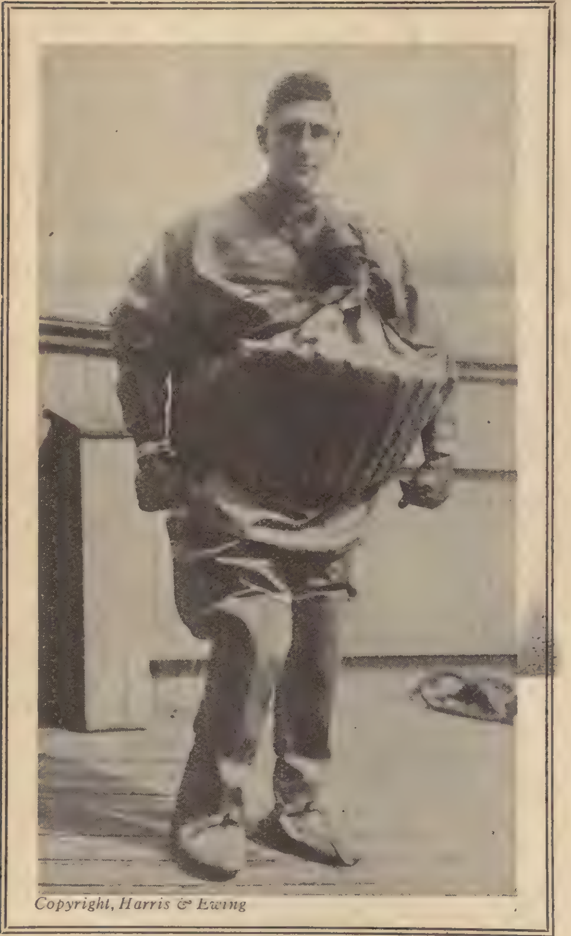
MANY times have I looked upon an adjournment of the Senate, and I have never known one to be taken without a motion and by "unanimous consent." Such was the radical interpretation of parliamentary law after an afternoon of vexatious discussion of the rules. Upon these occasions the older Senators sit back and laugh as the younger members flounder in the meshes of Senate rules whose numerosity would make an ordinary book on parliamentary law look like a primer.

A motion to adjourn was debated in a fast and furious manner under the guise of being the discussion of a pending "point of order." The roll call disclosed "no quorum." As the hour of six approached, the hunger of the Senators grew apace. This prompted another motion to adjourn, which was discussed in the unique point-of-order style. Again "no quorum." Symptoms of a filibuster on the water power bill appeared as the business of the

Senate went merrily on with the reading of reports that had been printed long ago.

Another motion to adjourn—"no quorum." Senator Thomas of Colorado was now getting hungrier. His motion to adjourn was opposed by the Senators from Montana, who wanted to continue on their water power bill. The situation resulted in another motion to adjourn, which kept going around and around like a "woolen string."

Finally, in desperation, Senator Walsh of Montana asked "unanimous consent" to adjourn, and not a dissenting murmur was heard. Hunger had proved too much for the Senators, and the motion prevailed by common consent. Then someone called the attention of Senator Thomas to the fact that no motion had been made, and he replied with refreshing Colorado curtness, "I don't give a darn how we adjourn, just so we adjourn. I'm hungry." Amid a ripple of laughter, the august Senate of the United States stood adjourned with no actual vote to record this momentous fact of history.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NEW LIFE-SAVING SUIT

Which keeps the wearer's head above water and his body warm even in zero weather. The suit was tested in the Potomac River in the presence of General George Uhler and other officers of the United States Steamboat Inspection Service, the test resulting in a favorable, though unofficial, report by General Uhler. The lower part of the suit contains four pounds of lead to the foot, and the upper part is filled with cork to float the body in an upright position. The inventor, Mr. T. E. Aud, of Herndon, Virginia, here seen wearing the suit, claims that the material being non-conducting, the heat of the body will keep the wearer alive for four days in icy water

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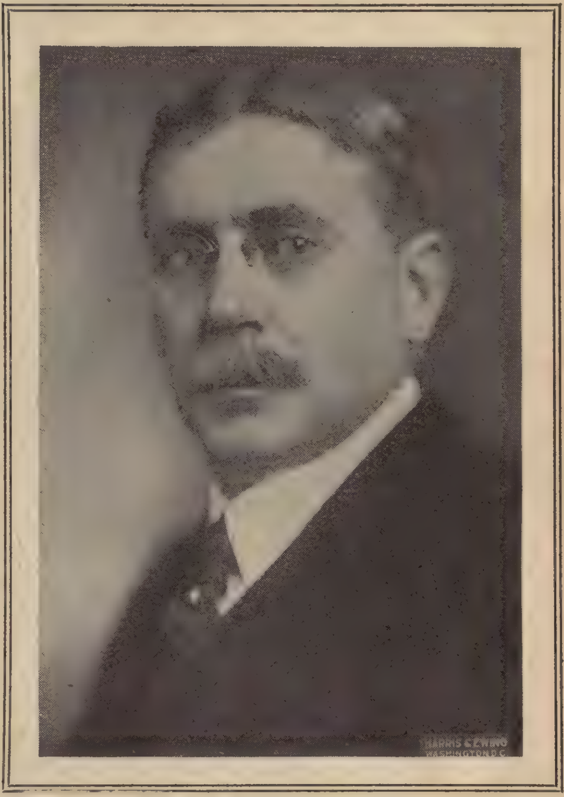
LIVELY, indeed, is the fight between the dairy interests and those providing edible oils and fats. It is an old feud of thirty-one years' standing. At a recent hearing in Washington, Dr. Melvin stated that a hog does not communicate tuberculosis to other hogs, and that the disease always comes from the dairy farm in one way or another.

Tuberculosis seems to be most prevalent among the districts where dairy farms predominate. A movement has been started to inspect butter and cheese and compel farmers to pasteurize the milk fed to animals on the farm. Over ten million dollars every year are expended in the condemnation of hogs affected with tuberculosis, and it is felt that this expense could be obviated if dairy products used for stock were properly protected.

In Germany, where sixty to eighty per cent of all cattle are affected with tuberculosis, the disease has increased to such an extent that there is no hope of eradicating it as long as stock-raisers are compelled to stall-feed their dairy cattle. In the United States, the proportion of diseased cattle averages about ten per cent, while only one per cent of the range cattle is affected. A plan to rid the country of tuberculosis has been outlined by Mr. Ashcroft of Florence, Alabama, who suggests taxing butter, milk, and cheese, using the surplus revenue in a movement organized by each state to inspect creameries and pay for cattle condemned. The basis upon which this suggestion is made is that sixty per cent of the tuberculosis comes from milk, and that one-fifth of the milk is cream from which butter is made. This makes a sixty per cent concentration of whatever tuberculosis comes from the dairy, to say nothing of the skimmed milk fed to calves and hogs. If meat is subject to inspection for signs of tuberculosis, why not butter and cheese?



COLONEL CHESTER A. HARDING
Who succeeds Colonel Goethals as new governor of Panama Canal

In legislation for the protection of farmers, the question of protecting the people comes up. Those farmers who hail the proposition of government ownership would not be so gleeful if, under government ownership, the operation of their farms were made subject to the inquisitorial inspection demanded for other utilities. Marketing the products of the farm is one of the paramount and vital public utilities of the country.

SCENES of the old days at the Panama Canal, when they used to take quinine cocktails before breakfast as a yellow fever precaution, when the hospitals were filled with patients and when Monkey Hill was dotted with thousands of the graves of victims of the dread disease, are recalled when I hear news from Panama. The new Governor of the Canal Zone is Colonel

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SUFFRAGETTE PICKETS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Chester A. Harding, formerly engineer of maintenance on the Isthmus. He has taken up the work where his predecessor, Major-General George W. Goethals, left off. He knows what it is to combat the slides, but optimistically remarks that "since we conquered them during the rainy season, I do not anticipate much trouble with them in dry times." General Goethals retired with well-earned honors, and no soldier ever achieved a victory more complete or more glorious than that which remains a monument to the efficient genius of a United States army officer.

At the two entrances to the White House on Pennsylvania Avenue, long bereft of sentry or sentinel standing at arms as in war times, I found suffragette pickets in slickers and rubbers shivering in the bleak Potomac breezes, each one holding a banner inscribed, "Mr. President, what will you do for woman suffrage?" I had just left Miss Mary E. Lee, daughter of Robert E. Lee, and she had expressed herself in no uncertain terms about this move on the part of the suffragettes. However, the twelve maidens were there—and I say maidens advisedly—standing on boards with gunny sacks and foot warmers close at hand. Like the flag at Fort Henry, "they were still there" on duty from nine to five each day, feeling that this would include the hours during which the President might best observe the banners.

As the passersby stopped to gaze at them, they would coyly step behind their banners, with only their eyes peeping above the colors—like a Spanish senorita coquetting behind her fan. Many curious ones tried to see just who were on watch from time to time as the guard changed. It is certain that the President's attention was fully called to the matter in question, for as he rode by he smiled and gallantly waved his hand. The picketing was the result of his giving no satisfactory answer to the suffragettes when they called to see him about the Anthony amendment and to present the memorial in honor of the late Inez Milholland Boissevain.

Hot chocolate poured from thermos bottles and relief at various intervals made the occasion seem like a winter lawn party. Now and then one of the workers would read the news and cheering letters to the sentinels, but it was the kindly metropolitan policeman on the beat who brought the boards for the pickets to stand upon. All joking aside, there was a feeling of admiration for the earnestness of the women who made this unique presentation of their cause without indulging in the destructive militantism of their English sisters, though serving a purpose quite as strong.

STATUARY HALL IN THE CAPITOL

The hall was swathed in the colors of the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage on Christmas day, when memorial services were held in honor of the late Inez Milholland Boissevain. The services were preceded by a delegation march through the Capitol grounds and a display of banners

SOME years ago, in calling at the American Embassy in London, I met a young man who made me proud of my country. Several visitors from the Continent were with me, and they, too, were struck with the reception which we had received from the first assistant secretary of the Embassy. One of my friends remarked: "There is a young man fitted for diplomatic work—one of the few Americans who ever impressed me that way." There was a quiet thoughtfulness and a fine intuition displayed in meeting people of various nationalities that made his actions grace in themselves.

Later I found this young man in the State Department at Washington. His name is William Phillips, and he has recently been appointed Assistant Secretary of State. It was no wonder to me that young Phillips had made such rapid advance, for he has proven equal to every emergency.

HON. WILLIAM PHILLIPS
Who has been promoted to the office of Assistant Secretary of State

When the South American delegates to the second Pan-American Scientific Congress were touring the country, it was William Phillips, as chairman of the executive committee, who knew just what to do to make them appreciate the real United States. When foreign delegations are to be entertained in Washington these later days, Phillips is the man to do it. He is very popular with the diplomatic corps, because he has made it a life study, and has a sympathetic appreciation of how strangers like to be treated.

Mr. Phillips entered the diplomatic service with former Ambassador Choate in London, and well do I remember how considerate he was when one wandering editor arrived late and wanted to attend the Coronation. He has a genius for the mastery of the delicate details connected with the diplomatic service, and his appointment was made in spite of political pressure, which, unfortunately, cannot always be said of all government appointments. Those who have followed his career insist that he has perfected himself in the work that is becoming more and more essential in the troubled and tangled conditions of diplomatic affairs the world over at this time.

PARADOXES are priming in Washington. No doubt of it. The spectacle of an industry actually seeking to have its taxes raised is certainly without parallel in revenue legislation. There is one exception at least—the big gun Revenue bill, largest known in history, to care for nearly a half billion dollar deficit. The bill will increase the tax on oleomargarine three million dollars—a nice little bit of pocket money, eagerly anticipated to help wipe out this deficit. The present tax of one-quarter cent a pound on oleomargarine—the name of which is hereafter to be the more poetic "margarine"—is to be increased to two or three cents per pound, obviating the old dual tax which has not produced any revenue because the cost of collection exceeded the proceeds.

The present production is 146,000,000 pounds per year. The new rate will abolish color distinction, giving oleo manufacturers a fair and just opportunity to compete with artificially colored butter, and will produce two to four millions of dollars on present volume. It is felt that this is an automatic check on the butter monopoly, which is today one of the tightest combinations so called, in the country—where five men on the Elgin Butter Board fix the market price every day. In the Elgin district is controlled six hundred million pounds, and the Elgin prices rule in all butter and butter fat future contracts.

TSIANINA REDFEATHER

A direct descendant of Tecumseh, who recently appeared in a concert given by government officials. Her specialty is the singing of Indian songs in mezzo-soprano. She is a Creek Indian, and was reared in Oklahoma. Not only is she gifted in singing, but she designs and makes all her clothes, including the Indian costumes which she dons for her songs. Her education was provided for by a philanthropist, whose confidence in her has been fully justified, for she has earned and paid back practically all the money advanced for her education, and is giving promise of a brilliant career

In his report the Secretary of the Treasury suggested a change, to make the oleo tax a revenue measure in fact—instead of being a repressive law which has put a premium of ten cents a pound on fraud—and destroy the political moonshine which has been used to win the farmer vote, though maintained at a loss to Uncle Sam.

Oleo, oleomargarine, or margarine, is the poor man's butter. Without it the factory-worker, the poor clerk and the poor city man may go butterless. Washington has buttered its political parsnips long enough; give us our oleo.

WHO dares deny that women are progressing in obtaining the rights and privileges of citizenship? The first woman ever named on an Inaugural Committee will serve on March 4, 1917—Mrs. J. H. Boggs, who has been appointed chairman of the newly created Women's Division. Although the usual social phases of the coming inauguration are to be somewhat submerged, women will figure more prominently in official features of the occasion than ever before. The recognition of women at the second inauguration of President Wilson is felt to be one step toward the recognition of women at the election of a President—for if her presence is desirable at an inauguration, why not in the election?

MAINE IS FIRST TO SEND IN HER ELECTION RETURNS

Burchell Putnam, presidential elector, designated by Maine to bring its election returns to Washington, handing the certified papers to Senator Willard Saulsbury of Delaware, president *pro tem* of the Senate. On Mr. Putnam's right is Senator Johnson of Maine, and on his left is Senator Fernald, who succeeded the late Senator Burleigh. Standing next to Senator Saulsbury on the left is Mark Thistlewaite, secretary to the Vice-President

Mrs. Robert N. Harper, wife of the chairman of the committee, will also be at the head of many of the social activities, and if the inaugural ball had been held as in previous administrations, as wife of the chairman, she would have received the guests with the first lady of the land. The inauguration of 1917 promises to be more political than social, and somewhat perfunctory

A LAD of six years conducts his father, Representative Schall, of Minnesota, everywhere about the streets of Washington. While he can neither read nor write, he knows just how to handle money, and his father insists he is the best traveling companion he ever had, and the most economical.

Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, in the Senate, and Representative Schall in the House, are the first men without sight to occupy seats in the upper and lower Houses at one time, and their active participation in the deliberations of Congress have proven that what was considered an insurmountable obstacle — in the early days of the republic it was regarded almost as an unwritten law— has been most effectively overcome.

THE high hopes and expectations of the younger Republican Senators are centered on the election returns of two and four years hence, when the turn of the political wheel may positionize them on committees where they can do some real rowing rather than "fool around and fool around" the mahogany committee tables. Senator James W. Wadsworth of New York is a brilliant young man, for whom there are prospects as well as hopes. His father served in Congress, and the young New York Senator's career in Albany was a training for the work at Washington. Mrs. Wadsworth is the daughter of the late Secretary John Hay. There are many measures pending in which the New York Senator may fairly be depended on to make his mark. In debate in the capitol at Albany, on state affairs, he has already proven his mettle, and in the committee work he has evinced good judgment and common sense.

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MRS. ELIZABETH SCHOEPF HUEBSCHER
Wife of Dr. Charles Huebscher, secretary of the Swiss Legation. Mrs. Huebscher is the daughter of W. K. Schoepf of Cincinnati, and her marriage last November was of international interest

Keen observers of all the sessions of the Senate insist that among all the young Senators who are beginning to paw the ground is this same Senator Wadsworth of New York. They call him "Jimmie" in a friendly Knickerbocker way, but he has already arrived at the distinction of being called James—Senator James Wadsworth of New York.

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MISS AGNES QUIRK FEEDING HER PET BACTERIA

EVERY American girl knows, if she knows anything about the kitchen—and some good, old-fashioned mothers still insist she ought to know—that there are such things as bacteria. In one department of the government at Washington live bacteria are being studied and classified, with a view to their extinction. It is necessary for somebody to feed these bacteria, and this is the task assigned Miss Agnes Quirk of the Bureau of Plant Pathology, in the Department of Agriculture. Miss Quirk is not only an expert on the culinary preferences of bacteria, but she fattens millions of them at a time. Her task is somewhat simplified from the fact that well-bred bugs are vegetarians. There are no steaks to broil or roasts to prepare for them, and they never have been known to complain about too much oil in the salad dressing.

In watching them under a glass, Miss Quirk says their uncomplaining habits have interested her, and she declares that she has become as enthusiastic in the care of bacteria as if they really were pets. Doubtless she could tell many curious facts concerning the "underworld," so to speak, as discovered under the powerful microscope.

NAVAL officers were keenly interested in the exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution, which shows the evolution of light from the days of the campfire to the penetrating searchlights that sweep the seven seas. A battleship nowadays without the searchlight would be like a giant without eyes. In this collection there are many specimens of the weird forms of lamps and torches in use at different periods of the world's history. There is the primitive torch of birch bark, the lamps made out of gourds and the skulls of animals, and the stones which were fashioned into peculiar shapes to hold grease and oil. In contrast to these interesting relics—ancestors of our modern lighting mediums—are shown the very latest developments in the way of the incandescent bulb and gas fixture. Intense interest is always focused upon the new electrical lights and the triumphs of hydro-electric power. Nature has furnished direct from the falling waters without the consumption of a single atom of substance from the earth's surface, a force that generates light, heat and power, and that is rivalling the sun itself in its brilliant spectrums.

GREATLY prized by the recipients are the calendars distributed by the Navy Department, depicting a battleship sailing the deep seas, with aeroplanes hovering overhead like gulls, and off in the distance the suggestion of torpedo practice, with an outline of the curtain of smoke that acts as a shield for torpedo-destroyer maneuvers.

Activities in the Navy Department command keen public interest at this time. Captain William S. Sims, recently commander of the Atlantic torpedo

Photo, Harris & Ewing

THE EVOLUTION OF LIGHTING MEDIUMS

In the exhibit at the Smithsonian Institute are shown the various instruments that have been used for giving artificial light—from the primitive torch of birch bark, the gourd, the skull of an animal, the stones that held grease or oil, the glass or tin lamps of more recent years, to the modern incandescent bulb and the modern gas fixture flotilla, and of the battleship Nevada, will be the new head of the Naval War College. He was born at Port Hope, Canada, and was appointed from Pennsylvania to the United States Naval Academy. His wife is the daughter of former Secretary of the Interior E. A. Hitchcock. Captain Sims has served on the Tennessee and many other vessels of the navy; was naval attaché at the Paris and St. Petersburg embassies, and was in the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department, as inspector of target practice for seven years.

ADMIRAL A. M. KNIGHT
Appointed by President Wilson to the command of the Asiatic fleet, succeeding Admiral A. G. Winterhalter

The retiring commandant and president, Rear-Admiral Austin M. Knight, will command the Asiatic fleet, succeeding Admiral Winterhalter. Rear-Admiral Knight was born in Ware, Massachusetts, and was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1873. He has served in Asiatic, European, Pacific, South Atlantic and Galena European stations, and in 1897 was with the Puritan during the time that vessel was engaged in the blockade on the north coast of Cuba, and in the Porto Rican expedition during the Spanish-American war. He has been at the head of the Naval War College since December, 1913. What memories were awakened when Admiral Knight called on the late Admiral Dewey to bid farewell, as he left to take command of the Asiatic fleet. This was on one of the last days that Admiral Dewey appeared at his office.

THESE have been revolutionary times in the traditions of the Navy Department. The last naval bill provided for promotions by selection rather than by rank, and there have been some radical changes in the good old hereditary methods of the Navy Department. In former times officers of the navy maintained their rank just as they graduated from Annapolis from the time they entered the active naval service until their retirement. But the appointment of Rear Admiral Austin M. Knight, President of the Naval War College, as commander-in-chief of the Asiatic fleet, with rank of admiral, calls attention to the fact that naval officers with comfortable assignments ashore are beginning to realize that the new law means business as far as promotion is concerned. One of the long-time-ashore officers has insisted that before the violets bloom again he is going to be on the high seas in order to make sure of his future.

Relative rank in the United States Army is a most interesting subject even to the layman. Rank in the army is more easily understood, so a comparison is made of the relative rank in the army and navy. In the new naval building on Seventeenth Street our beloved "Admiral of the Navy" George Dewey was the one distinct officer of that rank in the world. He was more than an "admiral"; he was Admiral of the Navy, and those last three words meant much, for he outranked every naval officer in the world. The fleets as now divided are the Atlantic, Pacific, Asiatic, and the Chief of Naval Operations has equal rank. They all have the rank of admiral, which is equivalent to general in the army. Directly under Admiral of the Navy was the Chief of Naval Operations. The vice-admirals rank with the lieutenant generals in the army. Rear admirals are divided into two classes, upper nine and lower nine. The upper nine have the rank of major general, and the lower nine the rank of brigadier general. The captain in the navy has the rank of a colonel in the army, for he has charge of about as many men, a thousand usually. Commanders in the navy have the rank of lieutenant colonel in the army. A lieutenant commander in the navy has the rank of a major in the

PROMINENT IN NAVY LEAGUE CONVENTION

Some of the newly-elected directors of the Navy League of the United States. (*Left to right*): Poultney Bigelow, author, New York; Dr. James B. Bullitt; Arthur H. Dadmun, secretary of the League, Washington; E. K. Roden, Scranton, Pennsylvania; Clarence Ousley, College Station, Texas; J. C. O'Laughlin, Washington; Colonel Robert M. Thompson, president of the League; Charles L. Poor, New York; Perry Belmont, Washington; and Charles A. Fowler, New York army. A lieutenant first grade has the rank of captain in the army, and lieutenant second grade in the navy has the rank of first lieutenant in the army, and the ensign in the navy starts from Annapolis with the rank of second lieutenant in the army.

THIS study of relative ranks between the army and navy has done much to bring the two branches of our armed defense closer together, for at the army and navy functions the question of rank is punctiliously observed. The board which decides on promotions take into consideration service and capabilities—also general health, totally disregarding the tradition of rank inherited from cadet days. Rear admirals of the United States Navy recommended by the board of rear admirals and promoted from captaincies included eleven promotions confirmed by the President in January, giving the country nine rear admirals. The personnel in the navy is constantly improving; a higher level of efficiency is already recognized from the lowest to the highest rank. The vital importance of the navy in our relations with the world after the war is being realized.

Photo. Harris & Ewing

CAPTAIN W. S. SIMS
Who succeeds Admiral Knight as head of the Naval War College. Captain Sims has recently been in command of the Nevada

The army and navy receptions are the distinctively brilliant social functions in Washington; upon these occasions, rank reigns supreme, and the balance of relative rank in the army and navy is preserved to a nicety. The only evidence remaining of monarchial days and court splendor in a republic is the uniform, helmet, the epaulets and gold braid of the army and navy.

The advisory board appointed by the President is offering frequent suggestions from time to time as to the newest and most effective means of defense. The money was appropriated in the last naval bill to provide a three-million-dollar laboratory, where research work could be conducted as outlined by Thomas A. Edison.

Secretary Daniels has inaugurated many important changes, and the several check marks in his little blank book indicate that he is keeping in close touch with the personnel of the navy. There is a businesslike atmosphere now in even the anteroom of the Department, and it begins to look like a real business office, throwing off some of the incubus of tradition of picturesque naval days gone by. The bids received for furnishing the navy with sixteen-inch armor-piercing and fourteen-inch Class B projectiles received from the various companies in the United States show a very much higher bid and much longer time for delivery than that made by the Hadfields, Limited, of Sheffield, England. The question was brought up as to whether the Hadfields would be permitted in time of war to take a contract in the United States. This was answered when the bid of the English firm was accepted. In 1912 the Navy Department paid $490 for a shell whose price is now $775 to $900 in America and $513 in England, and eight months shorter time in delivery. The bids for the fourteen-inch projectiles ranged from $356 by the Hadfields to $550 by the Midvale Steel Company, with much shorter time named for delivery.

These wide discrepancies in price have encouraged agitation of government-owned armor plants. The range of the bids has much to do with encouraging the administration to invest eleven million dollars in the business.

Among the new companies that bid on government supplies was the Washington Steel and Ordnance Company, said to have been organized since the war began to meet any extra demands that might be made for projectiles and armor plate at the capital.

WHEN Senator Smith of South Carolina first introduced his nitrate plant proposition, many of his colleagues laughed it to scorn. He had studied the subject of nitrates and realized the fundamental necessity of providing fertilizer for the land to intensify production.

In making provision for every emergency Nature is wiser than man. The inertia of precedent should be overcome to the extent of utilizing the results of modern science and invention.

Photo, Harris & Ewing

BARONESS CHARLOTTE VON WINCKLER
One of the Capital's charming cosmopolitan debutantes, who was one of the stars at the Junior League ball in Washington on January 23. Her father is consul-general for The Netherlands at Calcutta, India, but she has made her debut in Washington, where she received much of her education

Already there is a nitrate plant in operation producing ten thousand tons of nitrate at a price that makes it even cheaper than the foreign fertilizer from Chili upon which the farmers have been depending. The price in war times has become practically prohibitive. The location of the nitrate plant has been a matter of great interest to the Southern states, and one of the first sites to be decided upon was that of Columbia, South Carolina, where water power has already been developed for furnishing nitrate for an area of at least 123,000 acres. Columbia is also fortunate in having one of the farm loan banks located there.

Section thirteen of the farm loan bill, framed by Senator Smith, has proved of real advantage to the farmers by enabling them to make loans for a period extending over crop time. Senator Smith began a persistent and constructive campaign aimed directly toward helping the agricultural interests of the country, as the basic source of wealth, to fortify against conditions which come with increased population.

The high cost of living is the perfectly logical consequence of living high. When the farmer takes his eggs to market in an automobile, somebody has to pay for the gasoline. The interest on the investment in an automobile would, in the old days, have provided a stable filled with good mules and horses. The farmer has been influenced by the speculative spirit of his urban brother. He comes in contact with him every day now, instead of once a week or once a month as formerly.

Senator Smith was also the author of the Cotton Futures bill, which was an important factor in protecting the legitimate price of cotton from speculators to the extent of obtaining the real values for the producer. It is a significant fact that after the passage and enactment of this bill, twenty-cent cotton was an accomplished fact, and there was no further need of an appeal to "buy a bale"—they took it by ship cargoes.

* * *

WHEN the Currency bill was pending, Mr. George M. Reynolds, president of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago, was asked to co-operate with the committee in devising means for accomplishing the purposes of the framers of the law. He was later elected a Class A director of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, and in that capacity, and as one of the leading bankers of the country, he has been active in helping to put into practice the principles embodied in the Federal Reserve act. While this law has certainly supplied much of the needed equilibrium in American financial affairs, and has given this country a chance to set the "house in order," there are still some parts of the machinery that require adjustment. It is quite natural that Mr. Reynolds will again be called upon to assist.

As a result of development and expansion that has occurred since the European war began, the banking power of the country is about four billions of dollars more than at the time the bill was passed. In this increase, which carried with it a corresponding enlargement of bank loans, the additional reserve power, due to the enormous influx of gold, has been about absorbed.

Gold imports, the tremendous exportations of farm products, raw material and goods, and the growth in domestic trade, are forcing expansion. The gold reserve, compared with the volume of loans, registers practically no greater percentage than heretofore. Huge accumulations of the precious metal, unwisely used, can become a menace, just as water ceases to be useful and is a source of harm in times of flood and tidal waves. Still, tidal waves, dangerous as they are, do not destroy the value of water itself; neither will gold, of which we have the largest quantity ever held by any nation, lose its value for good in conducting the commerce of the United States, if properly mobilized and conserved.

Some modifications and changes of the Federal Reserve law seem to be necessary. One of the important things is to induce the state banks, which have as great, if not greater assets, including gold, than the national banks, to take membership, and in that manner further strengthen the Federal Reserve Banks and largely augment their gold holdings. European nations have the advantage of us in financial preparedness, inasmuch as their banks are already unified and their gold lodged with the great central banks. The Federal Reserve law has, in great measure, controlled the tendency toward wild speculation; but, as Mr. Reynolds has suggested, there are readjustments ahead which justify efforts to make it possible to reef sail quickly and weather turbulent seas.

THERE is a pathos, a touch of humor withal, in the suggestion to have a congress in Washington of one-legged people some time in the near future. There is a feeling of comradeship and sympathy between these people that can scarcely be realized by those having a good pair of legs. In the bazaars raising funds for the sufferers in Europe, were shown many pictures portraying the thousands of maimed men in those stricken countries. There is a movement on foot to bring a large number of these men to the United States, where there is work which would yield them better advantages than in Europe. At this convention it is suggested to have the erstwhile popular opera singer, Henry Clay Barnabee, sing his incomparable "Cork Leg."

W. R. HOLLISTER

Clerk to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, of which Senator Stone is chairman. He has been acting secretary of the Democratic National Committee, taking the place of the late Thomas J. Pence. He was appointed assistant by Mr. Pence and handled the office under the latter's direction for several weeks. Mr. Hollister has conducted two campaigns for Senator Stone, was with the Clark pre-convention forces in 1912, and after the convention helped to elect President Wilson. His present position will doubtless be made permanent at the Democratic convention in June

A splendid spirit of generosity and kindness is being manifested by the American people in the response to the appeal for help from across the seas. For this aid, foreign nations have expressed a deep sense of gratitude. Many heirlooms have been offered for sale, and the proceeds donated to the fund. In Chicago, the original manuscript of Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue," sold at auction, brought over a thousand dollars, and this money will be used to help many little boys—in blue, perhaps—who have been orphaned by the scourge of war.

ABSORBING interest still centers on conditions abroad as relating to American trade for the future. A committee was sent to France some months ago by the American Manufacturers Export Association for the purpose of studying conditions. On that committee was Col. Joseph G. Butler, Jr., of Youngstown, Ohio. Armed with a special letter of authorization from Dr. Ricketts, president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, composed of more than six thousand members, technical, scientific and practical men—Colonel Butler had an exceptional opportunity to get right at the bottom of things, as he usually does, in visiting the various iron and steel plants of the French republic.

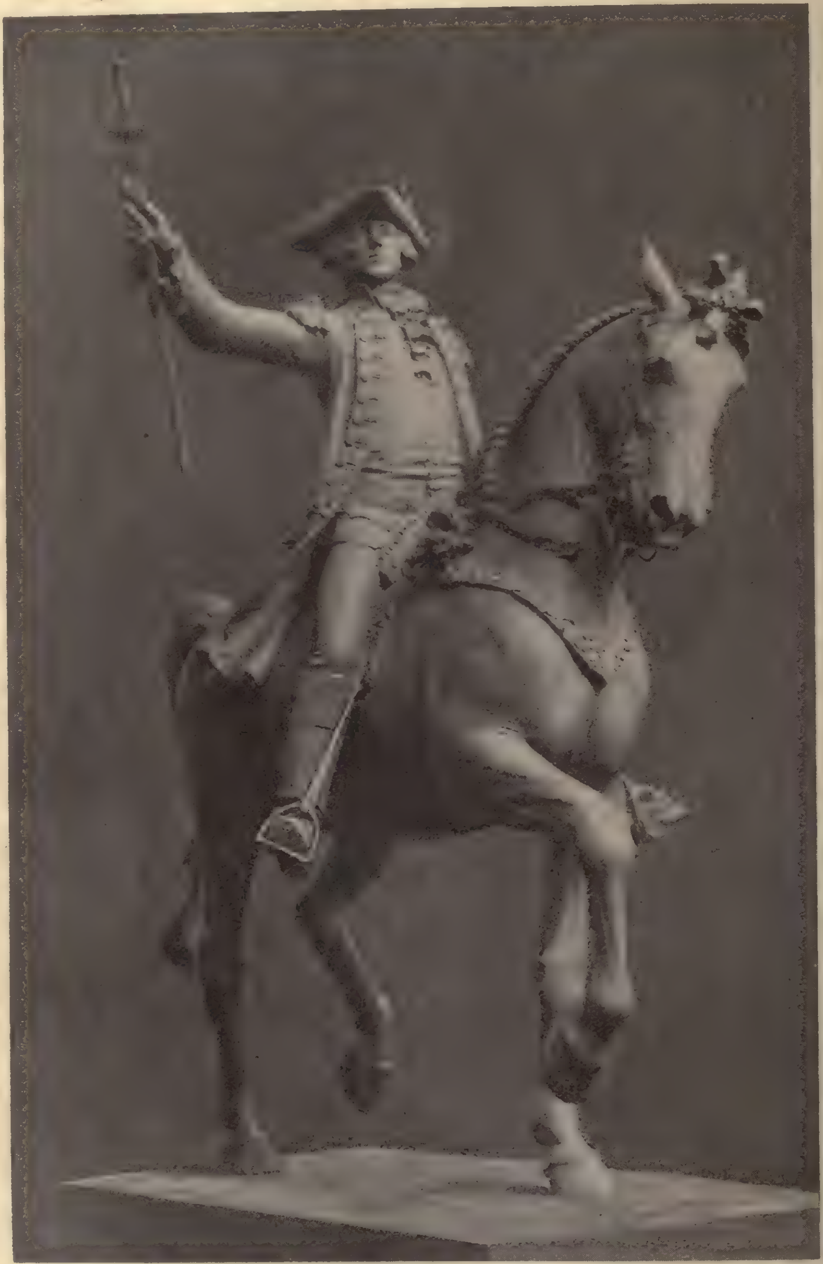
The voyage was made on the good ship Lafayette, which fortunately eluded the submarines. Colonel Butler describes most vividly the evening sunset when the ship entered the port of Bordeaux, insisting that it made a picture such as Cazin would have been delighted to paint.

"As we beheld this glorious vision," he said, "it flashed through my mind that France is fighting for its existence as a place among nations, and my heart went out to all France in loving sympathy. As we landed and progressed on our journey, this feeling of reverence and affection for the French people became intensified, and this spirit insures victory, a victory which, when gained, will be substantial and enduring, worthy of the great people who are pouring out their life blood and treasure to attain this end. Everywhere we have been impressed with the earnestness of the women of France. All of the thousands we have seen at their employment impressed me with their desire to help save the country. In a word, as I looked upon their faces, all seemed to express the thought, 'We are working for France.' This slogan goes all over that fair land, and is a mighty factor in the progress of the conflict. Signs of loss were everywhere from Bordeaux to Paris, and in our wanderings since, but not a word of complaint have we heard."

TRUE to his patriotic spirit, Colonel Butler suggested a visit to the birthplace of Lafayette, and the journey was an inspiring realization of expectations, for there will ever remain a grateful remembrance of all true Americans for the self-sacrificing assistance given a young and struggling republic by the dauntless Lafayette.

When a toast was proposed to Lafayette at his birthplace, there was a moment of silence that was impressive, a silence that brought with it a

COLONEL JOSEPH G. BUTLER, Jr.
Who recently visited France as a member of the commission sent there by the American Manufacturers Export Association to study conditions as relating to American trade for the future



THE LAFAYETTE MONUMENT

Which stands in the court of the Louvre. It was presented to France by the school children of America, and was an expression of the friendship which has always existed between the two countries. In a speech at Besancon, France, recently, Colonel Joseph G. Butler, Jr., made a fitting reference to Lafayette and what he had done for America contemplation of the beloved land of France and its struggles of today. They drank deep to the memory of Lafayette, the companion and aide of Washington—"first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." When they put down their glasses, there was not a dry eye in the room, for all present realized as never before the close relationship between France and the United States, and what the present struggles of France meant to her. This friendship was welded for all time by the helpfulness of France in listening to the appeals of Benjamin Franklin; for even the treaty of peace was not concluded with England acknowledging the independence of the struggling colonies, until it had been endorsed by France.

In his speech before the Besancon (France) Chamber of Commerce, Colonel Butler further proved his American spirit in paying tribute to France. This address was a factor in giving the commission a warm welcome in that country.

"France," he insisted, "carried out her compact, and sent to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco a magnificent collection of paintings and sculpture. Many examples of both were loaned from the Luxemburg, and there were a number of pieces of priceless sculpture by Rodin, your great sculptor, whose work is famous the world over. The exhibit also contained many notable examples of work by other French and Belgian artists. After the exhibition closed, we were fortunate enough to have the collection exhibited at my home, Youngstown, Ohio, for a period of thirty days under the auspices of the Mahoning Institute of Art. We were told that some of the examples were for sale, and if sold, the proceeds would help the artists and assist in the great work being carried on to aid the hospitals of France. We, therefore, made a common cause, buying several paintings and one piece of sculpture, thus doing our mite to help the good work along, besides securing for our country some splendid examples of the art of France. The exhibit was obtained through the courtesy of Monsieur Jean Guiffrey, Minister of Fine Arts in France, and to whom we are profoundly grateful. In this connection I may add that the United States is largely indebted to France for the influence upon American art. Nearly all of our great painters and sculptors received their initial education in France, and the influence upon American art and artists by French masters is incalculable. This is one of the debts of the United States to France which we too often overlook and which can never be fully repaid.

"The commission is in France," he concluded, "bearing first its good will, and second to investigate and render such substantial aid to France as may be in our power, bearing in mind always the great friendship existing between the two republics, and which we hope our mission will strengthen. We venture to hope that our journey through France in war time will also result in the increased exchange of commodities between the two countries, a consummation devoutly to be wished."

What American Artists Are Doing

by George Willoughby

HOW refreshing, amidst the whirl of "leak" hearings and lifted lids, to find a restful moment at the sixth exhibition of oil paintings by contemporary American artists, at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington. And it was my privilege to view this notable exhibit in company with Mr. C. Powell Minnigerode, Secretary and Director of the gallery, whose enthusiasm and ability have placed him in the foremost rank of connoisseurs and directors of art museums.

During the past few years over two hundred thousand people have visited the Corcoran Gallery during these exhibitions, awakening an altogether unprecedented interest in American art. This year's exhibition was the most successful in every way of any that have yet been held. The public interest, the enthusiasm, the attendance, the number and extent of the sales of paintings (amounting to $67,900) all helped to establish a record.

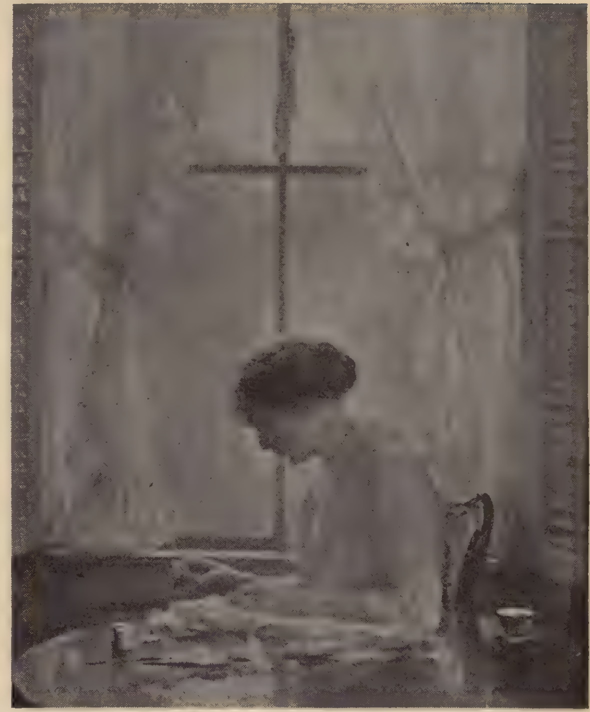
There is scarcely a phase of painting, from the circumspect following of the old masters to the most ardent futurist and cubist of the new, that is not represented in this all-comprehensive exhibit. It revealed a marvelous co-operation and concerted effort, which, after all, is a requisite of a successful exhibit. Nearly two hundred thousand dollars' worth of paintings have been sold during these exhibitions, and the increased interest among art lovers and connoisseurs, as well as the public at large, has done much to make them events of national scope and even international importance.

The generosity of Hon. William A. Clark, one of the trustees, in donating five thousand dollars in prizes year after year, has been a most substantial and important factor in promoting and encouraging native art. A splendid portrait of Senator Clark, by William M. Chase, graces the collection. Many owners of famous canvases have made loans to the exhibit, adding to the already wide scope of the work represented. The Clark awards were decided this year by a jury composed of Messrs. Childe Hassam, George Bellows, Walter Griffin, Philip L. Hale and Charles Morris Young. Another prize, awarded by a vote of the visitors, indicated the artist whose picture attracted the greatest attention. Every visitor had the privilege of casting a vote and every picture was regarded as eligible in this competition.

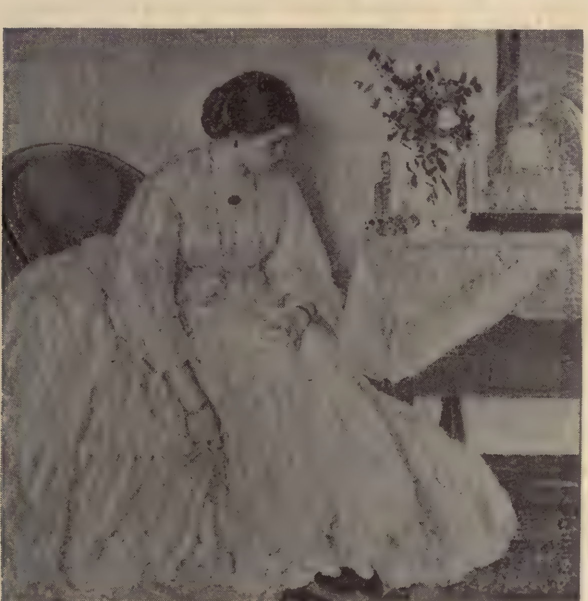
Some of the scenes at this exhibition reminded me of the throngs that gathered before Hovenden's "Breaking Home Ties" at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. For the first time I realized for myself the meaning of the old saying that a picture may be so many inches wide and so many inches high, but miles in depth.

Here and there were apparent almost intangible, but altogether unmistakable evidences of the futurist influence. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Arthur B. Davies on his exhibit entitled "Castalias," which is a weird presentation of landscape peopled with figures scarcely visualized and yet extremely expressive of so much. With uplifted thumb, I hid the image of a lamb in the distance—and the picture seemed incomplete without it; every touch and feature of the landscape showing how absolutely essential was every brush mark to complete the strong individualistic feeling of the artist.

Some pictures, examined closely, appeared to be conglomerate masses of pigment smeared on at random, and yet viewed at a distance you discovered that deep feeling which was perhaps absent from the finer, more careful productions. Then you saw a landscape of trees with red limbs, and exclaimed "Who ever heard of such a thing!" As a matter of fact they do exist, but more than this, the picture told a story and the artist had given expression to himself in his own individual way.



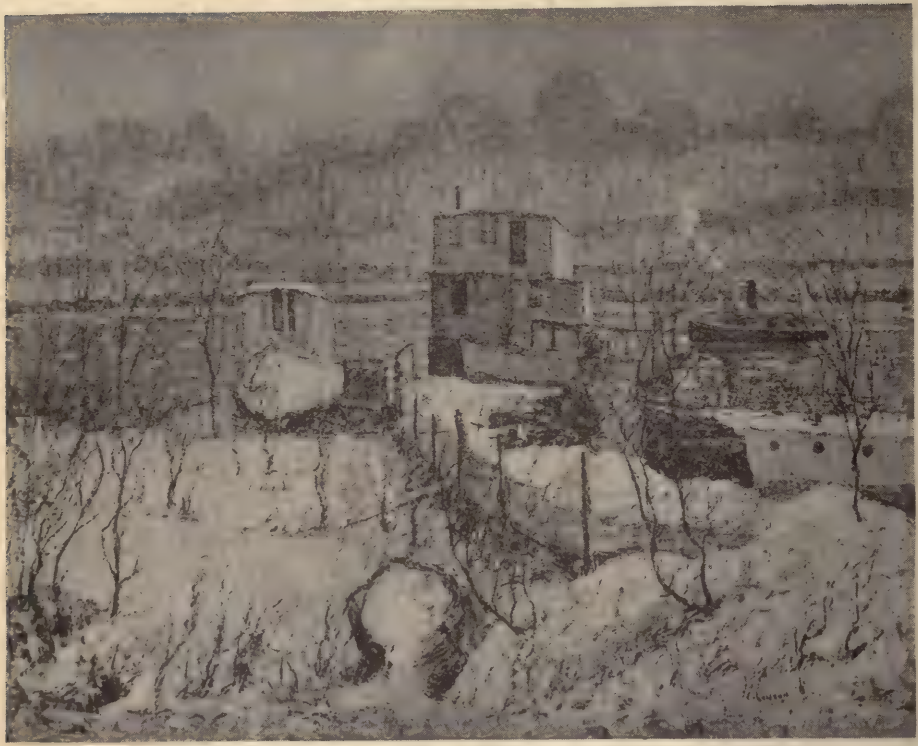
"THE SEAMSTRESS," BY JOSEPH DECAMP
From original oil painting included in the Sixth Exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings, December 17, 1916, to January 21, 1917



"MEMORIES," BY FREDERICK C. FRIESEKE
From original oil painting included in the Sixth Exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings, December 17, 1916, to January 21, 1917

A familiar name met my eye on one of the canvases—"Summer," by A. Molarsky—a refreshingly poetic treatment, a picture you felt you could live with and continue to admire with the passing years.

In Daniel Garber's "Buds and Blossoms" there is that delicate sense of reality that brings to you the fragrance of the blossoms, and yonder, in sharp contrast, that splendidly finished and perfect picture, Tarbell's "Nell and Elinor," an imperishable portrayal of present-day womanhood. The "French Poplars" of Walter Griffin with the soft color effects of the waving branches was one of the strongest



"BOAT HOUSE, WINTER, HARLEM RIVER," BY ERNEST LAWSON
Awarded "The second William A. Clark prize" ($1,500), accompanied by the Corcoran Silver Medal, in the Sixth Exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington. This painting was purchased for the permanent collection of the Corcoran Gallery of Art

works in the exhibition. Benson's "Mother and Child" is a picture that flashes another vision of life. "The Old Elm," by Childe Hassam, while not in the competition, tells a tragic story of Nature in the elm lying prostrate under the woodman's axe, giving up its life for the uses of man.

With a touch of the old masters in its idealism is "Portrait Group" by M. Jean McLane, and Richard E. Miller's "The Mandarin Coat" is all-compelling in its warmth and richness of color. Charles H. Davis' "Call of the West Wind" reveals the remarkable progress that has been made in the mastery of landscape details among American artists.

In pictures, as in everything else, it is a question of opinion or taste. For me, when I look upon Redfield's snow scenes, I find them compelling, although scarcely a detail is worked out. There is fine feeling in that attitude of the old tree standing grim and bare by the side of the road—an atmosphere suffusing the wonderful New England winter scene.

Then I recall that little glimpse of artist life portrayed by Frederic C. Bartlett in "Studio," and the restful picture called "Memories" by Frederick C. Frieseke, in which the costume, flowers and everything about it just carry the story. Charles W. Hawthorne's "The Morning Bath" is a gentle touch of home life.

Wonderful, wonderful effects! For instance, upon close examination of a charming canvas by Joseph DeCamp, entitled "The Seamstress," it is noticeable that in the face of the figure by the window there is no indication of an eye, although at a distance a perfect downward glance appears.

In the Sargent room hangs that superb portrait of John Hay which has been at the San Francisco Exposition, and that incomparable portrait of Mrs. Henry White. It seemed like an old friend, for

I had seen that canvas as it hung in the home of the late Mrs. White, when her husband was secretary of the American embassy in London. As I walked about the room I could almost feel the penetrating eye of Sargent as he caught glimpses of the life and soul of his subject, so subtly indefinable.

That younger painters are coming on is evidenced by Lydia Field Emmet's portrait of Miss Barbara Brown. The "Girl in Red Dress" by William J. Glackens, distinctive, strong and rugged, and Robert Henri's "Dancing Girl of Delhi," indicate the wide scope which American artists are embracing in portraiture.

"FRENCH POPLARS," BY WALTER GRIFFIN

From original oil painting included in the Sixth Exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings

"BUDS AND BLOSSOMS," BY DANIEL GARBER

From original oil painting included in the Sixth Exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings, December 17, 1916, to January 21, 1917

There were four hundred and eleven entries in all; with that number the catalog closed, recording Katherine Langhorne's "Singing Sea" as the last.

An impulse came over me to write about each individual picture and every artist, for it seemed as if that exhibition would have been incomplete if there had been one painting less. The attractive and effective manner in which the entries were hung indicated the necessity of placing pictures in proper light and surroundings. My enthusiasm grew on me, until another friend who accompanied me, a plain, practical business man, in whose busy life there had been no time for pictures, became enthusiastic also.

"After all," he remarked, "there is something in a good picture that stays with you. Perhaps it is because a picture

"THE CALL OF THE WEST WIND," BY CHARLES H. DAVIS
From the original oil painting included in the Sixth Exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings, December 17, 1916, to January 21, 1917

captures one second of time and holds it for eternity."

Although I have galloped through the leading galleries of Europe in the erstwhile days when tourists swarmed the now embattled countries, like many Americans abroad, I looked upon these paintings without a real feeling of veneration for the work of masterful genius. And yet, there was then a longing for the time to come when our own America might express itself in fadeless pigment and preserve for posterity the quivering shadow, which, like the snowflake of the peasant bard, "is a moment white, then melts forever."

These pictures impressed me with the possibilities they represented of a permanent expression of American ideals. More enthusiastic encouragement to the art wonderful means much, and I could not resist thinking that back of the pictures was the vision of the 278 artists, each one sitting patiently at easel, with brush touching here and there; standing off with half-closed eyes and viewing the progress of that magic intermingling of color. This represented the glory of work—art for art's sake, in the real meaning of the phrase—

Each for the joy of working, and each in his
separate star,
Shall paint the thing as he sees it, for the God
of things as they are.

Among the visitors were some enthusiastic cubists, and I listened to their conversation.

"When you see an outdoor panorama," they argued, "you don't pay attention to the detail of every leaf, the bark, the grass—it is the impression, the feeling that makes the picture. Before the window of a swift-moving train, a scene of wonderful beauty is unfolded, but you don't stop to think of what composed the picture that is flashed on the retina."

Into our practical business and prosaic everyday life is creeping the spirit of the artist who sits hour after hour and day after day, absorbed in the purpose of leaving his impressions and expressing his individuality in a way that will be understood by a few, if not by the mass.

An artist lives an isolated life. Yes, he does! There is no "get-together" movement among artists. They congregate, it is true, but in a segregated manner! In other words, a certain isolation seems essential to the artist, and, indeed, to the artistic. Your idealist cares not for the approval of the crowd, but rather that of the man who knows, who feels. He paints not for today, nor yet for tomorrow, but for time, all time. Thus he is not concerned about shops and barter, and he is even willing to suffer privation in order to give expression to that which lies within him.

The American artist of today no longer appears in the flowing necktie and the long hair, nor does he ape the mantle of Rembrandt or Rubens. In the main, he is decently attired, well barbered, firm-jawed and even athletic—yet always there is something in his eye that enables him to see, and something in the deftness of the hand trained to express as the soul invites. Often enough the technic of the hard-working and glorious student days in the Latin Quarter is forgotten—but the lesson lingers on—for it is meant just to teach him to see and to feel, and then *to paint*.

Italy, France, Spain, Holland, Belgium, through all the struggles of the centuries have cherished art. In the great world war, may not this be the dawn of a renaissance in art that will find its highest expression on the great continent whose discovery was coincident with the careers of Michel Angelo, Rubens and Raphael?

Then, as never before, it occurred to me that painting is one of the most ancient arts, although in its present form it is of more recent origin. In the beginning, painters were architects as well, and in this wonderful development of American art, may there not come a renaissance in

"THE OLD ELM," BY CHILDE HASSAM
From the original oil painting included in the Sixth Exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings, December 17, 1916, to January 21, 1917

architecture? And as the French have led the world in the last hundred years, why not America for the next hundred?

In conclusion, let me pay my respects to the critics—the "critics" of "art."

Of all the useless, footless people identified with modern cults, my impression is that the professional art critic, so called, should be awarded highest honors. I have tried for years to read art criticisms, to catch just one gleam of intelligence that would indicate that they really could and did discern something, at least sometimes, of what they were talking about, from the standpoint of the people, the great plain people for whom all civilization is being builded. I give it up. Eyes have they, but they see not. In fact, the people's approval puts the ban on a favorable expression from the venerable and venerated critic. With supercilious twist of lip and words of high disdain indicative of the disappointment of submerged genius (reflection of the failure to shine in the auriferous brilliance of fame), it is all husks, nothing but the rattle of phrases, without a kernel of meat or substance—to the "critic." The people may admire it. You and I may be delighted—but the critic? Why, my dear sir, that very fact is his instant cue to the contrary.

We have learned to whittle the Eden tree
  To the shape of a surplice peg;
We have learned to bottle our parents twain
  In the yolk of an addled egg;
We know that the tail must wag the dog,
  For the horse is drawn by the cart,
But the critic whoops as he whooped of old,
  "It's pretty, but is it Art?"

THE SENTRY

By WILL D. MUSE

BOY O' Mine!
Where do you stand the weary watch tonight?
  Outside the frozen trenches, where men like gophers crawl;
A watch-dog for the army, that, weary of the fight,
  Takes a bit o' needed rest before the bugles call.
Tonight my heart is aching, my eyes with tears are bright,
Boy O' Mine, where do you stand the weary watch tonight?

Boy O' Mine!
How fares it? No message do you send
  From where the hungry rivers run red with human blood,
Where ten thousand eyes are glassy at the long day's end,
  With ten thousand women praying along the War God's road—
A wretched mother needs you, all sick with nameless fright,
Boy O' Mine, God keep with you the weary watch tonight.

Boy O' Mine!
The hand of Fear steals round my throat; it seems
  To rob me of my breathing, and leave my heart like lead;
For I can see you, little boy of all my happy dream,
  Upon the frozen hillside, all cold and still and dead—
O God! there is a battle which none but mothers fight,
Boy O' Mine, I'm with you on your lonely watch tonight.

Admiral Dewey's Life Story

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*At the age of seventy-nine, George Dewey, maker of history and Admiral of the Navy — the highest honor that could be paid by the American people to the hero of Manila—died in Washington on January 16. As we think of him, our sorrow at his loss is tempered with the sweet memories of a man who never lost the affection and respect of the people whom he served, but remained to the last great in heart and achievement. The story of his boyhood, prepared some time ago, has an added value because Admiral Dewey himself saw it and placed the seal of his approval upon it*

RUNNING blindfold down the steps and out between the iron gateposts of a stately and commodious house opposite the State Capitol at Montpelier, Vermont, a lithe, brown-eyed boy in days gone by won the admiration and envy of his playmates for his fearless performance of what seemed to them a very great feat, indeed. The continuation of a straight line from his doorsteps would have landed the runner at the front door of the State House.

This was one of the things that the late Admiral George Dewey did as a boy. The grounds about his home were surrounded by stately elms and other shade trees, and in the rear, the Winooski River, fringed with birch, oaks and maples, flowed through a beautiful vista of meadow and valley. The old dwelling is now some three hundred feet west of its original site to make room for the modern brick mansion of Edward Dewey, the brother of the Admiral.

Things were different when Admiral Dewey was a boy. His father was Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, a prominent and successful physician, although his library and practice would seem somewhat antiquated today. Then there were no telephones, ambulances, electric lights or gas, let alone street cars, fire engines, or automobiles, and messengers to the doctor's office came on foot or on horseback, and gravely and fearfully entered the library to summon the physician.

Upon the shelves of the Dewey library were bottles of pills, potions and tinctures, and stray exhibitions of castor oil, salts and senna, and various infusions of barks and herbs whose very odor was the signal for revolt on the part of youthful patients who didn't take their sulphur and molasses regularly every springtime.

The picture of the home life of George Dewey and his brothers and sister is certainly interesting. The carpenter and blacksmith were responsible for most of the toys—the sleds, balls, bats, bows, sailboats and hockey-sticks were "home made." The wooden guns and pistols were usually whittled out of the soft pine left around the carpenter's shop, and on July 4 garnished the belts and burdened the shoulders of the nascent warriors who set off their fire crackers "in mimicry of noble war."

Near the Dewey home were the swimming and fishing pools of the Winooski, Hog Creek and its other tributaries. Over at West Berlin, four miles distant, lived "Grandpa" Simeon Dewey. What was more fascinating than his comfortable old farmhouse, with its great fireplaces, cool, low-studded rooms, and that garret full of delightful antiques kept from rust and decay by succeeding generations?

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ADMIRAL DEWEY'S BIRTHPLACE

At Montpelier, Vermont. It was in this house, on December 26, 1837, that the hero of Manila Bay was born. His father was of French Huguenot descent, the name having been spelled Douai and later, when the family moved to England, Duee. Thomas Duee, the founder of the American family, came to America and settled in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1634

It was from his grandfather that young George heard the story of Hannibal's crossing the Alps into Italy, and a neighbor tells of how the boy imitated the famous Carthaginian and caught the inspiration to do and dare by marching proudly across the Vermont hills into his imagined Italy. Sturdily he went on until he reached the base of an eminence, and painfully he climbed the mountain paths, acclaiming himself as the "victor" until he reached the divide and saw in fancy, not the Vermont hillsides, but the hostile plains of Italy and the road to glory and hated Rome. Then the vision faded, and the boy went downhill and home. Mighty thoughts filled his fevered brain; but there was an explanation to make when one came late to supper!

* * *

A virile, kindly man was George Dewey's father, known and beloved for many miles around. He was very proud of his boy, and after the death of his wife, when George was but five years old, he was both a father and a mother to the little fellow. In the long winter evenings with his child in his lap, the doctor would sing and tell stories. One of his songs especially affected George; it was a topical song of that bygone era, and like the epitaphs described by Longfellow, was "written with little skill of songcraft," but touching those tender chords of memory, "full of hope and yet of heartbreak." It told of another little boy whose mother was dead and whose father, a brave sailor, had gone to fight for his country, but never returned. The boy had to beg his way from door to door, and little George would nestle closer to his father's breast as he heard how the child went wearily along:

In a little blue garment, all ragged and torn,
With scarce any shoes to his feet;
His head all uncovered, a look quite forlorn,
And a cold, stony step for a seat.

The boy would grow more and more sympathetic as the song proceeded:

Thus plaintive he cried, when a traveler who passed
Stopped a moment to give him relief.
He stretched forth his hand, and a look on him cast,
A look full of wonder and grief.

"What, my Willie," he cried, "my poor little boy,
At last I've returned from the war.
Thy sorrows shall cease, nor shall grief more annoy
The poor little child of a tar."

In this song the tender heart of little George Dewey was the same good heart foreshadowed in the American Admiral.

* * *

On one occasion when quite young, George was sent with a horse and light wagon into the country, and came back on the way home by a short cut to the fords of Dog River, a shallow stream, and usually a safe crossing. But in the Green Mountains, a shower miles away may suddenly make a ford dangerous. No sooner had George driven in than he found his horse swimming for life and the carriage lost in the stream. The future admiral himself was barely saved. Dr. Dewey, upon his arrival home, found his son snug in bed, and his horse and wagon reported as lost. There were stern words with dire predictions of a "settlement" in the morning, but the boy, sitting up in bed and rubbing his brown eyes, declared reproachfully, "Father, you ought to be thankful that your son was not drowned. I tell you I had to swim pretty hard." Fatherly concern was then substituted for parental discipline.

* * *

A slender, brown-eyed schoolboy was George Dewey. He never sought nor ever shunned an antagonist, and was generally the victor. When twelve years old the desire for new worlds to conquer came upon him. This time it was a new teacher, afterward a prominent editor of New York City, who tempted the scholars to take matters in their own hands. Several teachers previously had been required to give up the school, and the rattan, strap, ruler and rawhide were in somewhat free use. There was a conspiracy among the older boys, and George Dewey was brought in to lead the attack. When it came to blows, however, the project was abandoned, and young George afterward realized that the best way to get on in school was to make terms with the teacher. The revolt had been a dismal failure, and after the defeated warrior had "reckoned" with both the teacher and his father, he became Mr. Pangborn's right-hand man, and their mutual esteem continued through life.

Shoulders thrown back and head erect, at fourteen years of age George Dewey entered the Norwich Academy, a Vermont institution, founded by Captain Alden Partridge, formerly of the West Point faculty. His military training was never forgotten by his boys. One of his special fads was the performance of long and exhausting marches. In a few seasons these marches aggregated fifteen hundred miles, and one four-day tour to the summit of Manchester Mountain, Vermont, covered one hundred and fifty miles. This rigorous training turned out many graduates who became military leaders of prominence and efficiency. Among the alumni of this little school at the close of the nineteenth century, five hundred and seventeen had served in the army and navy, among them six major-generals, one admiral and two rear-admirals, eight brigadier-generals, six commanders, fourteen midshipmen, one hundred and fifty-five captains, thirty-five colonels and thirty-five enlisted men. Small wonder it is that military glory came to a boy whose early training was in such an institution.

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GEORGE DEWEY IN 1865

Before he was thirty years of age, he had seen hard service during the Civil War, and between 1862 and 1867 had been executive officer of no less than nine ships

George Dewey entered in 1851 and was

one of the popular boys of his class. "He was as full of fun," one schoolmate says warmly, "as an egg is full of meat. His room was a popular resort for us when off duty. He was a manly fellow, and fond of music"—and the old college songs used to radiate from his room.

He it was who led the jovial cadets in singing "The Old South Barracks, Oh!" a parody on the "Benny Havens, Oh!" of the West Point Cadets.

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ADMIRAL DEWEY AT THE AGE OF 47

It was at this time, in 1884, that he suffered a severe illness and was forced to travel from one resort to another in search of health. He finally went to Santa Barbara, California, where he fully recovered, soon afterward being promoted from commander to captain

In these days which had so much to do with the moulding of his future, one can imagine the slender lad, with gleaming brown eyes, flushed cheeks and white teeth, in neatly-arrayed uniform, dreaming of what the future had in store for him, as he led the roaring refrain:

To the coming year of Jubilee
Our cups shall ever flow,
When we hope to gather once again
  In eighteen-sixty, oh!
To mourn each patriot fallen,
  To share each brother's woe,
And once more to join in chorus
  In the Old South Barracks, oh!

Chorus: In the Old South Barracks, oh!
In the Old South Barracks, oh!
And once more join in chorus,
In the Old South Barracks, oh!

From Norwich in 1857 young Dewey went to Annapolis, which, strangely enough, was organized by a board of naval officers, among whom Commander Franklin Buchanan was prominent in choosing the site and establishing the buildings, and became the superintendent of the institution. He is best remembered as the commander of the Confederate ironclad Merrimac, and later of the ironclad Tennessee, whose desperate attack on Farragut's entire fleet in Mobile Bay was one of the most striking adventures of the Civil War. Commodore Buchanan was wounded in both conflicts, and died in 1874. The seventeen-year-old Vermont boy was a verdant landsman when he entered the academy, but he was a good swimmer, knew his navy history well, and was splendidly set up. In the early part of his attendance sectional feeling, although somewhat accentuated by the Kansas troubles, had not greatly affected the kindly relations between the northern and southern cadets, but Vermont was especially prominent as an "abolition state," and as the former home of John Brown, whose Kansas record made it somewhat unpleasant for our hero, in spite of strict attention to duty and hard study. The unwritten law of the Academy "oblitherates," as Kipling's Mulvaney would say, the details of such "unpleasantnesses" as then naturally arose between young gentlemen of good family and information, imbued with state pride, and more or less cognizant of the fact that in the near future the republic might have to fight for its life, and the lessons in gunnery and musketry, the problems in cruising and sea strategy and tactics were very likely to be brought into play against each other.

* * *

On January 18, 1861, fifteen young cadets went gaily forth to enter the service of their country. They ranked in the order named: A. V. Reed; John A. Howell; Charles L. Franklyn (killed in action);

Henry L. Howison; George Dewey; Joshua Bishop; George B. White; Henry M. Blue; Edward B. Furber; William C. Whittle, executive officer Confederate cruiser Shenandoah; Luther C. May, Confederate navy; George S. Storrs; William A. Kerr, Confederate service; John Grim, Confederate Shenandoah; Albert Kautz. Three months later Fort Sumter was bombarded and surrendered, and Midshipman Dewey passed into the maelstrom of the Civil War. As early as April, 1861, he was promoted to lieutenant, and ordered to the Mississippi under Captain Thomas O. Selfridge. On April 24, 1862, under Flag Officer Farragut, the young lieutenant took part in that memorable passage of the forts and obstructions commanding the river channel below New Orleans, which ended in their capture and the permanent occupation of the city. Of Dewey's part in the fight Captain Smith made special mention:

"I have much pleasure in mentioning the efficient service rendered by Executive Officer George Dewey, who kept the vessel in her station during the engagement, a task exceedingly difficult from the darkness and thick smoke that enveloped us from the fire of our own vessels and the burning gunboats."

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PRESIDENT McKINLEY PRESENTING SWORD TO ADMIRAL DEWEY

After his return from the Philippines, Dewey was hailed on all sides as the hero of Manila Bay, and was idolized by the American nation. Besides this sword presented by the President, he received a loving cup made from 70,000 dimes

So here our boy, now a man grown, trained to endure hardships, and in all the varied duties of his profession, and naturally a fighter, a leader of boarders, a stern, prompt superintendent of blazing, leaping broadside guns, had his real baptism of fire, the experience that was to fit him for his later victories. Keeping the lead going, and the pilots and wheelmen to their task; laying the good ship where her terrible broadsides drove the gunners of the forts to shelter; steering her to meet and if need be to ram, the ironclad Manassas; and having driven her ashore, completing her destruction with shot and shell; and finally bringing the Mississippi up to the levees, blazing with burning merchandise. Surely such memories must have come back to the future admiral, when he stood on the bridge of the Olympia and saw the silent batteries of Corregidor, a darker shadow in the starless night, and wondered why the levin-flash of modern artillery did not light up the velvety blackness and awake the ready rapid-fire of his own expectant gunners.

All the world knows of that bold expedition—how far from home and re-inforcements, opportunities for repairs or supplies of ammunition, Admiral Dewey entered Manila Bay, destroyed Montojo's fleet and supporting batteries; held Manila quiet under his guns; escaped foreign complications and Aguinaldo's puny conspiracies; and in due time aided an American army to occupy and hold Manila, and unfurled the Stars and Stripes in the Orient, with a message of good will that the world powers are beginning to understand.

* * *

The scenes of his return from Manila, the triumphal arch in New York and Boston and the great ovation, form a chapter of history that vied with the splendor of the ancient Roman conquerors, returning after victorious campaigns. Everywhere his appearance brought a quiver of interest, an outpouring of affection and admiration. And when the tide subsided, philosopher that he was, he remained sweet and wholesome—never bitter. His career is a profound character study as well as an inspiration. It reflects, in naval history, the story of Washington and of Lincoln, showing how wide open to American youth are the doors of opportunity. Admiral Dewey has left his heritage of fame to his country and to the world.

* * *

Every reader of the million copies of "Heart Throbs" will be interested in knowing that Admiral Dewey, the first time in his life, became interested in the publication of a book. In the height of his fame, when his name was on the lips of the world, I asked him to make the awards of the eight hundred and fifty-four prizes in "Heart Throbs." When the plan was unfolded to him—the simple story of the book and of its purpose, a monument to a sainted mother that I felt would surpass that of any granite shaft or mausoleum—his eyes at once lighted with interest and he graciously thanked me for the privilege of helping in the work. He began enthusiastically, and when the late Senator William Allison joined him, he said: "Well, I don't know much about publishing books, Senator, but I think that Joe is right in his idea—and let's help him."

There were long days of work, and the letters received from the fifty thousand contributors were an education in themselves. Every time I was with him during that time he evinced a deep interest in the letters and correspondence, and his own autobiography was not more absorbing to him than the publication of the book "Heart Throbs."

When the awards were made, they had to be made on time, for Admiral Dewey was a martinet and regarded a promise to the people as an *order* from the sovereign of our country. When it was suggested by some to defer the awards for a little while, due to the unexpected tide of letters, he insisted that we should hurry and finish the work somehow according to schedule. When the awards were all ready, they were to be signed by Admiral Dewey and Senator Allison, reprinted in facsimile in the books. Now, it would have been a simple matter to sign them with a rubber stamp, or in facsimile, but when I suggested this, I was met with a response that impressed me as a dominant characteristic of the man. "No, sir, my name must be signed with my pen"—and so every one of those awards was signed by Admiral Dewey himself. "Think of Farragut issuing an order," he said, "signed with a rubber stamp, sir."

It was a hot day in July, the hottest day, I think, I ever knew. The sun fairly burnt the grass on the golf links at the Homestead Hotel in Hot Springs, Virginia. He gave one look at the calendar and said: "Well, I think we will have to do it today," and he began, pen in hand, and signed each one of the eight hundred and fifty-four awards with all the care that he would have autographed a pretentious volume. His Filipino valet stood by and blotted each one. Friends and family protested, but he finished the job that day, just as he finished the job at Manila.

The picture of this hero of naval history sitting at that desk, pen in hand, minus coat and vest, with sleeves rolled up, doing this work, purely and absolutely a labor of love and friendship, is a key to the real character of George Dewey. Time after time he used to delight in telling his friends of his work in connection with this world-famous book.

In "Heart Throbs" is included his own favorite poem, and this but further indicates the character of the man—"Abou Ben Adhem." I have heard him recite it—"And lo, Abou Ben Adhem's name led all the rest." He had a quick way of talking, always as if whatever he was discussing was interesting. One evening I was rather late in his office when he pointed to the old sea chest that had been with him on many a voyage, and in that chest was the real story of Manila. He planned some day to go over the log, and while much material from it was included in his autobiography, there are some things I am sure which he desired to remain unknown until after he had passed away. The interest in his career, identified with the expansion of the United States of America, will increase as future historians evolve and write the story.

During all the bitter feud between Admirals Sampson and Schley, their old comrade remained a friend to both. It was a pleasure to see him in social gatherings and there was that bow which, even in the face of portly proportions, was the envy of the lithesome ensign of Annapolis.

ADMIRAL DEWEY AND MRS. DEWEY

This was considered by the Admiral his favorite photograph, and was taken shortly after his marriage to Mrs. Mildred Hazen, of Washington

In the same handwriting in which were signed the awards for "Heart Throbs" was written the diary of that fateful Sunday on board the Olympia. Was history ever more interestingly written than the account of the battle of Manila Bay, as told in his autobiography?

"With the coming of broad daylight," he wrote, "we finally sighted the Spanish vessels formed in an irregular crescent in front of Cavite. The Olympia headed toward them, and in answer to her signal to close up, the distance between our ships was reduced to two hundred yards. The western flank of the Spanish squadron was protected by Cavite Peninsula and the Sangley Point battery, while its eastern flank rested in the shoal water off Las Pinas.

"The Spanish line of battle was formed by the Reina Cristina (flag), Castilla, Don Juan de Austria, Don Antonio de Ulloa, Isla de Luzon, Isla de Cuba, and Marques del Duero.

"The Velasco and Lezo were on the other (southern) side of Cavite Point, and it is claimed by the Spaniards that they took no part in the action. Some of the vessels in the Spanish battle-line were under way, and others were moored so as to bring their broadside batteries to bear to the best advantage. The Castilla was protected by heavy iron lighters filled with stone.

"Before me now was the object for which we had made our arduous preparations, and which, indeed, must ever be the supreme test of a naval officer's career. I felt confident of the outcome, though I had no thought that victory would be won at so slight a cost to our own side. Confidence was expressed in the very precision with which the dun, war colored hulls of the squadron followed in column behind the flag-ship, keeping their distance excellently. All the guns were pointed constantly at the enemy, while the men were at their stations waiting the word. There was no break in the monotone of the engines save the mechanical voice of the leadsman or an occasional low-toned command by the quartermaster at the conn, or the roar of a Spanish shell. The Manila batteries continued their inaccurate fire, to which we paid no attention.

"The misty haze of the tropical dawn had hardly risen when at 5.15, at long range, the Cavite forts and Spanish squadron opened fire. Our course was not one leading directly toward the enemy, but a converging one keeping him on our starboard bow. Our speed was eight knots, and our converging course and ever-varying position must have confused the Spanish gunners. My assumption that the Spanish fire would be hasty and inaccurate proved correct.

"So far as I could see, none of our ships was suffering any damage, while, in view of my limited ammunition supply, it was my plan not to open fire until we were within effective range, and then to fire as rapidly as possible with all of our guns.

"At 5.40, when we were within a distance of five thousand yards (two and one-half miles), I turned to Captain Gridley and said:

"'You may fire when you are ready, Gridley.'

"While I remained on the bridge with Lamberton, Brumby, and Stickney, Gridley took his station in the conning-tower and gave the order to the battery. The very first gun to speak was an eight-inch from the forward turret of the Olympia, and this was the signal for all the other ships to join the action.

"At about the time that the Spanish ships were first sighted, 5.06, two submarine mines were exploded between our squadron and Cavite, some two miles ahead of our column. On account of the distance, I remarked to Lamberton:

"'Evidently the Spaniards are already rattled.'

"However, they explained afterward that the premature explosions were due to a desire to clear a space in which their ships might maneuver.

"At one time a torpedo launch made an attempt to reach the Olympia, but she was sunk by the guns of the secondary battery and went down bow first, and another yellow-colored launch flying the Spanish colors ran out, heading for the Olympia, but after being disabled she was beached to prevent her sinking.

"When the flag-ship neared the five-fathom curve off Cavite she turned to the westward, bringing her port batteries to bear on the enemy, and, followed by the squadron, passed along the Spanish line until north of and only some fifteen hundred yards distant from the Sangley Point battery, when she again turned and headed back to the eastward, thus giving the squadron an opportunity to use their port and starboard batteries alternately and to cover with their fire all the Spanish ships, as well as the Cavite and Sangley Point batteries. While I was regulating the course of the squadron, Lieutenant Calkins was verifying our position by crossbearings and by the lead.

"Three runs were thus made from the eastward and two from the westward, the length of each run averaging two miles, and the ships being turned each time with port helm. Calkins found that there was in reality deeper water than shown on the chart, and when he reported the fact to me, inasmuch as my object was to get as near as possible to the enemy without grounding our own vessels, the fifth run past the Spaniards was farther inshore than any preceding run. At the nearest point to the enemy our range was only two thousand yards.

"There had been no cessation in the rapidity of fire maintained by our whole squadron, and the effect of its concentration, owing to the fact that our ships were kept so close together, was smothering, particularly upon the two largest ships, the Reina Cristina and Castilla. The Don Juan de Austria first and then the Reina Cristina made brave and desperate attempts to charge the Olympia, but becoming the target for all our batteries, they turned and ran back. In this sortie the Reina Cristina was raked by an eight-inch shell, which is said to have put out of action some twenty men and to have completely destroyed her steering gear. Another shell in her forecastle killed or wounded all the members of the crews of four rapid-fire guns; another set fire to her after orlop; another killed or disabled nine men on her poop; another carried away her mizzen-mast, bringing down the ensign and the admiral's flag, both of which were replaced;

another exploded in the after ammunition room; and still another exploded in the sick-bay, which was already filled with wounded.

"When she was raised from her muddy bed, five years later, eighty skeletons were found in the sick-bay, and fifteen shot holes in the hull; while the many hits mentioned in Admiral Montojo's report, and his harrowing description of the shambles that his flag-ship had become when he was finally obliged to leave her, shows what execution was done to her upper works. Her loss was one hundred and fifty killed and ninety wounded, seven of these being officers. Among the killed was her valiant captain, Don Luis Cadarso, who, already wounded, finally met his death while bravely directing the rescue of his men from the burning and sinking vessel.

"Though in the early part of the action our firing was not what I should have liked it to be, it soon steadied down, and by the time the Reina Cristina steamed toward us it was satisfactorily accurate. The Castilla fared little better than the Reina Cristina. All except one of her guns was disabled, she was set on fire by our shells, and finally abandoned by her crew after they had sustained a loss of twenty-three killed and eighty wounded. The Don Juan de Austria was badly damaged and on fire, the Isla de Luzon had three guns dismounted, and the Marques del Duero was also in a bad way. Admiral Montojo, finding his flag-ship no longer manageable, half her people dead or wounded, her guns useless and the ship on fire, gave the order to abandon and sink her, and transferred his flag to the Isla de Cuba shortly after seven o'clock.

"Victory was already ours, though we did not know it. Owing to the smoke over the Spanish squadron there were no visible signs of the execution wrought by our guns when we started upon our fifth run past the enemy. We were keeping up our rapid fire, and the flag-ship was opposite the center of the Spanish line, when, at 7.35, the captain of the Olympia made a report to me which was as startling as it was unexpected. This was to the effect that on board the Olympia there remained only fifteen rounds per gun for the five-inch battery.

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ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP "OLYMPIA"

This photograph was taken some time after the close of the Spanish-American War

"It was a most anxious moment for me. So far as I could see, the Spanish squadron was as intact as ours. I had reason to believe that their supply of ammunition was as ample as ours was limited.

"Therefore, I decided to withdraw temporarily from action for a redistribution of ammunition if necessary. For I knew that fifteen rounds of five-inch ammunition could be shot away in five minutes. But even as we were steaming out of range the distress of the Spanish ships became evident. Some of them were perceived to be on fire and others were seeking protection behind Cavite Point. The Don Antonio de Ulloa, however, still retained her position at Sangley Point, where she had been moored. Moreover, the Spanish fire, with the exception of the Manila batteries, to which we had paid little attention, had ceased entirely. It was clear that we did not need a very large supply of ammunition to finish our morning's task; and happily it was found that the report about the Olympia's five-inch ammunition had been incorrectly transmitted. It was that fifteen rounds had been fired per gun, not that only fifteen rounds remained.

"Feeling confident of the outcome, I now signalled that the crews, who had had only a cup of coffee at 4 A. M., should have their breakfast. The public at home, on account of this signal, to which was attributed a nonchalance that had never occurred to me, reasoned that breakfast was the real reason for our withdrawing from action. Meanwhile, I improved the opportunity to have the commanding officers report on board the flagship."

* * *

Some years prior to the publication of his autobiography, he had told me the story of the fateful day at Manila. In response to my inquiry as to what was foremost in his mind the night before the battle, when he had decided to enter the harbor mined with torpedoes, his brown eyes sparkled as he replied:

"All night and all morning my mind had reverted to one picture—that of Flag Officer Farragut, whom I first met at New Orleans in 1861. There were no admirals in those days, the captains being the highest ranking officers, and our commander was the flag officer. We young cadets grew instinctively to admire the intrepid Farragut, and that night at Mobile will never be forgotten, when his voice rang out loud and clear: 'D—— the torpedoes —full speed ahead.' Somehow that command would ring in my ears every time danger confronted us. One does not instinctively think of himself in such moments, but of some hero whose life has impressed him."

When I ventured to ask the Admiral why he did not give his command at Manila in some dramatic and stentorian way like Farragut, with that modesty characteristic of the man, he replied, "I was not thinking of myself; I was thinking of Farragut."

As the boys of sixteen years ago, now grown to manhood, can recall, the fame and name of Admiral Dewey made him one of the heroes of the day, and the story of early boyhood days is replete with interest, recalling the poems of James Whitcomb Riley. Dewey was a heartsome human being.

At the banquets held year after year, celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Manila, his presence was like a gleam of sunshine, and even when he was unable to be present, there were rousing cheers for the modest Admiral. He had already planned on being present at the nineteenth anniversary, to be held May 1st this year.

Dewey's guns lighted the way for the republic of China, and carried the Stars and Stripes to the Orient. When he received that cablegram from Secretary Long of the Navy Department, there was a feeling that his little fleet had gone to inevitable destruction, for no one at that time knew of the actual strength of the Spaniards. Many will recall the suspense of the country after the cablegram announcing Dewey's departure from Hong Kong. The days seemed leaden with anxiety and expectation—then what a thrill when the simple twelve-word announcement of Dewey's victory was flashed over the world, after the cables to Manila had been destroyed.

"You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," has become a classic historic phrase, but Admiral Dewey insisted that he was not much perturbed at the time he gave this order—there was no shouting or raising of the voice. He was most concerned as to whether everything was in readiness, whether the boys had had their coffee and were ready to face what he knew might prove a momentous day.

That little white squadron, every vessel of which has years ago gone to the scrap heap, seven thousand miles away from home or succor, lacking armored vessels and even full supplies of ammunition, sailed from a neutral port six hundred miles away to the almost unknown Philippines, there to seek out and destroy the Spanish fleet, vaunted to be its superior in efficiency and numbers, and backed by mined channels and heavy guns of position—this was heroism.

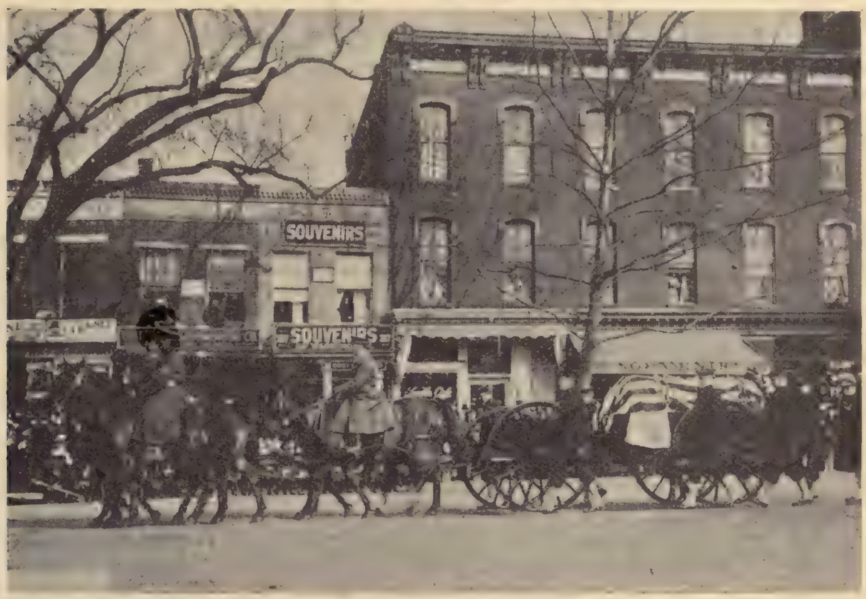
At Hong Kong, on the seventeenth of February, Admiral Dewey heard of the blowing up of the Maine at Havana, and while his information did not contain any foreboding of war, he somehow felt that it would soon be time to weigh anchor. When the fleet sailed from Hong Kong, the bets among the naval officers assembled from all the nations of the world, were against the victory of the Americans. The general remark was "A fine lot of fellows, but, unhappily, we will never see them again."

Commodore Dewey took his time to be bravely ready before he sailed, repainting and repairing, and left Hong Kong on Monday, April 25, to join in the most notable May Day celebration ever known in the history of American sea fights.

Soon after his return he was thanked by resolution of Congress and promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and one year later he was given the rank of Admiral of the Navy; as such he lived and died in the ripeness of honor and years.

With the passing of George Dewey, the rank indicated by four stars, Admiral of the Navy, outranking every naval rank in the world, expired. There will continue to be Admirals, but Admiral of the Navy was the exclusive distinction that came to the hero of Manila. What a span of history his life has covered! This came to me when I last looked upon his kindly face in his office at Washington. Still the same gallant and courteous sailor of the old days, in the line of duty to the last, as he would have wished. On that day he paced the floor with his hands behind his back, aglow with reminiscence and plans for the future, almost the erect figure that one could have pictured on the decks of the Olympia when she plowed the waters of Manila Bay.

An impressive tribute was paid to his memory, as the throngs passed his remains lying in state at the Capitol in Washington—in the very spot where Lincoln's remains had rested. The expressions from rulers of the world were his due, but best of all were those from the people of his own country. He had reached an eminence of world distinction, yet Admiral Dewey remained to the last the same sweet, sympathetic soul of early days.



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FUNERAL OF ADMIRAL DEWEY

The caisson on which the body of Admiral Dewey was borne from the Capitol to Arlington cemetery, was followed by the Navy's most distinguished officers, and the President and Mrs. Wilson. The military and naval escort made a most impressive display

The Pursuit of Happiness

by John Crockett Chapple

WHAT an interesting symposium it would be if it were possible to have a report from every reader of what has contributed to his or her happiness since we last met in this little corner of the NATIONAL! To be sure, there have been letters indicating fragments of a plan which, consolidated, would make a "44-centimeter gun" in the pursuit, and perhaps capture, of happiness.

Happiness is all about us waiting to be discovered. Some find it in the city, whose crowded streets and stores full of wondrous goods from all parts of the world present an everchanging panorama of varying conditions of life. Get into the midst of a gay, happy crowd of people and see if you do not unconsciously attract some of their cheer to yourself. You forget yourself in watching the faces of your passing neighbors, and isn't that one secret of happiness—to forget self? Others find their greatest contentment in the peace of country life, where they may contemplate undisturbed the joy with which Nature,

Exerting an unwearied power,
Forms, opens, and gives scent to every flower;
Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads.

Some of you live in the city and some in the country, and with the perversity of human nature, doubtless many of you dream of some time changing your environment for what seems to you will bring you more joy in living. Your dream brings you happiness, does it not? Then that is just what you will want to write about. Why not write in so that we may compare notes on our individual ideas upon happiness?

* * *

Since our last meeting, I have acquired a rolltop desk at the opening of the legislature, and here I have received letters from my constituents which indicate that there is much more in the world than we ever dreamed of to contribute to others' happiness. The busier I am, the more I feel that I am actually happy and contented, for the satisfaction of having completed a task that has been "hanging fire" for several weeks is supreme. A long-contemplated task is almost as bad as an unpaid bill. It leers at you with an aspect of superiority—you have not yet conquered it. Did you ever experience the happy satisfaction that comes after you have completed such a task? If you haven't, try it some time, and see how good it feels. Of course you have one—everybody does, so why not try it out at once? We are not always "good pay" to ourselves in doing the things we ought to do. Why not set aside a pay day for one's self?

* * *

First—this was talked over before, but you know what they say about the value of repetition—to start right means getting out of bed briskly and attacking the day's work as if you meant to extract the last atom of happiness from it. The fresh air which you cannot possibly escape if you take a short walk will tune you up and you can then follow up that little schedule of the day's work that you made out the night before. How satisfied you are as you check off the items that have been accomplished. Do this, and days that seem fruitless may have borne blossoms, insuring a rich harvest.

If every one of you would try to have one or two chats daily with some person whom you don't expect to meet, or who does not expect to meet you, it would be great. Just think how it would band the world together. It may be a newsboy, or a street car conductor, or a clerk in a corner drug store.

Never mind if they do smile at you queerly at first. Persevere, and after you get beneath that veneering smile of embarrassment, you will perhaps make a friend, but at least you will have added a bit of cheer to the day's work.

Then there is the happiness of going somewhere, to see again, perhaps, cities you have seen before and to note the inevitable changes that have occurred, for cities imitate Nature in that respect, and are constantly undergoing change—tearing down and building up, always with the hope of betterment. On a trip like this you become profoundly and patriarchally reminiscent. I wonder if there would not be a little more happiness if we would go more frequently? Do we not too often drift into a rut and say, "Well, it is more comfortable to be at home than bounding around on a sleeper, or following the madding crowd to the metropolis;" but after you have once got up and gone and returned, it is dollars to doughnuts that you have added to the sum total of your life's happiness. You're glad you went, glad to get home, and glad also that you didn't stay home. Inertia is the prime cause of despondency and melancholy. Burton tells us that, you know. I think that the best thing you can do is to get up and go and *go often*, and then see that mother and the folks at home have a *chance* to go. Let *everybody* go. This same Burton has expressed himself greatly in favor of travel. "Peregrination," he says, "charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety, that some count him unhappy that never traveled—a kind of prisoner, and pity his case; that, from his cradle to his old age he beholds the same—still, still, still the same, the same."

One woman has written that she finds supreme happiness, one afternoon every week, in taking care of the babies of women in the neighborhood who cannot afford a maid, so that the mothers may go to the movies or the matinee at the theatre. She has a chance to study child life at first hand, very seldom experienced by the experts who assume to enlighten us upon this question. And sometimes one who is not a mother is apt to see things that a mother does not observe because she is so close to her children. Anyway, that is a simple way to do something for others, contributing to the store of world happiness.

I know a man who "passes apples"; stuffs his pockets and walks down the dirtiest crowded street he can find, handing them out to grimy "kids" and newsboys and street arabs generally. Is he popular? He is. Also, it makes him happy—to say nothing of the joy he creates.

We are making progress in our pursuit of happiness. It is a pursuit that will never end, I know, but it cannot fail to increase with interest the more you think about it. After all, it is the great life pursuit, and if there is anything that occurs to you, valiant searchers for the "happy habit," drop a line to the NATIONAL and keep this department fresh and tingling with whatever goodly incident and inspiration comes to you in the actual happenings of day-by-day—and every month we will discuss the subject in simple everyday language rather than employ high-sounding, striking and alliterative phrases, which may arrest the vision, but are, alas, too apt to blind it.

Just draw your chairs up closer now and let's have a good cozy talk together while the March winds blow, and see if we cannot fill every page of the record book of the month with events that will "brighten the corner" where we are continuing our pursuit of happiness.

The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
  And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere,
But whether the sun, or the rain or the snow,
  There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Lincoln's "House Divided Against Itself"

by John Wesley Hill

Chancellor Lincoln Memorial Univerity

THE independence and tenacity of purpose of Abraham Lincoln nowhere appears more pronounced and striking than in his address accepting the nomination for United States Senator at the hands of the Illinois Republicans. This speech of acceptance is known in history as "The House Divided against Itself" speech. It embodied the famous declaration that the Union could not continue to exist "half slave and half free."

To his friend, Jesse K. Dubois, Lincoln said, "I refused to read the passage about the house divided against itself to you, because I knew you would ask me to change or modify it, and that I was determined not to do. I had willed it so, and was willing, if necessary, to perish with it. That expression is a truth of all human experience: a house divided against itself cannot stand. I want to use some universally known figure expressed in simple language, that it may strike home to the minds of men, in order to arouse them to the peril of the times, and I believe I would not be right in changing it or omitting it. I would rather be defeated with this expression in the speech and to uphold and discuss it before the people, than to be victorious without it."

It was this singular disposition to speak the truth, never dividing it nor giving half of it, which so often is worse than a whole lie, that distinguished Lincoln from his fellows. Skillful politician that he was, his skill lay not in the artistic campaign lie which is effective sometimes at the moment, but which later must inevitably involve its author in difficulty. But his skill was in that he knew human nature, knew its fundamental adherence to the abstract principle of right, that men and women the world over could always be aroused by a moral truth which they understood, and could apply to their own condition in life or their own country, and so he implicitly trusted the people to remain faithful to their moral convictions.

We must regard Lincoln's utterance on that occasion as inspired, and his determination to perish with the truth, if necessary, as one of the instances of rare courage that comes from on High. According to the wisdom of men, his path to the Presidency lay through the United States Senate, hence at the crucial point in his upward climb, when he was proposed for the dignified office of United States Senator against Douglas, one of the most illustrious men of the nation, Lincoln knew that he had to choose between the probable success which would follow a politic campaign and the defeat which would result from his telling the truth, "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." He recognized that the country must be all one thing or all the other; that it was impossible for the North to remain faithful to anti-slavery, which for the North was the moral view, and for the South to remain faithful to the pro-slavery contention, which to the South was the sound moral view. Lincoln knew this was just as true as that a soul suffers no division in relation to spiritual truth, and he gave an upward and visible sign of his belief by recognizing it in his practice. Lincoln could not be an agnostic in religion, neither could he be with reference to his political opinions and in his love of freedom and loyalty to the Union.

It is probable that had he not been anti-slavery and a Unionist, he would have been pro-slavery and a dis-Unionist. He would never have been neutral. If he had not been a vitalized Christian, he would have been a rank infidel, and if an infidel, then a rank hypocrite, something his worst enemies have not accused him of being.

The same principle which led him to occupy an unwavering position in politics forced him to the same position in religion. Temporizing was not in his nature. So rapidly as he garnered the fruits of his mental and spiritual thoughts and struggle, he brought them into use and suited his political and social life to them. And the fine truthfulness he displayed in his "house divided" address was only his natural and practical religion showing in his secular activities as true religion must always manifest itself in practical life. Lincoln's conviction that the nation could not endure half slave and half free grew in his mind after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise which had been enacted in 1821, and which was at the time probably the best measure possible under the conditions. It could not be a finality. The very title of the measure, "The Compromise," indicated that two conflicting views had been temporarily brought to a truce. Inasmuch as these opposing views were based on different moral conceptions, it was inevitable that in time there must be a settlement.

It is impossible to forecast what would have resulted had the South held to the terms of the compromise. But the moral principle back of the compromise, the immorality of the institution of slavery and its inconsistency with the progress of humanity, would have brought on, in time, a conflict such as must have resulted in the destruction of the institution of slavery. However, the slave party rode to its fall, and it did this by aggressions which impressed the anti-slavery forces, both North and South, with the inevitability of the conflict. The South was not content to rest upon its laurels won in the compromise; it must plan further extensions of slavery. Not only must it remain in states in which human beings were held as chattels, but in territory then free, the hated institution must be advanced and established.

And it was in the face of this growing conspiracy that Abraham Lincoln hurled his immortal challenge, "This nation cannot exist half slave and half free." It was the slogan of the war for freedom.

* * *

Often in other social and political crises, someone has given such a condensation of a tremendous principle and sentiment, combined in one terse, striking sentence. In France it was "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality" which rallied the adherents of a new order and supplied the battle cry. In this country in earlier years, Patrick Henry stood in the Virginia House of Burgesses and said, "Give me liberty or give me death!" So Lincoln's speech and that particular sentence in the speech crystallized American sentiment on the central issue of the times and offered to the nation the cardinal principle condensed within the compass of nine words: "This nation cannot exist half slave and half free." Appealing alike to the scholar, the statesman, the farmer in the field, and the toiler in the factory, it was but another illustration of the power of a magnetic utterance, overturning empires and summoning men to do and dare for the right. True, the sentence closed the door of the United States Senate in his face, but a little later it opened the door of the White House to him. It did two things, revealed his capacity to grasp far-reaching and unconquerable truths and proved that he had the courage of his convictions, daring to hazard everything upon his conception of right.

It showed that he had correctly analyzed the social order, to defend which the slave power then was working with all the ingenuity of its brilliant representatives. Lincoln's early training had fitted him to make that analysis. He had lived in the wilderness, where he had observed the practical workings of the law of the forest—every beast against every other beast, one brute tolerating another only when that other could subsist without intrenching upon the natural food supply which he himself desired. He knew what the enforcement of that law of the forest meant, that under it the weak were trampled under foot and only the strong could survive. He knew that in that law of the forest there was no clause providing for the succor of him who could not fight against superior strength, that that law inexorably compelled him to go down to the death.

Lincoln knew the slavery social order was of a kind with the law of the forest, at its base a principle as cruel as that which obtained in the wilderness, and that notwithstanding the slavery social order boasted it was the flower of the age of chivalry, it yet had forgotten justice without which chivalry is an empty shell of selfishness.

How gallant, then, Mr. Lincoln's challenge, which he flung to the country that day in Springfield, when he accepted the Republican nomination for United States Senator, and how firm his faith in God and the right as proven by the outcome. His rival, Douglas, regarded re-election to the Senate as the stepping stone to the Presidency. By all reasonable political logic, election to that body would have been the same to Lincoln. His inspiration was wiser than the thoughts of men. Through his defeat for truth's sake he aroused the conscience of the nation; he demonstrated the futility of any compromise by which slavery might be permitted to hold the balance, even according to the political codes of men. Lincoln would have been justified in withholding the truth for the time being, until a more advantageous fighting point had been gained, but he knew in his heart that God hates temporizing and concealment where a vital principle is at stake, and he resolved not to truckle to the prejudices of the hour. Something more than human courage and human wisdom guided him; it was the manhood of a chosen spirit, chosen by the Eternal to work out a great purpose in human destiny.

THE LINCOLN BOULDER AT NYACK, N.Y.

Buffalo Bill

Plainsman and Patriot

by

Vernon Alden Langdon

AMONG the earliest heroes in a galaxy of celebrities to the boys of the last generation was Buffalo Bill. Yes, I will confess that I, too, behind the old geography in the school room, read tales of the Wild West, and dreamed of the day when I should see Buffalo Bill. Boys have a longing for adventure, and I felt that my ideal was Buffalo Bill, that if I could ride across the plains with him, shooting Indians or buffaloes, my life ambition would be realized. I remember also the pictures of the early days of the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad—the engines with their bulging funnel stacks, and on either side of the track the hostile Indians harassing the builders with arrows.

The last of the famous plainsmen, Buffalo Bill, was also a patriot whose life illuminated with wholesome ideals some of the most thrilling pages of American history. A study of his career reveals a phase of American character in the making. His life story will remain one of distinctive interest, even when future generations have long forgotten such things as dreams of the Wild West and the plains. He was born in Scott County, Iowa, near the banks of the Mississippi. The date was February 26, 1846, and he had almost rounded threescore and eleven years when he passed away at Denver.

Under the trees at Walnut Grove he dreamed his early dreams, and when eight years of age he ran behind the prairie schooner in which the family moved overland to Kansas. Those were thrilling days in the free-state troubles, and on this trip little Billy learned the use of a rifle. Isaac Cody, the father, was an ardent abolitionist and an eloquent speaker on the subject. During one of his addresses on the soil of bleeding Kansas, he was stabbed with bowie knives by a member of the Border Ruffians, and while he did not die at the time, passed away a short time afterward from the effect of the wounds. This scene, witnessed by the little lad as he stood by, made him feel a fervor for the cause which he served during the Civil War.

It did not take long for boys to develop in those days. There were no laws against child labor, and at the tender age of ten little Billy was earning twenty-five dollars a month herding cattle just outside of Leavenworth, Kansas. Early indication of the character of Buffalo Bill was recorded in the fact that the first fifty dollars he earned he gave to his mother.

* * *

Before his twelfth birthday he made a trip with a bull train across the plains, and virtually lived in the saddle for two years. At thirteen came his first bloody Indian battle. It was a real fight, and the young lad, with the muzzle of his gun reaching far above his head, drew an unerring aim and brought down the Indian rushing in upon him. Thus he received his baptism of fire early in life. This boy of thirteen also had the distinction of serving as "extra man," taking the place of a member of the party who was killed or disabled during the hazardous trips on the plains. These were the experiences of the boy away from home, and early developed a sturdy strong spirit of manhood.

Like a boy, in the freedom of plain and woods, he loved to trap, and come in contact with the secrets of Nature, developing a broad view of life. In the winter and spring, he often told me, he attended school to please his mother. How important it was that he did attend school, for Buffalo Bill was the one plainsman of the West who was an educated man, and that limited schooling was sufficient to make him a friend and confidant of the learned.

The wild rush for "Pike's Peak or bust" found this young lad in the first wagon trains. Like thousands of others, he did not find Pike's Peak an Eldorado like California. He returned "busted," without the gold of Pike's Peak, and spent another winter in school. He told me that the books he liked the best were those which had interested Abraham Lincoln—the Bible, Weems' "Life of Washington" and Fenimore Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales."

When the pony express, the forerunner of the Overland Limited, was first established, the youngest rider on the most hazardous relay was little Billy Cody, whom they called the Indian Jockey. During the troublesome times in the states, like Paul Revere, little Billy made many dashing rides in carrying the "message to Garcia."

From a champion pony express rider, he naturally developed into a ranger, and soon became one of the famous young scouts in the army service on the frontier. He was a soldier as well as a scout, for he had enlisted in the Seventh Kansas Infantry, and served with that regiment to the end of the Civil War. He served with an infantry regiment, which boasted of having the best rider in the brigade. After the war, in those months when the soldier boys mustered out and returned to their homes, not knowing what to do in taking up the tangled threads of life, young Cody found himself a stage driver. He made his route in quick time, and the importance of the man who cracked the whip and drove the stage in those days of the West was not to be gainsaid, and Bill felt that he was a star stage driver. It was at this time he began to carefully save his money to marry Miss Louisa Frederici, a little girl from St. Louis, and begin life in earnest.

After his marriage he decided he wanted to run a hotel, and he soon stood in front of the "Golden Rule House" at Salt Creek Valley, Kansas. Everybody far and near wanted to spend a night with Bill Cody at his Golden Rule, for he was an interesting host. The life of a hotel proprietor was too inactive, and although it was profitable, he did not remain at it long. After service as a government scout, he joined with William Rose to promote a townsite at Rome, near Fort Hayes, Kansas, in 1867. This Rome was built in a day, and it fell as quickly, for it was soon eclipsed by the boom at Hayes City, its rival, financed by eastern capital, and Bill Cody found himself once more ready for the adventurous life of the plains.

* * *

He had earned at this time his title, "Buffalo Bill," when, as a government scout, he furnished buffalo meat for the commissary, and covered three hundred and fifty-five miles in fifty-eight hours, riding night and day. He received a medal voted by Congress for that ride of a day and two nights, a feat of horsemanship and endurance that was the wonder of all plainsmen. This brought him to the attention of General Sheridan, and he was appointed guide for the famous Fifth Cavalry. In those expeditions of this intrepid troop he seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of just what an Indian would do and when he would act. In fact, the Indians soon came to know young Buffalo Bill, and feared him, yet they seemed to trust him as no other white man.

A strategist in Indian fighting, as a scout he would ride far in advance of the train in order to give time to prepare for an attack, or to select a site for a camp near a water hole. When Cody's keen eyes saw a party of Indians approaching, he would signal to his companions to ride back to the train and prepare for a fight. The picture of Bill Cody, seated on his horse, and shading his eyes as he looked far over the vast reaches of the plains, as described by Dan Winget, one of his early companions and "pards," is a theme worthy the brush of a Remington.

It was during this time he served as Justice of the Peace at Fort McPherson, when scenes were enacted that would make the modern movie thriller pale in comparison. He served as guide for the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, when that personage came to America, and a hunting trip was arranged for his entertainment. It was none other than the Grand Duke who first insisted that Bill Cody would some day meet the crowned heads of Europe.

Those were busy, active days, and when he returned to Nebraska they had elected him a member of the legislature. At first he protested against accepting the post, regarding it as a "joke" his friends had played upon him, but finally yielded to their protestations that the district needed him. Upon the statutes of Nebraska today appear laws establishing the rights of settlers, which were formulated and placed there by Buffalo Bill.

Soon afterward, Bill Cody, Texas Jack and Will Bill presented the vivid life of the plains behind the glare of the footlights. The lure of the theatre was not very strong, however, for he was again called by the Fifth Cavalry in the midst of their desperate struggle with the Sioux, during which Buffalo Bill had his thrilling duel with Chief Yellow Hand.

The first time I met Buffalo Bill he told me of this duel. He was seated in his tent at the Wild West show, when it came to Ashland, Wisconsin. As a newspaper man, I had invited the Chippewas, in charge of Lieutenant Mercer, into the town to smoke the pipe of peace with their ancient enemy. There was a hazy tradition that nearby was fought a bloody battle between the Chippewas and the Sioux. Buffalo Bill with that soft, gentle way of his, met me and presented his chiefs of the Sioux, some of whom he had conquered in battle but who knew he was a real friend. The peace conference was arranged, a scene never to be forgotten, and Buffalo Bill gave the reconciled tribes his benediction and blessing.

The dream of his life was to have a cattle ranch, and in 1870 he established a big cattle range near North Platte, in partnership with Major North. In the winters he resumed his Indian melodramas, but when the Chinook breezes began to blow in the early spring, he longed to be back on the plains. He employed his leisure time in writing his own plays, and in 1883 organized his world-renowned Wild West combination, which for many years toured the United States, England and the Continent. Night after night he introduced to audiences the "Rough Riders of

THE LATE COLONEL WILLIAM F. CODY

Copyright S. S. Bailey

PEACE JUBILEE BETWEEN CHIPPEWA AND SIOUX INDIANS
Chippewa chiefs on the left—Sioux chiefs on the right

the World," shot with unerring aim, chased buffalo, and witnessed the thrilling stage coach robbery.

In 1890 he was called again as chief scout under General Miles, in the last battle against the Sioux.

One of the chiefs with him in the Wild West combination was Iron Tail, who, as a young brave, had been done a favor by Buffalo Bill. At that time the young plainsman was called Pohaska by the Indians, who feared him because they thought his was a charmed life. Young Iron Tail was wooing the daughter of the chief of another tribe, but his courtship did not meet with the favor of the big chief father. It was Buffalo Bill who visited the tepee of the old chief and helped Iron Tail to win his bride with parental consent.

* * *

Buffalo Bill was the real inspiration of the Boy Scouts of America. This was the verdict of Baden Powell, when he launched the movement in England, for distance lent an enchantment to Buffalo Bill, his life and career, and this suggested the forming of the organization. It was always a pleasure to hear him talk with boys, emphasizing in his quiet way certain acts of chivalry, bravery, and wholesomeness of character. "I tell you, boys," I heard him say one day, "if I was a boy today I would join the Boy Scouts, and make it my pride to keep the name pure and its banner unstained."

The story has often been told of the little red-haired boy he rescued from the blood-thirsty scalpers in his first battle with the Indians, and how he looked after that boy in later years. His spirit of comradeship, of kindness and gentleness was developed early in life. He never seemed to grow weary of traveling thousands and thousands of miles all over the world to get money to develop a great irrigation project or help friends. In the many towns in which he resided, if there was something needed—a waterworks plant, a beet sugar factory, a library or school, it was Buffalo Bill who was always ready with generous sums of money he had made during his Wild West tours, to assist in every constructive enterprise presented to him.

Such things show Buffalo Bill at his best, as a real force in the development of the country—an American to the core. He never accumulated a large fortune, for he was always investing his money in something that would build up the country.

He was truly a pioneer whom even the plaudits of the world and the wealth of a millionaire could not lure from his beloved West.

At his last home in Denver, on the plains, and even in London, I found him always the simple, unaffected, kindly soul. He never forgot his partners of the old days, and there was always a fine tenderness in his dark eyes when he spoke of them. One of the early friends of Buffalo Bill was "Wild Bill," otherwise known as James P. Hickok, who stood six feet, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, athletic and as brave a man as ever rode the plains. It was Wild Bill who saved the life of little Billy when it was threatened by a border ruffian in the early days. His was a quiet humor, and he understood "sage brush philosophy." He was perhaps the best known man in the world in his time, and it was a pleasure that thrilled to see him on horseback, even at threescore and ten.

* * *

Just before the war in Europe, I met Colonel Cody in Washington, where he was showing moving pictures, illustrating life on the plains, that he had prepared for the government. These pictures were explained and presented by the veteran scout himself, and in the Interior Department at Washington is preserved a rare heritage which Buffalo Bill has left concerning the frontier west. In these pictures are scenes illustrating the death of Sitting Bull and the Custer Massacre. These are the pictures that William Frederick Cody painted for posterity, of a picturesque epoch of American life, invaluable to history.

In the career of Buffalo Bill, the early life on the plains has been presented in a way that takes from it the odor of the dime novel, for one could not witness even his most thrilling melodrama or his most realistic presentation of Wild West under the canopy of the skies or in the twinkle of the arc lights and stars overhead at night without realizing that he was an artist. That last graceful salute—a fadeaway on horseback of Buffalo Bill, is an imperishable picture of American youth of today and yesterday. All over the world he awakened an interest in picturesque America.

While a warrior to the finger tips, with a rifle that shot true, no public man was ever imbued with a bigger and broader policy toward the red man than Buffalo Bill. The story of his career reveals the triumph of the American in dealing

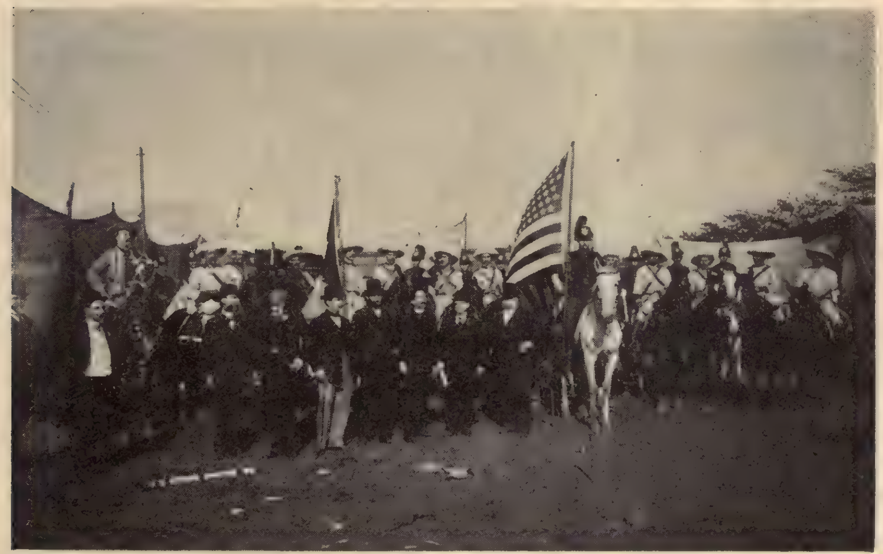


Photo J. D. Givens COLONEL CODY WITH HIS WILD WEST SHOW IN WASHINGTON

Next to flag on left, in order—Fitzhugh Lee and Tomas Estrada Palma fearlessly and justly with the red man and making him a friend.

Alone on the boundless prairies with the song of the plover and memories of the old wallows where the buffalo bones bleached, Buffalo Bill was at his best. It was like wine in his veins, and one of the rare privileges that came to me was to ride on horseback by the side of Buffalo Bill across the prairies over his ranch at North Platte, where he pointed out here and there scenes of the early days. He would tell about his horse, his beloved Brigham, "the finest and best buffalo pony that ever covered the ranges," and about his favorite rifle, which he called Lucretia.

There was a pathos in my last meeting with him in Chicago in November. He was on his way home. The years were beginning to tell and there were deep furrows in his cheek. He took my arm, this strong, sturdy type of manhood, and as he boarded the train, he straightened up and waved his hand, calling back "Out over the old trail again."

Yes, he made his last trip over the trail and over the plains, and he passed away as he would have wished, high up in the Rockies, overlooking the country which had been the great theater of his activities. The curtain has fallen, the last word spoken; high up in the lonely canyon where the majesty of Nature speaks the language of God, there Buffalo Bill rests, with the towering mountains as his monument. His sun has set behind those snow-capped peaks, but the glory of his career remains a cherished heritage to Americans. He was a man of full stature. He followed in the footsteps of the ancient Revolutionary sires, for with his trusty gun he blazed the pathway to enduring peace with the Red Man.

A VALENTINE

(TO THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA)

By CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

Former Chief of Scouts, U. S. A.

SAY, what would you give for a Valentine
  This beautiful Valentine's Day?
Something containing this soul of mine
  In the shape of a crude bouquet.
And say, would you cherish it evermore
  While the buds from the pansies sprout,
When I am across on the other shore
  And serving the Lord as a scout?

Well, here it goes to the brave and the true,
  With the love of your old scout friend,
While I toast my heroes in heaven's brew,
  Where obedience and duty blend.
My heroes, boy heroes, unselfish, strong,
  'Neath our flag, dear Old Glory unfurled.
Join hearts and souls in story and song,
  For the freedom of all the world.

May richest blessings from above
  With Peace and happiness be thine,
And may the wondrous power of love
  Be found in this, my Valentine.

Heart Letters

The making of a book by the people is a most fascinating process. Thousands of letters were received every week when Heart Throbs *and* Heart Songs *were in the making, bringing contributions and selections direct from the homes of the people. The beginning of the new book* Heart Letters *has been most inspiring, and promises to be the most fascinating book yet published. Next month we will print a large number of* Heart Letters *contributed by subscribers. Send in some letter that indicates the heart impulse of your favorite author or public man, or it may be some old letter in the garret written to mother or father during war times, or perhaps some love letter that tells a life story. When these letters are collected in one volume, you will have a bundle of human documents that never has been excelled.*—Editor.

SEVERAL days after the passing of Colonel William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," the editor of the National received the following letter from Mr. Dan Winget, an old friend and comrade of the famous scout and showman. Mr. Winget has written a book, "Anecdotes of Buffalo Bill," which contains an account of many incidents in the life of his friend. Written at a time of deep sorrow, this letter from Mr. Winget is indeed worthy a place in "Heart Letters."

Dear Joe:

I wonder if the world at large fully realizes what we have lost as the wires flashed the sad intelligence, "Buffalo Bill is dead." Do they grasp the fact that the last connecting link of the westward movement of the star of Empire has passed into history? Many, it is true, will feel that Buffalo Bill, the great showman and educator, is gone. Others will go further back and note the death of the great plainsman, the scout, the Indian fighter, the vanguard of civilization has passed away. But we who know him best, we who knew and felt the pulse beats of his great heart, feel keenly the loss of one of America's greatest Americans.

Out in the great West, in sight of the mountains he loved so well, the land where the last rays of the setting sun lingers lovingly on the snow-capped mountains, Buffalo Bill crossed the Great Divide.

As in his prime, fearless, looking death unflinchingly in the face, he calmly awaited the end and bravely faced the inevitable.

Thus passes the last living link which connects the history of civilization with the present day. Quiet and still lies the arm once so powerful in the battles of the border. Closed is the piercing eye which scanned the broad prairies as the great scout piloted the pioneers westward. Broken and empty the faithful rifle, which so many times spoke civilization to the red man as they hotly contested the westward move. Sheathed is the scalping knife, empty is the saddle, and his faithful horse impatiently looks for the master he loved.

Yes, Joe, it is all history now. It is the close of a busy life, the finish of the great plan of civilization, the work of the man who made history. His mission is finished, he has fought a good fight; he has joined that mysterious caravan which moves to the realms of shade as the great writer so aptly says:

"Not like the galley slave, scourged to his dungeon, but like one who wraps the drapery of his couch around him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Buffalo Bill was one of the most tender-hearted men I have ever known; the cry of misfortune always reached his heart. From a money point of view, it was many times his undoing, but his big heart knew not the value of money, as compared with suffering. He was open-handed in his charity, and was never soured by mistakes made as to a worthy object. It was only necessary for him to know that a person was suffering or in hard luck to gain his heart and sympathy.

His former foe, the red man, learned to love him for his fairness and justice as a conqueror. They trusted him, and he, in turn, trusted them. They loved his big heart, and probably no white man was better loved by the stolid American savage than "Pahaska" (Long Hair) as he was known to them.

Bill and I had several talks about you, and when I tried to repeat to him your talk at International about reaching out the hand to "the lonesome man," he said:

"Pard, a man with a big heart like Joe Chapple will die poor, and he won't care. It's not money which makes a big man; it's the heart, and Joe's got it."

I thought you might not be averse to hearing what our big-hearted friend thought of you. Respectfully,

DAN.

* * *

The story of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," who aspired to the throne of Scotland and was known as The Pretender, has been written in song and story, and is familiar to most people. During one of his expeditions, when passing through Inverness in March, 1746, he was met by crowds of people offering their services to help him to success. Among others, a company of armed women offered him their allegiance, which proves that the suffragette movement is by no means a modern innovation. They aroused much attention, and were described by Lord H———, in a letter to his sister·

His entry into Inverness resembled in some respects that of our Saviour into Jerusalem, the day being Palm Sunday, and the crowds of people who followed crying, "Great Prince, deliver us." Our Highlanders have returned in greater numbers, and more zealous than ever, so that far from our dear Prince's affairs being worse, they were never in a better condition. We are in a country which is inaccessible to the enemy, unless they wish to expose themselves to perish in detail as they have proved each time they tried to penetrate. The whole nation has taken arms to defend their mountains and cliffs; the women of this part of Scotland, who dress so like men one can hardly distinguish them, have formed a company of 112 women, of whom the eldest is not over forty. This troop of modern Amazons is led by a girl between 27 and 30, who has plenty of spirit and sufficient beauty to attract an honest man; her secretary is a girl about 25 years of age, apparently her sister, to whom she dictates letters, giving orders and receiving visits the while. She presented herself at the head of her company to the Prince with a military appearance that many of our officers have not. I declare had I not been informed they were women, I should have been deceived. They wear a cap instead of the head dress, and are dressed something like a running footman, except that the petticoat is longer, and they wear a half riding hood which comes down to the knees, instead of a cloak. They are armed with axes and swords, only fifty (those who are at the head) having guns and bayonettes. The heroine made a speech to the Prince, which was remarkable, and shows her to be an educated girl. This is the translation given me by the Chevalier de Gask to send you:

"Illustrious Prince, the wisdom and moderation which constitutes great men, accompanied by the valour which makes them heroes, causes us to recognize you today as our deliverer and king. In our deserted state we have for a long time vainly wished to see our legitimate kings again placed on the most ancient throne in Europe, formerly occupied by Fergus, to the time of Alexander. The Elector of Hanover, under malign influences, has shut out light and tied our arms and our tongues; but God, who punishes all sin, has put an end to this cruel slavery. This sin of our fathers must be expiated, after a certain time, as shown in the decree of His mercies. Our punishment is no doubt at an end, since God has given us your arm to deliver us. Like another of Israel's judges, it has been reserved for you to effect this work. What happiness for us to add to our love a brilliant reward; we have never deserved your kindness. Victim of our infidelity, you are yet anxious to be the restorer; generous in all respects, virtuous beauty will no longer fear to appear in our towns; instead of being an attraction to licentiousness, it will serve as an ornament to decency and virtue. Under your wise and virtuous reign, our feeble sex will be honored and respected like our neighbors. It is with these hopes that we have taken up arms to advance your reign, for your glory and our happiness. These arms, which, as you see, rust has spared, will never be laid down by us until we have crowned you in one of our churches, in default of the celebrated stone carried away by Edward I.

"The whole of my company declare they will never forsake you, but defend you under the greatest dangers, and shame those men who, born your subjects, serve against you with that cruel prince who has threatened (condemne) your life. For ourselves, illustrious Prince, we have no engagement other than to serve you. Men are nothing to us; we are free and at your service from this moment, persuaded that God will protect you whom he has sent to be re-established on the ancient throne of your fathers. Our wishes will be more than accomplished if we can show by their effects how deeply we are attached to you."

—*Letters of Two Centuries.*

Admiral Dewey

HOME from the long, long voyage,
  Home from a world distressed,
Home from the broad blue waters,
  Home to the harbor blest.
Home from the blare of the battle,
  Home from the deafening cheers,
Into the soul's snug harbor
  To rest through the endless years.

While there are cannon booming
  Over earth's war-racked lands,
Peacefully lies he sleeping,
  Crossed on his breast his hands.
Idle his sword forever,
  War and its turmoil cease,
Now he has found his haven
  Crowned with the wreaths of peace.

Over the wide seas clasping
  Wet hands about the world,
Proudly his ship went sailing,
  Under his flag unfurled.
Now he is home from the voyage,
  Home to the harbor blest,
Home with the brave cruise ended,
  Home to his long, long rest.

—*Nixon Waterman*

The Order of the Rising Sun

by William Edward Ross

WESTON stood looking into the show window of Lombardy's Corsetiere. Not that he was interested in ladies' apparel, for he was not yet married, but because of the excellent view the mirror in the window afforded of a touring car drawn up to the curb on the opposite side of the street.

The car contained two passengers: a heavily-veiled woman and Baron Ogi, head of the Japanese Secret Service and Special Emissary of the Mikado. The Baron was standing, talking to someone on the sidewalk who was hid from Weston by the body of the car.

Although nearly a year had lapsed since Weston had met the Baron, he had not forgotten him, and he noticed, grimly, that the latter's right arm hung stiffly at his side.

As Weston watched, the person talking to the Baron changed her position. There was something familiar in the woman's neatly-tailored figure, but he could not place her until she turned to accept the envelope which the baron handed to her. By this act her face was shown full in the mirror. It was Hazel West. The next moment she had vanished through the revolving doors of Marshall Field's and was lost to view.

It was only a few steps from where the episode occurred to Weston's club. Entering the library, he picked up a sheaf of evening papers and ensconcing himself in his favorite chair, glanced cursorily through them. He was about to cast them aside when a boxed advertisement, set up among the reading matter on the last page of the *News*, attracted his attention. Weston read it twice, then carefully cutting it out, placed it in his bill book. He had hardly done so before a page tapped him on the arm.

"Lady to see you, Mr. Weston, in the visitors' room."

When he entered the room, Hazel arose and greeted him. Taking him by the arm she led him to a couch in a secluded corner, and opening her mesh bag, took out a small clipping and handed it to him. It was a copy of the advertisement he had just been reading:

> LOST.—In the dining-room of the Auditorium, or at the Motor Cycle Show, a ribbon insignia of The Order of The Rising Sun. A liberal reward and no questions asked, will be paid for its return to Room 456, Auditorium, or to the room clerk of the hotel.

Smiling, Weston opened his bill book and handed the copy of the advertisement he had clipped from the *News* to Hazel. She glanced at it, then laughed merrily.

"So you also saw it," she cried. "It was a rather conspicuous place for a 'Lost Advertisement,' was it not? I wonder what it means?"

As if in answer to her query, the page

entered the room and handed Weston a card.

"The gentleman said his business was very urgent, and that he would detain you but a moment."

Weston handed the card to Hazel. It was an orthodox calling card, but the name on it caused her to start. Beneath the name, "Baron Soyen Ogi," there was penciled in a neat hand, "I must see you, if only for a moment."

"Bring him up," Weston directed the page.

* * *

When the boy had left the room Hazel West rose excitedly.

"He must not see me here. It would ruin everything."

To the right of the visitors' room was a small rest room. Thither Weston escorted the girl, and he had just resumed his seat when the Baron entered.

"I hope I am not intruding," he remarked in excellent English, then stopped and looked intently to the right of where Weston was sitting. Weston turned also. On the side of the divan was Hazel's mesh bag which she had forgotten to take with her. Weston colored, and picking up the bag, put it in his pocket. At this the Japanese smiled slightly and said:

"I fear I have interrupted your tete-a-tete, Mr. Weston, but I shall not detain you long."

"Not at all," Weston lied. "The bag belongs to my sister. She gave it to me to be repaired, and it must have slipped from my pocket while I was lying down."

"That glove also, perhaps," Ogi said suavely, pointing to the floor. Weston stared guiltily, and looking to where the Jap was pointing, saw one of Hazel's gloves. With an impatient growl, he kicked it under the sofa.

"I am not the custodian of every stray piece of feminine property lying about this room," he muttered.

"No!" the baron observed satirically. "Well, that is not my business here."

Taking a newspaper from his pocket, he handed it to Weston, pointing to the same advertisement Hazel and Weston had been discussing.

Weston could not restrain from starting when he saw it, a fact the alert-eyed Jap instantly noted. It was the third time his attention had been called to that same advertisement, and, while he could not understand the coincidence, it struck him as being very singular.

"Well?" he interrogated coldly.

"It may not have escaped your intelligence," Ogi began, "that the lost ribbon is mine. It is a treasure valuable to no one but myself, but doubly dear to me because of its associations. As you may, perhaps, not know, for me to return to my country without it would mean disgrace and loss of rank. Therefore, I must regain it."

"And what," and Weston, who could not restrain his dislike for the man, interrupted, "has all this to do with me?"

"Possibly nothing, probably a great deal," Ogi replied calmly. "As I started to say, I must find the ribbon. It has come to my notice that it is in the hands of those who intend using it for political purposes. Knowing that Miss West is close to the secrets of this government, and that you are close to her, I thought that possibly you might aid me to recover the ribbon."

"Why should you expect us to aid you?" Weston angrily demanded.

* * *

The Japanese regarded him shrewdly.

"For the sake of expediency," he answered calmly. "Let us presume an hypothesis, simply a hypothetical case, I assure you," sardonically. "We will suppose that the United States, anxious to ameliorate Great Britain, is considering the repeal of the present canal toll rates. Naturally she is conducting negotiations with Great Britain quietly, without letting the other powers into the secret. Naturally my government, as a factor among the world powers, in order to protect her own interests, is anxious to know the inside facts of the negotiations. Again we will suppose—remember that this is purely hypothetical theorizing—that in casting about for a secret agent your government chooses a man who has already shown his ability as an intriguer and star-chamber diplomat in other cases, namely, Miss West's father. Following out our hypothesis, we will suppose that the presence of Lord Raleigh, who is staying *incognito* at the Blackstone, in this city, means that he is here to look after his government's interests, and that Chicago has been chosen as a conference place because of its distance from Washington and because the *majority*"—emphasizing majority—"of the secret agents of foreign powers expect the negotiations to take place at Washington. In concluding our hypothesis and assuming our suppositions to be correct, it is natural that Mr. West desires to keep his visit to Lord Raleigh a secret, providing he is permitted to see him," significantly. "Granting the correctness of the foregoing, Mr. Weston, your question is answered. Aid me to recover my ribbon, and there will be no hitch in the plans of Mr. West. Refrain from doing so and—" A shrug of his shoulders completed the sentence.

Weston darted angrily forward.

"Is this a threat?" he demanded.

"Mr. Weston's question and his anger would indicate that our hypothesis is along the lines of fact," Ogi suavely replied. "I make no threats. They are the weapons of children and fools. However, I see that my proposal interests you. Bring the ribbon to this address before tomorrow night," handing Weston a card, "and all will be well. Good morning."

Before Weston recovered from his astonishment the Baron had bowed himself out and he was alone.

Looking up from the card in his hand, at which he had been intently gazing, without seeing it, in his pre-occupation, he saw Hazel standing in the door of the rest room. She was white and shaken.

"Is there no end to that man's uncanny omniscience?" she gasped. "He knows every move father makes. That hypothesis of his was merely his manner of letting you know that he is aware of father's presence here and the reason for it.

"I saw him this afternoon and he gave me a copy of his advertisement without, however, explaining his reasons for so doing. He simply told me that the ribbon was his and that I might be interested in its recovery. I believe the fact that he had a lady with him kept him from going into details with me. He knew, of course, if he saw you, that you would acquaint me with his offer."

"Where is your father now?" Weston gravely asked.

"I do not know," the girl replied, a little tremor in her voice. "I received a telegram last night stating that he would be in on the 10.10 Overland Limited this morning, and for me to meet him. He did not come. His non-appearance worries me because I know he had an important luncheon engagement at noon. That was why he requested me to meet him. We were to go direct from the train to the luncheon."

"But this lost ribbon?" Weston queried. "I do not understand the connection."

"Nor I," she replied thoughtfully.

"Whatever it means," she continued, "it is evident that Ogi is very anxious to recover it."

"Granting that it was ever lost," Weston observed.

Hazel looked at him startled.

* * *

"So you think it is merely a subterfuge, some intangible thread in the warp of some plot he is weaving?" she asked.

"I am at a loss to know what I do believe," he answered gravely. "This whole affair is such a mixed up mess that nearly any conclusion may be the right one."

"Knowing him as I do," he added, "I would have no doubt of it being some part of one of his schemes were it not for the fact that he virtually admitted his knowledge of your father's business. To use the vernacular, it is highly improbable that he would have 'tipped his mitt' unless he had really lost the ribbon. He thought that by showing us how strong a hand he held that we would be more than likely to aid him in its recovery. He seems to be thoroughly convinced that we have the ribbon or know where it is."

The girl did not reply, but sat staring thoughtfully at the floor. Finally arousing herself, she requested Weston to send for a taxi. When he did so, she laid a hand upon his arm, and looking up into his eyes said:

"Ed, I know I'm foolish, but I'm worried. I cannot help feeling that some harm has come to father. That Japanese is a deep one, and there is something behind all this besides the loss of the ribbon. I may be foolish, but I cannot help it. You know," whimsically, "that there is no accounting for a woman's intuition. I wish you would come out to the house with me. I may need you."

During the drive to her home Hazel sat silent. When they had reached the house, she left Weston to settle with the chauffeur and ran up the stairs. When he had followed her, she met him in the hall, tears in her eyes.

"Father has not been here, nor has he sent any message," she said bravely, trying to hold back the tears.

While they stood discussing the situation the door bell rang. Hazel answered the call in person. She returned with a small package.

"It's from father," she cried excitedly.

Tearing off the wrapper, a small box was brought to view. She opened it. On a bed of cotton lay a long silk ribbon. Hanging pendant-like to it was a charm of oriental design, set with many diamonds. It was the Order of the Rising Sun.

"Well, I'll be d——!" Weston ejaculated.

Beneath the ribbon lay a small envelope. Hastily opening it, Hazel removed the one sheet it contained and read aloud:

"If you value my life, take the enclosed at once to the address given here." The address which followed was the same one which Ogi had given to Weston at the club. The note was unsigned.

"It is father's writing," Hazel cried, excitedly. "Oh, what can have happened to him?" The next moment she fainted.

II

The first shadows of twilight were filling the streets with ghostly shapes when a taxi-cab drew up in front of a sombre, three-story house overlooking the lake, just off the Lake Shore Drive. Hazel and Weston alighted.

In answer to their ring, a Japanese youth, in dress of a butler, opened the door. He was evidently expecting them, for he asked no questions, but, motioning for them to follow him, led the way to the second floor.

Opening a door at the head of the stairs, he motioned for them to enter. The room was in semi-darkness, a pair of heavily shaded candles furnishing the only illumination. Curiously they gazed about them. The room was hung with heavy oriental tapestries and the furnishings were all of antique and foreign style. There was a small brazier burning, from which emanated a pungent, though pleasing odor. It was as if they had stepped from the streets of modernity into a room of the oriental past. Curious paintings and ancient weapons of Japanese design hung on the walls.

"What a curious, but beautiful room?" Hazel exclaimed, picking up a small carving to admire it.

"I am glad you like my home," a voice interrupted them. "I have tried to transpose as nearly as possible one of the rooms in my palace at Japan."

Startled, Hazel dropped the carving and turned to the door. Baron Ogi, dressed in a heavy silk gown, stood in the doorway, smiling.

"We did not come here to admire your apartments nor to make a friendly call," Weston cried. "Where is Mr. West?"

"Softly, my friend, softly," the Baron said calmly. "All in good time. There are certain preliminaries to be undergone before you meet Mr. West. You have brought the ribbon?" interrogatively.

Hazel handed it to him. A smile of satisfaction illumined his face as he pinned it to his breast.

"I shall have to ask your indulgence a moment and leave you to the beauties of the room," he observed. "I trust you will find it of sufficient novelty to interest you until I return with your father," turning to Hazel. The next instant he disappeared as noiselessly as he had entered.

When he had gone, Hazel grasped Weston by the arm.

"I don't trust that man," she said, trembling.

"There, there, little girl," Weston answered reassuringly, assuming for her benefit a lightness he did not feel. "It's all right. What a curious piece of sculpture!" pointing to a small ivory god which sat on the corner of the mantel.

* * *

Becoming interested, in spite of her fears, Hazel passed from one curio to another. Weston, finding some curious Japanese prints, was soon deep in contemplation of their beauty. How long it had been since the Baron's departure he did not know, when a cry of horror caused him to drop the prints to the floor.

"Look!" Hazel cried. "There! In the corner! Can you not see it? Look! For God's sake look!"

Weston glanced in the direction to which she pointed, then sat transfixed. In the corner, peering through the portieres, was the most hideous and repulsive face he had ever seen. The yellow skin was sunken and drawn tight over the high cheek bones. The teeth disclosed by the half-open mouth were disfigured and yellow with age. It was a perfect death mask, save for the eyes. Large, almond-shaped, they gleamed with a malevolent fire. In the semi-darkness they loomed green and sinister, like the orbs of some gigantic cat.

Involuntarily Weston shrank back. Hazel had covered her face with her hands and was moaning hysterically. The sight of her anguish nerved Weston. Drawing his gun, he sprang to the corner and tore the portieres apart. There was nothing there. The head had vanished.

* * *

The next instant there was the sound of a bolt being shot. Springing to the door, he tried to open it. It was bolted on the outside. As he pounded upon the panels, a low, sinister laugh echoed down the corridor, accompanied by the sound of retreating footsteps. They were locked in the room with the mysterious head.

Weston continued his fruitless pounding on the door until a sharp cry from Hazel, "Quick! Jump back!" caused him to leap backwards. He was just in time. As he leaped there was a sharp click and a solid steel panel, apparently dropping from the ceiling, completely covered the door, sealing it. Horrified, the entrapped pair gazed at each other.

Crossing the room, Weston tore the curtains from the one window the room contained. There was no hope there. It was heavily barred. They were prisoners in the hands of Baron Ogi.

Hazel sank to the floor, and covering her face with her hands, began to sob softly. Weston carefully searched the room for some means of egress, but they were as securely penned as if they were in some modern penitentiary. His search availing nothing, he seated himself and tried to think of some way out of the dilemma. It was useless. They were prisoners until such a time as the Baron saw fit to release them. And in the meantime, where was Hazel's father? Was he also a prisoner? Cursing himself for a fool to have allowed himself to permit Hazel to be thus entrapped, he clenched and unclenched his hands, vowing that if he was ever permitted to lay his hands on the Jap, he would repay him for this humiliation and indignity.

He was aroused from his reverie by the sound of the window being opened. Drawing his gun, he stole to the window. What he saw caused him to utter an astonished exclamation. Clinging to the bars was an enormous chimpanzee. A rope tied to a strap about his shoulders showed how he had reached the window. In one hairy hand he held a basket. In the center of the window bars was a small wicket, similar to those in jail doors, opening outward. The ape, muttering all the while an outlandish gibberish, opened the wicket and thrust the basket through it to the astonished Weston. Weston took the basket, the ape slammed the wicket shut, and then vanished hand over hand up the rope.

"Rather a rough looking customer," Weston observed to Hazel, who had been an astonished spectator of the episode. "But one entirely in keeping with this oriental she-bang. It is evident," opening the basket, "that whatever his intentions may be, the Baron does not intend to let us starve."

* * *

The basket contained a dainty lunch. At the bottom was an envelope addressed, "To My Guests." It was written in the third person:

"The Baron sincerely trusts that both Miss West and Mr. Weston will pardon his being forced to compel their enforced seclusion. Unless unforseen circumstances render it necessary that their stay be of longer duration, they will be released tomorrow evening.

"The Baron hopes that in the meantime they will be comfortable. Plenty of bedding will be found in the lower part of the davenports.

"The Baron extends his condolences

because the nature of Miss West's and Mr. Weston's visit does not permit him to extend the hospitalities in person."

Hazel looked at Weston with horror.

"Must we stay here all night?" she faltered.

"I fear so," he answered gently. "It is evident that our amiable host has no intentions of releasing us before tomorrow."

Although Weston coaxed her to do so, Hazel was unable to eat any of the lunch, and it was only at his urgent solicitation that she consented to lie down. Upending one of the davenports, Weston pinned one side of the portiere he had torn from the wall to it, and by pinning the other side of the drapery to the wall, he succeeded in partly screening one corner of the room. Rolling the other davenport behind the improvised screen, he made a partially secluded bedroom for Hazel.

For a long time after the girl's even breathing assured him that she was asleep, Weston sat on guard. Finally the fumes from the brazier and the heavy atmosphere of the room made him drowsy, and he also slept.

He was awakened from his sleep by the sound of the upended davenport crashing to the floor and by Hazel's screams.

The room was in total darkness save for a square patch of light which came from an open trap door in the ceiling directly over the corner where they had seen the mysterious face.

From the corner where Hazel had been sleeping came the noise of a heavy body threshing about. To the din of rending draperies was added a hoarse, unintelligible jargon and the girl's screams.

Weston sprang for the corner and ran full tilt into a huge, hairy body. The next moment a blow across the forehead knocked him to the floor. Ere he became unconscious, he had a fleeing vision of Hazel, in the arms of the chimpanzee, being hauled up through the trap door in the ceiling.

III

When Weston recovered consciousness he was lying on his own bed at his apartments. Hazel and a doctor were standing at his bedside.

"There is no danger," the doctor was saying. "It was a nasty blow, Miss West, but there is no fracture, and as he is of hardy physique and in good physical condition, he will soon pull through."

"I should say so," Weston cried, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. "Where is the ape?"

At the question, both Hazel and the doctor laughed. And a man sitting by the window, whom Weston had not seen, joined in their merriment.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" Weston cried. "Is that you, West? Have I been dreaming?"

"No, my boy, you have not," West replied, rising and joining the others at the bedside. "It's a long story, however, and the doctor insists that you must have perfect quiet today. So go to sleep, and if nothing interferes, Hazel and I will tell you all about it tomorrow."

IV

"I fully intended coming in on the 10.10 as I wired Hazel," said West next morning, "but I noticed that I was being spied upon. A Japanese, evidently in Ogi's employ, had the Pullman compartment next to mine. In order that I might frustrate his designs, whatever they were, I wired Raleigh, in a cipher code, we had agreed upon, from Pittsburg, and told him to meet me at the Oliver, South Bend. I did not dare to wire Hazel of my change of plans for fear the Japs would learn of them. I had no sooner left the telegraph office at Pittsburg than my Japanese friend hastily entered it. I had no fear, however, of his deciphering my telegram, even if he obtained a copy of it.

"When I retured that evening I left my shoes outside the door of my compartment, ostensibly to be polished. I had no doubt that as long as the Jap saw my shoes outside he would believe me safely inside. Before we entered South Bend I dressed in my oldest clothes, and leaving my bags, etc., in the compartment, with instructions that they be turned over to the baggage master here, I made my exit through the window, when the train slowed down at the Indiana City. I met Raleigh at the hotel, and he is now safely speeding on his way to New York, thence to London.

"After he left I caught the first interurban to Chicago. When I reached home

I found the servants were frantic over Hazel's non-appearance. They were about to telephone the police when I arrived.

"Fortunately Hazel had left the note sent her with the Order of The Rising Sun on her dresser. It was all I needed."

"Then you did not write the note," Weston cried.

"No. It was a clever forgery. Calling up Captain Gilpin at the Detective Bureau, I hurriedly explained matters to him and asked him to detail a squad of men to accompany me to the address given in the note. He willingly promised to do so.

"Ordering out my car, I drove to detective headquarters, picked up the detectives, and speeded to Ogi's house as fast as the car could go.

"When we reached it it was dark save for a light in a room on the third floor. One of the detectives opened the front door with a pick lock and we had just slipped into the hall when we heard Hazel's scream and the noise of a scuffle on the floor above. Leaving one of the men on guard at the door, we stole noiselessly up the stairs. When we reached the second floor we again heard her scream, but this time the screams seemed to come from the third floor.

"Quietly, we slipped up the stairway. From beneath a door at the head of the stairs streamed a light. Stepping cautiously to the door, I turned the knob. The door was unlocked. The next moment I threw it open.

"You can imagine my consternation and horror upon seeing a huge ape emerge from a hole in the floor with Hazel in his arms. There were half a dozen Japs, including Ogi, in the room. One of them was my traveling companion.

"When Ogi saw us he yelled something in Japanese. The ape answered with a horrible scream, and, releasing Hazel, sprang at us. The next instant a well-aimed bullet ended his career. The Japs were arrested.

"Hazel told us where you were, but Ogi refused to give us the combination that would lift the steel door, so one of the officers descended through the trap, and we hoisted you up on a rope."

"But the advertisement, the lost ribbon!' Weston exclaimed.

"A ruse," West replied. "The ribbon was never lost. Ogi inserted that advertisement for the sole purpose of luring Hazel and you out of the way. He, himself, sent the ribbon to Hazel."

"But I don't understand," said Weston puzzled. "Why should he desire to abduct us?"

"So you would not be able to interfere with his plans regarding me," West replied. "He knows that it was because of your interference that he was frustrated in his efforts to steal the Alien Land Law papers. If I had come into Chicago when I intended, I would have been abducted at the station and the canal toll documents stolen from me. We would all then have been held prisoners until the Baron and his confederates were ready to leave the country.

"The house on the drive was formerly a private asylum. It was unfurnished save for the hall and the room in which you were confined. In the days when it sheltered the insane a covered stairway led from the ground to the top of the house. The window of the room you occupied was then a door, which accounts for the wicket in the bars. In some way Ogi learned of the house's existence, and rented it for the summer. Your prison was furnished from among his collection of oriental knick-knacks. And now I suppose you two children are tired listening to an old man and would like to be alone?"

* * *

During his story Hazel had been seated at the side of the couch on which Weston was lying. Sometime at the beginning of the story he had obtained possession of her hand and he was still holding it when West concluded his narrative. At her father's question Hazel blushed rosily and hastily withdrew her hand from Weston's grasp.

The latter only laughed.

When the old man left the room Weston regained her hand, and pressing it to his lips murmured:

"You can imagine how I felt, dear, when I saw you being hoisted through the air in the arms of that ape."

"I know," she replied, shivering at the recollection.

"After my failure to protect you there,

can you trust me as your protector through life?" he asked.

In answer she pressed her lips to his.

They were interrupted by a knock at the door. Hazel answered it and Weston's man handed her a large box. On the wrapper was the superscription, "A wedding present from Dad."

Hazel handed the box to Weston. He opened it. It contained the mysterious head of their prison, a large Japanese mask. The eyes were two small, green, incandescent globes operated by a small battery.

Laying it on the table, Weston opened his arms. When Hazel was securely lodged within them he whispered into her ear:

"Dear old Dad. He guessed our secret, didn't he, dear?"

The next story in the series, "Across the Border," will appear in the March issue of the NATIONAL. *In it we follow Hazel West, her father and Weston through a series of remarkable adventures in the land of revolutions, Mexico.*

THE RIDDLE

O THOU unsatisfying reality
  That drives Art cloister-wise
Where only dreams of ideality
  Remain until hope dies!

Unanswerable riddle of the years—
  The artist's soulful cry—
The mute appeal to life that heedless hears
  The longing and the sigh!

A world of fancy and transporting dreams,
  And Life a stranger there,
With tragic worshiper of Art, who seems
  More outcast than an heir.

Renunciation and the cloister's shade,
  And one last song of Art—
The sad recessional of dreams that fade
  Out of the tired heart!

Each age makes answer to some social cry
  With martyrs to befriend,
But Art and Aspiration, left to die,
  Stay lovers to the end.

One last, long look at life, and Love's farewell;
  Then Art's sweet mystic way—
The dying music of some vesper-bell
  To help the Soul to pray.

—*Edwin Leibfreed.*

Favorite Poems of Noted People

by George Leon Varney

Excerpts from a collection of letters contributed by representatives of many branches of activity in answer to the question "What is your favorite poem?" This being Part II of the article, its lines are devoted to the "favorites" of authors, artists, preachers and politicians

CONTEMPORARY writers will be surprised to hear that E. Phillips Oppenheim, the English novelist, reserves no place in his library for their works. Nevertheless, it is true. Like the late Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, Mr. Oppenheim does not read fiction, and, what is more, he does not understand why any man should give fiction shelf-room in the home. On the other hand, producers of *vers libre* will be delighted to learn that Mr. O. finds pleasure in quoting poetry, and that his library is filled with the choicest nuggets of the bards.

Showing how his admiration for things of a poetical nature has changed with the change of years, this vassal of the Muse says: "At twenty years of age my favorite poem, every line of which I once committed to memory, was Tennyson's 'Maud.' Afterwards I was very fond of Matthew Arnold's shorter poems, especially 'The Scholar Gypsy' and 'The Forsaken Merman.' Now, in middle-age, I find great pleasure in Keats, and in the sea poetry of Swinburne. Nothing, perhaps, has held its place longer in my thoughts since 'Maud' than Matthew Arnold's 'Tristram and Iseult.' "

These poems may seem rather delicate for a writer of hairbreadth detective stories to amuse himself with, but most fortunately Mr. Oppenheim is endowed with the rare gift of being able to deal with the finer as well as the coarser breeds of life. Which, to say the least, reminds us of that old saying, "A man may eat purple cabbage, wear violets, walk with gum shoes, and still wield anything but a sentimental pen."

Note, if you will, the preferences of a number of other foreign writers. Arthur Wing Pinero, the eminent dramatist, whose plays are noted for their tactful and clever women, states that his favorite poetry is that of "Macbeth." Jerome K. Jerome, another playwright whose offerings are well known, looks to Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur" and Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." That master of vividly imaginative stories, H. Rider Haggard, of "She" and "Cleopatra" fame, places the Book of Job and Ecclesiastes above all other works of a poetical order. Maurice Hewlett, who delights in pricking curiosity, confesses that Shelley's "Witch of Atlas" compels his closest attention; while Max Pemberton, who writes with sparkling ink, harks back to the musty classics, reading at the same time as a sort of a recessional, Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."

Sir James Le Moine, the Nestor of Canadian writers, who was reared in a home famed for its stimulating literary

ELIZABETH, LATE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA (CARMEN SYLVA) atmosphere and extended reading, finds the best of everything in Byron's "Childe Harold" and Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Israel Zangwill, one of the most enlightened Hebrews of the hour, holds most poetry on the same level, and in the impossibility of discriminating among the countless treasures of profane literature, he selects the first four verses of the second chapter of Isaiah, foretelling the coming of Christ. Another lover of Bible verses is Viscount Bryce of England, who spurns the modern for the numerous meditative and devotional poems to be found in the Book of Psalms and in many of the prophetic books outpouring of the soul in which it expresses its sense of its own weakness and its faith in God or (as, for instance, in the eighteenth Psalm) its wonder at his power as manifested in the storm, or its admiration of his works in animate and inanimate nature, as in the hundred and fourth Psalm.

* * *

Count Lutzow, who ranks high in Europe as a judge of the beautiful in literature, places Swinburne above and over all. Then to his approval comes Browning, particularly his "A Grammarian's Funeral" and "Youth and Art." "The Shropshire Lad," by Housman, attracts some attention, as does "The Crucifix" by Lawrence Hope. But the surprise of his royal decisions is delivered in an afterthought, when the Count, looking westward, discovers America, and, mind you, instead of raising his voice in praise over the natural wonders of the new world, he shocks us by calmly inquiring for Bret Harte's fanciful "John Burns of Gettysburg."

Strange that a critic's nature should show such curious obliquity. But then, it's only a matter of taste, after all. It is charitable to believe that some people prefer their poetry boiled; some, fried; some, broiled; some, baked; some, scrambled; some, stewed; and some—not done at all. Therefore, it is reasonable to believe that the Count, as a royal chef, relishes best his own way of serving; and if this be the case, we have no license to suggest, season, or serve. Let him have his peppers and his vinegars! They may be ambrosia and nectar to him and his gods.

The palm for talent among the royal women of Europe was held for years by Elizabeth, late Queen of Roumania. Under the *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva she wrote many compositions with effervescent skill. Poetry, fiction, painting and music were all within her reach. As a writer she aimed to instruct as well as interest. In an easy style she mingled wit with wisdom, striving all the while to impart an elevated moral impression. The wealth of knowledge she possessed was marvelous, and during her many years of activity, she most clearly evinced a great familiarity with books and men of genius, and an ability to arrange facts and incidents. The mystery of it all, to quote dear old Goldy, was "that one small head could carry all she knew."

The late Queen's letter from Castle Pelesch, Roumania, under date of September third, nineteen hundred and nine, reads as follows:

"You ask me to name my favorite tree in a virgin forest, my favorite star in the firmament, my most beloved wave in the ocean—it is rather much, isn't it? . . . In poetry I love the grand old Visconte of Lisle and Moritz von Strachwitz, who died at twenty-six. Books? I who read a book a day at least—I love 'Helen's Babies,' 'Baby Sylvester,' and all baby stories. In painting, I love the angels of Fra Beato Angelico da Fiesole; in sculpture, Michael Angelo's 'Moses;' in architecture, the Cathedral of Cologne; in history, none at all—yes, 'Joan of Arc,' by Mark Twain."

Jean Andrien Antoine J. Jusserand, ambassador of France to the United States, selects two titles of poems which he is particularly fond of—"La Chanson de Roland" and "Piers Plowman." Giacomo Puccini, Italian composer of operas, desires to be known as an admirer of "The Tempest," by Shakespeare. Lord Chesterfield, the Shakespearian scholar, holds to "Macbeth," while a certain member of the House of Lords knows of nothing to equal the peerless "Hamlet."

So you see there is variety and some spice. Not all the things admired are pastoral poems or odes to Pan. To be sure, there's fog and grime, a wild riot of color and strong design. There's rhymed meter and rhythmic cadences. There's concrete, straw, and even mud.

There's some form, some beauty, but very little of the thing critics call POETRY.

And now let us note the tastes of some of our American writers. Winston Churchill, author of "The Inside of the Cup," "The Crisis," "Coniston," and other historical novels, states the poem he likes the best of all that he has ever read is Rudyard Kipling's "To the True Romance." Meredith Nicholson, builder of "The House of a Thousand Candles," chooses Milton's "Lycidas." Alfred Allen, who gave us the "Heart of Don Vega," sees the light streaming through many casements. When longing for Nature, for instance, Lanier's "Hymn of the Marshes" comes singing to his windows; when lonely, Tennyson's "In Memoriam" responds to his throbbing chord; when in a fighting mood, Browning or Whitman; so on for many days, many needs.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Then there is Alfred Henry Lewis, author of "Wolfville" stories, who surprises us by calling for Whittier's "Last Walk in Autumn."

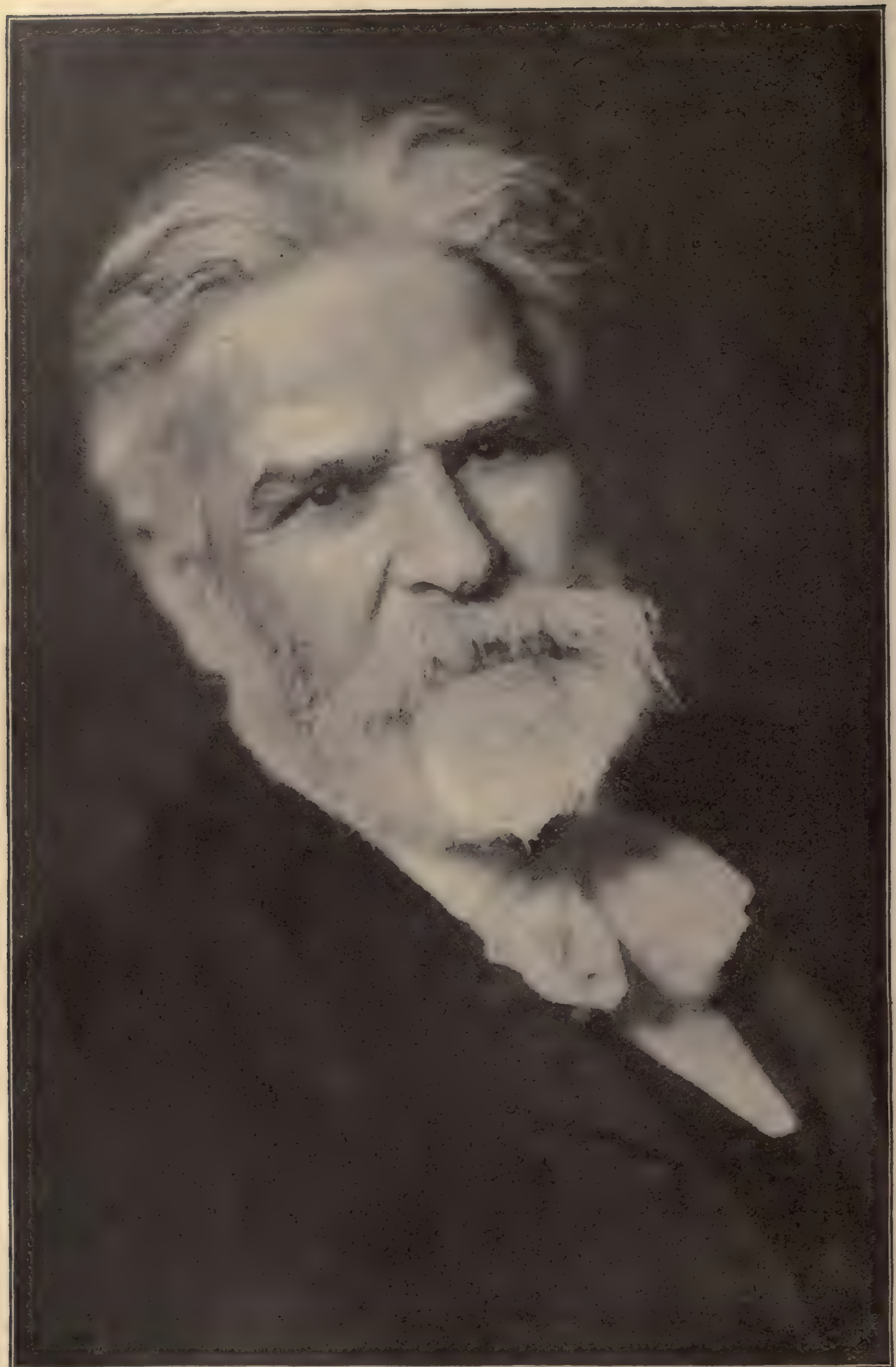
Elbert Hubbard, the master Roycrofter, who went down with the war-stricken Lusitania, thought the sonnet "Opportunity" by John J. Ingalls was the one he quoted most. David Graham Phillips, the brilliant novelist who was murdered, held to Shakespeare's "Soliloquy on Sleep" and Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale." Professor Harry Thurston Peck, whose record as a scholar and a man of letters is known throughout the English speaking world, considered Homer's "Odyssey" to be his favorite among long poems; and that of short poems he most admired the lyrics interspersed throughout Tennyson's "The Princess."

Amelia E. Barr, the dear, old-young writer of "A Bow of Orange Ribbon" and sixty other successful novels, writes from Cherry Croft:

. . . "Now I can only say that I read little poetry, as poetry—therefore Kipling pleases me best of all because though rhyme is often wanting and meters incorrect, his poems all have a meaning and a lesson and in spite of inaccuracies, *they all get there.* I remember at this moment 'The Sons of Martha,' 'The Explorer,' 'Et Dona Perentes' and 'Pharaoh' and 'The Sergeant' and 'Kitchener's School.' Browning's 'Lost Leader' is without doubt the finest short poem in the English language."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, our favorite poetess, declares that she has never been a very careful student of the poets, but, to use her own language, she used to love Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Like Irving Bacheller, she is fond of Milton's reflections on his own blindness, and, in her judgment, the greatest American poem is "Herod and Mariamne," by Amelie Rives. Florence Morse Kingsley, author of many beautiful stories, puts her name alongside William Cullen Bryant's "Ode to a Waterfowl"; Mary E. Ireland, contributor of many books with varied and interesting titles to the juvenile library, weighs life's problems, and over all hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, she asks with William Knox, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" Helen Keller, the famous deaf and blind woman, whose development of the power of speech, despite her handicaps, has astonished the world, informs us that her two favorites are "Night and Death," by Blanco White, and Keats' "Ode to Autumn." Clara Louise Burnham, whom Chicago public library subscribers prefer to any other woman writer, comes out for Celia Thaxter's familiar lines to "The Sandpiper."

The late Mrs. Sidney McCullough, known better as Myrtle Reed, author of "Lavender and Old Lace," "Old Rose and Silver," and other volumes characterized by their poetic charm, pathos and quaint humor, found it no easy matter to choose a favorite from her garden of verse. "Browning's 'Prospice,' however," wrote the charming writer, "is easily among the first, with the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' and parts of 'Endymion.'" The



EDWIN MARKHAM
The American poet, author of "The Man With the Hoe," whose three favorite poems were written by Tennyson, Swinburne and Browning

late Jeannette Gilder, editor and writer, contributed her own creed:

I do not fear to tread the path that those I love have long since trod;
I do not fear to pass the gates and stand before the living God.
In this world's fight I've done my part; if God be God, He knows it well;
He will not turn his back on me and send me down to blackest hell
Because I have not prayed aloud and shouted in the market place.
'Tis what we do, not what we say, that makes us worthy of His grace.

Of more than ordinary interest is the reply received from the late Jacob A. Riis, author and reformer, the man whom ex-President Roosevelt called "the most useful citizen in New York." "Not since I was a boy in Denmark," wrote Mr. Riis shortly before his death "have I had leisure for reading poetry. Then it was the old folk songs I loved. Off and on, in the din of battle nowadays, some sweet strain comes which I seize upon and make my own. Often I do not know whence they come. Of such kind is this:

"One ship blows east and another west
By the self-same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gale
That points us the way to go.

"Like the wind of the sea are the ways of Fate
As we journey along through life.
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the calm or the strife.

"'Little Boy Blue,' Eugene Field's immortal poem, long ago wound its tendrils about my heart, and Bishop Brooks' 'Oh! Little Town of Bethlehem' is among my cherished treasures. I know of nothing that so speaks to the imagination as the first verse of that hymn.

"And so you go. Do you know the poem by John W. Chadwick (a clergyman in Brooklyn, I think, now dead) entitled 'The Two Waiting,' and beginning 'Dear heart, you were waiting a year ago'? I read that often and am better for every time I read it.

And finally, here is my prime favorite. It is by Maltbie Davenport Babcock, and is entitled:

"Be strong!
We are not here to play—to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

"Be strong!
Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

"Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

"That is as if it were written about Theodore Roosevelt—perhaps it was."

* * *

Edwin Markham, of "Man with the Hoe" fame, decides he has three favorites. For the pathos of the vanishing, he chooses Tennyson's beautiful "Tears, Idle Tears"; for a march of orchestral music, he turns to Swinburne's "Ave atque Vale"; for a waft of romantic love, he asks for Browning's "By the Fireside." John Kendrick Bangs, whose own poems overflow with human nature and genial humor, chooses Shelley's "To a Skylark," the sweet song which falls from blue aerial heights. Another John—and a poet, too—John Vance Cheney, holds to the grave of the romantic Egypt that is gone, the Egypt of Pharaoh and the captive children of Israel; in other words, the poems of the Old Testament lie nearest to his heart.

William Dean Howells, the dean of American literature, is partial to Longfellow's Puritan maid, "Evangeline," and to Keats' poem of sensuous impressions, "The Eve of St. Agnes," notwithstanding that somewhere he has declared that "excepting James Whitcomb Riley, Edwin Markham is the first of the Americans." Poultney Bigelow, the Kaiser's American friend, deserts the camp of the Teutons for England's Kipling, or to be more exact, for Kipling's poem on the death of Edward VII. Think of it! In his words, this poem "is a godlike summons to every man to dignify the work he may find at his hand to do—be that work shoveling coal, building skyscrapers, or ruling the British Empire." Robert Herrick, a master of English, who has been presenting this side of the Atlantic with vivid pen pictures of battle-scarred Europe, offers Keats' exquisite "Ode to a Nightingale" as his favorite.

Ah, how well could Europe in her present state of affairs cry out to the nightingale the beautiful lines of the third stanza:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Jack London, the writer of the golden West, who was cut down at the height of his career and popularity, tickled our funny bone with what seemed to us to be a very "un-Londonish" answer—if we may use such a word.

Poor Jack—and who can think of him as being dead?—was filled with the spirit of adventure. Death has not removed him from us—we still see him dressed in heavy boots, corduroy trousers, brown flannel shirt and flowing tie. We still think of him as a tramp, an argonaut, a play pirate. All in all, we picture him as in days of yore, doing naught but the bold, the daring thing.

HENRY C. BARNABEE

It may have been the same love for doing the unusual and the unconventional that prompted him to tell us that his four aces were Browning's "Ring and the Book," Swinburne's "Tristram and Lyonesse," Watson's "Ode to the Sea," and Kipling's "Sestina of the Tramp Royal." It seems impossible, however, to imagine the author of "The Sea Wolf" diving into Browning's huge psychological epic and browsing through Swinburne's romantic utterances. Hesperidean gardens, Olympian groves, and the dancing sea may have been attractive to the tired spirit of the adventurer, but Browning's eccentricity of phrase—well, how can we believe it? Can you?

John McGovern, author of "Geoffrey," has always thought that "Thanatopsis" was the noblest and most perfect poem. Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor and writer, whose big, sympathetic heart throbs for the poetry associated with the delicate things about us—the dew on the meadow, the vapor along the marshes, the white, fleecy clouds, the trembling saplings, the bending willows, the dusks and moonlights, believes with Admiral Dewey and Leigh Hunt that the name of "Abou Ben Adhem" should lead all the rest. Charles Follen Adams, known in the world of letters as "Yawcob Strauss," enjoys nothing better than to ride with the deacon in his wonderful "One Hoss Shay"; Palmer Cox, creator of the "Brownie," strikes for the altars and fires of "Marco Bozzaris"; George Barr McCutcheon, author of "Truxton King," "Graustark," "Castle Craneycrow," and other tales of romantic adventure, shocks the shades of Emerson and Fawcett by choosing "The Raven," Poe's masterpiece of descriptive verse. And, contemners of Poe, Frederic Isham places the weird, fascinating charm of "The Raven" next to Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

What, Poe go a-begging for readers and admirers? Hardly. Hudson Maxim, noted inventor and mechanical engineer, considers "The Raven" to be one of the best specimens of rhymed verse-poetry. Jules Guerin, the American artist, selects "The Raven" as his particular favorite; and Henry Clay Barnabee, dean of comic opera, styles the poem "the most dramatic in the English language." And lest we forget, the late George Cary Eggleston enjoyed the tinkle of "The Bells." Hon. Charles Chaille-Long, who served with General Gordon in Egypt, held the lines of "Eldorado" among his choicest readings. Harriet Monroe reserves a niche in her heart for the lines "To Helen"; and Elliott Flower sounds a glowing tribute to the memory of the beautiful wife who sleeps

In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, Harold Mac Grath, Wallace Irwin, Hamlin Garland, Wilbur Nesbit, Nixon Waterman, Elmore Elliott Peake, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Henry Jones and John Burroughs, all writers of note, have studied and admired the entire panel of English poetry to such an extent that they find it quite impossible to name any poem which would serve them in all the moods and seasons of life.

* * *

So on and on. As the poems and their admirers pass before us in grand review, we realize more and more that what to one is a source of inspiration, to another would be merest folly. In this strain we might add that the power to see and appreciate beauty seems to be within the reach of all, but whether one prefers the severe and masterly of music to the tinkling jollity of nonsense that's another question.

The poet Tennyson is "the favorite poet," judging from the many times selections of his are named in the cast of "favorites." His "Crossing the Bar," long since divorced from Poetry and wedded to Music, leads the list. Among those who love to recall the solemn dignity of the immortal song are men and women like Randall Parrish, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Maud Ballington Booth, Kate Sanborn, Eleanor Gates, Julian Hawthorne, Robert Jones and Dean Herbert.

"In Memoriam," that incomparable poem, a collection of lyrics recording the poet's own friendship and grief for Arthur Hallam, follows "Crossing the Bar" in striking the responsive chord. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, the New York reformer, and Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis of old Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, both treasure this reflective poem as their prime favorite. The late Eben E. Rexford, of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" fame, cast his ballot for the masterpiece.

The "Idylls of the King" drew favorable comment from many inkstands. Eugene Parsons, in speaking of this monumental work, says among other things: "Perhaps no other poem of our age has been so influential. Perhaps no other literary production of the nineteenth century has elicited such high praise from eminent critics, and received during the writer's lifetime such loving, sympathetic study from cultivated readers."

Emerson Hough, author of "The Mississippi Bubble," states: "I would say that I believe Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King' made a deeper impression on me than any poetry I ever read. This may be due to the circumstances of youth and romantic tendencies at the time when I made my first reading of these poems." John Luther Long, author of "Madam Butterfly," favors this quasi epic because he was "brought up" on it. Reginald Wright Kauffman, another versatile writer, chooses the stanzas found under Division CVI, beginning with the familiar lines:

> Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
> The flying cloud, the frosty light:
> The year is dying in the night;
> Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

It may be of some interest to the Tennysonian scholar to know that General Lew Wallace's widow, now deceased, informed me shortly before her death that the General's favorite poem was the "Passing of Arthur" from "Idylls of the King."

Want of space prevents the enumeration of scores of names of prominent Americans who prize the works of England's late poet-laureate above all others. So popular has Tennyson become on this side of the Atlantic that our English cousin is of the opinion that the poet is perhaps even more popular in America than in his own country. But do we not say that our own Edgar Allan Poe is thought more of in England than at home?

Ere we leave Tennyson, I beg leave to place before you the favorites of four Americans who are so well-known that they are really considered leaders in their respective walks of life. The men I have in mind are Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, George Whitefield D'Vys, Robert W. Chambers, and David Warfield. Cockran, the silver-tongued orator and politician, is a lover of "Break! Break! Break!" This same melodious wail, occasioned by the death of Arthur Hallam, is also the favorite of Mr. D'Vys, author of "Casey at the Bat" and other humorous selections. Robert Chambers, the novelist, offers as his most precious gem "The Brook," and David Warfield, the distinguished actor, chooses that wonderfully sympathetic tale of the faithful husband, "Enoch Arden."

Our friend, Owen Wister, who placed the cowboy and the unwritten law in literature, weighs the query in a masterly fashion

HON. JAMES BRYCE
Former ambassador from Great Britain to the United States and author of "The American Commonwealth," who looks to the Book of Psalms for his inspirational poetry

EMERSON HOUGH
Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," who admires Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"

JOHN LUTHER LONG
Author of "Madam Butterfly," who also finds "Idylls of the King" his favorite

before rendering an answer. To show the earnest thought and study the subject has demanded of him and his treatment of the same, we present the following liberal extract from his own splendid letter, which speaks a great deal louder for the author of "The Virginian" than anything we might attempt to offer in way of an explanation:

"It is a most interesting question," writes Mr. Wister. "Until I had read your letter, I had never asked myself what was my favorite poem. Well, sir, I began to think, and soon found that I had none. A swarm of poems descended upon me, growing thicker and thicker as I continued to meditate; and choice among them became impossible. Then I jibed and ran across the wind. 'What would be the test?' I asked myself, 'how can a man stand off and look at his own spiritual and intellectual furniture without instinctively rearranging it for the sake of appearances?' Poetry is more than furniture; it is food. After religion it is the best, the most intimate nourishment and strengthening for the soul and mind of that happy man who has the appetite and digestion for it. Many men have none; in many more the capacity is small, and still a larger number lack the early training essential to a natural, constant, catholic use of it. But what was the test for me? How could I (having no favorite poem, *consciously* at least) steer clear of a choice influenced by external considerations, by tradition, authority, by the impeccable fame of some world-wide masterpiece?

"Besides being a boundless field, poetry is of many kinds. How can one say he prefers this peach to that plum? I certainly have no favorite fruit; and only think of the Song, the Sonnet, the Ode, the poem of passion, of action, of reflection, not to mention any other varieties.

"These are some of the thoughts which your question has occasioned, and my list follows, leaving out many stanzas, fragments, and brief passages which occur in various poems that are not favorites with me in their entirety. My selection is the result of setting down those poems which come to me most often, or to which I oftenest go, and which by reason of some quality in them (and in me) have hit me most intimately and left the deepest marks."

* * *

Space prevents us from enumerating the many poems submitted by Mr. Wister. However, in reading over his list of authors and titles, we find that but three Americans are accorded a place of honor. They are Emerson, Holmes, and Whitman. From Emerson's works he selects "Days," "Forbearance," and "Forerunners." Holmes gives him "The Chambered Nautilus," and dear old Walt Whitman inspires him with "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed."

Generally speaking, preachers of the Gospel do not soar above the likes of the ordinary layman when it comes to discussing matters governed by rules of meter and rhyme. Of course some ministers live entirely in church atmosphere, but the majority of them breathe the common air and are honest enough to admit that there are times when they care more for the Inferno than the Purgatorio.

One of the very best replies comes from Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur, D.D., pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York. "In certain moods," writes the eminent pracher, "my favorite poem is Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall.' In all moods, there is charm and power in Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' which poem takes its place among the greatest of elegies.

"For perfection of dramatic art and profundity of mental and spiritual analysis, Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' stands first.

"For majestic and sonorous rhetoric, the fortieth chapter of Isaiah is my favorite.

"For subtle philosophy on the one hand and exalted description on the other, give me the book of Job.

"The grandest short story as a bit of rhetoric and the noblest example of the wideness of God's mercy is the Book of Jonah.

"The loftiest example of sonorous language is found in the doxologies of the Apostle Paul in several of his epistles, and of the Apostle John in the Book of Revelation.

"The noblest illustration of celestialized communion with God is in the true prayer of our Lord, John, the seventeenth chapter."

Dr. Russell H. Conwell, whose busy life

has already rounded out its threescore years and ten, and which shows as yet no signs of flagging, does not confine himself to Biblical verses. "My favorite poem," says this remarkable man, "is 'Lalla Rookh.' The poem I repeat most is Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life.' The poem I study most is Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' The poem which most influences my daily life in thinking has been 'Your Mission,' by Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates."

Dr. Charles W. Gordon, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg, Canada, and better known in the literary world by his nom de plume, "Ralph Connor," enjoys a catholic love of poetry. Even the beauty of the world about him speaks a various language. The harvest field, a sleeping lake in moonlight, a mountain peak piercing the clouds, a shaded woodland—all bring fragments to his mind. Among the bits which he particularly enjoys is that beautiful little ballad of the trees and the Master as given forth in the following strain:

Into the woods my Master went,
  Clean forspent, forspent,
Into the woods my Master came,
  Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
  The little green leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
  When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
  And He was well content,
Out of the woods my Master came,
  Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
  From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last
  When out of the woods He came.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

To show pointed contrasts in the likes of preachers of the same denomination, we will consider the names of a few Episcopal clergymen, along with their chosen verses. For instance, Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, Bishop of the Diocese of New York, places the dramatic monologues of Browning's masterpiece, "The Ring and the Book," before us as his favorites. Rt. Rev. Charles P. Anderson, Bishop of Chicago, is touched by the moving tenderness and breadth of charity of the Scotch ploughman, Robert Burns. Nothing is so dear to him as the declaration of human equality, and the glory of simple manhood as set forth in "A Man's a Man for a' That." Rev. James S. Stone, rector of aristocratic St. James, Chicago, writes: "On the whole I think the 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner' comes first." Undoubtedly the rector prizes the poem for what we might style its moral significance rather than for its fancied incidents so realistically told. Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, better known as a writer, does not bind himself to chants or symphonies, ancient heroism or imperial chivalry. He goes through some of the most flowery paths of English literature, culling flowers of thought that vary in hue and perfume. As a bouquet he loves them all. And then there is Dean Howard of an old English cathedral, who writes: "I love poems that are revels of shattering beauty, songs that are full of thunder knell and pageantry of color. Yes, I enjoy all lofty philosophy, and read what appeals to me, what illumines life for me, what thrills me or comforts me. Above all that is buoyant and vital, I should like to remember the lines carved on the tomb of Alderman Humble in Southwark Cathedral, London:

"Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,

"Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and out, and so is done!

"The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man he dies.

"I doubt very much whether you will find twelve other lines which cover as much and really mean as much. I, for one, rank then very high—even higher than Walter Savage Landor's famous epitaph:

"I strove with none, for none was worth the
    strife.
  Nature I loved, and next to Nature, art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
  It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

To pass on without including a number of other well-known preachers in this symposium would be failing to pay honor to those to whom honor is due. "Where many are called, but few are chosen" must necessarily hold true in this as in everything else in life, for in the spirit of fairness we ask, How can we crowd the solar system into the eye of a needle? How can we weigh the sea in a teacup? How can a short paragraph or two serve as the honor roll of all of God's elect?

* * *

With deep respect for that vast majority whose fair names we must necessarily omit from these pages and with a broad feeling of brotherly consideration for all the interpreters of God's word, irrespective of what temple of worship may be theirs, we close our list of churchmen with the offerings of six pulpit orators who are known throughout the length and breadth of Christendom.

The first of the six is Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus of Chicago, who says he has three favorites: Milton's "Time," Shelley's lines "To a Skylark," and Browning's "Death in the Desert." Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis of old historic Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, comes next, holding up Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Then we have Dr. Dixon of "The Moody Church," reserving his highest pinnacle for Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Like Dr. MacArthur, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, foremost Rabbi in America, sings praises for "Locksley Hall" with its day of the parliament of man. On the other hand, Dr. Leon Harrison, distinguished Rabbi and orator, chooses the rich utterances of Matthew Arnold and the imaginary creations of Coleridge. Last but not least, Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows bows before "the immortal bard" who holds the mirror up to Nature and gives us a reflex, not of one page of the book of life, not of one part, but of God's whole great scheme of existence—every human joy and every human passion from the cradle to the grave.

The "battle of ballots" being over, it seems most timely that the closing lines of this article be devoted to the "favorites" of a few prominent politicians—past past and present.

It has been reported by one who is an intimate friend of ex-President Roosevelt that the Colonel's favorite is "Opportunity," by the late Senator John J. Ingalls of Kansas. Hon. William Jennings Bryan, thrice the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, contributed the following lines: "My favorite poem is Bryant's 'Ode to a Waterfowl.' My father used to have me read it to him when I was a boy, and before I was old enough to appreciate its beauty. Some have thought, vain thought! to find peace in political prominence; but whether office comes by birth, as in monarchies, or by election, as in republics, it does not bring peace. An office is conspicuous only when few can occupy it. Only when few in a generation can hope to enjoy an honor do we call it a great honor. I am glad that our heavenly Father did not make the peace of the human heart depend upon the accumulation of wealth, or upon the securing of social or political distinction, for in either case but few would have enjoyed it, but when He made peace the reward of a conscience void of offense toward God and man, He put it within the reach of all. The poor can secure it as easily as the rich, the social outcast as freely as the leader of society, and the humblest citizen equally with those who wield political power.

"To those who have grown gray in the faith I need not speak of the peace to be found in the belief in an over-ruling Providence. Christ taught that our lives are precious in the sight of God, and poets have taken up the theme and woven it into immortal verse. No uninspired writer has expressed the idea more beautifully than William Cullen Bryant in the 'Ode to a Waterfowl.' After following the wanderings of the bird of passage as it seeks first its northern and then its southern home, he concludes:

"Thou'st gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given;
And shall not soon depart.

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

We all know that President Lincoln's favorite was that from the pen of William Knox, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" He committed the poem to memory and upon several occasions he delighted his listeners by repeating its lines to them. President McKinley loved the sacred lyric, "Lead, Kindly Light." The pathos of its spiritual longings found an echo in his heart, and even in his last moments, he called for its soul-uplifting strains. Ex-President William H. Taft, in his speech at North Yakima, Washington, a few years ago, said among other things:

"I have always read with much interest Kipling's poem on the American. I do not know whether you are familiar with it. It makes Mrs. Taft so angry when she reads it that she hasn't any patience with me for liking it. The truth is that running through the American nature is a humor that we don't find anywhere else in the world, and it is a humor that is so wholesome, so full of aid to meet obstacles and of overcoming them that as long as we retain it I agree with Kipling we shall save our nation and make it worth while."

* * *

President Wilson does not place himself on record as having a favorite, nor are we able to offer anything from Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, the last Republican candidate for the Presidency.

Hon. Lyman J. Gage, a member of President McKinley's cabinet, states: "I will say that 'Brahma,' by Ralph Waldo Emerson, is my favorite. In this I doubt that many will agree. To many, if not most, it is obscure—without clear significance—they will not open their minds to gather its meaning." Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, conspicuous as a Cabinet officer during a later Republican administration, confesses there are many poems which he admires, and some which he always re-reads and repeats. Especially dear to his heart are Byron's "Corsair," one of the favorites of the late Admiral "Bob" Evans, and Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," the prime favorite of the late Ottilie Liljencrantz, who gave us the clash of arms, the hallowed groves, the frenzied cries of the earliest Teutons.

Colonel Sickles, noted diplomat, is partial to Byron's "Childe Harold" and Moore's "Lalla Rookh." Dr. Henry Van Dyke, ambassador to the Netherlands, has a string of pearls, his choicest gems being Tennyson's "Ulysses," Wordsworth's "Ode on Immortality," Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark," and Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra." The last named poem, we might state, was the favorite of the late Hon. Seth Low.

The favorites of Hon. Brand Whitlock, our distinguished and successful ambassador to Belgium, have been presented to you in the opening paragraphs, and you have been told that Hon. W. Bourke Cockran knows of nothing to equal Tennyson's "Break! Break! Break!"

It may seem like ushering a person to the wrong pew, but because John J. McCutcheon of the *Chicago Tribune* has given us such splendid cartoons of some of our high political officers and bosses, we reserve this particular place for him alongside of some of those whose faces he has made famous. And his crayon says: "I don't mind saying that the three poems I have liked especially are 'Evolution,' by Langdon Smith, 'Opportunity' by John Ingalls, and Kipling's familiar

"When Earth's last picture is painted, and
the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the
youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it, lie
down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen shall set
us to work anew."

Perhaps, dear reader, after having juggled so many titles and noticed what a great variety of opinion can be floated over a *little* question, you are ready to close your eyes and declare with Charles Fletcher Lummis, the noted traveler and writer: "My *favorite*, all things considered, is simply this:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.
A-men."

A Visit with Queen Sophia

Greece and Greeks

by

Jessie I. Belyea

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*At the beginning of 1917 Greece is practically in the hands of the Allies; they have made various demands upon the Greek government—among others a request for the release of Venizelist prisoners—to which they have received fairly satisfactory, though somewhat equivocal, responses; they have also taken possession of islands belonging to Greece. Miss Belyea was in Athens in March, 1915, when King Constantine vetoed the war bill; she noted conditions existent in Athens, and the attitude of the people toward King Constantine, Queen Sophia, and Venizelos, former premier of Greece, now leagued with the Allies against Constantine and the Central Powers. She has given in the following article an account of a two-hour visit with Queen Sophia, sister of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany*

HUNGER, thirst and cold journeyed familiarly with us to Nish, Serbia. The return trip to Salonika we looked upon in calm moments as suicidal—rather more so, in fact, because it would drag along uncomfortably. Our surprise was great and joyous when we boarded the train to find that it offered all the luxuries and some necessities of life.

The Serbians had annexed by right of conquest some excellent vestibuled cars owned by the Oriental Express, and although we had to provide light, we came through in great comfort, comparatively speaking. Our hard-boiled eggs, which we took with us as the only food warranted to contain no typhus germs and hermetically sealed against contamination, proved to be "three minutes only," and broke all over everything. Wax candle grease was poured as sauce over all things we held most sacred, owing to their refusal to keep perpendicular when we rounded curves and climbed hills.

After we reached Ghevgeli the scene of the American Red Cross endeavors and tragedy, it was interesting to watch the effect of Turkish dominion. Salonika was a Turkish port until three years ago, when Greece wrested it from Turkey. Wherever the Turk is, there also is backward civilization. How could it be otherwise, when women are mere goods and chattels? Salonika, or ancient Thessalonica, was full to overflowing when we arrived at 10 p. m., and we were put out to farm, so to speak. But it wasn't too bad; our standards were by this time so low that a manger would have pleased us.

We resolved to start for Athens the next day. Daylight found us up and packed; sunrise found us drinking Turkish coffee, changing money, and as usual losing; the high eastern sun found us on board ship bound for Piraeus, propelled thence in small boats by our friends, the villainous-looking and assuredly dirty Turks. It was a glorious and never-to-be-forgotten trip. We threaded our way around the Isles of Greece, past ancient, snow-capped Olympus, bathed in a most wonderful sunset glow which no words of mine can depict.

At Piraeus we boarded a train, and in less than a half hour we were at the foot of the Acropolis. As we drove to Constitution Square, the sun of the Near East warmed our bodies and expanded our hearts and souls. One of us quoted a certain famous summary of war, attributed to Sherman. Our carriage was held up, and a band, followed by trig, well-trained soldiers, passed us. At the hotel we learned that a wonderful procession was in progress. Literally all Athens was en route to the cathedral to offer up thanksgiving for the victory achieved over the Turks two years previous. War was to be declared against Turkey, we were jubilantly told. For three hundred years Greece had waited, and now with the Entente Allies back of her the opportunity had come. We rushed to the balcony and witnessed a most wonderful pageant, in comparison with which our American parades are crude. Pomp and glory of court costumes, gold, lackeys, diplomats and ministers of all nations in full court dress passed before us.

When King Constantine with his attache in one carriage, and Queen Sophia with her ladies-in-waiting and royal children in another passed, the silence was oppressive. But when Venizelos appeared, the shouts seemed to split the sky. Clearly, he was the darling hero of Greece. That same afternoon King Constantine vetoed the war bill, and Venizelos resigned. In consequence, baby riots occurred all over Athens. The photographs of royalty were torn from restaurant walls and trampled in the streets—even spat upon. Crowds congregated before the house of Venizelos and demanded to be led to the Royal Palace, where they might demonstrate displeasure. Venizelos implored the crowd not to do so, but to wait. Next morning, joy gave place to gloom. "We trust Venizelos" was the final sentence in answer to all our inquiries.

* * *

As tourists and foreigners, it became our business and pleasure to study ancient and modern Athens. We first found our old-time Greek alumnus, who introduced us to a famous archeologist, whose mother was an American, with English as familiar to her as Greek. We browsed for days on the Acropolis and gazed over modern Athens from its heights for hours. The aphrodel still grows in the chinks and along the paths, but I regret to say its name is its chief beauty. One of the mounds is probably Mars Hill; I could not, try as I might, picture Paul nor hear his famous "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." Old Rome thrills as old Greece cannot. Athens is dusty. It is paved with a light colored asphalt, and the buildings are light gray and marble, with the result that the sun of the Near East beams down with a reflected glare that is most trying.

The days passed with pleasant and ever-exciting interest. Politics, history, classic dance, or a chat in clubs or houses made life seem well worth while. One is always surprised to find the English language understood everywhere in Athens, except, perhaps, along the midway booths, and even there one may bargain in pidgin English. We often went for our afternoon tea to a unique club for women, and while sipping watched the class in folk-dancing preparing for a Greek festival. We looked in vain for the Greek beauties. The men are rather short and heavy; the women very different in feature and form from my ideal or even idea of the Greek type. I ventured to ask if shut away in homes of the wealthy the ancient classic beauty still exists. I was told that the type was rare, the reason probably ascribable to intermarriage with many conquering races, or perhaps, as an afterthought, to the fact that art usually depicts the rare or ideal, and it is likely that the type was as little seen in the old days as now.

On Sundays we sat at little wire-legged tables in the Square listening to a full orchestra while watching the people, many in costumes peculiar to the part of the country whence they came; walking about, chatting with friends or eating—just as we do ice-cream—a delectable, rich pastry, dripping with sweet honey. The Greeks think all American ills ascribable to our excessive use of ice, and I am sure, all theirs are undoubtedly due to the above-mentioned delicacy.

* * *

Many of the men of Greece have a most peculiar habit of running beads through their fingers as they talk. With hands behind them, they count every other one or every second one in every conceivable combination. When first noticed, it impresses one as a religious rite, perhaps—a killing of two birds with one stone—praying and talking. It is really a habit said to keep one from being nervous, and has nothing to do with religion. Speaking of religion, the little Greek or Orthodox churches, Byzantine in architecture, are a joy, and except that one must stand for hours, one would be tempted to "jine 'em," because of the wonderful singing. The worshippers bless or cross themselves with a double motion, or perhaps a triple one. There is no statuary, but there are pictures on easels and elsewhere that are much kissed.

One day we drove in a comfortable victoria out into the country for ten miles or more. Most of this distance was over the Sacred Way along which the Mysteries passed. No part of these Mysteries is known! It is said that men and women become initiated for the sole purpose of exposing them, but no one ever has. Imagine men and women keeping a secret forever and forever! Were the Mysteries too bad, too good, or too horrible to tell?

* * *

We had a terrific wind and rain squall, but it added much to the beauty of the sea, which was lashed into madeira colored waves. The country wore a barren appearance; the trees were stunted and the grass lacked color. I saw no farms on the whole drive, yet Athens has the most wonderful market in the world, resembling nothing less than an exhibition or food fair, so clean and beautiful and bountiful it is.

We drove homeward past ancient olive trees, and alighted at our hôtel unknown—more poetically, "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Behold, we had grown great during our absence—had it thrust upon us, in fact! A page handed us a note, saying deferentially, "A messenger from the Imperial Palace brought it." "So much for Buckingham—off with his head!" thought I. I tore it open and read:

ROYAL PALACE

Dear Miss Belyea:

Her Majesty the Queen wishes to see you and the other lady tomorrow, Friday, at 12 o'clock.
Yours sincerely,
ANGELIQUE J. CONTOSTOSLOS.

The Queen's own crest was embossed on the left-hand corner. I remarked as casually as possible that Her Majesty desired our presence at twelve on the following day. We stepped into the lift amid cheers from the populace, so to speak. In our room we indulged in a series of wonders—what to wear, how to act, what to say, how to stand, and walk in order to do justice to ourselves and to America. We finally decided that someone would probably coach us at the palace.

* * *

The following day we dressed ourselves with great care in our never-worn, held-in-reserve, made-in-America suits, and to pass time democratically walked to the Palace. A man from the era of Charles the First or before stood in a toy house guarding the gate, with a curious beheading spear in his hand. We glanced at him with assumed indifference and passed in unmolested. As we walked along the flower-bordered walks, we concluded that we had undoubtedly missed the beheading spear only to fall victim to a more horrible death. At the Palace door another page from grand opera bowed us in and waved a hand toward the stairs. As we circumspectly started to mount, a young man dressed in soldier's uniform almost threw himself down stairs. The impetuous one, we learned later, was none other than the Crown Prince of Greece. Another page led us into a room of fair size at the right of the stairway, and here we sat.

While there a man in black clothes with epaulets wandered in and glanced at us indifferently. We wondered why, but decided he must be a Greek Pinkerton. Later a man led us noiselessly down a corridor and into a large colonial room. We sank into chairs at the extreme end of it. Many, many pictures of the Kaiser in different poses were on the walls and tables. All bore his autograph written across the corner. Some bore the words, "Affectionately your brother, William."

We felt sure that our instructions would now begin. The door opened, and a slight, delicate, though rather tall woman came in. She wore a black broadcloth skirt, a white china silk waist, soiled brown kid gloves, and a chain of pearls around her neck. We rose, prepared to cavort and learn our steps. She shook our hands and sat, and we did likewise. We chatted easily of Athens, its dust, beauties and the reverse, and slowly it dawned upon us that

Queen Sophia of Greece, sister of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, sat before us.

Her Majesty spoke of her soup kitchen and asked us to see it. We afterwards did, and found it beautiful, if that adjective can be applied to such a place. It is doubtful if the kitchen is necessary. Anyway it should not be. The system is perfect. For a few cents extra one may hire a private room in which to eat beans or bread or thick soup.

The Queen believes Germany to be the most wonderful and marvelous nation in all the world. England is declining, France declined, Austria not comparable with the land of her birth, and the Balkan peoples barbarous races. She spoke with feeling of her English mother, said that Germany would never realize how great had been her royal mother's contribution in good works. Queen Sophia wished to follow in her footsteps. She spoke of the precarious situation of Greece, said any day might see her at war, and the women of Greece must be ready to carry on the Red Cross work. Pensively she observed: "Does it not seem a pity that war-inclined ministers have power to plunge a country into conflict?" We talked of typhus and its terrors; of America, and what we were doing in hospitals and social service. Her Majesty observed, "Oh, yes, your hospitals are wonderful. You have copied Germany."

Greece has three trained nurses, all of whom have been trained in Boston. More are to come for instruction, but the Greek women do not take kindly to gainful pursuits and professions, though strangely enough, women study medicine side by side with men, with no opposition.

Her Majesty gave a ludicrous account of an American nurse sent out with a unit from America when Greece was at war with Turkey. She was an Irish woman, real or hyphenated, with uncertain temper. The lady-in-waiting, who had joined us, assured us that no battlefield front could possibly have been more exciting than was the war waged by this woman. In spite of it all Her Majesty observed that she liked her because of her warm heart. The Queen laughed as a young girl would when we told her how queenless was our repertoire. Her Majesty was delicate looking and pretty, more English than German in type, and yet various little things proved her to be a forceful and determined woman whose mind once made up, would never vary, let the sky fall.

We discoursed at length of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, which Her Majesty had heard extolled. We told how they were made. The lady-in-waiting, who had spent her school days in America, devoutly hoped to eat of them once more.

We knew we should be dismissed and must under no circumstances signify our intention of leaving, and therefore felt at ease in Zion. At the end of perhaps two hours a boy of about ten bounded in and hugged Her Majesty with all the ardor of a boy of his age. He was told to run along and she would follow shortly. In a few minutes the Queen rose, shook hands, hoped for a return visit, and walked out. When the door closed, we followed. In the hall we found Her Majesty talking earnestly with a highly-decorated man, and we paused, not knowing whether to retreat or advance. She quickly saw our dilemma, turned quickly and almost ran down a side corridor. We passed silently out past the bedizened guards and pages, and walked hotelward, without having acquired so much as a spoon, which fact we deeply regret, now that we are far beyond the beheading spear.

It was a surprise to find that the Greeks out-Herod Herod in freedom of speech. The Hohenzollerns were everywhere spoken of contemptuously. The Greeks in all walks of life remembered that Princess Sophia had cultivated the wives of ambassadors and had made no effort to ingratiate herself or win the affections of the Greek ladies, to whom her manner was cold and imperious. When she became Queen, her demeanor was less haughty, but it was regarded as a forced rather than a real change of heart. On one occasion I listened to a discussion as to the King's right to veto the war bill, which for directness of expression rivaled an American political campaign. The strong impression indelibly stamped on my mind while in Greece was that another republic, or curtailed monarchy, would in a short time be created in Europe, and another King would be liberated—in part, at least—from cares of state.

Lincoln, the Compassionate

Being the Chronicle of a Personal Interview with Abraham Lincoln

by James C. Eslow

MANY stories, both true and imaginary, have been written about the pardons granted by Abraham Lincoln during the Civil War. He was never known to turn a deaf ear to the supplications of his people if it lay within his power to help them. It was in February, 1865, that I went to plead with the President for the release of a relative who was confined in a federal prison, and my meeting with this great and good man made a profound impression upon me.

My relative was born in Michigan, but made his home in the South several years before the war. When the struggle began, his sympathies were with the Union, but his property interests made other demands, and he soon joined the Confederate army. Some time later, we received word that he was confined in a United States military prison at Indianapolis, where we immediately sent supplies for his comfort—which, by the way, he never received. In a short time I went with his mother to pay him a visit, but on our arrival we were informed that we could not see him, as he was under punishment for trying to "tunnel out." We learned later that he had actually been tortured for doing what we had considered heroic when our men worked their way out of Libby Prison in the same manner.

Softening under the entreaties of his mother, the Colonel at last consented to allow him to walk the sentry's beat in front of headquarters, so that we might see him and even exchange notes with him.

All other efforts proving of no avail, I decided to seek an interview with President Lincoln, and to that end drew up a request for a pardon, which my relative signed. I stated on the reverse side that his plea was worthy of consideration, and procured several endorsers of my integrity—one being Governor Austin Blair, known as the war governor of Michigan, and four other men of national reputation at that time. I forthwith hastened to Washington, but found it required some time to gain an audience with the President.

Through the influence of Congressman John W. Longyear, I was granted a hearing at eight on a stated evening. Mr. Longyear accompanying me, we arrived promptly, sent in our cards, and were admitted. The President received us in the Cabinet room. He gave Mr. Longyear a very cordial greeting, and I was introduced. As it was the first time I had even seen a President of the United States, I felt a natural embarrassment. This left me, however, when I placed my hand in the great palm of the President, and the thought came to me: "He will do all for me that my father would."

"Did you see a little fellow outside?" asked the President, rather anxiously, I thought.

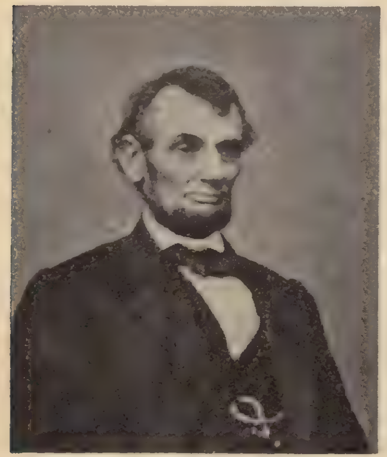
"Yes," answered Mr. Longyear.

"Well, then, you fellows must stay until we tire him out. He is here from New Mexico, and I don't want to see him tonight."

The President could not have said anything to put me more quickly at my ease. His use of the word "fellows," instead of "gentlemen," indicated to me his close sympathy with the "common herd," and gave me renewed assurance that he would look with favor upon my mission.

Mr. Longyear then acquainted the President with the object of our errand, and handed him the document, which he quickly read.

"He hasn't many signers," he remarked, after a glance at the names of the men who had vouched for me. "But they are good ones."



PRESIDENT LINCOLN

And quickly turning to Mr. Longyear:

"Can you sign it?" he asked, passing it across the Cabinet table.

Mr. Longyear added his name to the five "good ones," passed it back, and the President wrote across it:

"Grant the prayer of the petitioner. A. Lincoln."

"So you are anxious to get this boy home," he remarked kindly, as he handed me the paper.

"Yes," I answered, "his mother is waiting for him at my home."

"You take this to the War Department in the morning. Enter the west door; go to the east end of the hall, and enter the door to the right. There you will see a man standing at a high desk. Give him the paper. It will save you about a week in getting him home."

* * *

As though his granting of the pardon were not enough! But no, the great, compassionate heart of Lincoln wanted to give more and yet more to the people of his country.

Our business completed, we prepared to depart, but were pressed by the President to remain that he might show us a "horn chair" which he had received that day from Oregon. Of course this was a pleasure, and after seeing the curiosity, we were asked to be seated. Then a round of story-telling was in order—and such stories as were told. We, of course, were in no hurry to leave, but felt that we were presuming on his good nature, and several times tried to excuse ourselves. But he always had something else to show us, or another story which he wanted to tell, until finally the hour of three arrived, whereupon we insisted he must allow us to go in order that he might have his rest.

He touched a bell and an attendant entered.

"Is the little fellow gone?" queried the President, and upon being answered in the affirmative, said: "Well, then, you fellows may go." He assured us that he had passed a very pleasant evening and was glad of our coming.

It seemed to me at that time, and at all times thereafter, both from reading about him and talking with men who had known him, that Abraham Lincoln had no thought except to be kind; his greatest pleasure was to make others happy. By nature he entered into the sorrows of others and made them his own.

> Only his people's griefs were his; no part
> Had he within their joys—

The Lost Brigade

By

Charles Winslow Hall

(CONTINUED)

SYNOPSIS—*In 1739, with England and Spain at war, in the struggle that took place in the West Indies, England is valiantly assisted by her loyal colonists. Stephen Hay, son of a prosperous Cape Cod farmer, hears that Captain Timothy Ruggles is to raise a company in Barnstable County to go out against the Spaniards. An Indian apprentice boy of Elisha Hay, Stephen's father, plans to accompany him, while Lish, the youngest son, also longs to go. They talk it over while out fishing in the bay, but are interrupted by Uncle Zenas Freeman, who warns them of a coming storm. Uncle Zenas is upset, and is saved from drowning by Stephen, who takes him to his home and then returns to his own home at Ploughed Neck. Here he receives a visit from Mr. Timothy Ruggles, who enrolls Stephen as a member of the company which he is gathering, as a sergeant. Stephen accepts the commission and on the next evening calls to see Uncle Zenas, and incidentally his daughter Margaret, to whom he is betrothed. Shortly after, Squire Ruggles again visits the Hay family, urging the necessity for haste in recruiting the members of his company. Untequit, who is to accompany Stephen, secures ten Indian warriors among his people for the expedition, though Stephen cannot bring himself to take part in the "bond of blood" which Untequit requires before letting him know the secret reason which prompts him to go to Cartagena. Before leaving home, Stephen sees an old sea captain, Hewson by name, who lives in retirement. Hewson tells Stephen the story of his life, and of his participation in a former struggle at Cartagena. He desires Stephen to look after his brother, whom he has not seen since that time, and who still lives at Cartagena. To this end he gives Stephen his brother's ring, which he takes from a heavy sea chest. By this token the brother will recognize that Stephen is a friend and comes from Hewson. After making his will, Stephen leaves home to join his company, which, not being supplied with arms, is disbanded by legislative act. But Stephen and Untequit join a company raised by Captain Stewart, and soon embark for the West Indies. Here Stephen saves Untequit's life by drawing the poison from a snake wound, thereby unconsciously completing the "bond of blood" which he refused before. Stephen is later conducted by Untequit to the mountains, and here he sees Caneotus, Untequit's grandfather, leader of an outlaw band, who is ill and later dies. It was to see him that Untequit had undertaken the perils of the Cartagena campaign. Meanwhile the fleet has arrived and the volunteers now look for action. With a reconnoitering party, Stephen went ashore, Untequit acting as scout. The party were attacked by Spanish lancers, but succeeded in evading them and returned to their vessel in safety. The Lion was badly damaged and was saved through Stephen's ingenuity. Later the company to which he belonged was ordered to go to another vessel from the transport*

CHAPTER XV

THE ninth day of March, at dawn, Lieutenant Woodside with his crew rowed away to their new quarters on board the Weymouth, which the day before, with the huge Dunkirk and her satellites, the sloops, had carefully reconnoitered the coast of Cartagena, and sounded with all their boats disposed *en echelon* at a cable's length apart the whole shore line of the isle of Terra Bomba, which extends north and west from the old entrance of the port called El Boca Grande to El Boca Chica, "the little mouth," now the only feasible entrance to the grand lagoon, which all ships must enter at a good ten leagues from the walls of the city.

The Lieutenant was treated as a guest rather than as on duty, but the men viewed with ill-concealed disgust the crowded quarters assigned them, where in reach of their own hammocks hung many sick men, who were allowed to remain there, because the sick bay was already too full of victims to that scourge of the tropics, "Yellow Jack." Luckily for them they soon received orders to transfer themselves, with all they might deem needful for night service, to their boat, and stowing their hammocks in the nettings, they seated themselves in their trim craft, and soon saw the ships appointed for the day's service get under way and stand up the coast, in which direction the greater moiety of the squadron, with the exception of the transports, soon followed.

On the shore, they could discern the cavalry and light infantry of the Spaniards passing along the roads to join in resisting any attempt to land near the city, which, strangely undefended on the seaward side, trusted only to the shoal quicksands and unceasing surf which broke for a mile or more across the Playa Grande, which ten years before had been a level and sandy plain, as its name implies.

* * *

Here Don Sebastian de Eslava had anchored two of his largest men-of-war just inside the shallow boat entrance of El Boca Grande; but it was not a part of the play to send crowded boats and men with cutlass and pistol to certain destruction; so, leaving several vessels to blockade the inlet, the armada ran down the sinuous coast of the Isle of Tierra Bomba, which, at times a mere neck of sandy eminences, some three or four miles from the city, expanded into a large island cut up by ponds and swamps, and heavily wooded with the peculiar vegetation of the tropics.

Suddenly the three leading ships, the Norfolk, Russell and Shrewsbury, were seen to shorten sail and crawl in toward the land, at a point less than a league from the fortifications at the main entrance, and from the wooded shores of Salmedina bay darted out several puffs of white smoke, and the distant thunder of several eighteen-pounders told that the real work of the expedition had begun.

"There's two batteries there just built by the viceroy," said Stephen, who had heard from Woodside some details of the probable plan of attack. "Just beyond there, around the point, the ships would lie open to the fire of four or five other forts, but, unless they drift past it, will have only a fascine battery and the guns of the Chamba fort—not over thirty eighteen-pounders in all—to silence."

"They strip es prettily as boxers goin' into the ring," said Coggeshall, his heavy face lighting up with the fire of battle. "There go all the sails down to the courses; an' see how the big Shrewsbury runs close in an' comes into the wind to anchor. Close quarters an' plenty of grape is the word now, I'll warrant."

As he spoke, Townsend in the Shrewsbury, Graves in the Norfolk, and Norris in the Russell, all of them eighty-gun ships of the line, in the order named, running boldly in shore, close under the fire of the partially masked batteries, came to anchor, and having first corrected by means of springs upon their cables, the tendency to swing in shore, were the next instant lost from view in the smoke of their own tremendous broadsides, which made the huge hulks quiver, roll and tremble, until the spars above the hidden spar-deck swayed to and fro in the ascending volumes of sulphurous vapor.

The iron storm vomited from six score iron throats was seen to throw up huge clouds of sand, dashing into the air fragments of rock and the shattered tops and limbs of trees, but the shore and ships were soon so lost to view that only a few high spars and lofty branches, swaying in the storm of war could be distinguished; for it was high noon, and the fresh breeze with which the fleet had come gaily down the coast, "killed by the cannonade," had died away, and most of the fleet were drifting along with the westward current, until the signal to anchor was given and obeyed.

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But soon the fire of the Spaniards seemed to slacken, for the tongues of red flame from the shrouded shore grew strangely infrequent, while the fire of the English ships and the hoarse, mad cheers of her gunners came more distinct and triumphantly across the water, and Stephen, who had been summoned on deck by Woodside, heard Captain Knowles say to his first officer, "The first move is ours, and with small loss I'll wager a score of sovereigns, for the dons are no lovers of so close a game."

"I won't bet, thank ye," said Ashton, dryly. "But what the mischief is the matter with Townsend in the Shrewsbury yonder? By heaven, they've cut his cables, and he'll be under their whole fire in less than twenty minutes."

"If he does we can't help him much except with heavy loss, for there's no breeze, and we can only drift in under fire," said Knowles anxiously, "and, with our part of the squadron crowded with troops, it would be murder to go into action under such circumstances."

"Well, it's Lestock's business to get him out of the hobble, but God help his crew," said Ashton, bitterly. "Look at her now;

there she goes yawing and swinging clear of the smoke, and with no more steerage-way than a coal barge with a crew of drunken colliers."

* * *

Every glass in the fleet, and almost every eye, it might be said, was upon the apparently doomed ship, as she drifted close to the outer ledges of the promontory which alone intervened between her and the entrance, along whose shore, bending to the south and west, lay first the outer castle of St. Jago, then the sister fort of St. Phillip, and half a cannon shot farther away the great ramparts of Boca Chica and Fort St. Joseph, guarding the floating boom, which shut with huge logs and gigantic chains the narrow entrance. Beyond it the Spanish Admiral Don Blas, in his great warship, the Gallicia, with the Africa, San Carlos and St. Phillip, lay ranged along the boom, with their broadsides sweeping the narrow channel, while on the opposite shores of the Island of Varu, several lesser batteries awaited the first appearance of the Shrewsbury's hull from behind the protecting cape.

"She's past the ledges now," gasped Knowles, his face perfectly white. "There go the first guns from the Barradera batteries, but he needn't mind them if he could only anchor in time. There, he catches the harbor current! See how fast he's sweeping up under the guns. No, there she stops; he's got another anchor down, but he's too far out and under fire from all their guns. There! there they rake him. Good God! what a place for a single ship!"

"Townsend is good for it," said Ashton, with compressed lips. "That was a raking discharge, but he'll soon get his guns to bear unless they've killed his sailing master at the first fire. See his maintopmast go into splinters! Why doesn't Lestock signal?"

As this conversation proceeded, the Shrewsbury, with her moorings cut by a cannon ball, had, as we have seen, drifted by the protecting cape, opened the harbor, and, before another anchor could be bent and let go, lay within close range of the two outer forts, and not beyond the reach of the heavier guns of the main defences of the pass, and the Spanish fleet. A tremendous cannonade was opened upon her, and as she swung stern-to, the raking fire severely damaged her rigging and upper works, killing and wounding over a score of her crew. But, as Ashton had said, the Shrewsbury's sailing master was a veteran and tried mariner; and when once moored, the great ship was soon lying across the current, with her guns bearing upon the hostile batteries, and quickly the smoke of her own fire told friends as well as foes, that the flags she ran up at every masthead might be shot down, but would never be lowered while men enough were left to fight the heavy batteries below them. Her fire opened with a crash, as her men ran madly to their quarters from being shot down like sheep at their labor with capstan and windlass; but the discharges speedily became more regular, as section after section fired in regular rotation, showing that Townsend was getting his men well in hand, and making his officers sight each gun, so as to make every shot tell; and later the signals shown to the admiral told that, although suffering heavily, she could hold her own without risking any of the other ships of the squadron, although several vessels got out their boats and kedges, and essayed to work to a position from which, if the worst came to the worst, they might drift in and take part in the unequal contest.

* * *

"He'll do," said Knowles, shutting his glass, "and now, lieutenant, your work is to come. Norris and Graves have silenced yonder batteries. Can you reconnoitre them, and see if the Spaniards have really abandoned them?"

"Certainly, sir; shall we go at once?"

"Yes, sir; I will send a boat to the men-of-war, who will cease firing as you near the shore, which you will do well to the eastward of the Chamba fort, which lies well out on this side of the Salmedina. Let only one man land, and don't be ashamed to run rather than fight, for the troops won't be ready to land this two hours yet. But send your best man; and, by the way, who is he?"

"Well, sir, that's hard to say. Sergeant Hay here is good enough for any service, and his judgment I can trust implicitly; but his servant, yonder Indian in the boat, is as lithe as an eel, as noiseless as a serpent, and, as his Purtian friends would say, 'would deceive the very elect,' being in all things of that kind a scout equal to the best of his people."

"Very well! Let the Indian lead by wading and reconnoitre a little; then, if he reports all safe, let your sergeant join him, and, if feasible, enter the works. If they are deserted, let both report at once, and you will signal me by means of a weft which the signal officer will give you."

* * *

A few more directions as to the kind of signals to be given followed, a cutter was manned, and the two boats darted off toward the two eighties, which still kept up a desultory fire upon the silent batteries.

"Cease rowing," said Woodside, as they drew near the Russell, and, as the Americans rested on their oars, the officer in charge of the cutter, with a wave of his hand, kept on his course and boarded the man-of-war, which soon after ceased firing, and a few seconds later the Norfolk did the same, while a boat passed and repassed between them, after which the cutter came back to the whaler, now almost alongside.

"The ships will re-open their fire in a moment," the officer said breathlessly, "for they say a few men are still to be seen in the Chamba battery; but they will use grape and round shot, and under the smoke you can land unseen. Make haste, for the land breeze will soon set in, and then the smoke will blow away almost as fast as it is made."

"Give way, men," said Woodside quietly, as he set the direction by a pocket compass laid upon his knee. "There's the first gun; we shall soon have smoke enough," and five minutes later they swept under the stifling vapors, through which only the sough of the seas breaking upon the beach could be heard, in the intervals between the roar of the deliberate and measured but heavy fire of the ships.

Suddenly Untequit raised one hand and gave a light knock on the gunwale of the boat; Woodside as suddenly motioned to ease rowing, and bent forward as if inquiring the Indian's purpose.

"'Tis only that we are a little out of our course," said Stephen, pointing eastward. "The current is strong and we are inside the point. If we keep her up a couple of points, we can land when we hear the sea on the ledges."

"Do so," said Woodside quietly, and in a short time he saw the outlines of the shore and found himself a boat's length from a sheltered nook, where no great danger of ambuscade or accident from the seas seemed possible. Stephen laid the boat's head to the waves, and Jones, who took the bow oar, threw over the grapnel and paid out the line until the stern lay scarce three yards from an isolated boulder, the first of a line of several extending into the sea, and occasionally submerged by a wave larger than usual.

Untequit had already laid aside his heavy gaiters, and catching up his piece, brought her to the trail, and awaiting a lull in the seas, motioned to Hay to swing the boat near the rocks; then stepping upon the covered stern, leaped from his precarious footing to the slippery ledge, and thence from rock to rock until he stood safely upon the strand. Then stealthily following the base of the cliff, he ascended by a series of crumbling ledges and disappeared from view.

* * *

Fifteen or twenty minutes later the firing had ceased, and soon after Untequit came back breathless with the information that the fascine battery was empty, and that in Chamba there were only some wounded men and one or two friends who had refused to desert them; and that although he had followed the trail of the fugitives to the edge of the woods he had seen no one else; and as the smoke still hung heavily and the signals could not be seen, Untequit came on board, and the party returned on board the Weymouth.

Captain Knowles was much pleased with the report and complimented Woodside and his crew highly, giving each man a Spanish dollar, and what, perhaps, they valued even more, an order on the purser for an extra ration of rum, after which they were given their dinner, consisting of the regular navy rations of hard ship's bread, beef, and pork; which, owing to the inefficiency of the commissariat department, were the worst of their kind, the bread being alive with worms and maggots, and the meat tainted and salt as brine.

"'Tis a pity we couldn't have foraged a little," said Jones dolefully. "I'm thinking we shall miss the old schooner an' her cook, boys, arter this."

"Don't grumble, Jones," said Hay, sharply. "This ship is as well found as any, and the Shrewsbury's crew would like time and leisure to eat even this, if they were out of their death trap, I reckon."

"Well said, mate," said a burly topman who sat near them, with his clasp-knife, kid and tin can, eating heartily. "Tho' I must say 'tis no wonder that yon Yankee grumbles, for rations so bad I never zee, an' t' drink be as bad as the 'atin'. Try un, man."

* * *

Stephen placed his lips to the can, but barely managed to swallow a few drops of the fiery spirit, which, half diluted with water, and neither sweetened nor mixed with lime juice, formed a draught nauseous enough to disgust the most confirmed lover of spirits.

"What is it, shipmate?" asked Stephen, curiously.

The fellow roared heartily. "Needcessity, they do call it zur," he chuckled, "an' sure enough, 'tis ayther this or nothin', for about three half pints o' water is all they gives beside the grog, although we filled ivry cask an' bar'l at Jamaiky."

"Well, well, let's go on deck," was all that Stephen could say, and the party hastened to leave the greater part of their viands behind them, and went up to see what else should come of the day's adventures.

To the northward the fight was over, for the land breeze had sprung up, and the Shrewsbury, slipping her cables, was standing out to sea from the terribly exposed condition, in which for nearly three hours she had been fought with consummate skill and bravery. Over a score of brave fellows lay dead along her larboard gangway, and forty others had been wounded. Her lower masts were pitted with shot, and her rigging and canvas hung in ribbons; but she had several times almost silenced the fire of St. Jago and St. Phillip, and their gunners were scarcely sorry to see so stubborn an antagonist draw out of range.

On the Russell and Norfolk the loss was much smaller, numbering only some half dozen slain outright and fifteen or sixteen wounded on both ships, for their fire was so heavy and delivered at such close quarters, that most of the guns were deserted by the Spaniards after one or two discharges. And now the crews lay at quarters, resting after their herculean labors, their canvas kilts, bare arms, breasts and faces black with powder, and flecked with tar and blood, and nearly all in that deep, almost deathlike sleep, which follows excessive excitement and exhausting labors.

"'Tis time that the troops were ready for landing," said Knowles impatiently. "Unless we soon make a move, the Spaniards will take heart, re-occupy Chamba, and send Norris and Graves to their guns again."

"Lestock is slow at any time," said Ashton, "but the wind is baffling, and the Stromboli ketch is six or eight miles to leeward, and Wynyard, with a part of his grenadiers, went on board her this morning, as I saw myself. But there's the signal to land the troops; luckily for us we haven't any of the clumsy cattle on board."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Woodside," he added quickly, as he noted the quick flush that mounted to the temples of the other. "I don't mean your colonists, who are as amphibious as seals. But those redcoats are all under foot in a seaway, and in a boat—" and he ended with an expression of utter disgust which need not here be written.

"No offense, Mr. Ashton," said Woodside with a smile. "I hope, Captain Knowles, that we may join the landing party. We can move more quickly than the regulars, and will come off in the morning if you wish it."

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Knowles hesitated a moment. "You can go," he said at length, "but I can't spare you later than at noon tomorrow, for I've no doubt it will take us until then to land the troops in this division. Mr. Ashton, see that the watch take in a little more on that spring, our battery may be wanted. Be prudent, Woodside, for I have need of you."

Taking their arms, blankets and a supply of food and ammunition, the Americans started in their light craft with the heavier flotilla of ships' boats which, laden to the gunwale with their own crews and the starched and stiff, but athletic men, of the British infantry, moved slowly and heavily through the water, in spite of the regular, powerful strokes of the men-of-war's men.

From the officer in charge of the landing, who occupied a position on the flank of the flotilla, Woodside got permission to precede the boats and test the practicability of landing in safety and without opposition.

It was now between five and six o'clock, and the land breeze had toned down the sea until, almost unruffled, it lapped gently on the sandy beach of the nearly semicircular Bay of Salmedina; and indeed it appeared that the heavy surf which protected the Cartagena shore was seldom found to prevail farther to the north and west.

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Without waiting for further orders, and merely steering a little to the eastward of the batteries, Woodside laid the boat on a sandy beach, and Stephen and Untequit jumping overboard, ran quickly up the beach until they gained the cover of the woods, through which they scouted carefully, but quickly, until assured that only the dead and wounded were left to dispute the possession of the batteries with the English soldiery. Returning, they beckoned to their companions, who lay on their oars just outside the line of breaking sea, and running in they beached their boat, leaping into the water and running her up just clear of danger from the sea.

The main flotilla was now close at hand, and several of the boats seeing that no harm had come to the whaler's crew, followed their example, the sailors bending sharply to their oars, and the men cheering lustily, and in as many moments no less than half a dozen boats had landed their quota of grenadiers, who promptly fell in, opened their pouches and were lighting their matches and slinging their muskets, when the officer in charge appeared and angrily ordered them to re-embark at once, in spite of all expostulation.

"Colonel Wynyard is not here, and we have not over four hundred men to hold the batteries in case of an attack. I won't take the responsibility, sir. I tell you I won't take it. Re-embark your men at once, and keep outside the surf until the rest of the battalion comes to join us," and despite the evident disgust of the naval officers, and the remonstrances of his own comrades, the fussy little major had his own way in the matter; and after much lifting, tugging, profanity and wetting of clothing and arms, the stranded boats rejoined the rest, and the flotilla lay on their oars in a close body within easy reach of the guns of the deserted battery.

Woodside turned to his crew. "Well, boys, we at least are not under his orders, and it seems to me that we can do no better than to watch that no force takes advantage of this blunder, to give yonder poor fellows a volley of grape or musketry from the battery or these thickets of underbrush. Can we keep guard, Hay, with our boat's crew over the approaches?"

Untequit raised his head as if to answer, and Stephen checking himself, made an almost imperceptible motion of acquiescence. "Why not, sir?" The woods are thick and plenty of thorns. There are only two roads and a path. Three men are enough; the rest can stay in the boat."

"Let us two and Coggeshall go," said Stephen. "We will help you launch the boat, and you can fish, for there are lines in the lockers and a rind of pork will do for bait until you get a grouper or parrot-fish. In a couple of hours the troops will be ready, and we can come down and join you."

"Well said," cried the lieutenant. "Come boys, off with the boat. Of course you will not fire except in the last resort, for an alarm might spoil all if it was causeless."

* * *

While they were speaking the boat had been righted, and the united crews easily ran her down the sloping beach after a retreating wave. Woodside and his three men pushed off, and twenty minutes later rode easily at anchor outside the line of breakers, fishing with a success which promised them a toothsome repast, when the slow-moving disembarking force should take possession.

Meanwhile, the three scouts entered the woods and, having looked carefully to their weapons, traversed the inner boundaries of the cleared space in which the works stood, and found, as the Indian had said, that there were but three approaches through the almost impenetrable forest, and also that the Spaniards had left in great haste; for several of their dead and wounded lay near the inner battery, and one young fellow lay groaning in the very entrance of the covered way to Boca Chica.

* * *

Stephen stopped and bent over him. A grape shot had shattered his elbow, he was evidently delirious, and the occasional moan of *agua! agua!* told of the thirst which consumed him.

Silently they raised him and drew him to the edge of the clearing, where no harm could come to him in case of a night attack, and Stephen held to his lips his own canteen, motioning to Coggeshall to pour a little from his into a jetty oxhorn, mounted with silver, that hung by the creole's side. The sheath at his side was empty, but the pistols at his belt were loaded, and, taking them, Hay gave one to the ex-privateer, retaining the other for himself.

"Untequit, you will take the woodpath leading inland, follow it a short distance, and if you come to an opening, take your stand there. Coggeshall, you will go toward the city a hundred yards or more until you can find clear space, and I will follow down this road toward the castles. Keep quiet, and don't fire, except in the last extremity. Stay, give me a strip of this poor fellow's kerchief, or he will bleed to death."

Quickly he extemporized a rude tourniquet, which he applied and secured with a short stick, and then turning to his companions, motioned to them to be gone. The Indian glided into the shadow of the dusky thickets like a spectre, and the privateersman followed as quickly, if less silently, than his companion; and as they were lost to view, Hay caught up his musket, loosened his Spanish knife in its sheath, and despite his weight and stature, moved noiselessly down the darkening woodpath, over which, scarce three hours before, the retreating enemy had hurried.

Pausing at every turn and angle, scanning closely every jagged stump and ragged boulder, distorted by the twilight, he nevertheless soon saw before him an opening, through which he could catch a glimpse of evening sky, still faintly tinted with the last rays of the sunset.

Before him lay a broad lagoon, and between him and its waters were the castles of Tierra Bomba, which guarded the nearer bank of the narrow and tortuous channel of Boca Chica. But nearer still, in truth scarce half a musket shot away, he caught the gleam of a bayonet above the scattered bushes beyond the edge of the forest, and saw that he was close to the advanced pickets of the enemy.

Still, he desired to see more, and, passing through a side path, he stole along on his hands and knees, and, peering through the bushes, saw that a second sentinel stood between him and the castle—or, rather, battery—of St. Jago, which lay nearly half a mile away, and between it and the pickets, at their bivouac fire, the reserve guard of some fifty men were grouped; but he saw nowhere any signs of any intention to re-occupy the southern batteries or contest a landing.

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As noiselessly as he had come, he returned, leaving the sentinels, who laughed, chatted and cursed alternately, as they met at the end of their beats, totally unconscious of the fact that within pistol-shot of their posts had lurked the first of the invaders, who had that day won the first move in the great game of war, and were even now taking possession of the captured forts of Salmedina.

For, as he hastened back over the winding, covered way, he heard the cheers of the troops as they entered the batteries, and met at the entrance of the road a guard on the way to picket the approaches, accompanied by Untequit, who had been called back from a fruitless watch by the noise of the disembarkation.

By midnight the grenadiers were all landed, and to the number of about eight hundred were bivouacked in the clearing, rejoicing in their success and the pleasure of once more standing on *terra firma;* and their fires lit up the dark woods and the dusky outlines of the forts, where the engineers labored until late into the night in pointing a part of the guns to sweep the land approaches with grape and bags of musket balls, and setting palisades to strengthen the feeble defences in rear of the works.

Hastening down to the shore, they found their whaleboat carefully drawn up to the edge of the woods, and under a ledge their friends were grouped around a fire, intently engaged in discussing a supper of fish, cooked after a way learned by Jones during a short sojourn amid the fishermen of the lower Potomac.

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Against the rocks, and suspended to them by pins of wood set into the crevices, the fish, nicely split and washed, were suspended, and exposed to the heat of a bed of coals; and from time to time, with a sharp stick, the presiding genius of the feast reversed the position of the fish until equally cooked. They were then taken down and laid on some broad leaves gathered near by.

"You are just in time," said Woodside, heartily, "and no doubt you are hungry enough by this time. But fall to, for those fish are tempting enough for an epicure."

"They ain't jest what they might be," said Jones, hesitatingly, "fer we used to hev oak planks about two inches through, an' we could turn 'em better an' oftener. But anythin' is better then such stuff as we hev to eat yender."

The fish were indeed delicious, and for some moments little was said, until a bright flash and heavy roar to seaward brought the whole party to their feet, but they reseated themselves as they saw that several small vessels were closing in under the cape, by which the Shrewsbury had drifted under the fire of the castles.

"'Tis the bomb ketches getting to work on the batteries," said Woodside. "The Stromboli anchored there before landing the grenadiers, and she'll give the Spaniards in Boca Chica little chance of sleeping on guard after this, for the thirteen-inch shells from her mortars are terrible things when they drop in the right place."

Another burst of vivid flame lit up for a moment the distant cliffs. Another thunderous report rolled across sea and forest and jarred the very earth, and a hissing, coruscating point of light ascended high in the heavens, rushed down in a swift parabolic curve, and ended in midair with a crashing explosion which sent the ponderous missile to earth in a cloud of jagged fragments.

"'Twill go hard with the dons if they don't keep under cover," said Stephen, as two more heavy explosions burst out almost simultaneously. "The Etna and Basilisk are at it, and they say that Captain Knowles calculated the ranges and charges himself."

"There's an answer from the Spaniards at last," cried Jones, as a large shell suddenly exploded near one of the frigates outside the line of bomb ketches. "I reckon we shall git it ourselves afore mornin', fer they know the distance to an inch."

Even as he spoke, a swiftly moving speck shot up into the heavens above the forest, rushed down toward the batteries and exploded, as Stephen judged, near the boundaries of the cleared space.

There was a terrified rush among some of the troops who were moving idly about, but when another came even closer, the order to "fall in" was sounded, and the men moved into a position aside from the line of fire.

"The bear is hunting the hunter," laughed Woodside coolly, "and after this we shall have sterner work than before; but we shall have good cover here, and we had best haul our boat under yonder cliff and sleep beside her. Look well to your arms and make a better fire, for the night fogs and mosquitoes will trouble us the less if we keep up a little blaze until morning."

* * *

Stephen started to his feet. "We've forgotten the wounded Spaniard," he said, and catching up a brand he hurried up the bank and across the clearing toward the entrance of the covered way, and Untequit and Coggeshall following more slowly, came up just in time to find their comrade arrested in his errand by the guard, posted to keep men from that part of the clearing invaded by the enemy's shells.

"It won't do, sirrah," cried the officer in charge, who happened to be on his rounds, and came up promptly to see who was parleying with his sentinels. "Damme if you Americans have any more idea of discipline than so many sheep. Go back at once to your command, if you have one, or if not, let me find you at the fascine battery tomorrow morning."

Stephen waited quietly and then said, "I was wrong, sir, I see, not to wait for orders, but we are a part of the crew of the whaleboat, and when we scouted through here, we found a wounded officer out yonder and forgot him, until the shells began to come this way, and we thought—"

"Bless my soul! yes, sir; of course, sir! and very creditable to you, sir. Go out at once, and bring him into the Chamba battery. Here, John," he added, turning to his orderly, "take your lantern and go with them, but keep a good lookout for the shells."

* * *

The sentry shouldered his musket and recommenced his regular and measured walk, while the four hastened toward the gloomy wall of black, where the tropical forest was at times disclosed by the sudden meteor flashes of the bombs, which, while evidently true to a well-calculated range, were fortunately propelled by too little powder to invade the quarters of the men in and around the fort.

But every step the party took drew them closer to the forest, on whose verge the crashing of tree tops and the downward rush of huge palm-leaves, cut off by the breaking missiles, told that their errand of mercy might well cost some of them limb or life.

"We must get to him," said Stephen firmly. "Give me the lantern and I will go in alone. I can make shift to bring him out, I think, for he was a mere boy, and of slight build at that."

"Heavens!" ejaculated Coggeshall, as a huge shell burst just over the top of a tall tree, which for an instant seemed to be the center of a flash of lightning. "We rested his head ag'in the root o' that very tree; an' I'd bet anything thet their mortars are laid by it, fer its top is nearly es high ag'in es the trees around it."

"Keep to the left, and under cover of the trees," said Stephen; and at full speed they rushed in under the shelter of the thick coppice, and at last stood, tired and panting, by the side of the Spaniard, who lay with his face to the earth a little way from the oak.

"He has fainted," said Hay; "get him behind the tree before another shell comes." And, raising him, they drew him behind the spreading bole, while the Englishman held up his lantern until its rays fell upon the motionless face.

"He's dead," said Coggeshall, as he pointed to the half-closed eyes and fallen jaw. "We've come too late to save him."

Stephen hastily opened the breast of the gay velvet doublet and placed his hand over the region of the heart. "It can't be," he said, "for the bandages have not loosened, and the loss of an arm is a common chance of war." Suddenly, however, he withdrew his hand and shook it as if in disgust and horror; then threw open the stiffened garment and held the lantern close to the body. A deep, contused wound, which might be the work of either bullet or poinard, had pierced to the very heart.

"The man hes been murdered," said Coggeshall in a strident whisper, "an' by no British hand, I'll be bound. There's be'n devilish work done here sence we stood here over him, an' not fer gold either I consait, fer that ring is on his han's, an' yonder chain round his neck is wo'th mor'n one doubloon, I reckon. Good God! thet was close."

Over their heads a tremendous explosion deafening, blinding, suffocating, filled the air with fragments of iron and masses of shattered wood, and all four lay for a moment half-stunned beside the dead.

* * *

One by one, however, they all rose to their feet except Untequit, who seemed insensible, and as the lantern was still fortunately alight, Stephen seized it and bent in much anxiety over his faithful comrade. But he quickly revived, and after one or two futile efforts sat up and looked in a dazed way around him. "It's all right," he said, "a branch struck me, and I feel a little sore and out of breath, but I shall be better soon. Here's a knife, though," he continued, "I found it in getting up."

As he spoke, he gave into the sergeant's hands a short but polished poniard with a nearly round but slightly fluted blade, still stained with a drop or two of red blood, which encrimsoned a hilt of rare workmanship, such as Italian artists alone have been wont to expend on weapons of this nature. The gripe and guard were of silver in the form of a Medusa, whose feet were encircled by the coils of a huge serpent, and while small rubies formed the eyes of the boa, the cold glitter of a brace of emeralds set with consummate art gave to the tiny statue a weird and strangely malign effect.

"'Tis the very weapon," said Coggeshall, as he pointed out on the edges of the wound the peculiar creases of the fluted blade. "But this is no place for us. Let us take him to the camp an' give him burial. Mayhap we may learn his name an' help to avenge him."

An hour later, after removing from the body such articles as were of value or might help in identifying the dead, the young Spaniard was buried in the ditch of the fascine battery, under the orders of the old major, to whose servant was given the purse of the deceased. Lieutenant Woodside received the chain, rings, and other valuables, with orders to hold them until such time as the chances of the siege should give him the opportunity of ascertaining the name and rank of the dead and communicating with his friends. In default of this, they were to be sold. and their value divided among the crew of the whaleboat, according to the customs of that period.

Hay and Coggeshall retained the pistols they had taken, but they bore only the unmeaning but costly and elegant inlaid work of that period, except that under the trigger-guard of each a close inspection revealed a rude "H" burned into the rosewood of the stock.

"The face was not altogether Spanish," said honest Jack Coggeshall, and Stephen felt a thrill of strangely blended wonder and fear as he drew from his pouch the gift of the old buccaneer, and compared the workmanship of the serpent ring with the scaly coils that supported the emerald-eyed Medusa.

CHAPTER XVI

Before daylight, Woodside awoke his men, and announced to them the landing of nearly all the regulars, and the occupation without further bloodshed of the two small forts of St. Jago and St. Phillip. "We must be on board the Weymouth by today at noon," he said, "but the engineers are talking of cutting away across the island to the lagoon, and have asked me to get you, who are used to forestry, to explore the line to be followed."

"There is your man," said Stephen, pointing to Jones, who was busily engaged in devouring some remnants of last night's supper. "He has stepped out more patents than any man in the brigade, and just give him a pocket compass and the course, and a surveyor with all his instruments won't be able to do a great deal in the way of straightening his blaze."

"Well, you shall do as you please about volunteering for this job," said the officer kindly. "We have done what was asked of us in reconnoitring the forts, and you may rest here until it is time to go on board, or take up this new duty; but I confess I should like to see more of the land hereabouts, and, if possible, something of the lagoon yonder."

"Besides, there might be a chance to get some information or capture a picket of the enemy," said Stephen eagerly.

"I'll venture to say thet we'll git some fruit, an' perhaps some game," suggested Jones, who despaired of another mess of fish.

"I'm agreed," said Coggeshall thoughtfully, "ef 'tain't too far, we may hev' to drag our boats acrost, an' come in back of them batteries."

"What do you say, Gibbs?" asked Coggeshall of the Falmouth whaler, who sat smoking deliberately by the side of the boat.

"Why, I ain't particular, sir, whether I go or stay. Somebody ought to stay with the boat, an' I jest as lieves stay as not. Ef you want me to go, I'm here, an' ready to chop brush, forage for bananas, or fight Spaniards, jest as it happens."

Woodside laughed heartily: "You ought to be a regular, Gibbs, you're so ready to obey orders. However, you're right, and, if you will, shall be appointed guard over our boat and stuff. Hay, take a man and go to the new battery for some axes; you will find a lot among the intrenching tools. Four will do, for I'm not used to wood-chopping, and my sword is a true Ferrara, and will cut underbrush with any *machete* that a Spaniard ever wore on thigh."

Half an hour later, just as the first rosy gleam tinged the Eastern sea, Hay and Jones returned with two axes, a hatchet, and a pair of heavy, horn-hafted *machetes*, which, as our readers may not know, we will describe as short, very broad-bladed cutlasses without hilts, much used in the Spanish and Mexican territories, and generally worn in a leathern sheath at the side.

Coggeshall had already chosen the heaviest *machete*. Stephen and Untequit took with ill-concealed contempt the broad-bladed, clumsy, straight-handled Spanish axes. Jones poised the short-handled hatchet, and after a minute inspection of its edge, stuck it in his belt; and, leaving the remaining cutlass to Gibbs for cutting firewood, the party, after looking well to their priming and flints, moved through the busy encampment to the edge of the wood, where several officers of the engineer corps were already marshalling a lazy rabble of Jamaican negroes.

"Give us your course, gentlemen," said Woodside, saluting them, "and we will try and lead the way for your axemen; we will only blaze a path, and you can correct its defects at your leisure."

"You are welcome to try," said the elder of the engineers, "though 'tis against rule to trust to anything but theodolite and compass. You had better look well to your steps though, for snakes seem but too plentiful, and we've killed a rattlesnake already."

* * *

Jones slung his musket, took his hatchet from his belt, took a long sight over the theodolite and marched into the thick coppice, cutting and slashing at the thorny twigs and passing them behind to be carried off by the others, until a passage just wide enough for men in single file had penetrated the narrow belt of close underbrush and let them into a more open growth of ceibas, myrabolans, cocoa palms, plantains and mameis; some of which the men quickly attacked with their axes, and though the season was late, secured enough fruit to give each sufficient to fill their almost empty haversacks.

In such a growth, with the exception of lianas, there was little to obstruct Jones, who carelessly lopping off the cable-like vines, and occasionally cutting a huge blaze on the side of any tree abutting on his line of march, kept straight forward until over two miles had been traversed and the guns of Boca Chica seemed so near that one of the engineer officers, who had followed them with a compass, became alarmed and counselled a return.

"I don't know, after all, that it will be best to make this covered way, for the Boca Grande is watched by our ships by day and night, and no force can cross from the city without their movements being telegraphed to us before they have gone a single league; and it will be easier for them to send reinforcements by the lagoon, until we are masters of Boca Chica."

"Still," said another, "we shall be better able to survey their movements and perhaps to take advantage of their knowledge to strike when they least expect it. Let us go on and see what is being done in the lagoon."

"Agreed," said the other, "but we must go quietly and use the cutlass only to force a way through; for axe-stroke rings through these woods like a musket shot, and I'm jealous we shall have a brush with the dons before we get back."

Stephen spoke in a low tone to Untequit, who stepped lightly forward, passing Jones, who at a whisper at once stuck his axe in his belt and took his musket in hand. The Indian led the way henceforward, simply by the direction of the sun's rays, until about a mile further on they saw an open path which they crossed at right angles. The path was a mere cattle road, but the stumps of several large mahogany trees showed recent marks of the axe, and Coggeshall, as he stole across it, picked up the coarse brown paper of an empty cartridge casing.

Thenceforth they spoke only in whispers, and moved forward quickly but watchfully, unmindful of the golden bunches of plaintains, grateful custard apples and other tropical fruits, and not daring to fire, although great flocks of gaudy parrots, huge iguanas, and occasional coveys of the white-meated *guan* crossed their path from time to time. The way grew boggy and wet, the hiss of large serpents was heard from clumps of tall grass and thickset reeds, and occasional detours were necessary to pass by pond holes and quaking morasses.

"We must be nearly across," said the engineer in a husky voice, for the heat was now almost overpowering. "See, yonder there seems to be a gleam of blue water, and I hope we may be able to see without being seen, and rest an half hour before we set out to return."

"That we can do," replied Woodside cheerily. "'Tis only six o'clock and twenty minutes, and we have a good five hours to cover as many miles. Hay, see why it is that Jones and the Indian are stopping yonder."

* * *

As he spoke Untequit beckoned and stepped boldly into a glade which opened on a little bay of the lagoon, which the party, as they emerged, beheld spread out before them a shallow inland sea bordered with wooded islets, between which they could see twenty miles away the farther shore and the deep ship channel, now beaten into short chop seas by the fresh ocean breeze. The shore where they stood was sandy, but on the south a long, muddy point ending in a tangled grove of mangroves forbade further exploration in that direction. Moving carefully northwest, they approached the ridges of a woody promontory, and found that between them and Boca Chica a second mangrove marsh intervened.

The grass gave no intimation of human habitation or the presence of a foe, and several species of water fowl, wading and swimming near the mouth of the bayou, gave proof that no boat was near them, unless most cunningly concealed, which was not likely.

"I will go yonder," said Untequit, pointing to a huge ceiba near the end of the promontory, "and keep watch in that tree. I will answer for any party from that direction, but you must see that no sly canoe or scouting party surprises you in the open."

So saying the Indian took from his haversack a juicy custard apple, and eating as he went, sauntered off through the woods toward the great cottonwood, in whose foliage he was soon lost to view.

The rest of the party were soon reclining on the smooth sward on the border of the little cove, and near a spring of cool, sweet water, with which they bathed their heated faces and filled their canteens before sitting down to breakfast, or rather lunch, for all were hungry, and the fruit they had gathered had suffered somewhat in forcing a way through the woods. Nevertheless they enjoyed the luscious plantains and pulpy mameis, which they ate with their coarse shipbread, and scooped out the cold, creamy pulp of the cocoanuts with their knives, not without some little apprehension of sudden surprise, for they were at least a league and a half from any support in case of attack.

"Juba, go and fill my canteen yonder," said the officer of engineers to the Jamaican negro who had accompanied him. The negro rose slowly and grumbling at being disturbed, shambled off to the brook, and was about to fill the receptacle when, with a howl of terror, he sprang backward and ran at full speed toward the party, followed rapidly by a huge, yellowish snake. The boa, on seeing the others, suddenly threw itself into a coil, and, as if fearing to advance, yet unwilling to retreat, reared its shining crest above the convoluted folds, and with glittering eyes, erected fangs and forked tongue vibrating like a lambent flame, filled the air with loud hisses, which seemed to be echoed and re-echoed from the woods.

* * *

Coggeshall started, then threw up his musket, and called to the negro who stood between him and the monster, "Stand clear, thar, blackey, an' I'll soon stop his devilish noise. What in time ails ye; what are ye lookin' at now?"

Following the upturned glance of the negro's eyes, the party glanced into the tree above them, and with singular unanimity sprang from the ground and rushed down to the shore, for in the branches above a second serpent, even larger than the first, hung, slowly swinging back and forth, with four or five feet of his burnished neck and glittering, undulating body pendant from the branch around which he had been coiled.

Jones struck his musket strongly on the lock to settle his priming, and spoke sharply and firmly to his comrade, "I take this, you t'other. Ready?"

"Aye, aye, mate," responded the privateersman, as his heavy musket settled down to perfect and deadly aim.

"Then fire," exclaimed Jones, and so promptly was the order obeyed that it seemed as if but one report echoed through the glade.

The wading herons, with startled cries, leaped awkwardly into the air to seek the distant tree tops; the wild duck sprang into flight with a rush of wings and confused calls until the air was full of circling birds; flocks of screaming parrots swept away into the deeper woods and, as the smoke cleared away, Coggeshall saw that his bullet had sped truly to its mark, and the serpent, with shattered head, was writhing in the death agony.

Scarcely less fatal was his comrade's aim, but he had loaded with buckshot instead of ball, and the agonies of the wounded monster were something terrible to witness. The tree-top was shaken as with a tempest by the muscular contractions and rapid movements of the serpent, and leaves, twigs and drops of blood, which almost seemed to burn the flesh, flew all around and over the party.

Suddenly the reptile relaxed its hold, and half glided, half fell to the ground, and, either blinded by its wounds or enraged to the point of desperation, wriggled out to attack the party; but a blow from Hay's *machete* ended the episode and its life together.

"There! they're dead! But we must be off," cried Stephen, as he wiped the crimsoned blade on a handful of grass. "If the Spaniards are not all shut up in Boca Chica, we shall have plenty of company on our march back. By heaven! there are oars coming around the point yonder. Let us be off."

"You are right. Off with you, boys!" said Woodside. But just as the men had slung their haversacks, and were about to send word to Untequit, who, despite the noise of the guns, had not made his appearance, a tongue of flame flashed from the mangroves a hundred yards away, and the negro fell dead, riddled with bullets.

The next instant the bow of a large periauga, full of men, and carrying one or two swivels—evidently one of the guard-boats of the harbor—darted out of the thick cover, and came on, her crew pouring in an ill-aimed volley, which for the most part flew high above the heads of the little party.

"We must leave the Indian to his fate," said Woodside sadly, and the Americans in single file entered the cover, Coggeshall, who brought up the rear, loading as he ran.

For three hundred yards or more they saw nothing of their pursuers, although an occasional missile aimed at random, passed now and then too close to be pleasant; and, although the Americans grumbled at his orders, Woodside utterly refused to let them fire in return.

"The lieutenant is right, men," said Hay at last. "There's that path a good mile ahead to cross before we are even passably sure of not being cut off, and if we want to get back with whole skins, we had better not lose time in potting one or two out of a dozen Spaniards."

Nothing could be said against this, for twenty minutes later, as they burst into the narrow woodpath, the whistling bullets of half a dozen muskets fired by the advance of a small party from the forts, told them they had stirred up a veritable hornet's nest from which there was scant hope of escaping.

* * *

A mile farther on the engineer cried out that he could stand the pace no longer. Woodside's face was flushed, and his breath came thick and panting, and even Hay looked distressed and weary.

"Let us turn and fight," said Woodside, as the rustling woods told of the hot pursuit. "'Tis better to die fighting than to have our throats cut, like deer run down by the pack."

"There's an opening a little farther on," said Stephen, breathing hard as he ran. "If we get across it they must charge us, up to the muzzles of our muskets."

"'Tis between two swamps, I consait," said Jones, hopefully. "I remember we passed yonder old greenheart, for I minded the dead top with the yellow flowered vines."

"Let us hurry across it, in God's name," said Woodside, and "woe be to them if they try to charge in the teeth of our fire."

A hoarse shout, or rather half savage

yell of assent burst from the lips of all, and even the exhausted officer of engineers grasped his fusil more eagerly, and broke into increased speed as he issued into the opening, which might measure from three to five hundred feet across, and perhaps half as many more in width from one deep pond-hole to another. On the farther side a rocky cliff projected from a small eminence, and offered a little vantage ground of defence to the pursued, who, on reaching it, fell flat behind loose boulders and one or two large trees which stood near the top of the acclivity. They had scarcely looked to priming and flint before the first of their foes made their appearance in the glade.

Some half a dozen, mostly Spanish sailors, wiry, bronzed and bearded, bare-headed and barefooted, with long knives and boarding pistols in their sashes, and their naked cutlasses in their hands, sprang into the glade, followed by an infantry soldier or two with heavy muskets and cumbrous trappings.

A single shot rang out from a clump of yucca which covered a fragment of granite, the leading sailor sprang an ell into the air and fell; dead long before his riven breast touched the parched herbage.

Coggeshall turned upon his back, and merely biting his cartridge, poured in the powder, and throwing away the bullet, rammed down a neatly-made cartridge of buckshot. "Fire away, boys," he cried, as he struck the stock of his musket sharply against the rock; "I'm ready for 'em again." The engineer fired, and the leading sailor, a slight, gaily-dressed officer, dropped his rapier with a volley of Spanish oaths, but caught it up with his left hand and led on his men to the attack.

Jones fired, and a man beside him fell dead. Hay's musket sorely wounded a third, but the survivors, eight or ten in number, still pressed on to avenge their comrades, and Coggeshall alone had his weapon charged.

"Give 'em your pistols, leftenant," he whispered coolly. "Fire es ef ye were practisin' at a mark hangin' from the foreyard."

Woodside levelled and fired his pistol, setting the hair-trigger and aiming at the centre of the group. A marine dropped his long musket from his crushed right hand, then turned and fled, and Coggeshall uttered a yell of triumph, which sounded strangely like a Tarratine war-whoop, as indeed it was.

"Good again, Cap," he cried. "Give 'em 'tother one. I'm jest awaitin' till they pass yonder bush, an' then if they keep together es they hev, I'll drop more'n one, or my name's not Jack Coggeshall."

* * *

The second pistol rang out from the cover, but no effect was visible, and the young officer, scarce forty yards away, bounded on in advance of his men, swinging his bright blade and crying his war-cry of "God and Spain!" The hindmost pursuers began to make their appearance at the edges of the wood, and already two or three soldiers, with their cumbrous muskets, had met and passed their wounded comrade as he ran for shelter to the rear.

"*Andela! Anda! Dios y Espana!*" The clear, young voice rang like a bugle through the glade, which lay strangely still as the last faint wreath of smoke rose slowly up from the ambushed hill. The men who followed him had reached the bush; the privateer's musket was raised to its level and slowly swung as the rushing footmen changed places, swinging in and out of line. Suddenly three swart faces came for an instant into range; the trigger was pressed, the shower of *mitraille* hurtled through the yucca leaves, and the boy officer saw the deadly gap open between him and his surviving sailors, part of whom turned as if to flee, while the rest stood irresolute; but the Spaniard, with his sword-blade, threatened instant death to all cowards and promised honor and gold to those who should follow and sweep the "*hereticos*" from the face of the earth.

"'Tis a pity, but 'tis his life or ourn," Jones muttered regretfully to Stephen, as he raised his piece. The death shot parted, the brave mariner cried his war-cry once more as he clapped his hand to his left breast, and, as he sank to earth insensible, his companions took to flight, nor halted until they were safely ensconced on the borders of the opposite wood.

"We've beaten 'em off," said Coggeshall with a grim laugh; "but they're comin' in fast thar, an' there's twenty at least in the cover by this time. Ef ye've got your wind, we'd better start fer camp afore we're cut off in the rear."

"It won't do to start just yet," said Stephen, "for they're gathering for another charge. If we hold our fire and use buck and ball cartridge, we can drive them back, I think; and then, we'll let the officers go first, while one or two of us bring up the rear."

Woodside reddened. "Damme, sergeant, if I can stand this. I'm willing to let you do your bush fighting in your own way, and I'm free to say that you do know better how to do it than I can tell you; but I'm no baby, sirrah, to run first out of danger and leave my men to throw their lives away behind me."

Hay saluted respectfully. "I meant no disrespect, sir. You have no piece, and you are not used, as both Jones and Coggeshall have been, to running at speed through woods. We shall have our fill of fighting in ten minutes from now, for I see the bayonets of the men gathering among the thickets. If we drive them back, we shall be able to give you a quarter of a mile the start; and a few shots from here will make them think that we are disposed to stay and fight it out, and we can steal off, one by one."

"You're right, as usual," said Woodside, heartily. "But what a pity we haven't the skipper's rifle to pitch a bullet or two across the open into that squad of men."

"Thar'll be two less to fight before they git twenty paces clear of cover," said Coggeshall coolly, "for Jones and I have loaded with ball, an' ought not to miss at forty rod at sech a mark as thet. We'll be reloaded before they reach us, an' ready fer a volley."

"I'll fire, too," said the officer of engineers as he handled his light, long-barrelled Spanish piece. "I've killed a seal at full the distance, ere now, with this little piece."

"She's a good one," replied Hay, "but you'll have to load quicker than you're used to, I reckon; so hand her to me when you've fired, and I'll have a load of buckshot ready for her."

"They're comin' ag'in," muttered Jones as the bushes slowly parted, and a score or more of men, mostly soldiers, with bayonets fixed and muskets at the charge, marched four deep out of the forest, and advanced deliberately into the glade.

Jones fired first, and a marine fell out of the first rank with a broken leg, but the second rank man stepped into his place just in time to break the fall of his left-hand man, who received the ball from the engineer's fusil in the breast, while a third man in the second rank fell stunned by Coggeshall's bullet, which ploughed an ugly scalp wound along the whole top of the skull.

* * *

Hay hurriedly reloaded the officer's piece, but the Spaniards were quickening their pace, and their bravery, discipline and numbers threatened a disastrous defeat to the little handful of colonists, when a puff of smoke burst from the thicket behind them, and the officer in charge of the scouts fell dead in his tracks. A second musket rang out, and another file closer, a sergeant, lay mortally wounded, while the detachment halted just as a third musket carried death into their ranks.

"Who can it be?" said Woodside, who with a pistol in each hand and his sword beside him, had anxiously awaited the proper moment to give the command for their final volley. "Who can we have out scouting this way who would open fire so slowly? It can't be the grenadiers or the marines that landed with us."

Hay's face gleamed with a strange joy as he answered, "'Tis no regular that fired those shots, for the best marksman of old Barnstable County is behind yonder cover. 'Twas a bold thing to do, but he knew their strength, and I'll risk that he gets clear. See, they are sending back half a dozen men. Now for our own part of this last struggle."

The remaining officers, a corporal and ensign, had for a moment hesitated as to the course to be pursued. But a dozen at least were left for the subaltern to lead against the scouts, who now with a stronger confidence awaited the attack of the lessened number, which again advanced at the run to carry the little hill.

Hay with some anxiety watched the movements of the others as they dashed toward the wood whence the hidden marksman had fired; for his keen eye caught a glimpse of a cocked hat peering above the shelter of a large stump, and at the same moment the Spaniards opened fire on the object.

On the instant, from another point of the glade a long gunshot to the westward another shot was heard, another victim fell, and at the same moment a cry which none who had ever heard it could mistake, full of the lust of battle and savage triumph, pealed through the forest, echoing and re-echoing until it seemed as if a dozen throats must have joined in the savage war-cry.

"*Eu het tee kee! Eu het tee teah!*" The strangely-modulated cry pealed forth again, but this time on the flank of the regulars, whose thinned ranks counted one the less as another musket-shot rang out almost even with their advancing lines.

Hay laughed silently as he drew himself up for the final volley: "'Tis the Indian war-cry, though few white men have heard it, for none of the tribes that once used it wear war-paint or fight except in the ranks of the Massachusetts militia. But give the word, lieutenant, as soon as you please, for they are getting near enough now."

"Are you ready?" cried Woodside.

A murmur of assent came from the cover.

"Then make ready!—fire!" The volley which swept from the coppice left but half of the charging force alive, and they, without leaders or courage for further endeavor, took to their heels and fled for shelter to the distant forest, while from the bushes which skirted the nearer swamp Untequit, without hat or wig and minus all his trappings except waist-belt knife and bayonet, sprang like a deer, and running across the open space, rejoined his friends.

His story was soon told. Suddenly alarmed by the reports of the muskets discharged at the boats, he was about to leap down and run to the aid of his companions when he saw a small body of soldiers cross the ridge from the forest and hasten in the direction of his comrades. Then came the crashing discharge of the boat-gun and the noise of pursuit, and he rightly judged that a guardboat had suddenly come upon the party.

Cautiously descending, he laid aside his heavy cartridge box, canteen, haversack and leather stock, and determined to essay his own deliverance and the succor of his friends, if skill and courage could effect it.

"I found the negro dead," he said briefly. "All the Spaniards followed; I followed, too. I heard firing. The sailors came back and three left their muskets yonder. They went by me, wounded and bleeding, through the woods, toward the boat.

"I waited until the soldiers marched out of the woods. Then I crept up to the muskets; two were loaded. I shot three times, and each time I drew blood, and then reloaded and left my hat and wig on a ramrod behind a tree. When they fired I was a gunshot nearer you, and if they had followed—"

"What would you have done?" asked the officer of engineers eagerly.

"He would not have left one of them Spanish soldiers alive, sir," said Coggeshall eagerly.

* * *

Untequit nodded gratefully to his comrade, and the next moment rose and darted out into the plain, where lay the wounded and dead of the enemy. Several of them gave utterance to cries of pain and terror, evidently fearing that no quarter was to be given, and Woodside turned anxiously to Stephen:

"Surely he won't scalp or harm a wounded man. If he does, I won't answer for his life at the hands of the provost marshal."

"Have no fear, sir," replied Hay gravely. "We are none of us cruel, and Untequit, although an Indian and descended from great warriors, is an honest man and a Christian. See! he is stripping the cartouch box, belts and stock from that dead marine, and I dare say, will go back yonder to get his hat and wig again, for I'll venture the dons have had enough of it."

On his return from this errand Untequit found that his friends had assisted the wounded into the shade of the forest, bound up their injuries and given them water to quench their thirst, filling their oxhorn canteens from the nearest pool. The dead officer was left as he had fallen, for none cared to unclasp the slender fingers, which even in death gripped the silver-hilted rapier with a clasp which only brutal force could have unloosened.

A little later they issued from the woods and found the pickets alarmed, and the working force strongly reinforced; while Captain Knowles, whose ship they were to have rejoined at noon, stood talking with the engineers, who had made but little headway on the proposed path through the woods across the island of Tierra Bomba.

"I excuse you, sir," he said to Woodside, after hearing his story, "and will see that the admiral hears of the bravery and good conduct of your party. But henceforth be more careful how you expose yourselves, for we cannot easily replace such men as your boat's crew, and we count you no longer as part of the army, but as attached to the fleet."

* * *

Woodside bowed low to his superior, and his hopes of promotion and advancement seemed brighter than ever, but the army officers around him and the dignitaries of the engineer force exchanged curious and bitter glances; for already the evil seed was sown which was to utterly and shamefully estrange admiral and general, marine and grenadier, seaman and soldier, to the utter ruin and deep disgrace of all.

A party was sent out to scout through the blazed line, but came upon a heavy force of Spaniards, and were repulsed with some loss; but the Americans had been dismissed for the time, and found that Gibbs had not been unmindful of their comfort. He had fished from the rocks with good success; killed half a dozen parrots as a flock disordered by the noise flew overhead, and had found in the woods to the southward a few pineapples and limes. These he had properly prepared and cooked, exchanging a part with an officer's servant for some bread, sugar and rum; and upon these healthy viands the men feasted, tempering the vapid water of the shallow springs with the juice of the limes and bananas, and the more fiery spirit of St. Croix.

"The captain says that we may yet be called upon to haul our boat across the island, and lead an attack of the yawls and cutters on St. Louis de Boca Chica; for he thinks the mortar battery ill-placed, and the engineers slow and inefficient."

Thus said Woodside to Hay as, after supper, they went down to the nearest point of rock and cooled their heated faces in the ocean waves.

"I'm sorry," said Hay, "that at this time there should be any cause for ill-feeling between the fleet and the army, for we who are of no rank will be ground to pieces, as corn is between the upper and lower millstones."

"You say truly, Hay, and I would it were otherwise, but we who are on detached service have some chance of escape, and it may be that fortune or providence will send us an easy victory, and end all in triumph."

(*To be continued*)

THE ORANGE PEEL

ONLY an orange peel beside the path, and yet
Its gold shines out like some fair flower of spring.
I marvel deeply at the feeling that I get—
The flash of beauty from so strange a thing.

Though 'mid the grass and leaves it fain would hide
Like some lone shell upon the coral strand,
I know its presence marks the drifting tide
Of people, where their steps have lapped the land.

—*Bennett Chapple.*

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The Greatest Living Memorial to Lincoln

by Frank W. Ryan

A PERIOD of twenty years has come and gone since General Oliver Otis Howard, catching his inspiration from the lips of Lincoln, founded a remarkable college in the midst of the Appalachian Mountains, at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee. He called it the "Lincoln Memorial University." He might have called it a "University for Lost Americans." For its mission is that of pointing the way to progress for nearly five millions of pure-blooded Americans who, though descended from the pioneers who settled in the southern mountains before the Revolution, are hemmed in, isolated, out of step with the world, living under practically the same primitive conditions as did their forebears.

For this deplorable condition the mountaineers cannot be blamed; they are the victims of circumstance. Their poverty and ignorance have come about through natural causes. The prosperous farmer of western New York might still be groping in a backwoods wilderness had his ancestors settled in western Virginia instead of western New York.

Their isolation is due to geological accident. Appalachian America has great diversities of surface and climate, from "dissected plateau" in eastern Kentucky across the "blue ridge," down through the "land of the sky" to the "knobs" of Georgia. But as a place of habitation it has but one characteristic—it is a land of saddlebags. This single circumstance—the lack of waterways and the tremendous obstacles in transportation—has barred the progress of the race that settled there. Railroads have gone around the region instead of through it, and while the rest of the nation forged forward, the mountain folk have stood still.

The pitiful conditions under which the southern mountain people are born, struggle a few years, and die, stagger belief. One-room cabins are all that many know as homes from babyhood to old age. Here and there, to be sure, are to be found

STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY MIXING CONCRETE more pretentious homesteads, but even these lack the comforts—the simplest comforts—that the poorest of the poor in progressive communities are allotted. A typical home of the better class might be thus described:

Two big log boxes, eighteen feet square and fifteen feet apart, with a roof between; this space open front and rear, constituting the general family reception room and dining place. Three small adjuncts are near at hand—smoke house, loom house and spring house.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL
Maintained by the Lincoln Memorial University both for its own backward students starting in and for the children of the "Gap" district

The family are supplied from their own "boundary" with an abundance of corn meal, string beans, dried fruit, "long sweetening" (syrup) and hog meat. Also wool and flax, and possibly a little cotton. They barter feathers and "sang" at the "store house" on court day for boots, coffee, and patent medicines.

This is the best type of mountain life. Beside it are types less hopeful. But all are on a par as to resources in books and education. They are without them. Saddest of all is the bewildering lack of well-informed leaders. The average preacher of the mountains is inclined to be suspicious of the "book larnin'" he has failed to acquire. Religion itself is a melancholy affair connected with funerals and sectarian squabbles.

Yet these people are the purest-blooded Americans in the land. Some of the stately names belonging to the aristocracy of England and France in generations past, so uncommon as to be unmistakable in their sources, are borne by mountain folk.

During a long period of illiteracy there have been phonetic changes, but their origin is never in doubt.

PRINT SHOP AT THE UNIVERSITY

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY AND HIS STAFF

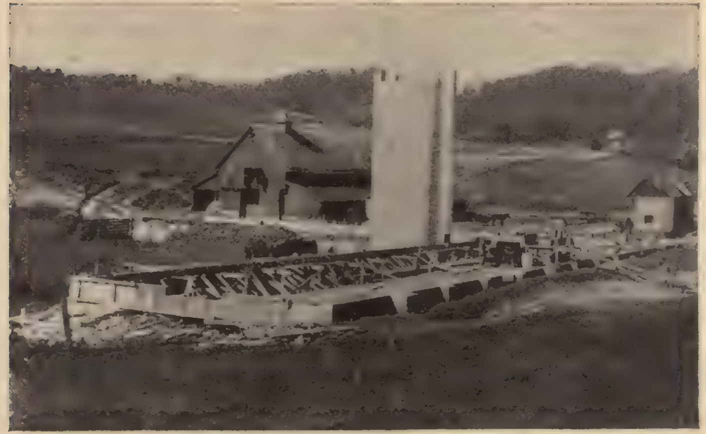
Dr. George A. Hubbell, president of Lincoln Memorial University, standing in center

Pussival was Percival, Fulkerson was Foulkeson, Vannoy was de Vanois, Ep was Eppes, Manis was Mannyse, Bales was Beales, Hagwood was Haguewode, etc.

Not only the names but the features of these mountaineers speak of the distinguished ancestry from which they have sprung. Although they are ignorant, they are not vicious, and they look out of their clear eyes in a straightforward fashion, which is not characteristic of the ordinary native, and far, far different from the countenances of more prosperous, more enlightened immigrants, whose worldly success cannot blot out the unmistakable peasant stamp. The features of the mountain people are clean cut, and their carriage naturally erect.

Their speech, their legends, their folklore, their songs—all reflect their genealogy. They know little of the tunes the rest of the country has learned, and which have come to be known as "typically American." One will find children in some of the mountain homes who have never even sung "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," though "Old Black Joe" and "My Old Kentucky Home" have come to some of them through the Gap. They sing the songs of a bygone day; old English ballads, such as "Barbara Allen" and the "Swapping Song," brought over by the Jamestown settlers, and such songs of their own invention as "Little Mohee."

These people need the friendly guidance and financial aid in educational beginnings which have been so lavishly distributed in all other sections of America. They are a patriotic, capable people, with unjaded nerves and red blood who, when



STUDENTS BUILDING NEW DAIRY BARN

lifted out of their mental slough will re-enforce the vigor of the nation.

Lincoln came of their stock. Prototypes of the great President as he must have appeared in his teens, poring over borrowed books by the light of a pine knot blazing on the hearth, are common to this day in the rugged vicinity of Cumberland Gap. Farragut's fighting spirit was born of mountain stock. General Sam Houston was a mountain Governor of Tennessee before he went to Texas to make his name imperishable. Presidents Polk and Johnson were mountain bred. Jumping the years to the present day, Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo hails from the mountains of the South.

LEARNING TO USE MICROSCOPE IN FIELD WORK

They were the exceptions, perhaps, but exceptions only so far as opportunity went. Had Lincoln not had access to the six books his biographers tell about—the books that awakened his irresistible ambition—he might have gone through life, and to the grave, as countless mountain men are doing, with no greater prospect than rail-splitting, corn pone, homespun clothing, mule-riding and a log cabin to live in, with perhaps a family feud to add the bitterness of hate to the pinch of poverty.

Those six thumbed-over books gave the nation its greatest man. Lincoln Memorial University takes the place of those books. It is giving to the poor boys and girls of the mountains the chance those six books gave to Lincoln.

Lincoln Memorial is just such an institution as Lincoln would have gloried in attending. Born out of the inspiration of his greatness, it is fashioned and modelled as he would have wished to see it. It is not a charity. There is no humiliation attached to becoming a student, for every young man and woman pays his or her way, either by money saved and hoarded, usually by a whole family, or by labor during the school course. Only the tuition is free.

The six books are there; the blazing pine knot is there; the example of Lincoln is there. If the mountain youth has it in him, he'll plunge through the pall of ignorance and enter the race of life on even terms with other American boys and girls.

The University is the avenue of escape from illiteracy, old worldishness, mental stagnation, and a life of squalor and poverty. Self-help is the keynote. The University points the way, guides the course, steadies the rudder. But the student must do his own rowing. And they are doing it.

The effects of the teaching of Lincoln Memorial University are not confined to the minds, habits and newly aroused ambitions of the students fortunate enough to enroll and complete its course. Every mountain home from which a boy or girl is allowed to travel down to the Gap to school reflects the uplifted life of that student when he returns home. They have been given a glimpse of the outside world, of new methods of farming, sanitation,

GIRLS OF THE UNIVERSITY AT PLAY

building, cooking—everything that goes to make life under the humblest circumstances a little more worth living.

The mountain boys are of the Lincoln type: high principled, clean cut, six-foot, upstanding, keen, quiet, courageous. It does one's heart good to help one of these young giants, who comes stalking in, perhaps after a three-days' journey on foot, with a few hard-earned dollars in his pockets and a great eagerness to get an education he can hardly comprehend. Why, many of the Lincoln University students see their first railroad train when they reach Cumberland Gap!

It is a joy to welcome the mountain girl who comes back to the University after having taught her first school, bringing money to pay her debts and perhaps bringing a younger sister. Needless to say, such a girl exerts a great influence in her school and mountain home.

It is one of the pledges of students of the Lincoln University, coming to earn their own way, that when they have finished the prescribed course they shall return to their home sections and teach those left behind. Thus at the outset the boys and girls are enlisted as social missionaries, and their whole college life is in keeping with these high ideals.

There is no time for frivolity at the University. Getting an education is a serious matter for these young men and women. They are in blood earnest. "High fliers" would find scant company. At present there are seven hundred students, the majority of them earning their

IN THE CREAMERY

way. The boys till the fields—the college fortunately has six hundred acres of land—reap the crops, market the products of their labors, do all the chores of a great farm and all under the watchful guidance of agricultural experts. Besides, they are taught engineering, carpentry, masonry, and other practical trades which will stand them in good stead back in the mountains. But the bulk of the work is on the farm. They earn while they learn. They literally leave the handles of the plough to accept their degrees.

THE NEW GRANT-LEE HALL IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION

So it is with the girls. They sew and bake, scrub and wash dishes as earnestly as they struggle with irregular verbs. And there is no sense of humiliation in this. It is the most democratic college in America.

The teaching is on a par with that in the best institutions in the land. The degrees are *bona fide*—Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Music. In the faculty are graduates of Johns Hopkins, Harvard, Columbia, Haverford, Wellesley, Amherst, Wooster, the Universities of Chicago, Tennessee, Indiana, the Sherwood School of Music, Massachusetts State Normal, Michigan Agricultural College and the Bowling Green Business College.

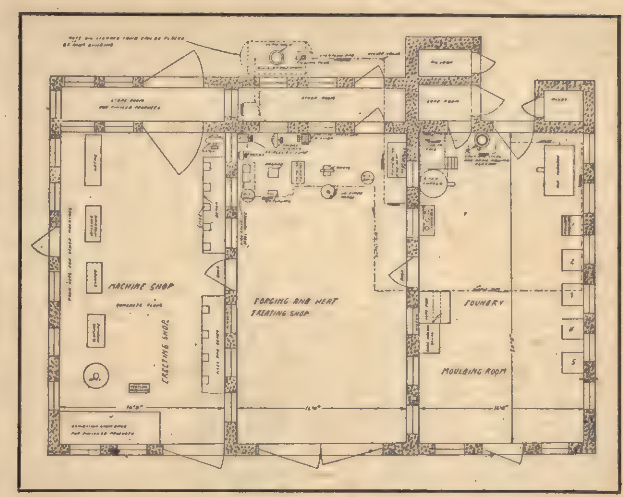
The University maintains seven general branches. There are the schools of letters, science, music, nursing, agriculture, industrial arts, domestic science and business. In all of these the aim is practical rather than theoretic. What a vista for an ambitious mountain boy or girl!

But, unfortunately, many who wish to enter the University cannot do so. The facilities are too limited to accommodate them. Twice the number admitted into the classes every year are forced to remain at home disappointed. And now hundreds of young men and women from parts of the country far distant from the mountains — ambitious city-bred youths who have heard of the wonderful opportunity which is offered at the Lincoln University—are beginning to apply for admittance.

The University through the momentum of the sterling principles upon which it was founded, has assumed a national aspect, has come to be the hope of struggling, earnest youths and maidens the country over.

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, FORMERLY A. A. ARTHUR'S HOME

Could there be any greater memorial to Abraham Lincoln than a national university? Could philanthropy find a better field? Could the thousands of the millionaire, or the dollar of the toiler, be contributed to a nobler cause?



PROPOSED NEW MECHANICAL ENGINEERING BUILDING FOR THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY

Statues and tablets from Maine to California have been fashioned to pay homage to his greatness; books have been written and poems composed. Songs glorify his fame and pilgrimages are made to his birthplace. A cross-continent thoroughfare has been named for him.

But Lincoln Memorial University is even greater than these. It is carrying on his work. It is continuing his teachings. It is doing what Lincoln wanted done; it is helping those whom Lincoln loved, dispelling with the light of opportunity the darkness of ignorance, and reclaiming the mountain people to greater usefulness.

Situated at the junction of Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee, Lincoln Memorial University stands as the nation's greatest monument to its greatest man. The work begun by General Howard has not faltered, and, with the election of the Rev. Dr. John Wesley Hill of New York as chancellor, was given fresh impetus and wider scope. It is now planned to raise a million-dollar endowment, to insure the future of the University. Some of the foremost men in the land are backing the movement. Among recent endorsements, are the following:

President Wilson: "I have for a long time been genuinely interested in the welfare of Lincoln Memorial University. I wish I could lend something more than my personal approval to the fulfillment of your plans. May I not take the liberty of bidding you God-speed in them."

Former President Roosevelt: "There could be no finer memorial to Lincoln than this University placed where you have it."

Former President Taft: "General O. O. Howard gave the last years of his life with unstinted devotion to the furtherance of the education of the mountain people of the South through the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap. It is a worthy object and deserves support and encouragement."

AT HOME ON THE HORSE

Boston's Preëminence as a World Port

by John B. Gorgan

THE officials in charge of the port of Boston have initiated a propaganda which, however simple, is one of the most important and practical that has come within the functions of a municipal commission for many years. They are improving Commonwealth property, aggregating over eight and a half million square feet of land, with superb water front and railroad connections and terminals annexed furnishing a capacity of four thousand cars. Is it any wonder that the people of Boston have been so justly enthusiastic over having the largest and best steamship passenger and freight pier in the world? The amount of money invested ($3,500,000) gives but little idea of what this pier means with its twenty acres of space, almost half the size of Boston Common and over a half-mile of wharf frontage.

What would the Puritan forefathers of Boston have thought if they could have had a glimpse of the Commonwealth Pier built by the State of Massachusetts? At this pier five large ocean-going steamships can be accommodated at one time, and it provides for one hundred and fifty freight or passenger cars, six trains of twenty-five cars each. A thousand passengers can be handled in an hour. Here the largest boats afloat can dock and have hundreds of feet to spare. Grain elevators can load into vessels alongside at the rate of ten thousand bushels an hour. This is not all—only a beginning.

The site for the largest dry-dock in the world with thirty-five feet of water available at low tide, and ten feet more at high-water mark, is being prepared. Already $500,000 has been expended and the entire dock will cost, when completed, over $3,000,000. The importance of this almost-startling development of the port of Boston is scarcely comprehended even by the people of Massachusetts, to say nothing of the people of the nation. The Directors of the port of Boston are not only busy in building and perfecting pier facilities for the commerce of Boston, but they have adopted practical methods of developing commerce for the port.

With special reference to the great South Boston Fish Pier they have started a propaganda, showing the value of fish as a food. While at first exciting the merriment of some carping critics who opined that it was a trivial matter for the dignity of Port Directors to undertake, it shows on the contrary, the practical and common-sense way of going at it to build up a business commensurate with the millions of dollars invested and appropriated by the state for its vast improvements.

Boston has long been known as one of the best fish markets—in fact, Boston rivals Grimsby, England, as the greatest fishing port in the world.

It has been insisted by the Agricultural Department, supporting the work of this commission, that more fish should be used as food, not only because it is healthful, but because it is plentiful and cheap, and yet, although Boston is one of the greatest fish-markets in the world, Massachusetts consumes less than thirteen ounces of fish per capita weekly.

If the people of Boston would eat one pound and a half of fish a week it would mean $8,000,000 of new business for Boston which would be largely profit. It would be a long while before the state would realize as much on any of her other investments as the fish pier if this were done. Why do we talk about "Government Ownership" and seek to invest and risk the millions of the people, when here is an opportunity already opened not only for practical business enterprise but one sure to promote the economic and hygienic welfare of the people. It is high time for us to make some progress in the old-fashioned ways of our forefathers, and to satisfy ourselves that development is the result of work, and not of theory and mere talk.

A visit to the pier is indeed one of the sights of Boston, just as important as the Old State House or the Old South Church. There are over $2,000,000 worth of buildings especially designed for the cleanly, sanitary, and commercial handling of fresh fish. It is an object lesson of what can be done toward furnishing the people with a healthful food, at the same time carrying into practical operation the combined experiences of generations of fishermen as fish dealers. All over the country you hear the people remark that if they could get as good fish as they have in Boston they would eat more of it. The facts are that they could have the fish all over this country just as they have it in Boston if they ordered it.

At all times of the year fish can be purchased at the port of Boston from ten cents to fifteen cents, while meat costs from twenty cents to thirty cents per pound. Statistics show that the meat consumption of the individual in the United States is decreasing, yet the percentage spent for beef in Massachusetts is higher than that of any other article of food. The resources of the fishing waters along the New England coast have scarcely been fathomed. With the great ocean contributing its limitless supply of fish, is it any wonder that the fisheries of the future should be expected to supply the deficiencies in meats, occasioned by the breaking up of the great cattle ranches of the West, for the people must always draw a great portion of their sustenance from the free waters as well as the free land of the world. If the people of New England alone would eat fish three times a week, instead of once, and every housewife would make a careful and practical study of the situation, the health of the people would be greatly improved, and Massachusetts would be relieved of its heavy burden by the profits accruing from simply developing a business that is already established in the building of the great Commonwealth piers.

HON. JOHN N. COLE
Chairman of the Massachusetts Commission on Waterways and Public Lands

On the north side of the harbor the port officials have made available for reclamation, thirty million square feet of land, six hundred acres, where the piers of the future can be built. The shipping of the port has increased seven hundred and fifty thousand tons in one year, and the future of Boston as a port presents a picture that would astonish and delight the wildest land-lot of the West. The foreign trade of the port has gained $39,000,000 in two years, and eight new lines of steamships already touch at this point.

Existing war conditions, the bottling up of the commercial navies of the world, and the helplessness of the United States, due to her own lack of sea-going vessels, must and will witness such a revival of the merchant-marine as has never been witnessed in the history of the country. Boston has been preparing for this in years past, in spite of a gigantic effort to centralize commerce at New York, and will soon be unsurpassed in its provisions for the cruiser travel and exportation of the American people. The time is already near when a forest of masts will again rise in Boston Harbor and the Boston-built clipper-ship, once known as the fastest sailing vessel ever built and engaged in world-trade, will be replaced by the American steamship with few rivals and no superiors. The Civil War destroyed American shipping, and New England capital then went into building the railroads of the West. Now that it has prepared its railroads and they find difficulty under the present conditions in maintaining the investment, it is logical to believe that the United States is again becoming an industrial sea-power and must compete with all other nations for the markets of the world. "Foreign Trade" which has been the watchword of American business for some years past will find at Boston a seaport of unlimited possibilities. The fifty-six steamship lines in 1915, forty in the foreign trade and sixteen coastwise, will be greatly augmented in the next few years, making Boston one of the great international ports of the world, the second largest in North and South America, fiftieth in importance in the world. Even the tremendous lead of New York will only stimulate Boston's growth, not only as a port caring for the overflow, but as a haven that can care for more tonnage than New York, which is especially significant in view of the fact that the great increase of foreign commerce is just beginning, and the fact that on all foreign traffic, import and export, Boston has the same railroad rates as New York, which, together with shorter sailing distances gives Boston a distinct advantage. That Boston is a day's sail nearer Europe than any other Atlantic port, with only 2,800 sea-miles across the Atlantic from France and Great Britain, will count in these times when time is considered an important element in transportation. Again Boston is nearer to the Panama Canal than San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Vancouver, and is also nearer than the other ports on the Atlantic coast and Gulf of Mexico to Rio de Janeiro, and the other important ports of Rosario, Buenos Aires, Bahia Blanca, and Montevideo, on the east coast of South America.

The only rival of Boston as a wool centre is London, and as a hide and leather market Boston's pre-eminence in the whole world has been long maintained. How many people realize that New England produces nearly one-seventh of the manufactured goods made in the United States, the product of this section of the country being valued at nearly $3,000,000,000 a year. All these conditions of ready demand for their raw material of wool and hides and skins and ability to supply the manufactured articles in return, tend to bind the South American states and New England closer together in their trade relations, and today as never before with European markets closed tighter than a drum. With Boston the logical winter-port for Canada during the six months when the St. Lawrence is frozen over, and with railroad rates, freight and passenger, to and from cities and towns in the interior as low as New York, and accommodations and facilities better than other Atlantic ports, why should not Boston with its unexampled port facilities become the great port of the United States?

Whether it is fish or wool or hides or leather or boots or shoes or ports or steamships of manufactures or foreign trade, Boston and Massachusetts and New England is always either first or running up very strong and with the crystallization of the energies of New England business to again secure control of the markets of the world, the work of the Directors of the port of Boston, New England's port—New England's gateway—becomes more important and necessary, and the whole country—and other countries—are watching and waiting. They realize that early navigators knew why the port of Boston was chosen.

The Scope of Modern Schools

by Mary A. Laselle

THERE is probably no other area in which can be found more schools or a greater variety of educational institutions than are located within a radius of twenty miles of the Boston state house. In addition to what we might call the old line academic type of school and college and higher institutions of learning, both public and private, with which Greater Boston is filled, there are a very great number of specialized schools of a newer type, such as the Agricultural School at Concord, Corporation Schools, as Jordan Marsh's School of Salesmanship, the Continuation Schools at Beverly, the School for Social Workers, Schools for the Physically Handicapped, such as the School for Crippled Children on St. Botolph Street, the Horace Mann School for the Deaf, and an older school, the Perkins Institute for the Blind; and I discovered, by the way, that there was a class in one of the Boston schools for the semi-blind.

Of course, there is literally a host of private music schools and art schools in the city, and in certain sections in the vicinity of the Fenway the lodgings are practically given up to the thousands of art and music students who flock to the city from every part of the country; while the two universities and five colleges located in Greater Boston attract to themselves a number of students which would make the population of a medium-sized city. There is, too, an exceedingly long list of high-grade private schools in which the children of the wealthier classes are found, from the kindergarten to the college.

THE CONCORD AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL

No public school registers the name of a child from certain large and well-defined areas of the city. As entire streets in the Back Bay sections are entirely depopulated from May 1st until October 1st, or later, the education of these children in private schools is the only practical solution of the problem of their education.

Coming to the vocational and pre-vocational schools in the vicinity of Boston, we find them also in very large numbers and of almost infinite variety. I can mention only a few of those that are best known. In thinking of schools for men and boys, we immediately remember the Franklin Union on Berkeley Street, the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association Trade

School in Mechanics Building, the Lowell Institute School for Industrial Foremen, which are all splendid types of institutions that have been called "the after-supper schools," as their courses are all given in the evening. They are schools whose classes are largely made up of adults employed during the day, and they give instructions in such subjects as mechanical and electrical engineering, the building trades and foundry work.

One of the newer educational institutions of this type, the Wentworth Institute on Huntington Avenue, has both day and evening courses in mechanical trades, machinery, foundry work, building trades and similar occupations. For part-time education, a number of subjects literally immense in scope are offered by such institutions as the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Young Men's Christian Union, the Young Men's Catholic Association, and others. For the men are classes in law, finance, commerce, journalism, engineering, and many polytechnical subjects. For the women there are all the subjects in which the average young woman would be interested, ranging from dramatics to cooking, and from physical culture to legal and business letter-writing; the Portia School of Law for Women must not be forgotten here.

The officials and members of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union have been constructive factors in the affairs of Boston for considerably more than half a century. More than fifty clubs and evening classes afford opportunity for a wide range of interest in recreation, entertainment and education. The administration of these clubs and groups provides excellent opportunity for the development of leadership and instruction in organization and citizenship, which are emphasized. The main effort of The Union is toward the development of citizenship in the highest sense, in distinct co-operation with other agencies in the city.

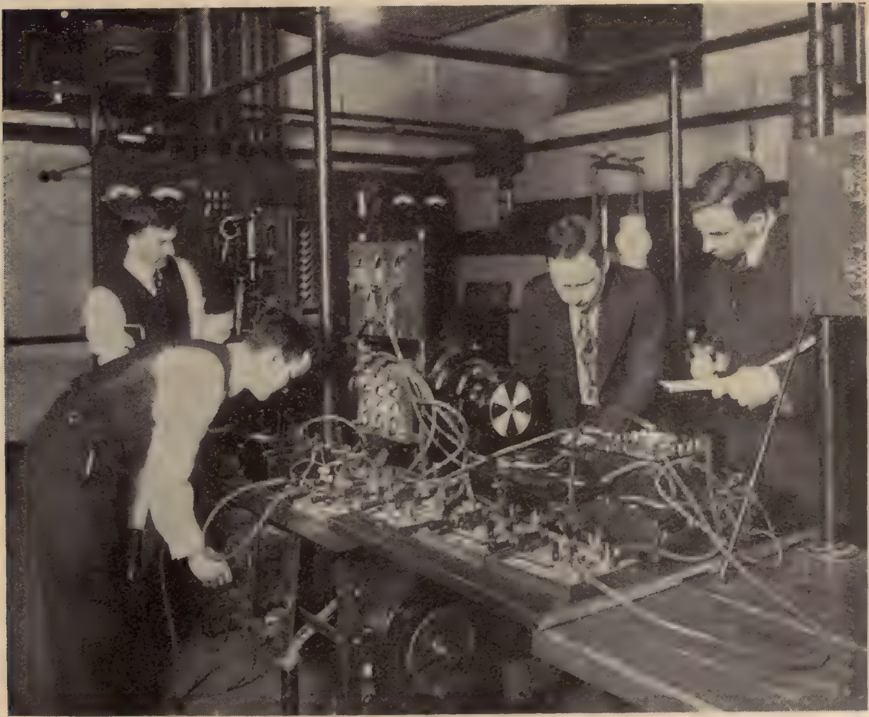
THE HORACE MANN SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

The Wells Memorial Institute on Washington Street, the Parker Memorial on Berkeley Street, the Women's Educational and Industrial Union on Boylston Street, Dennison House on Tyler Street, the South End House, the Elizabeth Peabody House, and several other settlement houses have excellent evening and sometimes day classes for persons who are preparing for a vocation.

The work of the Wells Memorial Institute is supported by its own members as far as possible, and is therefore an institution that helps people to help themselves. The Institute is governed by a board of management elected from the membership, and all questions touching the work are referred to this board. The success of the Institute has been so great that the capacity of the present quarters has long since been outgrown. The work is educative, and reading and recreation rooms, a legal aid

THE JORDAN MARSH SCHOOL OF SALESMANSHIP

During 1916 the work of this school for store educational work has been broadened to a great extent. Miss Mary Hopkins, a graduate of the Prince School of Salesmanship of Boston, and formerly educational director at Halle Brothers, Cleveland, is in charge of the work, with several trained teachers under her direction



Newcomb & Robinson

EARNEST WORKERS

A group of evening students in the electrical laboratory at Franklin Union

Photo by Will Rounds CLASS IN COOKING AT THE LOWELL VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

bureau, savings bank insurance, a sick benefit society, a very extensive buying department which aids members to economize, and educational classes with enrollment of more than a thousand, giving instruction in automobile work, civil service examinations, mechanical drawing, dressmaking, cooking, millinery and other subjects, are carried on here.

Mention should be made also in this connection of a very unique type of vocational school—the Massachusetts Nautical School, which is maintained by the state, aboard the gunboat Ranger, and in which a hundred young men are instructed in steamship navigation. From this bewilderingly long list of schools and educational institutions, I tried to select a few typical ones which would best illustrate modern methods as carried out in the academic and the vocational lines of education.

I do not make the slightest claim to having attempted a thorough investigation of any of these schools, but I did endeavor in some of them to ascertain their methods of securing a good attendance, and of giving vocational guidance, and placing their graduates. Perhaps the first school that I will describe will be the Lowell Home-Making School. I entered this building upon the day that a luncheon was to be served to the Superintendents of Middlesex County. About fifteen or twenty guests were expected. This was a task which might send a flurry through any large school with an equipment much superior to that of the Lowell School which, at that time, was housed in an old building and had a kitchen which, judged from modern standards, was very inadequately equipped. And yet there was no confusion manifest anywhere. The girls in the course in Design worked steadily and quietly upon the place cards, while the cooking classes efficiently brought the food to be served to a successful state of preparation. I was especially impressed with three things in this school: the quiet, efficient manner in which a difficult situation was being met; the excellent course in textiles which had been worked out by the teacher of design; and the home-like atmosphere which pervaded the entire place. This last feature is something intangible, something that cannot be analyzed or described. But it is there, and all visitors to the school feel it. The attendance here was good. Some of the graduates from the two-years' course had secured positions as dressmaker's helpers, milliner's assistants, clerks in stores, and in households, through the school. At that time there was no formal system of placement; but, as the school is small, the pupils confer very freely with their regular teachers as to assistance desired in securing a position.

From this school I went to the Lowell Textile School, which, as we know, is one of the great schools of the country, and in fact of the world; for even the distinguished German educators, who have visited the school from time to time before the outbreak of the war, have admitted that there was no European school of its kind which could equal it in the variety of courses offered. The graduates of this school are found all through this country, and even in Europe, in high-grade positions. Some are superintendents or managers of mills; others are heads and teachers of textile schools, managers of plants for manufacturing mill machinery, expert draftsmen, dyers, designers; and they are filling other excellent positions in textile plants wherever they are found. The day classes are filled with high-school graduates, men who are very earnest workers, for this kind of school is fatal to the dawdler, and he is very quickly eliminated, either by leaving the school, or by entirely changing his ways. A small percentage of the pupils are college men, who wish to learn the manufacture of textiles from the bottom up. Upon one of my visits to this school, two young men were pointed out as working upon their graduation theme; they were inspecting a piece of men's suiting and this is what they had done in preparing that cloth, which was their theme: They had bought, in a Boston wholesale store, the wool in the grease, of which the cloth was made; they had cleansed it, scoured it, spun it, dyed it, designed the pattern of the cloth, woven it, and were now searching it for imperfections before giving it the final polish. As we should know, there is no trouble with attendance in this school, and it has many more opportunities for placements of a very high grade than it has pupils seeking positions, although the school is usually filled to its capacity. The evening classes attract, among others, a considerably large number of mill operatives who wish to secure some theoretical knowledge of the operations performed in their daily tasks. The location of the school on the banks of the Merrimac is excellent, and the buildings, grounds, and equipment are on the most liberal scale. A splendid endowment and generous state aid make this institution one of which Massachusetts is justly proud, and it is a school whose courses, to a great extent, are being imitated in practically all the large textile schools of the

THE LOWELL TEXTILE SCHOOL
The location of the school, on the banks of the Merrimac, in the City of Spindles, is particularly advantageous

country. The regular course is four years, during which a man may secure a considerable amount of knowledge of all manufacturing processes, or he may acquire a certain amount of such knowledge with a specialized, intensive acquaintance with one part of the work, such as designing, dyeing, the manufacture of mill machinery, etc. A few girl students are occasionally registered in the department of design, but the number is so very small as not to be taken into account in describing the work of the school. As you enter these buildings, with their spinning and weaving, and other mechanical processes, which give the school the appearance of a mill, you wonder what its chief product may be; and, after seeing the thorough way in which the work is conducted and catching some hint of the viewpoint of the pupils, you feel that this truly is a manufactory, for it is a plant in which untrained boys are made into efficient young men.

INSTRUCTION IN PHOTOGRAPHY
One of a dozen self-service clubs at the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, the Camera Club, conducts a class for beginners in the use of the camera and helps others to become more expert

From the Lowell Textile School to the Concord Agricultural School is a big step downward in numbers, equipment and product; for the Concord School is just established, just feeling its way into life and opportunity; and it had so few students at the time of my visit that, upon my finding empty schoolrooms, my little guide told me that the Principal had taken the school off to visit a dairy in his automobile. They soon returned, however, and one of the two alert young men teachers—there were only two at that time—conducted a recitation on the care of trees that was a fine exhibition of the manner in which earnest, skilful instruction by a teacher who is thoroughly enthusiastic over his subject can arouse diffident youths to intelligent discussion and interest. This man presented his subject from every possible point of view, and turned it literally upside down and inside out in his efforts to awaken the interest of his pupils. Under the earnest spell of his teaching, I sat for half an hour as if hypnotized, although I was very hungry, my bench was very hard, and I was due at that time at a point four miles distant. The courses in this school are at present in a process of

A DEMONSTRATION IN SALESMANSHIP AT THE UNION
A feature of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union educational department is a class in salesmanship at which prominent business men lecture and conduct practical demonstrations such as is illustrated here

GYMNASIUM CLASS AT THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION
Wholesome exercise in a congenial gymnasium class with music is a rational aid to good health, and provides the sort of recreation needed by city men. The Union Gymnasium has a dozen such classes daily

evolution; but as the number of students enrolled for this year is nearly double that of last year, the school is evidently growing in popularity among the farmers' boys, to whom it appeals, and there could be no question, as has been said, of the tremendously conscientious attitude of the two teachers toward their work. The location of the school in Concord is excellent, as some of the largest nurseries in New England are only a mile away, while an experiment station of the United States Government for the raising of asparagus, celery, and other garden products is in the immediate vicinity. This school hopes to make an important feature of its course in forestry, a course which seems to make a particular appeal to the students. The aim of these boys is to become independent farmers or to secure positions as managers of farms or large estates. A course in bookkeeping adapted to farm business management is given them, and all of the work is planned with the thought of the needs of the farmer in mind.

A school in which 2,300 women are in the making is bound to be an interesting one, even if the teaching is rigidly held to the type called academic, and there is not a trace of so-called technical work in evidence. The Girls' High School of Boston, on West Newton Street, one of the largest high schools for girls in the country, is essentially a College Preparatory School, although it has a very large commercial department. During my visit, I saw upon one of the boards the list of teachers who would act as advisers in regard to the different colleges for women; and practically every American college for women was represented in the list. I noticed that the girls in this building, which is, of course, enormous in size, had a system of transporting their books and bags from one class room to another, and that they did not return to their home room to make a new start for each recitation. One amusing feature of this visit impressed itself upon my mind. I happened to enter the building when all of the classes, the entire 2,300 girls, I should think, were changing rooms. As they are allowed to chatter freely in the hallways, the noise was something so startling that I was appalled and strongly tempted to beat a hasty retreat. Once the girls were settled in their classrooms, however, the building was very quiet. I heard one of the finest recitations here that I ever heard anywhere, and it was conducted by one of the most delightfully sarcastic teachers that it was ever my pleasure to witness conduct a class. I think sarcasm in a schoolroom is to be deplored, and only used as a last resort; but with a certain type of lazy girl or boy, and in the hands of an adept, it is a mighty weapon; and this woman knew how to wield it at the right time and in the right way. The classes were all large, but the recitations were splendidly prepared, and evidently poor work was not tolerated.

The question of attendance was very closely watched here, and an absence is made a serious matter in the office.

THE WENTWORTH INSTITUTE IN BOSTON

THE BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ARTS

A feature that always favorably impresses visitors to the Boston High School of Practical Arts in Roxbury is its system of well-informed girl guides. As you enter the doorway, you are taken in charge by one of these girls and conducted to the office, where you register, thus entering the building in what is the most satisfactory manner of beginning an inspection of a school in which you are a stranger. This guide is so thoroughly informed as to courses and details of the school management that you really need no other help, and the principal can devote his time to the weightier matters of administration, while the visitor, after registering, can go happily on her way. To be sure, upon the day of my visit, something happened to the elevator which was operated by this young girl, while we were midway between two floors, and we hung there for some little time; but even in this dilemma my guide was not dismayed, but spent the somewhat anxious moments in giving me points on the various courses. There is now a real dwelling house connected with the school in which all the work of the ordinary home is carried on under the direction of the teachers of household arts. Only one language—English—is

A CLASS IN COOKING AT BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ARTS taught in this school, and there is no work in commercial subjects, for the school is, as its name indicates, devoted entirely to the teaching of the practical arts of the home. The visitor to this building is always impressed with the skilful manner in which details of management are worked out. As has been said, the matter of the reception of possible visitors is never left to chance, and the cordial, intelligent greeting and attention of these senior girl guides is one of the pleasantest memories of a visit to this school. A system of vocational guidance for this school has been very completely worked out by Miss Laura F. Wentworth, Vocational Assistant for the school. In the strictest sense of the word, this school does not prepare for any definite vocation, but a considerable number of its graduates find their way into high-class trade establishments and institutions, and the school has a high reputation for giving a girl an excellent education. Its work is much more cultural than that of a trade school, but it is not a college preparatory school. It stands very high among Massachusetts schools in the estimation of all educators who have studied its work.

I chanced to visit one very large school in Boston and one in Cambridge upon a Jewish holiday, and in every room I was greeted with the remark, "I wish our Jewish children were here. They are our brightest pupils." In both of these schools —the Christopher Columbus School for Boys in the North End, and the Wellington Training School for Teachers in Cambridge—I was impressed with the human touch everywhere in evidence. In one room in which a little boy came in late, the class listened attentively while he explained that he had stayed at home that morning to see his mother who had just come from the hospital, and all responded promptly to the teacher's suggestion that they send some flowers to John's sick parent. At the Wellington School, children from several nationalities had prepared a Peace Program for their graduation the preceding June, a program in which the articles were most excellent and manifested a fine spirit.

At the Wentworth Institute I heard

PRINTING AT THE BROOKLINE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ARTS

This school is primarily vocational and is open to both boys and girls. It aims to discover and direct the native interests of its pupils, to encourage habits of industry by closely supervised work, and to aid its pupils in the choice of a vocation; in all ways promoting the ideals of useful citizenship ex-President Taft address the graduates as he gave them their diplomas, and the gist of his advice was this: that for the first years after leaving the school, they keep their eyes steadily upon their job and live within their income. This advice was supplemented by a talk from the late Governor John D. Long, one of the trustees of the school, in which he told the boys that, as they were stepping out from the school into excellent positions already secured for them, and for which they were well trained, no power on earth could keep them from success but ill-health or bad habits. These boys had a fine exhibit of the work of their different courses in evidence (there is a two-year and a one-year course) and one most interesting feature was a series of problems called Common Sense Arithmetic. These problems dealt with every feature of daily life in which arithmetical calculations might be necessary.

At the Boston College Commencement exercises, I heard an excellent series of original orations presented by the students upon "American Ideals," and Governor Walsh addressed the boys very eloquently upon the same subject. Some of the topics of the orations were: American Ideals of Government, of Law, of Literature, and of Peace. A large number of young men were upon the program, and the orations were fine in thought and delivery.

The best record of attendance that I found anywhere was that of Miss Sworrer's class in the Pierce School in Brookline. Her pupils had had practically one hundred per cent in attendance for several weeks, a perfect attendance that was only broken by sickness. She had worked up a class sentiment in favor of perfect attendance that was remarkable, and by a system of rewards of early closing time on Friday afternoon and of extra school games, had practically eliminated absences. I found

CHOIR OF THE PERKINS INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND everywhere that the best attendance followed the efforts of the room teachers. Their skilful devices for securing good attendance were much more effective than the threats and punishments of the office.

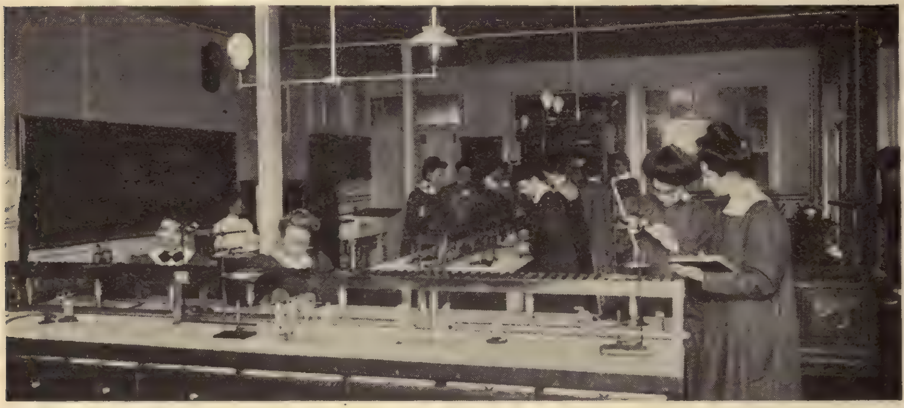
At the Brookline School of Practical Arts, Mr. Waldron is very successfully wrestling with the problem of attendance. His method of dealing with it seemed to be "to go after them" literally.

While this visitation of schools was, for the most part, a very serious and dignified matter, there were funny spots along the way. For instance, there was the visit to the pre-vocational centre, in which said centre, at the hour of the visit, consisted of two little girls, one white and one black, who were quarreling most vehemently as to whose turn it was to scrub the very dirty floor. This centre, by the way, was a flat in an apartment house. The master of this district had asked me, with a twinkle in his eye, to return to him after visiting the "Centre," and report upon the work that I found there. But I did not go back.

Then there was the principal's office, which was filled with the usual number of persons waiting upon that official—agents from the text-book publishers, harassed-looking mothers, and defiant-looking youngsters, all of whom sat impatiently watching the clock and the door leading into the principal's inner office, or staring at the busy little secretary; while the principal, who is a musical genius, and had been seized with an idea for a school song, was transferring this to music paper in his inner sanctum. I would say, however, that, as this man's school songbooks give pleasure to many thousands of school children, his time was probably being spent in quite as valuable a manner as it would have been in hearing of the delinquencies of John Jones, or in listening to the pleadings of the bookmen.

In one room I saw a class of young ladies, who looked as if they might easily give a brilliant recitation, escape from the danger of showing a substitute teacher who had unexpectedly arrived just before the recitation, that they had not prepared any lesson that day, by feigning the deepest interest in the scansion of poetry. This subject was entirely remote from the lesson, but it served its purpose of directing the attention of the substitute from the point of danger. A comical feature of this recitation was the conflicting emotions visible upon the face of the head of the department, who stepped into the room for a moment and saw through the trick in about half that time.

In conversation with a number of these teachers I heard many plans discussed as to the future of their pupils, both in the academic type of school and in the vocational; and the spirit of the age in education, which is the spirit of human brotherhood and mutual helpfulness was manifest in some degree in every schoolroom that I visited.



SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT THE B. Y. W. C. A.
Chemistry Class testing for cotton-seed oil in salad oils

Good Will in Industrial Relations

by Flynn Wayne

IN an unostentatious little brown-bound book characteristic of its author, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has published his notable article on "Capital and Labor," and also his addresses concerning the plan of representation and agreement adopted at the coal and iron mines of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. This book is appropriately called "The Colorado Industrial Plan," and in the opening article is set forth a most complete review of the ever-present problem of labor and capital. In this we find many a masterly "bit" revealing a literary touch, such as when he calls attention to the fact that the growth of the organization of industry has "proceeded faster than the adjustment of the inter-relations of men engaged in industry. Might it not be then," he asks, "that an age which can bridge the Atlantic with the wireless telephone, can devise some sort of social X-ray which shall enable the vision of men to penetrate the barriers which have grown up between men in our machine burdened civilization?"

Stories of the labor troubles in Colorado are recited, and there is no effort made to disguise the fact that Mr. Rockefeller feels a condition of affairs must be fundamentally wrong which entails the loss of human lives and engenders so much privation and bitterness. Therefore he determined, so far as lay within his power, to seek some means of avoiding the possibility of similar conflicts arising elsewhere or in the same industry in the future. With this in view, he recommended to his colleagues in the Rockefeller Foundation the institution of a series of studies looking into the problems arising out of industrial relations. This suggestion resulted in securing the services of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, formerly Minister of Labor in Canada, to conduct an investigation "with a special view to the discovery of some mutual relationship between Labor and Capital which would afford to Labor the protection it needs against oppression and exploitation, while at the same time promoting its efficiency as an instrument of economic production."

* * *

Out of this beginning was developed a comprehensive industrial constitution embodying practical operating experience, and the counsel of experts to provide a workable method of amicable consideration of daily problems which arise between employer and employe. After this work was finished, the plan was submitted to referendum in all the mining camps of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and before this vote was taken, it had been unanimously approved by the representatives of the workers. Mr. Rockefeller presented the plan at the meeting.

He insists that "Every corporation is composed of four parties: the stockholders, who supply the money with which to build the plant, pay the wages, and operate the business; the directors, whose duty it is to select executive officers carefully and wisely, plan the larger and more important policies, and generally see to it that the company is prudently administered; the officers, who conduct the current operations; the employes who contribute their skill and their work. The interest of these four parties is a common interest, although perhaps not an equal one; and if the result of their combined work is to be most successful, each must do its share. An effort on the part of anyone to advance its own interest without regard to the rights of the others means, eventually, loss to all. The problem which confronts every company is so to inter-relate its different elements that the best interests of all will be conserved."

Two documents were prepared and placed in the hands of each employe. One of them was a paper signed by the representatives of the men, and the officers of the company under which the men agreed to work until January 1, 1918, and thereafter, being subject to revision on ninety days' notice. This agreement guaranteed the men, for more than two years, against a reduction in wages, but in the event of any increase in a competitive field, the company would make a proportional increase. This handled the wage problem.

An eight-hour day was agreed upon for all underground and coke oven workers, also including the semi-monthly payment of wages, fixing charges for supplies from the company, and providing for privileges of adorning the homes of the workmen, providing sanitary conditions, and maintaining club-houses at the mining camps.

The other document was an "Industrial Constitution," setting forth that there shall be a strict observance, by management and men of the federal and state laws respecting mining and labor, and that the "scale of wages and the rules in regard to working conditions shall be posted in a conspicuous place at or near every mine." The employes are protected against discharge without notice, except for such offenses as are posted at each mine. "For all other misconduct," he continues, "the delinquent is entitled to receive warning in writing that a second offense will cause discharge, and a copy of this written notice must be forwarded to the office of the president of the company at the same time it is sent to the employe."

It provides that "there shall be no discrimination by the company or any of its employes on account of membership or non-membership in any society, fraternity, or union. The workers have the right to employ check-weighmen to see that proper credit for their work is secured. At meetings where none but wage-earners of the company are permitted to attend, two or more men in each camp are selected as representatives. The men thus chosen are recognized by the company as authorized to represent the employes for one year, or until their successors are elected. In this way each camp has virtually its own union, and these unions are divided into various districts covered by the company, where frequent consultation may be had.

Every precaution was taken in the arrangements for prevention of friction, and for personal peace. Each employe has the right of ultimate appeal to the president of the company concerning any unfair treatment to which he may be subjected. It is felt that this plan protects the independence and freedom of the employe, for it is found that much of the unrest among labor arises out of the daily relations between workman and petty boss.

Mr. Rockefeller has insisted that this plan is not a panacea, but feels it is a move in the right direction toward providing for more equitable division of the fruits of industry.

* * *

In his address "To the Employes" at the joint meeting of the officers and the representatives of the employes of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in October, 1915, Mr. Rockefeller said:

> This is a red-letter day in my life. It is the first time I have ever had the good fortune to meet the representatives of the employes of this great company, its officers and mine superintendents, together, and I can assure you that I shall remember this gathering as long as I live. Had this meeting been held two weeks ago, I should have stood here as a stranger to many of you, recognizing few faces. Having had the opportunity last week of visiting all of the camps in the southern coal fields and of talking individually with practically all of the representatives, except those who were away; having visited in your homes, met many of your wives and children, we meet here not as strangers, but as friends, and it is in that spirit of mutual friendship that I am glad

to have this opportunity to discuss with you men our common interests. Since this is a meeting of the officers of the company and the representatives of the employes, it is only by your courtesy that I am here, for I am not so fortunate as to be either one or the other; and yet I feel that I am intimately associated with you men, for in a sense I represent both the stockholders and the directors. Before speaking of the plan of industrial representation to which our president has referred, I want to say just a few words outlining my views as to what different interests constitute a company or corporation.

To illustrate his division of a corporation into four distinct parts, he exhibited a square, four-legged table, saying:

There are several points in regard to the table to which I want to call your attention. First, you see that it would not be complete unless it had all four sides. Each side is necessary; each side has its own part to play. Now, if you imagine this table cut into quarters, and each quarter separated from the others, what would happen? All of them would fall down, for no one could stand alone, and you would have no table. But when you put the four sides together, you have a useful piece of furniture; you have a table.

Then, secondly, I call your attention to the fact that these four sides are all perfectly joined together; that is why we have a perfect table. Likewise, if the parties interested in a corporation are not perfectly joined together, harmoniously working together, you have a discordant and unsuccessful corporation.

Again, you will notice that this table is square. And every corporation to be successful must be on the square—absolutely a square deal for every one of the four parties and for every man in each of the four parties.

I call your attention to one more thing—the table is level. Each part supported by its leg is holding up its own side, hence you have a level table. So, equal responsibility rests on each one of the four parties united in a corporation.

When you have a level table, or a corporation that is on the level, you can pile up earnings on it (piling coins on the table). Now, who gets the first crack at the earnings? You know that we in New York don't. Here come along the employes, and first of all they get their wages (removing some of the coins) every two weeks like clock-work, just what has been agreed on; they get the first chance at the pile. You men come ahead of the president, the officers, the stockholders and directors. You are the first to put a hand into the pile and take out what is agreed shall belong to you. You don't have to wait for your share; you don't have to take any chances about getting it. You know that there has never been a two-weeks' period that you have worked when you have not been able to get your pay from this company; whatever happens, so long as the company is running, you get your pay.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr.

And then the officers and superintendents come along and they get theirs; they don't get it until after you have gotten yours (removing more coins).

Then come the directors, and they get directors' fees (removing the balance of the coins) for their work in the company.

And, hello! There is nothing left! This

must be the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company! For never, men, since my father and I became interested in this company as stockholders some fourteen years ago—never has there been one cent for the common stock. For fourteen years the common stockholder has seen your wages paid to you workers; has seen your salaries paid to you officers; has seen the directors draw their fees, and has not had one cent of return for the money that he has put into this company in order that you men might work and get your wages and salaries. How many men in this room ever heard that fact stated before? Is there a man among you? Well, there are mighty few among the workers who have heard it. What you have been told, what has been heralded from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is that those Rockefeller men in New York, the biggest scoundrels that ever lived, have taken millions of their stock ownership, have oppressed you men, have cheated you out of your wages, and "done" you in every way they could. That is the kind of "dope" you have been getting, and that is what has been spread all over the country. And when that kind of talk was going on, there were disturbances in this part of the country because the four sides of this table were not square and the table was not level; there were those in the streets of New York and in public gatherings inciting the crowd to "shoot John D. Rockefeller, Jr., down like a dog." That is the way they talked.

The common stockholders have put $34,000,000 into this company in order to make it go, so that you men will get your wages, you officers have your salaries, and the directors get their fees, while not one cent has ever come back to them in these fourteen years.

* * *

Mr. Rockefeller made an address "To the People of Colorado" at a luncheon of the Denver Chamber of Commerce last October, in which he quoted from his own statement before the Industrial Relations Committee in New York, as follows:

> I believe it to be the duty of every citizen to do all within his power to improve the conditions under which men work and live. I believe that that man renders the greatest social service who so co-operates in the organization of industry as to afford to the largest number of men the greatest opportunity for self-development and the enjoyment by every man of those benefits which his own work adds to the wealth of civilization.
>
> In order to live, the wage earner must sell his labor from day to day. Unless he can do this, the earnings from that day's labor are gone forever. Capital can defer its returns temporarily in the expectation of future profits, but labor cannot. If, therefore, fair wages and reasonable living conditions cannot otherwise be provided, dividends must be deferred or the industry abandoned. I believe that a corporation should be deemed to consist of its stockholders, directors, officers, and employes; that the real interests of all are one, and that neither labor nor capital can permanently prosper unless the just rights of both are conserved.

Then follows a complete copy of the Plan of Employes' Representations and the Agreement between the Company and its employes, adopted at the Coal and Iron Mines of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company.

* * *

Whatever else may be said of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the frank and capable manner in which he handled and solved the situation in Colorado has reflected great credit not only to himself, but to the genius and purposes of his distinguished father.

GRAY HAIRS

ARE we grown old whose heads are gleamed in white?
  And must we seek some cold, sequestered spot?
Where gloomy hours and hopeless days unite
  To taunt us with our age and irksome lot.

No! the spring of youth has gayly decked the heart
  With verdure that will cast a genial glow;
And blissful days have thus been set apart,
  Though ripened age has decked our heads with snow.

—*W. C. Jenkins.*

The Matter of a Home

by Agnes Mary Brownell

"WHAT we ought to do," said the chairman of the Benevolence Committee, "is to put her into a Home!" The chairman was a plump and wholesome little body, who reminded one irresistibly of a robin; she plumped herself into her seat in the abrupt and emphatic manner of a robin hopping.

Others of the committee murmured assent. One determined-looking lady added "whether or no!" and another remarked that for her part she thought a Home was just lovely—so select!

"What about her things?" asked a gentle little lady with crimped hair above serious eyes—the artless little vanity was like a touch of gentle humor.

"She couldn't expect to take them—the very idea!" spoke up the robin, and hopped indignantly.

"Besides, they're worthless," pronounced the determined lady.

"And anyway, who wants them?" interpolated the home enthusiast.

"I imagine Mrs. McConkey wants them," said the placid lady with the crimps. "You see, after all, they're hers. Even if we could dispose of Mrs. McConkey, we'd have no authority to dispose of her 'bit things'."

An indignant silence followed this traitorous avowal; the robin lady hopped speechlessly in her plump chair, and the others drew up their lips in a tight and virtuous manner more expressive than words. The silence was suddenly broken by a little scream from the lady nearest the window.

"Mercy me! Here she comes now!"

The robin hopped pettishly and all the straight lips curved into dismayed O's. There began a pounding upon the front door screen. Mrs. McConkey was very deaf, and she had to pound in order to make herself hear; the hostess started at the summons and hastened to open. A stiff wind lifted her thin little scallops.

Jane McConkey entered. Her old greenish-black umbrella sagged open like a slack tent; her old greenish-black straw bonnet was tied, as she would have said, in a proper bow, and her old greenish-black dress skirt mopped the floor. The committee recognized only too well the old greenish-black satchel she carried. Mrs. McConkey's errand today was as open as theirs, in a way, savored of conspiracy. She was "canvassin'."

"How'r ye?" said Mrs. McConkey in rich old Scotch. "Well, well, I's been wearyin' to see ye all!" She foresaw in her canny Scotch fashion a good stroke of business, and proceeded to open her case with clumsy fingers in old greenish-black cotton gloves. There was displayed the usual assortment—garishly-wrapped cakes of soap, powders, pastes and creams; the scalloped lady, smiling a little wickedly (for her), produced her purse, and the committee had perforce to follow suit; the exchange went merrily on, broken by a sole *contretemps*. It was customary, in bartering with Mrs. McConkey, not to require any change that might remain from a purchase, such remnants being considered her rightful perquisites. The determined lady, who was a comparative newcomer, was not conversant with this attitude, and had she been, would have had scant sympathy with it. She continued to stand over Mrs. McConkey till the last reluctant penny was doled out.

"Mrs. McConkey," said the robin, at the conclusion of this business, "we think it's time you went to a Home. A way is provided," continued the robin, with smug magnanimity.

"I wull no'," returned Mrs. McConkey promptly; "I'll bide where I be."

"But we have decided it's better for you," proceeded the robin, managerially. "You'll have a good room, food and care."

"They won't cost anny more here," opined Mrs. McConkey cannily.

The robin hopped indignantly and eyed the committee in helpless silence; they each had a non-plussed air, but Mrs. McConkey in greenish-black, like some brave, worn uniform, presented a martial appearance.

"You'd better think it over," advised the determined lady, "while the offer's open."

"Ah-h-h-h!" returned Mrs. McConkey. It would be impossible to reproduce this sound, which had the effect of disposing finally of the matter.

"You're not fit to be alone," pursued the determined lady.

Mrs. McConkey wagged an oracular forefinger. "Ah-h-h! Alane is it? An' why is it Mrs. McConkey's alane? Ye don't come to call upon Mrs. McConkey to make a cup o' tea to 'er—a worthy woman—"

"Don't let her get started," interposed the pacific lady with the crimps. "Yes, we know, Mrs. McConkey—we really ought to run in oftener—"

"I'll awa'," announced Mrs. McConkey grandly, and departed, colors flying.

"That's always the way—we always give up to her—we ought to force her to go—she'd be better off than here," said the robin lady, exasperated.

"I wonder," mused the scalloped lady.

"You always take up for her," accused the determined lady. The home enthusiast in chastened tones reminded her companions of the poor we have always with us. The ladies looked at each other; they had a curious sensation, as of a besieging party engaged in assault against the ridiculous old fort that was Jane McConkey's solitary room.

It was mid-afternoon, and each one wore her neat afternoon attire, pleasantly conscious of her well-ordered house. The robin was perhaps the most prosperous, but her possessions were no dearer to her housewifely heart than the least of the possessions of the others were to them. And they all devoutly voiced the hope that the Lord would give them grace to bear with old Jane McConkey.

* * *

Meanwhile Jane, a small, black-clad and ancient figure, nipping up sweeping petticoats and advancing, owing to a slight stiffness of the knee-joints, with a series of bobs like old-fashioned curtsies, approached her door, or rather, the stairway leading thereto. Her bonnet strings had become loosened and flapped like sober colors, and an enormous brooch containing a funereal wreath of hair shone like a decoration on her rusty basque. She stopped in the entrance to disinter her keys from an ancient bag which hung by frazzled ribbons from her wrist. She began the long ascent. The little hallway at the top was in perpetual twilight. Jane felt for her lock, for by this token she also was a householder. The small room at the head of a flight of stairs was to her what the robin's and the placid scalloped lady's and the home enthusiast's dwellings were to them. She threw open her door and stepped across the threshold.

But one was before her. Old Jane McConkey, peering down through the glazed blue of eyes half blinded by cataracts, beheld an uninvited guest.

It was perhaps the dingiest and leanest of the lean and dingy tribe of alley cats. This one was striped with yellow, and its lips seemed about to protrude through its dingy fur. It had pale eyes of a greenish cast and it rubbed up against Jane's trailing old skirts and emitted a faint purr.

Unbelievable years a-gone a child had rubbed against Jane's knees. She got down creakily and smoothed the cat's fur as once she had smoothed a little yellow Scotch head. The cat's green eyes glimmered up at her cannily.

"Tabby, Tabby! Puir kitty! Puir kitty!" Jane muttered broadly.

"Puir—puir—" whined Tabby plaintively.

"Wait till I lay my things by," promised Jane delightedly, "an' I'll fill a saucer for ye—I will that, Tabby."

"Puir—puir," insisted Tabby, dolefully, retarding old Jane's progress by affectionate bumpings of a yellow head.

"Wull ye wait or no?" demanded Jane, in a delight of exasperation.

"Now," spat out Tabby in a spoiled voice of kittenhood. Jane had inadvertently stepped upon her poor little forlorn yellow tail.

"Well, if ye wull, ye wull," gloated Jane, and dabbled her greenish-black gloves in her haste. "What do ye say?"

Tabby lapped in a starved fashion, licked the saucer's sides and said:

"Muir-r-r."

"Away with ye!" derided old Jane. "Whut'd I have to me bit tea?"

"Muir—muir," insisted Tabby, and regarded Jane with greenish-gold imploring eyes.

"Weel, Tabby, ye're hame the now," soothed old Jane. "Ye've had yer bite an' ye've had yer sup, an' it's no Jane McConkey 'll deny ye!" She filled the saucer anew; Tabby lapped blissfully.

Jane put off her clumsy bonnet and tied a kitchen apron over her skirt; soon her kettle was singing; she proceeded to lay her table; Tabby selected the plumpest cushion and composed herself to slumber. "It's like auld times," thought Jane, "when I had folks—you an' me's folks—eh, Tabby?"

"Me-you! me-you!" insisted Tabby sleepily.

"You an' me," repeated old Jane. "Folks—yes."

By imperceptible degrees a change came upon Tabby McConkey. She had not been used to gentle living—alley life is not conducive to the appreciation of the finer aspects of existence in the cat mind. Her acquaintance with humans had been heretofore only disastrous, having been confined for the most part to irate housewives and cruel little boys. The palatial quarters in which she now found herself had an exquisite appeal; for one thing there was a floor and a roof. What mattered it to an ex-alley feline that the floor, inadequately carpeted, showed a rough and splintered surface in places, or that the ceiling was much smoked? Here was warmth and shelter. Moreover, to one who has existed precariously from day to day on a chance scrap, three regular meals and a judicious piece between times makes for luxurious living. And there was a choice of couches; in late afternoon the westering sun made a delicious sun-porch of the window-seat; early mornings the hearth-rug invited; but for night, old Jane had rigged up a decent bed for her Tabby out of an old packing box, excelsior and some ancient bits of blanket. Tabby waxed plump and sleek; her green eyes with their gold rims and their black slits of pupils were like bits of polished agate; her ears, delicately pointed, and lined with crinkled pink, had a deferential tilt; her tail, grown now to plumy proportions, acquired a graceful twirl. She was the pride of old Jane's heart.

* * *

A strange and magical change had come over old Jane since the advent of her cat. She no longer sat alone, nor ate alone, nor spent alone long, solitary evenings; Tabby preferred to any resting place the cushion of her lap, where she lay purring broad Scotch. At meal times (Mrs. McConkey religiously observed four—tea being a slender repast midway in the afternoon), Tabby, a clean newspaper spread for a cloth beside her mistress' chair, discussed a choice bit of steak, thin slivers of cheese, potatoes sliced in slender rounds, her choice of beverage continuing unchanged. They had their little spats, as what family does not?

"Ye'll eat it or go wi'out!" old Jane would declare.

"Na, na-na-na," Tabby would protest (having evinced from the first remarkable facility with the Scotch dialect).

"'Tis skimmed I get to m' own tea the day," old Jane would wheedle.

"New-new-new-new," would beg Tabby.

"Ye'll no get it, then!" old Jane would flare.

It was then that Tabby's shining agate eyes would grow round as brooches, her plumy tail depend sadly, her pointed ears with their crumpled satin lining droop, and her sleek head make endless pitiful passes against old Jane's skirts. And Jane invariably surrendered; she would hurry away to uncork the fresh bottle.

* * *

One night Jane McConkey awoke in a room full of smoke. Smoke poured in through the open windows; she was blinded and her throat was parched; she made her way to the water pail and gulped the draught down dizzily. She felt uncertainly about Tabby's bed; she had lost her way and could not find the door. The firemen who carried her down perceived at the foot of the stairs that she carried a cat, which had been suffocated by the smoke.

It was a biting night; one of the men threw his coat about her. A neighboring house took her in—a poor old shaking figure, with a dazed face of tragedy, hugging her yellow cat.

Next day the robin and the placid scalloped lady were allowed to see her. She was so shrunken and tiny, her face looked so pink in the circle of her muslin cap that she might have been a child lying there, scarcely lifting the covers. She whispered in a hoarse breath, "It suffocated my little kitty."

The robin looked more robin-like than ever, her eyes bright, her little pink beak shining. The scalloped lady patted old Jane, who looked absurdly like a little young Jane, and told her not to try to talk.

"She was like a girrl to me," went on old Jane, regardless. "She talkit to me—she had a bit o' the Scots. She likit her milk a bit warmed, an' lickit it up dainty-like. She was a delicate cat."

"Yes—yes," comforted the scalloped lady. "And you were always good to my kitty!" avowed old Jane.

"It looks like pneumonia," said the scalloped lady, outside Jane's door.

"If it should be the will of Providence to—to—take her—" faltered the robin, her foolish sympathy struggling with her good common sense.

That afternoon a trained nurse was installed. It was pneumonia.. Old Jane was very old; she had suffered shock and exposure. The gentle scalloped lady with the gentle, serious humor, was allowed much in the room. She was in the room on the last afternoon. Old Jane lay quietly, infrequently speaking. Once she said whisperingly: "Kitty—ye're awa'—"

A little later she called brightly—"Tabby!"

"'Tabby?'" asked the nurse, questioning the scalloped lady with her glance. She thought she might be "Tabby." Tabitha just suited her—a little serious—a little humorous—a little vain.

The scalloped lady bent, dimly smiling; old Jane looked up. "I'll awa'," she sighed.

And old Jane McConkey went to her "long home."

WORK

SO stern he seemed, and grave and sober-wise,
This friend of serious mien and patient eyes;
I teased him oftentimes by jest and smile,
That he should be so earnest all the while.

Yet now, when life grows harsh and sad and drear,
And quondam friends grow laggard, insincere,
With him alone I find my blest release
From care—in deep forgetfulness and peace.

—*Owen E. McGillicuddy.*

Some Important Heraldic Charges
Their Meaning and Symbolism

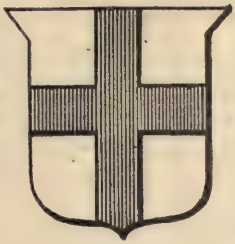
by Leonard Wilson
F.S.A.Scot.

Associate, Society of Genealogists of London, Member Société Académique d'Histoire Internationale de Paris, National Genealogical Society of America, etc.

> Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their Father's house.—Numbers ii: 2.
>
> And the children of Israel did according to all that the Lord commanded Moses; so they pitched by their standards, and so they set forward, every one after their families, according to the house of their Fathers.—Numbers ii: 34.

NOTE.—*The writer of this article will be glad to answer, free of charge, any inquiry relating to heraldry or family history. Inquiries should be addressed to the Genealogical Editor, the* NATIONAL, *and should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for the reply*

THE cross was ever the special emblem and mark of the Christians since, from being a badge of shame, it was ennobled by our Saviour, when He chose it as the instrument upon which He offered his life for the redemption of mankind. But with the Crusades came the impetus of desire to wear upon their armor the emblem of the Master, whose land, made holy by his life and miracles and death, they undertook to wrest from the infidel. When the number of knights engaged in the Crusades, of which the first was in 1095–99 and the seventh and last in 1270–72, are considered, the fact that three hundred and eighty-five different forms of heraldic crosses have been used is not astonishing. The cross as a bearing signifies affliction and tribulation, but at the same time hope. In many instances the motto accompanying this bearing is "*In cruce Salus*," or something similar.



THE CROSS

Dame Berners declared in quaint old English that, "By cause the crosse is moost worthy sygne amonge all sygnes in armes, at ye crosse I woll begyd, in wyche the noble and myghty prynce kynge Arthur had grete trust, soo that he lefte his armes that he bear of iij dragons and tooke to hys armes a crosse of silver in a felde of verte, and on yet righte syde an ymage of our blessed lady wyth her sone in her arme, and wyth that sygne of the crosse dyd many meracles after, as it is wreten in the bokes of cronycles of his dedys."

Even previous to the conquest crosses of different forms were painted on the shield or embroidered on the standard. These may be seen in old illuminated manuscripts and particularly on the Bayeux Tapestry. Planche considered this subject from a rather materialistic standpoint. He says: "It is surely impossible to examine those shields and not admit that the holy symbol of redemption was peculiarly adapted by this form to give strength to them, and to rivet and clamp together the double layers of boards, of which, according to existing evidence, they were composed."

Spenser, the great English poet, testifies to the popularity of the cross among the crusaders in his lines:

Upon his breast a bloodie Cross he wore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For Whose sweet sake that glorious badge he
bore,
And dead, as living, ever Him adored,
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope which on His help he had.

THE CRESCENT

The crescent, as distinguished from the other heraldic moons, the increscent and the decrescent, is represented with its horns turning toward the chief of the shield.

This device is blazoned in the armorial bearings of many prominent English families, and in some cases, it forms the principal charge. The shield upon the arms of the sculptured effigy of William de Ryther shows three crescents. The arms of the Earl of Litchfield are also charged with these crescents, and this device is the "well-known badge of the powerful and historic house of Percy." This figure is employed in modern heraldry to denote the second son or the second house, and when used in this way is called a mark of cadency.

"Men born to the public good and of exemplary lives among the worthy bearers" is the significance given by Tertullian to the heraldic moon. The crescent or increscent moon signifies one "enlightened and honored by the gracious aspect of his sovereign." Its further symbolism is a "Hope of Greater Glory," to be a reminder to the bearer "of increasing his family in fortune and valor."

As an heraldic charge this device was unknown before the time of the Crusades. By the ancient laws of heraldry a victor was allowed to assume the arms of his vanquished foe, and thus, after these Holy Wars, the crescent began to appear in the armorial bearings of knights who had taken part in the Crusades against the infidels, as a sign of victory over them.

While it is true that scientific heraldry was not practiced by the Saracens, they yet bore some distinctive marks, and among these the crescent was a favorite device. Arms granted to Sir Michael de Minshul, who took part in the last Crusade in 1280, contained a crescent and a star, which form the ensign of the Turkish Empire.

Though the crescent is a well-known device in British heraldry today, the first assumption of it was certainly from this emblem as used by the Saracens, and appears on many an English shield, when stories of the Crusades were mingled in the "olden history of the family." It was brought back from the wars against the Mohammedans by Sir Archibald Ellis, and is borne also by the descendants of Sir Robert Sackville.

In his treatise on Arianism, Whitaker says that "Mohamet's appropriation of the crescent or star, it is found, was formerly employed by the Arabians as the symbol of their goddess Urania or Venus." D'Aviella says that "the crescent and star were used together as symbols in Asia Minor and Egypt very many centuries before the Turkish conquests."

"The crescent is also sometimes blazoned in heraldry as an augmentation of honor, as was the case with Sir Cloudesley Shovel."

THE FLEUR-DE-LIS

The fleur-de-lis has been, more than any other heraldic charge, the cause of much difference of opinion among authorities. It is the ancient emblem of France and has held for centuries a distinguished place in the armorial bearings of the French kings. For many years it was quartered by England, as her pretended right, but, after the union of Ireland, was abandoned by George III.

The original significance of this beautiful design, called by some the heraldic lily, is not known, as its conventional form gives no positive clue to its real identity.

As represented in the arms of the Lees of Hereford, its form certainly more resembles a lance-head than a lily, which would seem to give some weight to the opinion of those who insist that it was first representative of a spear. The advocates of this theory point out that the lily has no feature such as is indicated by the band of the fleur-de-lis, while the ring uniting the metal spear-point with the wooden shaft much resembles it.

Some persons have even claimed that the fleur-de-lis, as first used, represented a toad. The floral origin seems the most reasonable, however, and the weight of opinion leans to the conclusion that this device at first represented the lily, or, more probably, the iris.

Certainly the compilers of the old rolls of arms were in a better position than we to know the true origin and meaning of this beautiful emblem, and they invariably call the fleur-de-lis a flower. Old chroniclers declare that it was sent by an angel from heaven as a token to Clovis. Having vowed to embrace Christianity if victorious, Clovis, after conquering his enemies near Cologne in 496, true to his word, was baptized and adopted the celestial flower.

It is said by old heralds that a custom existing among the ancient Franks at the proclamation of their kings was to place in his hands a "reed or flag in blossom instead of a sceptre," and to raise him upon a shield or target. From thence the early kings of France are shown with sceptres of the flag in bloom, and the flower thus became the emblem of France.

It is practically certain that the kings of France from Clovis down bore arms, a field covered with lilies of gold, and that "Charles IV reduced the number to three, either to symbolize the three different races of the Kings of France, or the Blessed Trinity."

The fleur-de-lis or fleur-de-luce is said by Mr. Planche to have meant the flower of Louis, as Clovis was the old Frankish form of Louis. This design was used in early heraldry in a number of slightly different forms. It was regarded as emblematic of the Blessed Virgin, probably on account of the lily's significance of purity, and was used profusely during the Middle Ages in ecclesiastical ornamentation and decoration.

BEZANTS

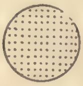
Classed among the Roundles or Roundlets, the Bezant is tinctured "or," and is a plain disk without impression or inscription. It derives its name from an old gold coin of Bezantium (the ancient name of Constantinople). Some authorities say that the bezant was also called a talent.

"Besantes be euer of golden colour, it nedyth not in blasynge of armes to saye a besant of golde, for there ben no besantes but of golde."

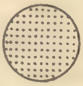
This bearing "has been said to denote one who has been found worthy of trust and treasure," and Guillim, speaking of bezants, says "that they show the rise of virtuous treasurers, trustees, etc." They are also said to have symbolized the ransom money of prisoners or "the right conferred by the sovereign on some powerful vassal to coin money and to establish a provincial mint." Thus, this device is shown to be a right honorable one.

Adopted into heraldry at the time of the Crusades, it has since been in constant use as an armorial bearing, and appears on the shields of many distinguished families. When a number of bezants are shown on a coat of arms, it is described as "bezantée."

According to French historians, Lewis Lejeune brought from the Holy Land a large number of bezants, of which he made an offertory, since when the French kings have offered, at their coronations, gold pieces which were called basantines. In like manner the English kings have made offertories of these gold pieces. King Edward III caused to be coined of gold pieces called besantines to the value of fifteen pounds; for such use there were two pieces of gold used at the coronation of the kings of England, which had on one side a resemblance of the Blessed Trinity, with the words, "*In honorem Sanctae Trenetates*," and on the other side the picture of the Virgin Mary, with the words, "*In honorem Sancta Maria Virginis.*" And those pieces were used by the kings of England in their offertories, at their coronations till the accession of King James to the English throne, who likewise caused two besants to be made for himself and the queen."



Of the bezants charged on the Portuguese royal arms an interesting story is told. The



English and French soldiers were en route to Palestine to engage in a second crusade against the Saracens in the twelfth century, when, stopping in Spain, they found Count Alfonso carrying on a war with five Moorish kings, whose superior numbers made the struggle very unequal. There were two hundred thousand men in the Moorish ranks, a large number in those days, and, although Count Alfonso welcomed with appreciation the coming of these northern allies, he nevertheless was gravely concerned as to the result of the impending conflict.

On the night previous to the battle, downcast and filled with misgivings, wearily pondering over the disastrous prospect, he fell upon his knees seeking aid from on high. Mechanically turning page after page of his Bible, too depressed to read, and scarcely realizing what he did, his glance inadvertently fell upon the name "Gideon." Roused from his depression, he read of the wonderful defeat of the Midianites. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" rung, no doubt, in his brain. At this moment of encouragement a holy monk came into his tent, blessed him and told him to go in the morning at the sound of the bells for mass and to "turn his face towards the east." In the morning, obedient to the hermit's words, he turned his face to the east.

In the clouds appeared the body of the crucified Lord, whose promise of victory and a crown and that "his children for sixteen generations should sit upon the Portuguese throne" was received with great faith by the count.

Going out to meet his troops, he was hailed by them as their king. His white charger bore him to a glorious victory, and the crown of Portugal was his. In gratitude, King Alfonso changed his inherited arms to those which now represent the kingdom of Portugal: "Five shields disposed crosswise on a white field, in memory of the Lord's five wounds, and each shield charged with five bezants in commemoration of the five Moorish kings who were slain in the Camp d'Ourique."

THE WOLF

The wolf has been described by Wade as "one of the oldest military ensigns of Rome in reference to the fabulous history of the origin of the city." Again: "The wolf is a very ancient and uncommon bearing. It is said by Morgan to denote those valiant captains that do in the end gain their attempts after long sieges and hard enterprises." Guillim speaks of it as being "an animal that is wary and careful in attack, and therefore one whom it is dangerous to assail or thwart, since its nature is cruel and relentless." It is also said that "the ancient Romans in their military ensigns did bear the wolf, as appeareth by Vegetius, Vulturius, and others." He adds that Macedon, the grandson of Noah, bore this ensign, as also did the Romans. It was also the Egyptian symbol of Anubis, the Conductor of the Dead, and the city of Lycopolis derived its name from the veneration in which the wolf was there held. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson states that mummies of wolves have been discovered at O'sioot, on the site of the ancient city of Lycopolis.

Woodward states that the wolf is the most common of all heraldic animals in Spanish heraldry, where it is frequently represented as "ravissant," i. e., carrying the body of a lamb in its mouth or across its back." Fox-Davis remarks that the wolf "is a very frequent charge in English armory. Apart from its use as a supporter, in which position it is found in conjunction with the shields of Lord Welby, Lord Rendell, and Viscount Wolseley, it will be found in the arms of Lovett and in by far the larger proportion of the coats for the name of Wilson and in the arms of Low." "The wolf's head was borne by Hugh Lupus first Earl of Chester, and nephew of William the Conqueror. He probably derived the cognomen of 'Lupus' from this bearing. A wolf's head is borne as the ancient family crest, with two wolves as the armorial supporters, by Viscount Wolseley, late commander-in-chief of the British army, whose second title, Baron Cairo, relates to his great military service in the land of Egypt."

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WHEN the time comes to write the lead for this department, I like to choose a bright, sunshiny morning, when the office is suffused with the warm glow of the sunshine—not the harsh glare of artificial light. This impulse seems in harmony with our purposes, for in the making of books and magazines the pre-eminent aim is to approach as nearly as possible that naturalness and simplicity which in God's own sunlight reigns supreme.

A tribute to "Heart Songs," paid by Mayor James M. Curley of Boston, at a banquet given by the city of Boston to Mr. Victor Herbert, was a most eloquent appreciation of a book made by the people, and I wish all the owners of that book might have heard it, as I did. And the most eminent composer in America, in the glory of his latest musical triumph, felt proud of the fact that he had assisted the twenty thousand readers of the NATIONAL to make that book "Heart Songs."

Nearly every one of the speakers made reference to either "Heart Songs" or "Heart Throbs," and I wish I could have sent a phonographic record of these tributes to every one of you. It would have made you feel glad, with me, that we have all had a part in the making of "Heart Songs" and "Heart Throbs."

Then I thought how prone we are to "rest on our oars" when we have accomplished something that is considered a success, not realizing that success, real success, means succession of effort. So here we are with plans for our new books, and I am going to take you into my confidence and tell you all about them. Every reader ought to contribute toward the making of these books.

First is "Heart Letters." If you chance to see a letter from some distinguished man that touches your heart, or expresses his character, or a letter from your mother or some friend, that carries with it a real heart touch, send it along. History itself is merely a bundle of biographies, and biographies are often flashed more vividly in a single letter than in pages of the routine detail of life.

For "Heart Classics of History," send to us an account of some little episode, perhaps within your own experience or that of some friend, which may be connected with the history of our country. Heart value will be the real test. Things that endure are what we want, and nothing endures without the propulsive power of the heart behind it.

The "Handbook of History," I will tell you more about next month, because I think it is going to be one of the greatest books that we have ever published.

It is appropriate, in the birth-month of the Great Emancipator, to modestly announce our "Lincoln" book, which will contain what you and thousands of others believe to be the choicest gems of thought or action in the words and life of Abraham Lincoln.

If you knew how much it means to the editor of the NATIONAL to have you keep in touch with him and his work, you would write more frequently. Nearly all of our readers write once a year—renewing their own, or sending in new subscriptions, with a word of commendation or constructive criticism, both equally appreciated—but a year is a long time to be out of touch with a magazine that thousands of readers have already proclaimed to be the very best magazine in the United States of America—best not in a brilliant sense, exactly, but because it reflects the great purposes and impulses of the American people.

* * *

IN looking over the advance proofs of this magazine, I was reminded that this is the month in which the birthday of George Washington occurs. This has always been the day on which we recall to mind our patriotic ideals, and the day on which, nearly a century ago, Lincoln delivered his great eulogy on George Washington, in which he unconsciously foreshadowed his own career. It is unfortunate, in a way, that the birthdays of these two greatest Americans should occur within the same month, because we feel that we more intimately know Lincoln, whose life and career are more closely linked with our time and generation.

And yet we should not forget that George Washington, "the father of his country," was the inspiration of Lincoln's ideals. Sorry be the day when Americans fail to remember that on the 22d of February, 1732, at Pope's Creek in Westmoreland County, Virginia, was born a little blue-eyed babe who grew to the full stature of manhood; who made a republic possible, democracy triumphant, and brought into being the ideal of the centuries that followed.

Why not spend the twenty-second of February in reading all day about George Washington—the scenes of his struggles and hardships, the record of his triumphs? Remember to call upon February two-two, memories of Washington, and hold communion with the father of his country—"first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"—making real the classic phrases lisped in childhood days.

THERE is one thing generally considered to particularly appeal to the editorial mind, and that is a waste basket. One naturally thinks of the editor's sanctum as being provided with a wide assortment of waste baskets, into which may be thrown the numerous manuscripts that are found unavailable. Strange to say, however, they never go there—they are returned to the sender with the stamps which are invariably enclosed.

A waste basket is an article with an extensive poetic license, and it has become an indispensable part, not only of every office and school equipment, but of every home and hotel room. Many fires caused from sparks falling into waste baskets add to the country's billions of yearly fire waste. Prevention of fires may have been one reason why the Vul-cot waste basket has established itself as a necessity in all hotels, offices and homes. While the price of Vul-cot is a trifle more, the cost in the long run is incomparably less, for with ordinary care it should last a lifetime. There is an office in Wilmington, where these baskets have been in use for forty years. They do not rust or corrode, and do not suffer from any amount of service.

They are fire-resisting to an unusual degree, and a fire started in a Vul-cot waste basket would be confined to the basket until the flames were extinguished. It is manufactured by the American Vulcanized Fibre Company, who also make Laminar Fibre Cars, cans and boxes, which of themselves constitute equipment of the twentieth century, because they are not only trim and neat, but repel moisture.

Hail to the Vul-cot, which has the magic power of Vulcan to control the insatiate flame-fiend in his search for fuel.

* * *

QUAINT indeed is the language used in the banking laws of Massachusetts. The system also stands today unique and distinct, and the record itself tells the story of stability; the Gibraltar-like solidity of the Massachusetts savings bank system. From 1834 until 1916 there have been only twenty-two failures recorded through the panics of 1837, 1857, 1873, 1884, 1893 and 1907. The first incorporated savings bank in the United States began existence in Boston just one hundred years ago, as the "Provident Institution for Savings in the Town of Boston." The savings banks of Massachusetts have made a record in the first century that is unequalled. In the small record of failures, the depositors received an average of over eighty-five per cent; in some cases as high as ninety-nine, and the lowest recorded was sixty per cent—just after the panic of 1837.

In Massachusetts, the Bank Commissioner is absolute. He has the power to prescribe the manner and method of keeping books and the manner and method of safeguarding funds and investment securities. He is empowered to investigate at any moment, any and all banking institutions (except national banks) in the state.

Savings bank organizations retain the distinctive title of "corporators," and the records are required to be kept in the thorough old "town-meeting" way. These corporations elect by ballot any citizen of the commonwealth to be a member thereof, and should the member fail to attend two consecutive meetings, his membership may, by vote of the corporation, be declared forfeited, and no one can continue a member after removing from the commonwealth. The officers of the corporation constitute the board of not less than eleven trustees, and from them the officers—president, one or more vice-presidents, board of investment of three, treasurer and clerk, or such other officers as may be necessary, are chosen.

The original law providing for savings banks in Massachusetts provided for the "care and improvement of the savings of persons in humble life until required by their wants and desires." This quaint phrase reflects the basis and crystallization of New England thrift, for, since the Republic was founded, the thrift of the American people has been best, sanest and highest in New England, as reflected most graphically by the savings banks of the commonwealth.

At present there are no banks called state banks in Massachusetts. The trust companies are under the direction and control of the Bank Commissioner the same as savings banks, and examinations are made at frequent intervals with all the rigid inspection of the federal system. While trustees of the savings banks serve without salary, they are, nevertheless, held responsible for any malfeasance or misdirection of funds, and virtually assume all the responsibility, as if it were a national banking institution, revealing long years of faithful service on the part of citizens, with no other remuneration than the honor and satisfaction of rendering efficient public service. The recent decision of

AUGUSTUS L. THORNDIKE
Bank Commissioner of Massachusetts who has conducted the office for four years past in a most efficient manner

the Massachusetts Supreme Court defined this responsibility of trusteeship, and in some cases individual trustees have paid back funds that have been misdirected.

What character of investments can be made by savings banks is definitely and specifically prescribed.

The present Bank Commissioner of Massachusetts is Mr. Augustus L. Thorndike, who has conducted the office for four years past. His administration has proceeded in a most efficient manner—even by the Massachusetts standard of judgment.

JOE APPEL AND HIS WIFE VACATIONIZING

To Massachusetts belongs the honor of being the first state to give legislative sanction to the institution of savings banks, and for eighty years the laws have been the standard of comparison of safe and conservative banking laws in other states where the development of the bank often precedes the enactment of the banking laws. In Massachusetts, on the contrary, the banking business was developed co-incident with the enactment of banking law, and the laws have been adjusted from time to time to conform to the development of the banks. There has not been a so-called state bank in Massachusetts for over fifty years, because the laws are in a way prohibitive; consequently, the state banking institutions are confined to savings banks, trust companies, co-operative banks, credit unions, a farm land bank, and certain private bankers.

So unyielding has Massachusetts stood for the highest standard of integrity and efficiency that it has drawn to the state and conserved there many millions of savings deposits. The public has learned that Massachusetts institutions afford the most secure refuge for savings available—not excepting the federal depository of the United States.

* * *

THERE'S a man of orchardic name in New York—one Joe Appel—who has been a part and parcel of the Wanamaker institution for many years. There is something about the name that actually makes me start when I hear it paged in New York hotels. Joe Appel is manager of the exploitation of John Wanamaker's, and furnishes much real stuff for the daily Wanamaker proclamations.

Last summer Joe Appel and Mrs. Appel went on a vacation trip through the West. With his usual purpose of making every effort count for something, he has written a book about it and distributed copies among his friends, who delight in reading his entertaining comments on the places visited. A genial philosopher is Joe Appel, a hale good fellow, a man of business and a man of sentiment, a student of human nature—small wonder that there is something rosy and suggestive of an apple every time Joe's name is mentioned.

* * *

FOR a year and more the Belgian Scholarship Committee has been hard at work in providing for the reconstruction and restoration of Belgium after the war. This committee was founded by Dr. Nevil Monroe Hopkins, the eminent scientist and traveler, and it has done good work in collecting money for destitute scholars. The purpose is to afford temporary relief and to be ready for the rehabilitation of Belgium when the opportunity comes. They are making an appeal to American libraries for books, asking only for promises of duplicate copies which can be given at a time when places are provided for them on the restoration of Belgium.

It is requested that each library or individual send a list of such books as they would be able to furnish at such a time. The purpose is to make a collection of books published in America relating to American affairs, so that Belgians may be supplied with the information they seek concerning a country that has stood by them in their dark days of distress. In view of the generous acts of the American people, no gift would be more appreciated or do more to bring about an understanding of American ideals than books of this kind in European libraries, as American libraries have been supplied with foreign books and translations.

Many people are joining the Belgian Scholarship Fund for the purpose of assisting the Belgian scholars and artists to carry on their activities. It is more than a relief work—it is essentially a work of reconstruction that cannot fail to result in a better understanding, working toward international friendship.

* * *

THERE is no escape these days from having "your picture took." Everybody does it, and it's distinctly the thing to do. In the days of the daguerreotype, to have your picture taken was an event, and when we look upon the pictured face of mother when she was a girl, with her hair modestly parted and drawn close about the ears, we wonder where today are the girls "just like the girl that married dear old dad." The photograph album is a family archive, although it does not play the part it did in those days. Then it was given a conspicuous place on the parlor table; then turning the pages to view the pictures of cousins, uncles, aunts and all the relatives was a highly-refined method of entertaining visitors. It is most interesting to look back over one's life, photographically, and see the rotund gentleman now approaching mature years, first as an infant with a mouth strongly reminiscent of Napoleon Newlywed; in kilts; in his first long trousers; in fact, through many more than the "seven ages of man."

Primarily, a photograph is not a luxury—it is a sort of duty as well as a necessity. When a certain distinguished photographer in Chicago began to bombard me with cards, I knew I was doomed, and I might as well submit with as good grace as possible. The sirenic voice over the 'phone when the appointment was arranged seemed but another lure to cast me on the rocks. So, with the major portion of the family, I marched forth bravely to have my picture taken at "Moffett's."

It was discovered on arrival that many other famous men had been inveigled into doing the same thing, so I was assured that my likeness would be in good company, and thought perhaps it *might* be honored with a Florentine frame. After betaking myself to the dainty boudoir to arrange my flowing locks, I stood under the skylight, with two big cameras bearing on me at front and flank, as it were. A lift of the curtains here and there so that the light might strike my classic profile at exactly the right angle, while I assumed all sorts of positions and attitudes under the hypnotic gaze of the mighty camera man, remembering his earnest plea: "Just be natural." There were no instructions to moisten the lip or to "Look pleasant, please"—just an admonition to sit there and be natural. While I was facing around getting ready to look as natural as possible, the camera clicked and the negative was surrendered to the mysterious operations of the dark room.

Many proofs were submitted, and after looking them over, my respect for the photographer's bill is most profound. After a family consultation, one particular pose was selected as being most characteristic, and, strange to relate, it was just the one that was taken when I was least prepared for it. Photography is an art, and the penalty for patronage of said art may extend all the way from seven to seven hundred dollars.

If there is anyone who can excel "Moffett's" in improving the most unpromising of photographic subjects, he has not yet been discovered. There is much satisfaction, it must be admitted, in having a picture that you think looks pretty fine, in fact, it may even flatter the mirror's reflection. There may be a pleasing plumpness of the cheek, or subtle, delicate physiognomic lines that cover defects. It is a fact that there is no person who can be considered handsome from all points of view. Everyone has his ugly side in looks as well as disposition. "Howsomever," Moffett's has one photograph I know of preserved for posterity.

Photo, by Moffett

EVAN EVANS

Who has made the name Moffett known in photography. Over one hundred thousand people of name and fame, embracing leaders in nearly every art, science, profession and industry in the country, are included among his customers

There is more or less a myth about that name "Moffett" being associated with the business now. The studio was started by a man named Moffett, a practical photographer, who only remained a few months in the business. He left unexpectedly, but there was a man in the business who determined to make the name "Moffett" known in photography. He knew nothing of technicalities of a studio, but had some ideas and a knowledge of human nature in the picture mood. He has a compounded name of Evan Evans, and is a regular good fellow. His Moffett Studio stands for the best in the field of portrait photography.

He has built up an organization that is unique and keeps on its toes to serve. He knows how to interest celebrated people in having their pictures taken and make Moffett negatives positive in their preeminence. Evan Evans understands the contact between the studio and the outside world, and a displeased customer is an unknown quantity, because he insists on having things right—right now and all the time.

When a national convention is in session he is busier than a delegate, and the Moffett Studio becomes a center of attraction to know "who's who." Every minute counts with him in catching the busy man on the wing, and rushing him into the studio, where the click of the camera does the rest. Evan Evans is one of those photographers who knows the faces of his people in the hotel lobbies, here, there, and everywhere, as well as through the lens of the camera.

* * *

IT is curious how the English language is often used to express a thought or wish and yet convey the opposite meaning.

When I was traveling through Maine I came across the following "card of thanks," which may have had more truth than thanks in it:

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank all the kind friends and particularly Dr. ————, who assisted in the sickness and death of our beloved son and brother.

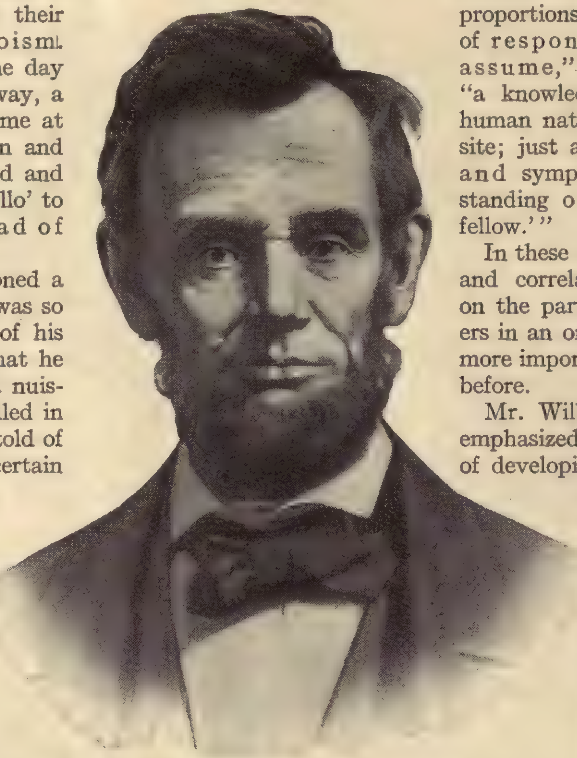
(Signed) ———— ————.

Now this may seem an extreme case, but if you will analyze the average newspaper and magazine articles, or even some books, you will be amazed to see how many interpretations may be drawn from some phrasing. The Book of Books has not escaped this. Quotations from Lincoln, Napoleon, and many of the great characters of history are often given a double or perhaps an opposite meaning. Consequently this strange note of thanks, honestly intentioned, has suffered the fate of many great sayings.

COMING in contact with business men of present-day attainments, I glean stray bits of philosophy from their keen observations. Some time ago I visited Mr. G. H. Willcockson, vice-president of the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company, at his office in the largest concrete building in he world—the "Sunshine Biscuit" bakery at Long Island City, New York. Three points were emphasized in that brief chat which impressed me very much, and I feel that they should be passed along.

G. H. WILLCOCKSON
Vice-president of Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company, who is a student of everyday philosophy in the relations of employes, deprecates the existence of "salary caste"

"It is necessary," he declared, "to start right in the morning. The first thing to do is to take an alum bath which toughens the hide and shrinks you to the right proportions. Next, a mackintosh should be donned in order to keep off the mud and slush. Many people miss fire because they are touchy or sensitive, not realizing that this sensitiveness is a direct result of their own excessive egoism. Going through the day fortified in this way, a man can come home at night feeling clean and wholesome in mind and spirit, and say 'hello' to his wife instead of beating her."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Lincoln's whole course was directed to the preservation of the union and to the preservatfon of the union with as little loss on both sides as possible"

Then he mentioned a young man who was so firmly convinced of his own importance that he was becoming a nuisance. He was called in to the office, and told of the condition of a certain man—no name mentioned—and his advice asked as to what, under the circumstances, should be done. Suddenly it began to dawn upon him that he was being described, and he frankly stated that discharge was the only remedy. This put him in the position of practically discharging himself. Mr. Willcockson, however, did not agree with him, saying that a man with the brains to realize he had made a mistake should have brains enough to correct it. Chastened and humbled, the young man went back to work, and his record from that time was never tainted with a manifestation of self-importance.

"If you smash your finger," said Mr. Willcockson, "the whole body suffers. If one of the employes of a company is hurt, bruised, or offended, the effect of that injury can never be computed. In a few years those office boys or clerks are in positions of responsibility, and may remember some of the curses of 'salary caste' which have much to do with disturbing effective work."

An old-fashioned way of applying a story to every condition has Mr. Willcockson. "No matter what proportions the positions of responsibility may assume," he maintains, "a knowledge of simple human nature is a requisite; just an appreciative and sympathetic understanding of the 'other fellow.'"

In these times, cohesion and correlation of effort on the part of the workers in an organization are more important than ever before.

Mr. Willcockson also emphasized the necessity of developing individuality, which is always fundamental in achievement. Knowledge of human nature is usually well developed in men who were born and reared "on the farm." Is this because they learn to deal with nature in the impressionable years of their lives, and understand not only nature, but the animals with which they are working, and from that knowledge evolve a theory of human nature that is all-comprehensive?

* * *

IN the glow of the night light, when I read over the letters from subscribers and readers of the NATIONAL, I am profoundly impressed by the ability of the NATIONAL readers to express ideas that are overlooked, even in the thorough threshing out of various subjects by erudite editors and alert contributors. The following letter from Mr. Orrin S. Goan of Detroit, is indicative of the way in which people analyze great subjects from every angle. Mr. Goan calls attention to an inspiring conception of Lincoln's purposes, particularly appropriate at this time, with the world involved in a struggle which will put democracy to its severest test.

Mr. Goan was for some years with the National Biscuit Company and is now president of the Berry Brothers Varnish Company of Detroit. Our subscribers will agree that in this personal letter is a tribute to Abraham Lincoln that has never been encompassed in pretentious addresses on auspicious occasions. While he has generously offered me the idea to use and pass on, I feel that the credit belongs to him and that the NATIONAL readers should pass along the helpfulness and inspiration of this letter to others interested in the study of the life and career of Abraham Lincoln.

DETROIT, MICH., March 22, 1916.

Dear Mr. Chapple:

About ten days ago, while taking quite a ride on a train, I had an opportunity to read over, somewhat more carefully than before, the address on Lincoln which you delivered recently before the Hamilton Club of Chicago.

I was much impressed by it, yet I think there is a sort of keynote which you did not strike, and, so far as I can remember, that same note was not struck either by Ingersoll or by Henry Watterson, both of whom I heard deliver memorable addresses in honor of the savior of our Union.

As I have studied and analyzed Lincoln's work, it has seemed to me that his whole course was directed: (1) To the preservation of the Union; (2) to the preservation of the Union with as little loss on both sides as possible.

I think he realized that the Union must be preserved at any price, and at the same time he had the feeling that the less the cost, the less the breach which must later on be healed, and therefore the sooner the two parts of the nation could again be reunited as one.

That Lincoln constantly kept before him this thought is shown by many acts of mercy including numerous favors extended to Southern people, whose relatives were prisoners within the Union lines, some of them charged with serious offenses. Evidently he wished them to know that the fraternal feeling toward them was not entirely dead in the North, whatever they might think. In his second inaugural, where he speaks of "malice toward none and charity for all," and refers to the great work of binding up the nation's wounds, etc., it is clearly evident that he has in mind the restoration of mutual confidence and good will at the earliest possible moment after the war is over.

He showed how anxious he was that the Union should be restored to the condition which prevailed before the war when he said in an utterance about the time of Lee's surrender, that he thought the best way to get the Southern States back into the Union might be to assume that they had never been out of it.

This utterance shows his magnanimity, as well as his farsightedness. That the breach would be healed sooner or later all believed, but Lincoln saw that the sooner it was healed the better it would be for the people of both sections.

I think we must go a step farther than this, and we must give Lincoln credit for seeing beyond the boundaries of our own country. In the Gettysburg address he said: "Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, *or any nation so conceived and so dedicated*, can long endure." Then he concludes that inspired address by saying, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

These two expressions indicate clearly that Lincoln grasped the idea that our attempt at self-government was being watched all over the globe; that our success would mean encouragement to many others who either had already begun or contemplated establishing a government similar in form. He realized that for us to fail would mean to discourage all the other people of the earth who held democratic ideas and to retard such efforts as they might be making in that direction. Therefore, Lincoln wanted this government to "long endure," not only for our own good, but for the good of mankind in general.

I hope I have made my thought clear to you. I have not attempted to clothe it in the kind of language that you can use, but if you get the idea and think it worth while, and can pass it along the next time you are making a Lincoln address, it seems to me it will be giving Lincoln credit for something which he has not had full credit for heretofore, and at the same time I believe it will help to complete and round out any analysis of this wonderful man's career.

With my best regards, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

ORRIN S. GOAN.

A Vendetta of the Hills

New Novel by Willis George Emerson

Advance Review by Joe Mitchell Chapple

As the author of "The Treasure of Hidden Valley," "Buell Hampton," "The Builders," and other popular novels, the name of Willis George Emerson needs no introduction to our readers. It will interest them to know that The Chapple Publishing Company now have on the press another romance from his pen, entitled "A Vendetta of the Hills"

IN his succession of novels, Willis George Emerson is giving to the reading public vivid and convincing pictures of life in various sections of America. "Buell Hampton" dealt with Kansas, "The Builders" with Idaho, "The Treasure of Hidden Valley" with Wyoming, and no one who has read these stories but has had the satisfaction of feeling that much has been learned, not only of the scenes in which the incidents are set, but of actual living types of character and of communities, each with its marked idiosyncrasies—its manners and customs, its aspirations and achievements, its faults and failings as well as its high redeeming virtues.

The latest creation of his fertile imagination, "A Vendetta of the Hills" takes us to mid-California, and here again we have a deftly-woven fabric of mingled fact and fancy. The story is of today, but by a series of throw-backs and romantic past is wedded to the more prosaic present in a stirring and exciting plot that starts from the days when the gringo came, when California was still the wild and woolly West, when there were bandits and outlaws abroad in the land, and when wrong was liable not to be legally punished, but to be relentlessly avenged. Joaquin Murietta, brigand and dreaded scourge of California for many years, is a real historical character, and, not merely the spirit of his times, but actual incidents from his career have been skillfully adapted to this tale of thrilling adventure.

In the days of long ago, through some defect in title deeds, a Spanish family had been dispossessed of its broad rich acres by one of the incoming brood of American pioneers. But the wrong did not end there. The young man of the new home, Ben Thurston by name, fell in love with the daughter of the old home, a beautiful senorita, the only sister of the youthful and chivalrous Don Manuel de Valencia. Ben Thurston was really engaged to a rich girl in the East, and Rosetta, betrayed, was infamously abandoned—even done to death, it was generally believed, by being thrust over a cliff at the hands of the man who had wronged her. This pitiful tragedy was the basis of the feud that came to be known as the vendetta of the hills, Don Manuel vowing vengeance, and, when Thurston had fled terror-stricken, turning bandit so that he might vent his wrath on the whole accursed race of gringos.

The story opens thirty years after these events, when Don Manuel, the outlaw, has long been reputed to be dead, and Ben Thurston, although still accompanied by a bodyguard, has ventured to return to his princely domain in California. Throughout the countryside the story of the vendetta is still well known, and mingled with it are fabulous tales about a bandits' cavern in which are concealed hoards of treasure, a sand-bar somewhere amid the hills, from which the outlaws used to wash nuggets of gold, and a mysterious subterranean pool which had supplied them with oil for their lanterns long before the commercial discovery of petroleum in California—regarded as fictitious by the new arrivals, but devoutly believed in by old inhabitants who had lived through the stirring times of Don Manuel and his trusted lieutenant, a Frenchman named Pierre Luzon.

Pierre is a prisoner for life in San Quentin, but, an old man now, his release is secured by a little group who have won from him the promise that he will reveal the secret of the outlaws' treasure cave. This group comprises Dick Willoughby, a fine young fellow, manager of the Thurston rancho; Lieutenant Munson, his friend, on a visit from the East; Jack Rover, a daredevil cowboy, together with two old-timers, Buck Ashley, the postmaster and storekeeper of the little village, and his crony, Tom Baker, once a sheriff in the old-time days.

Twenty miles away is another rancho, La Siesta, where Mrs. Darlington and her daughter Grace dwell, also Merle Farnsworth, an adopted daughter. A Mexican woman, Tia Teresa, had been the nurse of these young girls in earlier years, and is still their devoted attendant. Nearby, high up on the hills, lives a recluse, Ricardo Robles, a man of wealth and scholarly tastes, a welcome guest always at La Siesta, which is the only home he visits.

With these principal characters, a really tremendous drama is enacted. Just before Pierre Luzon arrives from prison, the worthless son of Ben Thurston is mysteriously shot dead among the pine woods on the hills. Suspicion for the crime fastens on Dick Willoughby with whom the dead youth had had a bitter quarrel. But when Pierre hears the story, it is simply the sign to him that his old chief Don Manuel is alive, and that the vendetta has not been forgotten. Accordingly, the Frenchman slips away to rejoin his leader.

Ben Thurston, eager still to cherish the belief that his dreaded enemy Don Manuel is really dead, uses every endeavor in his power to secure Dick Willoughby's conviction. The circumstantial evidence is so strong that the young man's life is seriously imperilled. At this crisis there is a jail delivery, and Dick is spirited away to the hills, his savior being some unknown friend.

Dick is taken blindfolded to his place of hiding, which proves to be the bandit's cave. Here Pierre Luzon waits on him and attends his wants, and Dick actually sees the subterranean lake of oil and helps to pass the time by washing gold from the famous sand-bar. He has opportunities to visit his sweetheart at La Siesta, and on one occasion it is the swift wit of Merle that saves him from falling into the clutches of his enemies, Ben Thurston and Leach Sharkey, the husky bodyguard.

For the rest of the fascinating story we must leave our readers to turn to the volume itself. The climax is approached step by step with intensifying interest, until at last the vendetta is completed, when Ben Thurston, fighting on the very cliff beneath which Rosetta's dead body was found, meets his doom at the hands of Don Manuel. The latter is none other than the recluse Ricardo Robles, who all these years has been patiently abiding his time for vengeance to the full. And with the chivalrous Don Manuel's death comes to Merle the revelation that he was her father—an outlaw, but still her honored and beloved father as in memory she will always hold him.

Besides the leaders who stand prominently forth in this drama of human passions, there are several subsidiary characters not less cleverly drawn. In fact, Willis George Emerson excels in these minor touches of a big story, and when the volume is laid down, such personalities as old Buck Ashley, ex-Sheriff Baker, Pierre Luzon, Tia Teresa, Leach Sharkey, and Jack Rover remain so clearly defined that they can never be forgotten. There are also not a few aphorisms and epigrammatic sentences, such as bring out the marking pencil when this author's books are being perused—things to be noted and pondered over and referred to again.

Joe Mitchell Chapple

Lincoln's Birthday in the House

Editor's Note.—*The following excerpts have been made from an address delivered in the House of Representatives, on the anniversary of the birth of Lincoln, three years ago. It was by unanimous consent that the House requested Mr. Fess to deliver this oration, and it is interesting to note that when his time expired the interest of the House was so aroused that by unanimous consent, and amid cries of "Go on!" he continued his eulogy on "Honest Abe"*

SOME men make their place in history by notable utterances, others by notable deeds. Few in the world's history have the credit of both, and to that class belongs Abraham Lincoln. At an early time in his political career, speaking upon the most sensitive question before the country then or since, he showed his courage by saying:

> Broken by it I, too may be; bow to it, I never will. The probability that we may fail in a worthy cause is not a sufficient justification for our refusing to support it.

In 1855, in a letter to Judge Robertson of Kentucky, he said:

> The one question that wears upon me is, Can our country permanently endure half slave and half free? It is too much for me. May God in his mercy superintend the solution.

I would like to have this body recall this wonderful ability in expression, the like of which probably is not known in any political orator or figure in our country. Why, it was none other than Professor Bailey, a professor of rhetoric in a famous American college, who had been so charmed with the pure English of this plain statesman of the West that he sought an interview to ascertain the secret of his power. Mr. Lincoln at first expressed surprise that he had any power in utterance, but when pressed he substantially said: "Well, all I can remember is that when neighbors would come to my father's house and talk to father in language I did not understand, I would become offended, sometimes, and I would find myself going to bed that night unable to sleep. I bounded it on the north, south, east, and west until I had caught the idea, and then I said it myself, and when I said it I used the language I would use when talking to the boys on the street." Professor Bailey said: "That is one of the most splendid educational principles I have ever received from any man." To which Mr. Lincoln expressed great surprise.

Mr. Lincoln's ability to express the English language consisted in the use of the small word. Eighty-five per cent of his words are monosyllabic. He never employed a big word when a little one would do. He never clouded his thought by a multiplicity of words. His sentences were always short and their meaning never involved. In a word, he never spoke to be heard, but always to be understood; and therefore he was not always elegant from the standpoint of the rhetorician, but wonderfully expressive. For example, he would say, "I dumped it into a hole"; but Douglas, the rhetorician, would say, "I deposited it into a cavity," which is a good deal better from the standard rule of expression. Lincoln would say, "I dug a ditch"; Douglas would say, "I excavated a channel." Lincoln said, "My defeat by Douglas in 1858 was due to bad luck; I ran at the wrong time"; Douglas said, "It was due to a strange fortuitous combination of importune contingencies that nobody could have foreseen." Here stands Stephen A. Douglas, a master of rhetoric; Abraham Lincoln, a master of logic; Stephen A. Douglas, eloquent in words; Abraham Lincoln, eloquent in thought; Stephen A. Douglas, appealing to expediency; Abraham Lincoln, appealing to right. Douglas said, "I do not care whether you vote slavery up or vote it down." Lincoln said, "I care very much about what most people care most about." He turned his back upon his audience and spoke to Douglas: "Is it not a false philosophy to build a system upon the basis that you do not care anything about what most people care most about?" It was for that sentence that Mr. Douglas paid him such a tribute in three weeks after the close of those debates. Mr. Lincoln was powerful in this series of debates, and it was here that his wonderful ability as a thinker and debater was first disclosed to the public. I say to you men of Congress that Abraham Lincoln had not an equal on the American platform in the use of pure Anglo-Saxon.

And I think of how he suffered in the White House as the head of the nation, so distracted by civil war and he helpless to end the strife. One night he said to Frank Carpenter at the dead hour of midnight, standing with his hands in this shape [indicating]: "Oh, Carp, Carp, what would I give tonight in exchange for this wearisome hospital of pain and woe that they call the White House for the place that is occupied by some poor boy that sleeps under the sod in a southern battlefield? I cannot stand this thing much longer. I have got to have some relief." When I read from Carpenter, the painter of the famous emancipation picture, I instinctively say: "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chicks under her wings, but ye would not."

I was rocked in a cradle over which was sung the lullaby:

Old Abe Lincoln is dead and gone.
Hurrah! Hurrah!

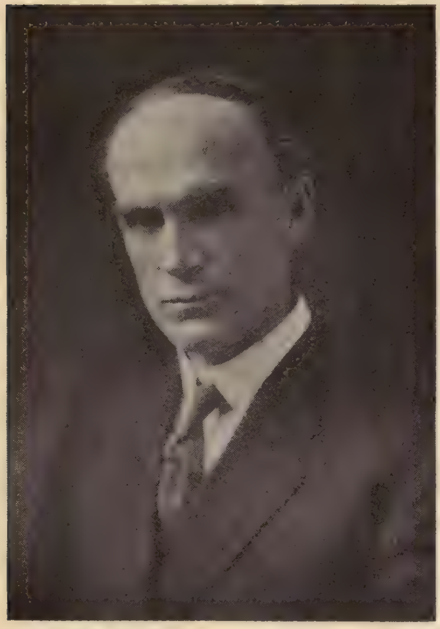
And I am not the only one in the State of Ohio who was taught that he was not a patriot. But when I come to look into his words and to study his acts and with regard for his magnanimity, together with his intellectuality, I can easily understand why, in the lapse of half a century, there is such universal approval now of the characteristics of that great man in all parts, not only of our nation, but of the world.

I once asked one of the best editors in this country or in any other, Charles A. Dana, who knew Mr. Lincoln as perhaps no other man knew him during the period that covered the war, what he thought was Lincoln's secret of greatness. Quickly he said: "His control of men." And then he added: "If a man cannot control other men, then his power is limited to what he can do alone. On the other hand, if he can control men, his power is multiplied just to the number of men he controls."

Mr. Lincoln had that ability to differ from men and yet to win them. Note how he struggled with the great commoner, Thaddeus Stevens. When Lincoln insisted upon his method of reconstruction, which Stevens denounced as his shorthand method, destined to swamp the American Congress by Confederate leaders, Lincoln put it in this homely way, or substantially in these terms: "Stevens, you want what I want, but we do not go after it in the same way. Concede that my policy, which you criticise, is now in its beginning to what the policy is when it is finished, as an egg is to the chicken when it is hatched, do you not think you will get that egg quicker by hatching it than by smashing it?" A homely illustration that carries in it a sound philosophy.

* * *

On the night of the second election, quite a scene took place between Lincoln and Stanton. Dana said, "Whitelaw Reid came in, and I, as a matter of courtesy, withdrew and went into another room, where Stanton was. It was not long before I noticed that Stanton was quite indignant. He was walking the floor greatly disturbed. I said to him, 'What troubles you, Mr. Secretary?' and he pointed his hand through the door toward Lincoln." Dana said that Lincoln at that moment was a very comical figure. He was sitting leaning back against the wall, his legs crossed, and laughing convulsively. He had just read to Reid something from the writings of Petroleum V. Nasby, the editor and humorist of the Toledo *Blade*, at that time almost as popular a writer as was Mark Twain later. "Stanton noticing that he was reading Petroleum V. Nasby seemed so angry," says Mr. Dana, "that he turned to me and said, 'Look there. There sits the man around whom the heartstrings of this nation are wrapped tonight, being amused over a damned mountebank.' " Evidently Mr. Lincoln must have heard him, for he immediately called to Mr. Stanton, "Mr. Secretary, have you ever read anything written by Petroleum V. Neesby?" And Whitelaw Reid, who was sitting by, said, "Nasby, Mr. President, Nasby," when Mr. Lincoln repeated Nasby. Mr. Stanton replied, "No; I haven't time for such buncombe." Mr. Lincoln said, "Here is some buncombe that you would enjoy." He added, "Nasby says there are three kinds of fools. There is the natural fool and the educated fool, and when you take a natural fool and try to educate him, you have a damphool." Dana said Stanton did not enjoy the joke at all.



HON. SIMEON D. FESS
Representative from Ohio

You will recall that Lincoln ordered some persons that had been imprisoned at Baltimore upon the charge of treason for the sale of goods to the Confederacy to be liberated, against the wishes of Stanton, and Judge Holt, of Kentucky, went over in confidence on the order of the President and made some arrangement to let the people out without regard to Mr. Stanton's wishes. Mr. Stanton was very much enraged, and he called Mr. Holt, a subordinate, "on the carpet"; but Judge Holt defended himself on the ground that the President had ordered him to do it. It is reported that Mr. Stanton said, "Did Lincoln order you to do that?" Holt said he did. Stanton hesitated a moment and then said, "Holt, the only thing left us is to get rid of that baboon in the White House."

That is a very serious statement to make on the floor of this House when regarded from the standpoint of the relation between chief and subordinate, but it is in the reminiscences. When the matter came to the notice of Mr. Lincoln he said in good humor, "Did Stanton say that?" He was assured that he had, and another person speaking with him said, "I would not endure the insult." Lincoln said, "Insult? That is no insult. All he said was that I was a baboon, and that is only a matter of opinion, sir," and then added, "and the thing that concerns me most is that Stanton said it, and I find he is usually right."

Oh, such magnanimity, when a difference clothes itself in language of insult as well as ridicule, in such a great soul; to differ from men and still hold their respect to the last was a quality possessed in abundance by the great Lincoln.

What is the secret of Mr. Lincoln's ability to control men like Seward and Stanton and Stevens, and other men who were so wonderfully different in temperament and eminently superior to him in all that went to make up modern standards? I think I can give a solution to the mystery. It is a combination of two qualities that are usually found in leadership. The one is that wonderful fund of humor and the other is that deep sense of pathos. At one moment Mr. Lincoln would make you laugh. At another moment you would want to cry. Strange as it may seem, these seeming contradictories are generally present in the same person. If Lincoln was the most comical man in public life, he was certainly the saddest. The world tires of the person who plays on but one string.

* * *

He has been misunderstood in regard to the slavery agitation. Mr. Lincoln's greatest work, gentlemen, was in the preservation of the Union. Do you not remember in 1863 what a bitter letter he received from Horace Greeley, published in the New York *Tribune* as an open letter to the President, in which Greeley called him "an opportunist"? Mr. Lincoln replied to it—and I want to give you exactly his reply; and, therefore, you will allow me to read that reply. It is one of the suggestive utterances of his life. He replied:

> As to the policy I seem to be pursuing, I have not meant to leave anyone in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be the Union as it was. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless at the same time they could destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object is to save the Union and not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. If I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it.

Then he added:

> I am ready to accept new views as soon as they are proved to be true views.

I do not mean here to minimize the title of the "great emancipator." I simply mean that the one supreme purpose of his career was to preserve the Union. This does not and should not detract from his achievement as the leader who, by the stroke of his pen, lifted a race out of human chattelhood into the atmosphere of American citizenship. But that achievement was destined to take place; if not by his hand, then by another's. The institution of slavery was indicted by the civilization of the centuries and had to succumb. However, this could not be said of the preservation of the Union. The greatest single achievement in the history of civil government in the world is the preservation of republican form of government. Since the close of the Civil War this idea has spread over the world like the waters cover the sea. There is not a single country that is not feeling the mighty impulses for self-government, the finest example of which is our own republic. In fixing Lincoln's place in history, it will not be so much the emancipator of a race, as the savior of a nation and republican government on the earth. Both of these accomplishments demanded the best talent of head and heart.

When he was criticized for the appointment of Stanton, who had not supported him, a friend said to him, "Why, Stanton has not been in your favor." Mr. Lincoln said, "That is no matter. I met him down in Cincinnati in a lawsuit where I tested his mettle, and I know his power." And then the interested party said, "But you are the first President of a new party, and you would have a splendid opportunity to build up a political organization." Members of Congress listen to Lincoln in reply: "We will save the Union first and build a party out of what is left." That is another element of statesmanship, it seems to me.

* * *

On the other hand, notice the humor. May I give you an incident that Dana gave me? Lincoln was pestered with office seekers, strange to say, in that day as we are not so much(?) in this. These office seekers came from every place. One day Mr. Lincoln saw three men coming up the walk toward the White House. At the time he seemed in exceptional spirits with humor bubbling over. Lincoln was looking out of the window. He said, "Dana, look. Those three men have been here before. This is the third or fourth time they have come. They want an office. I do not know even where it is. I do not know whether it is in Missouri or Illinois. It would not make any difference whether Tom, Dick, or Harry had it. It will not pay over $180 a year." Dana urged him not to receive them, when Lincoln replied, "Oh, yes, I will receive them." About that time the man whose duty it was to announce callers to the President came in and told him there were three men from the West who wanted to see him, and asked what he should say to them. Lincoln said, "Bring them in and let them sit down here." I wish I could tell this story as Dana told it, but I cannot. Dana said the three men came in and took their seats, and Mr. Lincoln, after greeting them, said to them, "Excuse me, gentlemen, until I finish a story I was telling Dana." He had not been telling any story at all, but he began: "I think I was about thirteen years old. Our fashion was to meet in Sunday-school, where we would read sometimes in the Old Testament and sometimes in the New. On this particular day we were reading in the Old about the three Hebrew children. In that class we always would stand in line; the first boy would read and then the next, and if anybody made a mistake the fellow next to him would correct him, turn him down, and go up. There was one fellow in the class, about as tall as I was, who never had learned to read, and he always stood at the foot. (Just excuse me, gentlemen, in a few minutes I will be through with this.) When it came this fellow's turn to read, he read something like this, holding his finger on the page to keep the place, and reading in a loud, monotonous tone, hesitating on every word: 'And—a—part—of—the—kingdom — was — to — be — ruled —over — by— by — by——' 'Well,' said the teacher, 'read on, read on.' 'By — Meshach, — Shadrach, — and — Abed-nego.' (Just excuse me, gentlemen, in a few minutes I will be through.) Then the next boy read, and then the next one, and it came around to this boy at the foot again, and the teacher said to him, 'Read that fourteenth verse.' It was the same verse. So he read the same verse again, and in the same hesitating way: 'And — a — part — of — the — kingdom — was — to — be — ruled — over — by — by — by ——well, if there don't come them same three gol durned fools again.' "

The leader said, "Mr. President, we will come some time when you are not so busy." As soon as they were out, Lincoln said to Dana, "Didn't we fetch 'em this time?"

If you link the quality of humor, which is always present, to the other quality of pathos, which was instinctive with him, you have the element in combination that made him the leader of men. It would be easy to illustrate the two qualities by the great number of incidents similar to these I have mentioned in his life.

I think Abraham Lincoln was indeed a man of the people, one among the people, and in sympathy with the people beyond any man in our history. I do not think any man can come to his shoulders in this attribute if measured by what he said, by what he did, by what he really was in that respect. When a man said to him, "The people will go wrong on this matter," he replied, "Intellectually, probably they may; morally, never." The collective wisdom expressed in morals is always better than individual wisdom. "In the multitude of counsel there is safety," said he, quoting it from the Good Book. I could give you numerous suggestions falling from his lips, expressions like these: "God must have loved the common people, for He made so many of them." "You can fool all of the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time." You know people have said it was Barnum who said that. It was not. It was Lincoln. It is Lincolnian. He believed in the people. In other words, he did not think the Government was going to the bow-wows if attempts were made at some innovation, or changes were inaugurated in the interest of the public. He never failed to see the distinction between an attempt to suppress public opinion and to direct public opinion. The first is unwise; the second is rational. He fearlessly indicted the cowardice of such procedure. After the fugitive slave law was made a part of the Compromise of 1850, both of the leading platforms, Whig and Democratic, declared that the Compromise was the settlement of the slavery issue and forbade its further discussion. Lincoln knew such cowardice was like resolving the tide should cease to flow. Our business is to direct public opinion in the right channels, and not to attempt to suppress it. That was Lincolnian.

* * *

I close with this suggestion: As Mr. Lincoln was closing his career, he was more concerned about the Reconstruction of

UNION PACIFIC

A little over a hundred years ago all west of the Alleghenies belonged to France, Spain and No Man.

Even in 1850 there were about 100,000 people in the Union Pacific territory. Today there are 10,000,000. Shacks have become skyscrapers. The desert has been made to bloom. Western industries serve the world.

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It was Lincoln who urged the construction of an east and west railway. He insisted that the Government help to build it, "not only as a military necessity"—as Gen. Dodge had said—"but as a means of holding the Pacific Coast to the Union."

From this ideal of a United Republic came the name: Union Pacific.

Since the reorganization of this national railway in 1897, over $269,700,000 have been invested in improvements—the debt of $60,000,000 to the Government has been paid in full—and the whole people have benefited.

In these 48 years the West has won prosperity. The states have won solidity. The Union Pacific has won the public's gratitude.

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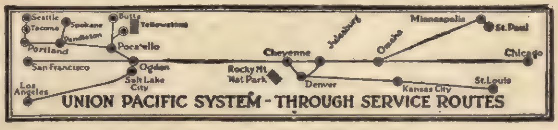

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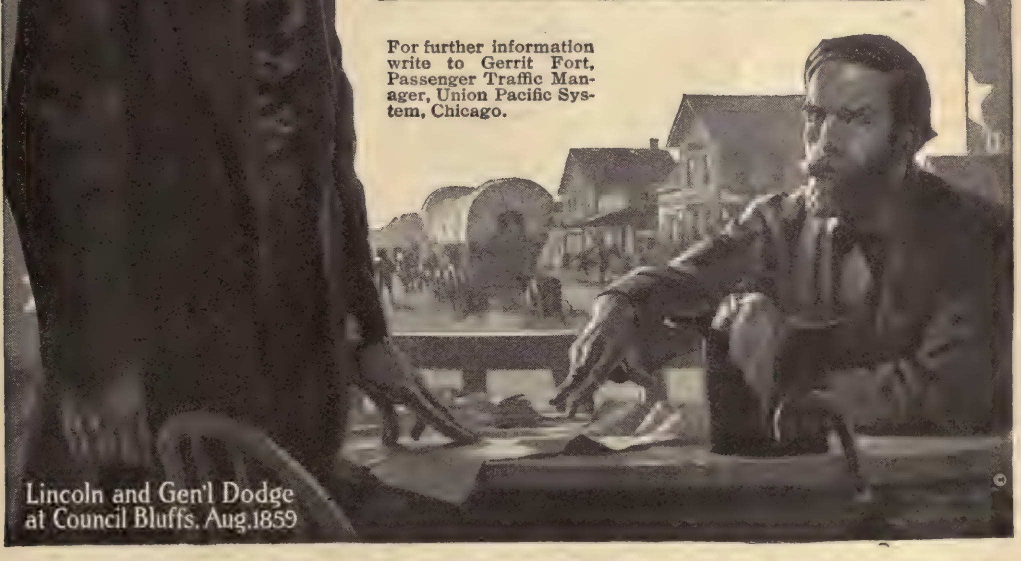

Lincoln and Gen'l Dodge at Council Bluffs. Aug. 1859 the Seceded States than any other one subject. He made his last speech from the Executive Mansion on the 11th of April. He spoke about Reconstruction, and said that that was one of the things that had most deeply impressed his heart during all these years, and then he said, in substance:

> Let us not now enter into a controversy as to whether the States are in the Union or out of the Union. That question can only have the mischievous effect of dividing our friends. We all admit that the States are out of their practical relations with the Union. Let us strive to reinstate the relation as it existed before the war, and when that is done, then let us each one alone take pleasure, if there is any pleasure in it, in seeing whether they were ever away from home. Finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad. Let us not bring that up now, for it can only end in mischief.

To the South he said:

> It may be my duty to make some new announcement to the people of the South.

That announcement was never made. Four days later the bullet of the assassin closed his lips forever, and he was not to make an announcement on that or any other great subject. But the one situation he yearned so much to see adjusted was the preservation of the Union as it had been before 1861. His death removed the one insurmountable obstacle to the success of radical measures in Reconstruction. As I once said before, his rare magnanimity, illumined by an intellect equally rare, peculiarly fitted him to pilot the ship through the rough breakers that hugged the shore of nationality as he had safely brought it through the stormy Civil War. He was broad enough to know that too much national prerogative was despotism, and too much State rights might lead to anarchy among the States. I want to say that when the bullet of the assassin laid him low, the best friend the South had in authority had fallen. Jefferson Davis said that next to the fall of the Confederacy the death of Lincoln was the greatest stroke the South ever received.

What a beautiful thing it is to contemplate the change of attitude toward him.

Then, the people were divided. Today, fifty years after, our differences, born in the heat of a great national issue that precipitated war, are no more. His name is spoken in reverence by a reunited nation, whose finest product is embodied in the great war President.

His yearning for the cessation of strife was in his every impulse. When the scene of Appomattox had passed, no one was so happy over the prospects of a return to peace as he.

But in a moment of rejoicing all was changed. Another tragedy was to be added to the series of tragedies. It was not his to live to see the fruits of the war, and to so guide its reconstruction as to rebuild safely with the highest honor to all our people. No. It was his to die. He was surrounded by friends, including his official family, as his spirit went home to its God, with whom it had kept so closely throughout the dark hours of civil war.

Stanton, at the head of the bed, now virtually the head of the nation, Seward having been attacked in his sick room, broke the silence of death when he said, "Now he belongs to the ages."

The next day the great Secretary, who had so often differed from his great chief, looked upon his face now asleep in death, and pointing his hand toward him said, "There sleeps the mightiest man that ever ruled a nation."

It was thus left to one of his critics, who differed with and yet loved him, to pass the highest encomium upon him.

In my judgment Abraham Lincoln is the truest type of the American statesman, the broadest in comprehension, the sweetest in disposition, the deepest in humanity of secular history. And now as we are facing today as great problems as ever faced him in his day, let us renew our obligations to our common country by pledging ourselves in his words our last full measure of devotion in the hope that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

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Author of
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"All that now remained for him to do was to keep rowing—to fight off the numbing cold and the overmastering desire to sleep, till daylight came, then lash an oar upright in the dory's bow with his undershirt flying from it for a signal of distress—and then he might lay down and sleep—sleep—sleep—for weeks and months and years. He had lost all track of time and tide by now, and was rowing only to keep awake and keep from freezing till the break of dawn. North, south, east, west—it did not matter which way he headed now, so he let the dory swing to the set of the tide and rowed blindly on"

—Illustrating "A FISHER-KNIGHT," page 853

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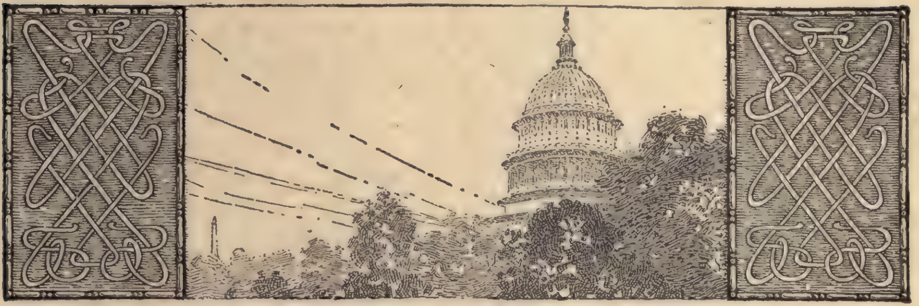

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WITH the stormy, vigorous winds of March comes the exposure of German plots nurtured at the embassy of the German Imperial Government at Washington. The United States has awakened to a realization of how its friendly tolerance has been abused. The facts, as given out by the President when the bill was presented to Congress asking for full powers to meet the situation, have aroused the nation. There was a ringing response in the halls of Congress to Uncle Joe Cannon's speech—"We may follow the teachings of the Master and turn the other cheek, but as the old negro said, 'the third cheek is enough.'" The country is a-quiver as more facts are being gathered by the Secret Service. Every newspaper man, every public official and every citizen, is on the alert.

THE integrity of the United States, of the Union itself, is imperiled. The generous spirit of America has been woefully misinterpreted by the Imperial Government, and another bungle added to their diplomatic history. The sinking of the Laconia aroused anew the feelings rife at the time of the Lusitania murder. Basic principles of individual liberty are as much an issue today as in 1776. That is why Patrick Henry's speech will be re-read and repeated with added meaning, and renewed emphasis, as applied to the present situation. The Revenue bill has been passed, and America is ready to act. Even the faith of German-born American citizens in the good intent of the Fatherland's dealings with the United States is shaken. The inauguration of 1917 was brightened with a united American spirit. It also inaugurated a firm and determined purpose among the American people to preserve, at all costs, individual liberty and humanity and the purposes of civilization. Our hour of emergency is approaching, and every true citizen feels that he is ready for the call.

ON the street cars in Washington I watched people reading that telegram from Hoy about his mother and sister slain on the Laconia. I could see a glint of fire in the eyes, a setting of the lips and a frown on the brows. It takes only a small spark to transform the tolerance and general admiration for Germany into a flame of distrust. Footsteps in the Capitol corridors—of Senators, Representatives, and visitors alike—seem to echo the refrain: "Get-ready—get-ready—get-ready." Every true American is thinking of what he can and will do if war comes. It is now a question of internationalization rather than nationalization that will mark a momentous movement in history.

If Germany, or any other country, has interpreted the tolerant policies of the United States as fear, they may find out their mistake in an answer that cannot be misunderstood.

MAILS in the War and Navy departments are heavy with letters, containing not mere idle words, but practical suggestions from traveling men, from working men and other close observers. It is a thrilling evidence of national unity. The American people have decided that if there is to be a game of "I-spy" going on, it might be as well to have two parties in the transaction to carry on the play. The words and actions of the Germans during the past few years are now viewed in their true light, and they are remembered, as "the Maine" was "remembered" in '98.

History may yet chronicle the events of today leading to a repetition of the downfall of empires, recording the rise and fall of the German Empire, based on the one thing that has led to ruin and destruction. When a nation loses the integrity of its word and the confidence of man, the result is inevitable. Every hour is momentous—the nation is putting its house in order. From President to private citizen, every man and woman, boy and girl, feel that there is a responsibility to shoulder that will not be shirked.

SOCIAL functions have been frequent at many of the legations and embassies this winter. The hostess of Costa Rica is Miss Angela Castro, sister of Minister Castro Quesada. Dr. Rafael H. Elizalde is the newly appointed minister from Ecuador to the United States and Cuba. The new Belgian minister, Baron Emil de Cartier de Marchienne, who was in Washington several years ago as first secretary of the Belgian legation, will soon arrive to take the place of E. Havenith. He has been minister to Peking, and is regarded as one of the world's leading diplomats. The Belgian legation, with its Flemish decorations, furnishes an eloquent glimpse of the old world, and contains many paintings and relics that have escaped the ravages of war.

The Bulgarian minister, Mr. Stephan Panaretoff, has been kept busy these days since the rupture between the United States and Germany, trying to determine the status of his country as an ally of Germany. When he passed Mr. L. Mihailovitch, the new Serbian minister, there was no recognition. Mr. Mihailovitch has just arrived, and is the first accredited representative from Serbia to this country. This little country, where the war blaze started, is one of the two Balkan states represented at Washington. The most-talked-about member of the diplomatic circle these days is Dr. Paul Ritter, minister from Switzerland, who is in charge of all the records and negotiations of the German imperial government. Dr. Ritter is a German Swiss, and German is the most familiar language at the Swiss legation. Madame Ritter is considered one of the most handsome women of the diplomatic set, and she has already made the Swiss legation a popular center of hospitality in Washington.

Social activities have by no means been confined to the diplomatic circle. Mrs. Rufus Day, daughter-in-law of Justice Day of the Supreme Court, has made the home of Justice Day the scene of many distinguished gatherings, which recalls the fact that Judge Day was one of the peace commissioners at Paris who concluded the Spanish-American war.

MRS. RUFUS DAY
Daughter-in-law of Justice Day of the Supreme Court

THE sturdy sailor who stood at attention before the picture of Perry at Lake Erie in the Capitol corridor was Captain Roald Amundsen, of Norway, discoverer of the South Pole. He enjoyed exploring the Capitol that day. An enthusiastic reception was given him at the University Club in Washington, where he was an honor guest. Captain Amundsen refused the funds offered him by Norway for his trip, insisting that the country needed all its resources now for war emergencies. Since the war began, interest in the discovery of the poles has been confined chiefly to scientists, for popular attention is now absorbed in looking for peace.

Captain Amundsen genially remarked, "The North and South Pole are at least immune from conquering armies." One member of the party told me he was going to find the point that was exactly the east pole and west pole, because he felt it would be more valuable as a tourist resort than the Poles hidden in seas of icebergs, where everything was all south or all north.

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THE CAPITOL ILLUMINATED FOR THE SECOND INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT WILSON

It was a rainy March 4 when President Wilson took his oath of office in private in his room at the Capitol at noon. Immediately after, he left the Capitol for the White House. On the next day, March 5, he took the oath of office in public at the Capitol and delivered the inaugural address. The inaugural parade was most notable and was reviewed by the President and Mrs. Wilson from the Court of Honor in front of the White House. It was a giant parade, and was watched by thousands of people, some of whom saw it from the tops of trees in the Capitol grounds. Pre-inauguration weather in Washington this year was far from cheerful. Tho the illumination at the Capitol was better than ever before, constant rain and fog on the nights when it was lighted prior to March 5 prevented early visitors from seeing the full power and beauty of the lighting. The scene above is characteristic of Washington's appearance for five nights before the inauguration. Note the reflection of the dome in the wet streets

WHEN even the remote prospect of a war cloud appeared, American ingenuity was bursting its bounds. One ardent patriot urged that all private yachts and motor boats be used for hunting submarines. His idea was to put four or five men on these boats; in fact, to arm everything that would float, and keep other motor boats in reserve, such as the one in which Mrs. Vernon Castle escapes in that wonderful moving-picture serial, "Patria." With this plan, he insists it will not be long until the seas will be cleared of submarines. But what about the mines—those great, big, kettle-like contrivances with their death-dealing contents, floating here, there and everywhere, no one knows where not?

Another man has declared that he has invented a device by which he can draw a dead line thirty miles off shore, and any ship seeking to pass it will be destroyed. He also has a safety equipment for water craft which, he says, will keep anything from a row-boat to a battleship afloat, even with big holes torn in them by torpedoes, mines, or rocks.

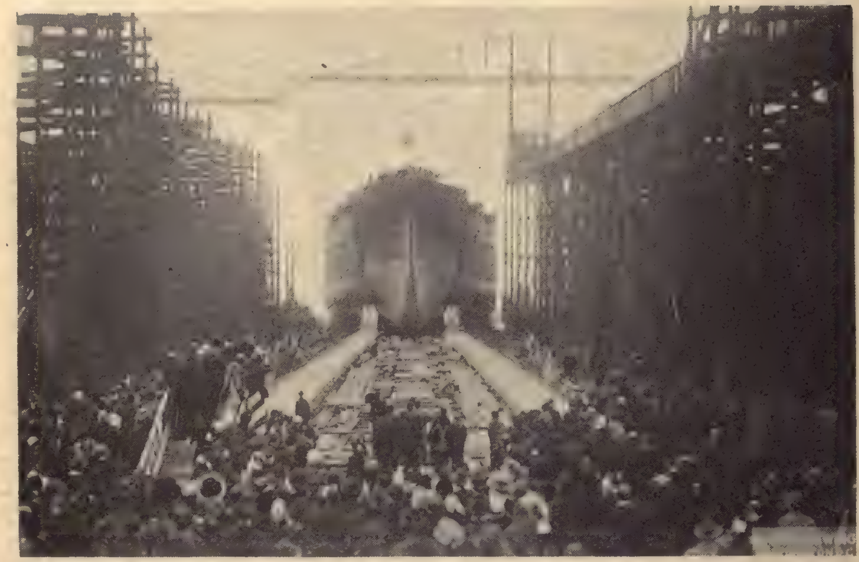
THERE was a time when it was a mark of distinction to have a telephone, but now, with the plethoric party line and its "ring twenty-three" or "fifty-seven," the only mark of distinction left is the private number. Some people think the use of the private number should be outlawed in Washington, for many M. C.'s still do not permit their names to be enrolled in the telephone book, where the insistent and persistent constituent can find them. And even those who are listed in the telephone directory have a way of leaving instructions that they are "out for a walk" or "in a conference."

MISS HELEN VOYTYCH
A youthful and enthusiastic American violinist, who has recently returned to the United States after a successful tour in South America. She found that country as appreciative of good music as the continent of Europe, and believes that artists in all lines will profit by having become acquainted with the Western Hemisphere, since Europe has been cut off. She has toured the continent of Europe as well as the United States a number of times in her five years of concert work. Miss Voytych is of Polish-German extraction and was born in Michigan

One newspaper man, however, was determined not to be ousted. He had called up a Congressman, and was told that the gentleman was out. Going to the 'phone again, he gave his name as private secretary to Mr. So-and-So—

a man whom the aforesaid Congressman wanted to reach. The ruse worked splendidly, and when the newspaper man had the man he wanted on the wire, he said:

"No, it's not So-and-So. It's me, and I have a little pride left, even at the other end of a telephone wire. When you want nice things sent to the home papers, you will find it will require several calls before you can reach me—I will take a walk or be in conference and keep you waiting at the other end of the line, and see how you like it. A distinction is all right, but the man who gets away from the reach of the telephone soon gets out of touch with public life—" He was interrupted; the Senator could stand no more, and he cooed in the receiver, for he happened to think of a dispatch about public matters which would be awaited with bated breath by the citizens of his state.



LAUNCHING OF THE MISSISSIPPI

Uncle Sam's newest and biggest dreadnaught was launched January 25, at Newport News. When completed she will have cost fifteen million dollars, and will be manned by 1,056 officers and men

Some Senators have hours when they are in for telephone calls as well as other hours when they are in to receive guests. While, of course, their time must be scheduled, the day has not arrived when a Representative or Senator, or one who loves to call himself a statesman, can hide in the seclusion of a private number, when his ear is itching all the time to hear the rumble of public sentiment, for the public sooner or later "get his number."

THE third Mississippi that has been launched for the United States Navy has slid down the ways and for the first time the waves of the ocean have lapped her mighty sides. The first was the one on which the late Admiral Dewey fought in the Civil War; the next was sold to Greece; and now the title of the largest ship in the navy properly bears the name of the Father of Waters, the longest river in the world.

As the throngs gathered to view the launching of America's latest and largest dreadnaught, I recalled Longfellow's immortal lines:

> Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
> Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
> Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
> Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
> Are all with thee—are all with thee!

When completed, this ship will have cost fifteen million dollars, and will be manned by 1,056 officers and men. With a speed of twenty-one knots, she will be one of the fastest boats in any navy. The presence of Secretary of the Navy Daniels made it an event of more than passing importance.

SECRETARY DANIELS AND THE SPONSORS OF THE MISSISSIPPI
(*Left to right*) Miss Camille McBeath, who christened the Mississippi; Secretary Daniels, Misses Ann White Hall and Zella Smith. All the young ladies are from Meridian, Mississippi

AT the Capitol, in the hall of the House of Representatives, when the President read his message, breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany, the countenances of the Congressmen bore a look of gravity seldom seen since the days of the Spanish War. Every phase and feature of the possibilities had been discussed. As the President delivered the words severing relations with the German Empire, there was almost a hush in the room, and the burst of applause that followed was irresistible. It was a sober moment, and yet there was evident a feeling of exultation in the fact that American rights had prevailed and that American spirit had asserted itself in the challenge of the Imperial Government on the highway of the seas.

Effects of the message were felt all over Washington. Everyone in the vicinity of the Army and Navy Building, Navy Yards and White House was given inspection. Passports were no longer issued. I went to Jackson Park about nine o'clock, and looked over at the White House where the President had heard the news of the torpedoing of an American ship two hours before delivering the message to a joint session of Congress.

Guards had been stationed at the gates, tho the Suffrage sentinels had retired for the night. Even the newspaper men had to go around the side way to get to the Executive Offices, where lights were kept burning all night. Telegraph operators and guards were there, while messenger boys were coming in battalions with telegrams to deliver to the President, expressing the appreciation and suggestions of his hundred million constituents.

Telephones were ringing more insistently than ever, and for the first time Washington people were that night cut off from communication with the rest of the world, for all the telephone and telegraph lines were taken over by the Government.

Even the German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, who had seen the newspaper boys that afternoon as he heard the news, could not telephone from the city. When he was told the news, he appeared saddened, and yet he said he expected it to come. The busy activities of the German Embassy have ceased; it is now as if it did not exist. Matters were turned over to Dr. Paul Ritter, the Swiss Minister, and Count von Bernstorff, for the first time in many years, found himself simply a private citizen of Germany. He left America for Germany soon after diplomatic relations between the two countries were severed, with assurances of safe conduct, which would be appreciated by other ocean voyagers.

COUNT J. H. VON BERNSTORFF

Former German Ambassador to the United States, to whom President Wilson recently handed his passports. The Count and his party left the United States on Wednesday, February 14, on the Steamer Frederik VIII, sailing from New York. The boat stopped first at Halifax, for examination. The German official party will disembark at Copenhagen. It is the opinion of Count von Bernstorff that "the submarine campaign is bound to increase in intensity as the weather gets warmer"

ALL the lights in the Navy Department were blazing that night; they were even studying plans for the new Zeppelin, which it is said may be of the exact measurements of the German super-Zeppelin recently brought down in Essex, England. The American dirigible will doubtless show several features of Germany's latest model, with at least one great American improvement. Count Zeppelin's secret in building the dirigibles for this war has been in the construction of the aluminum framework. Now American engineers are determined to outdo in producing even finer aluminum alloys, so that the very stuff of which modern cooking utensils are made is now used in making the initial fleet of American dirigibles. Engineers have computed that it is possible to take at least a thousand pounds off the weight of an automobile by the use of lynite, the new aluminum alloy that will probably revolutionize aerial construction.

COUNTESS J. H. VON BERNSTORFF
Wife of Count J. H. von Bernstorff, former Ambassador to the United States from Germany. The United States is the native land of the Countess, she having been before her marriage Jeanne Luckemeyer of New York

JUST eighty-seven years ago, in January, Daniel Webster delivered his famous reply to Hayne. This was the address that Carl Schurz declared was "a glorious speech, which holds the first place among the monuments of American oratory." The peroration of the speech delivered in 1830 has been recited by millions of school boys over the country, and never fails to serve as a harbor of refuge for the hapless orator reaching out for his climax. There was a ring about the words, when the great Webster arose to full height, and in his sonorous voice declared: "When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let his last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty First and Union Afterward,' but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, 'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'" This is a dream fully realized.

ABDUL HAK HUSSEIN BEY
Generally referred to as Hussein Bey, *charge d'affaires* of the Turkish Embassy. For the past two years he has been in charge of the Embassy, following the retirement of Rustum Bey, the ambassador

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THE tremor of wartime is felt at the White House, where letters and telegrams, passing in as if shot from a gun, keep the force working day and night. The Suffrage sentinels, with their flaunting banners, stand guard with the policemen at the closed iron gates. For the first time since the Spanish-American War the White House grounds and the Army and Navy Departments are closed to all visitors except those having cards. The vigilance of the Secret Service was never more keen. Even lady visitors at the Congressional Library must have their muffs inspected to see that there are no bombs being carried within. In the Senate and the House of Representatives, cards are required for visitors calling to see the members of Congress in person.

War news is rather tame since Count von Bernstorff left the German Embassy. Minister Ritter of Switzerland carries on the customary interchange of notes for Germany. The war tension does not appear to be straining matters, in spite of large headlines. In both wings of the Capitol there seems to be a feeling that the War and Navy Departments are equal to the situation, and are quietly and guardedly developing a manner and means of defense that will reflect still further to the glory of American initiative and genius.

Grim irony is indicated in the fact that Germany should rely upon using that American invention—the submarine—as a trump card against us in case of war. The bomb guns with which the English have conquered the Zeppelins is the work of a Yankee. Aeroplanes are also American inventions, to say nothing of machine guns. The general opinion is that a country which can furnish such armament for foreign lands, will certainly be able to care for itself. The old stories of the Monitor and the intrepid Paul Jones with his avalanche broadsides have aroused latent enthusiasm in the navy, which finds its expression in ways that may not be recorded in the current news. When Hobson called for volunteers to go into the mined harbor of Santiago, five hundred young Americans responded to the call. Who shall say that there would not be the same response today? The naval budget recently launched has never before been equaled in the history of the country. It went sweeping over from the House to the Senate like a war tank at accelerated speed. The war talk that has been going the rounds and the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany seem to speed up, rather than retard the regular legislative routine.

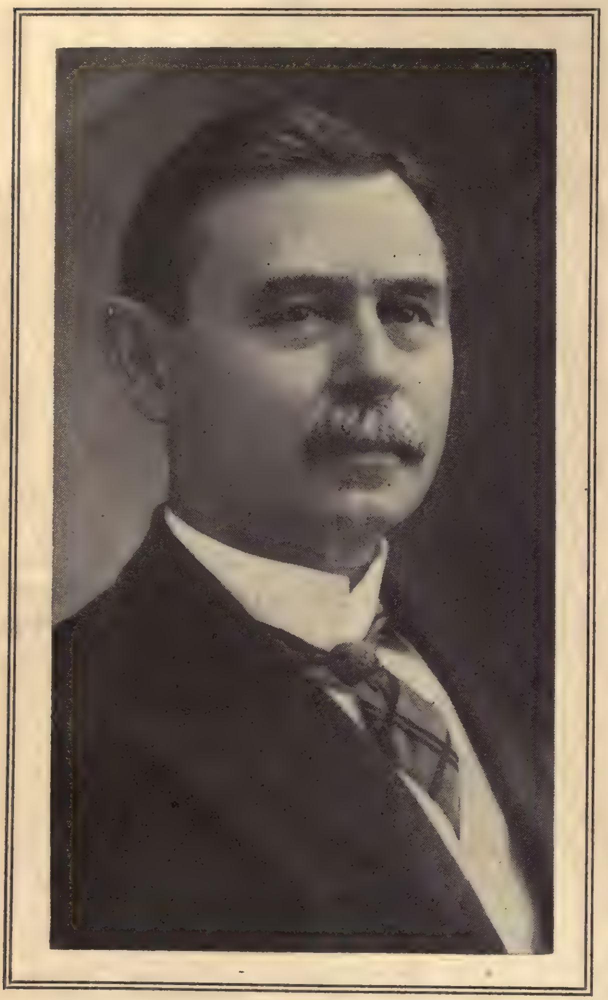
HUGE horn-rimmed spectacles have come back again, and even staid Senators in Washington have "gone in" for the massive effect in eye glasses. Down in the Hermitage Museum at Nashville, Tennessee, are the horn-rimmed "specs" of Old Hickory—President Andrew Jackson. The ear pieces were not curved as they are today, but ran out straight, exactly like the shafts of a buggy. The present-day variety are rather an improvement, but are yet ugly enough to be properly imposing. I hear that Colonel George Harvey has laid aside the horn spectacles he wore when predicting presidential results A.D. 1916.

DURING the last month there has been a deeper interest in the work of the American Red Cross than ever before. The record that has been made in the past years is one that speaks for the generous emotions and purposes of the American people in aiding those distressed in foreign wars. In the history of the world there has never been a nation that has poured out aid in money and service as is recorded in the annals of the Red Cross. With the war clouds threatening, the work seems to have even a more serious interest, with prospective duties closer at home.

With the distribution of $2,007,584.62, and of supplies valued at $978,309.54, among the Allied Powers and the Central Powers, from August 6, 1914, to September 30, 1916, the Red Cross has been busy, and has made a most equitable distribution of the contributions received. Besides these figures are the services of doctors and nurses who have borne the hardships and dangers of the battle-fields and the trenches in rendering their assistance.

During the first months of the war, the Red Cross devoted itself entirely to military relief, its greatest work being the sending of hospital units, each consisting of three surgeons and twelve nurses, to Austria-Hungary, Belgium, France, England, Germany, Russia and Serbia. When Serbia was swept with an epidemic of typhus, Dr. Richard P. Strong, at the head of a sanitary expedition, successfully battled against desperate odds. This expedition was financed jointly by the Red Cross Association and the Rockefeller Foundation.

It is almost heartrending to read the appeals that come to the headquarters in Washington. From Syria and Armenia come stories of starvation and terrible suffering. The service of the American Red Cross has provided clearing houses in various countries abroad, and free service on all supplies is given by the French railroads. Every resource that can be commanded is taxed to look after the Syrian and Serbian relief, and especially the care of tuberculosis patients and convalescents in Switzerland.


F. M. SIMMONS
Senior Senator from North Carolina. Chairman of the Finance Committee

The piteous appeals coming every day for aid from the Red Cross indicate the changing and shifting of the tides in the fortunes of war. The recent campaign for membership has resulted in enlisting the interest of many thousands of Americans.

EVEN in the glorious days of cub reporting, it seemed that many times I dropped in at the right moment to gather a bit of news. Calling to pay respects to Speaker Clark, I found him penning a telegram in answer to the one announcing the arrival of Champ Clark Thompson, his first grandson. The news was announced in the House by Leader Mann, and the Speaker was given quite an ovation when he first appeared in the role of grandfather.

A comradelike spirit in the House has marked Speaker Clark's administration. As he insisted—"I just won't let them fight. When they start in to shoot things up, I stop it, because I think better results can be obtained by going about matters in a sensible way." This change is accounted for by the Speaker because of the elimination of rancorous debates on the Civil War,

HON. CHAMP CLARK
Who wears easily the additional honor thrust upon him of grandfather. One of the most popular speakers of Congress

where there were always oratorical sharpshooters on either side, ready to take advantage of a scrap. The tariff has now become so prosy that no one pays much attention to it any more. The Speaker whimsically confessed that at one time he made a speech on the tariff that lasted five and a half hours, and contained enough stuff to fill a good-sized dictionary. There is something peculiarly positive in the way Speaker Clark presides, and yet back of it is a glow of genial humor and fairness. The Speaker had also received word that in Anderson County, Kentucky, where he was born, there was not an illiterate of any race or color over seven years of age; and that many people had learned to read and write as a result of the work of Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, Superintendent of Schools of Kentucky. Her work has done much to stimulate the attendance in night schools. When she began her campaign, there were 45,000 illiterates in Kentucky, and now there are only 20,000 remaining. She insists that it will be only a short time before this condition is remedied, and all will read, adding further glory to Lincoln's state.

The question as to whether Speaker Clark will resume the leadership on the floor of the House if the Republicans should organize the House and elect a Speaker is now discussed in connection with his possible nomination for President. Whatever may be the result, it is certain that he has "speakerized" good-fellowship in Congress with a change of the administrative affairs of the nation and never slipped a cog on grinding out the grist.

ABOUT the only thing that indicated party lines during the past month was the lively effort being made by the Republicans to organize the House. It was felt that this would be accomplished by an arrangement by which Representative Mann should remain Leader on the floor and Representative Lenroot be chosen Speaker. The House stands 215 Democrats and 215 Republicans, with the balance of power held by the five independents who were enabled to name Lenroot. In anticipation of this change, the President speeded up his Congressional program at a lively pace, realizing that his opportunity for party legislation had almost ended.

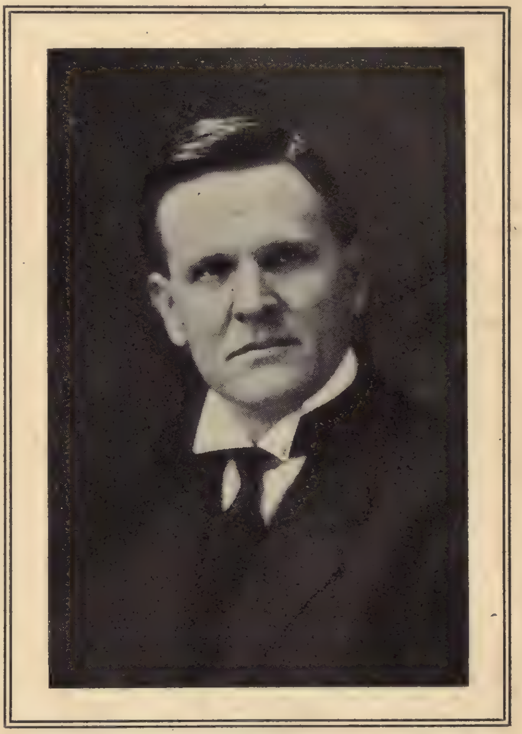
The Underwood bill still remains, but will probably be attacked by the Republicans early in the next Congress, with the hope of winning in the Senate and passing it up for the President to veto before his administration closes. The Underwood-Simmons bill is called by some "Uncle Sam's bill," and by others "Universal Sorrow." The new bill, called the Kitchin-Simmons bill, engineered by a North Carolina Senator and a North Carolina member of the House, has already been christened, before its birth, the "Kick and Soak bill." The country will be treated to more discussion and less legislation, with more light and less heat involved, as was proclaimed by one member, long before the President used the epigrammatic phrase.

Representatives-elect have been busy inspecting Washington during the last days of the session, looking over the ground and preparing to launch their legislative careers in the right environment, for it means much in Washington whether you live N.W., S.W., S.E. or N.E. It's a question of compass in the Capital.

When the cry was abroad in the land to sustain the hands of the President, one Congressman said that it would be well to sustain the hands of Congress, for war could not be declared without Congress passing legislation to provide for war—if war it should be.

The new arrangement of seats in the House of Representatives, eliminating the desks, has had a marked effect in bringing the Members closer together—altho it has not increased attendance. Some Representatives having been promoted to the Senate, there is an ambition in the House to learn how to deliberate. The personnel of the Sixty-fifth Congress will be an interesting study. The shifting of one man's standing and prominence in each Congress is like a baseball score. A term in the Senate is counted as a real test for the worth of a man. It is one place where it is impossible to put over "bunk" very long, for the measure of a man is soon taken when the toga is donned. The philosophy of life is included in Senatorial courtesy, for in that it is cited that the divergence of views is essential in understanding even one's own convictions. More interchange of opinion and friendly chats take place in the cloak rooms and on the different sides of the Senate, than in the old days when towering giants glared at each other across the aisle and indulged in forensic debate and keen satire.

ON the night the President severed diplomatic relations with Germany, I met Hudson Maxim. His eyes were flashing as they did at the time of the initial production of "The Battle Cry of Peace." He smiled grimly as he remarked: "What is the use of talking about neutrality? All the world is at war, mentally if not otherwise, and this thing has been brewing to come. It is a question of getting ready and preparing. I have been truly a prophet in the wilderness." He was on his way to the theatre. That night all Washington was at the theatre, but there was a sort of subdued seriousness in the faces, and even the laughter was less rollicking and carefree than in other days.



IRVINE L. LENROOT

Representative from Superior, Wisconsin, Speaker of the Sixty-fifth Congress if the Republicans organize the Congress. He represents the northernmost district of Wisconsin, and has made an enviable record in Congress

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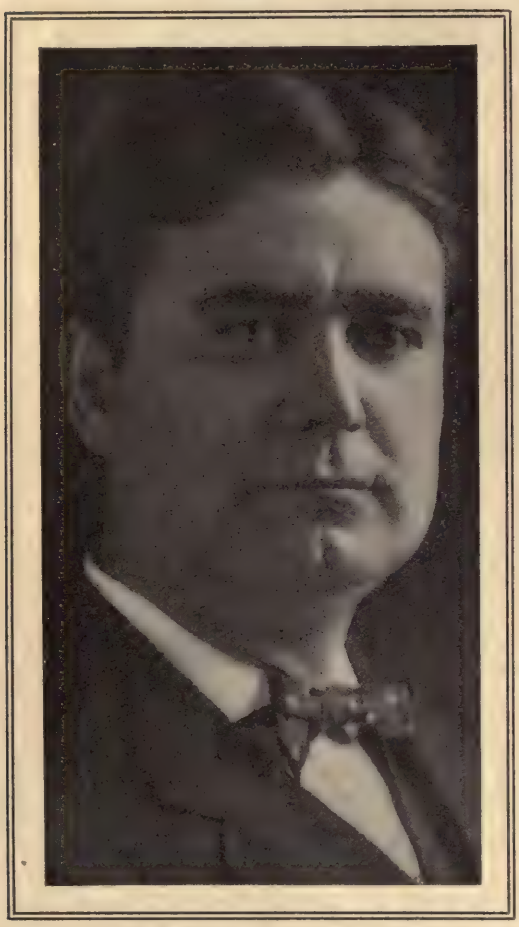
IN the gaudy glare of the Library of Congress, which at first impresses and later depresses with its wealth of ornate decoration, there is always something new to be seen. Under the strict command of "silence," I looked upon the smallest book in the world. It was not large enough to cover your finger nail, yet it contained, complete, the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" plainly legible under a strong glass. It was an illustration of the present-day impulse for compression, and the young lady living in a flat insisted that was just the kind of books they should have in their library. In these days of free expression, it seems as if the extreme of expansion goes along with it. With the typewriters come profligacy of words inherited from the verbosity of the conventionalities used for beginning a letter—"Yours of the 17th received," which is apparently ridiculous, because how could you answer a letter without receiving it? It must also be "Yours very truly." The new method is to omit the line for salutation and say, "Dear Brown, I will do this," or "I will not do it." If letters cost as much as telegrams, there might be more brevity in correspondence. Even the fifty-word temptation in the night letters has again stimulated prolixity. But, after all, those nice little words that seem useless are just as necessary as "How are you?" "Good-bye," and "Pardon me," so commonly heard.

The stilted formality of officialdom has been eliminated in recent diplomatic correspondence, which more and more partakes of the manner of business communications, for, after all, business is politics of one kind or another, and conversely all politics is business—national or individual.



SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH OF IDAHO
Counted one of the strong debaters in the Senate

IT involves no extensive inquiry among those associated in the United States Senate to elicit the information that one of the strong Senators, in the full prime of his powers and energies, is Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho. He is not only a ready and convincing debater, but knows his subject always. It is doubtful if any other man has given more time and attention to his senatorial duties from all angles than the sturdy young Senator from Idaho. Night or day, he continues all absorbed in those things pertaining to his work. He proceeds with the manner of a man who has a concrete case before him to get at facts and hammer out conclusions, always considering his constituents as clients. Is there a fresh new angle presented on a public question, it is likely to come from brief but forceful comment of the senior Senator from Idaho, who knows how to sprout ideas under glass in the senatorial hothouse, and yet give them the freshness of mountain and prairie.

THE annual meeting of the United States Chamber of Commerce has become an event of national interest. While the session this year was devoid of the usual spectacular features, the addresses indicated that the directors are doing some real directing, and that the machinery for getting at the business sentiment of the country is operating well. The chief feature of the meeting was the banquet on Friday night, at which former President Taft delivered an address giving a warning to Germany, that foreshadowed the decisive action taken by President Wilson, and indicated that the two successive Presidents were united in their ideas on the foreign situation.

BRAND WHITLOCK
United States Minister to Belgium, who has been facing international complications thick and fast during his entire term of office

"In spite of her great strength and marvelous efficiency," insisted Mr. Taft, "Germany's manifest weakness has been in a failure to understand other people and to appreciate the moral forces working in them. She may not know the spirit of the good-natured, tolerant, war-hating giant she would challenge. She may overestimate, as she has done before in the case of other nations, the influence of sordid motives, of the inertia of comfort and of dissentient elements among us, which she may expect, to paralyze our action. She may stir an active patriotism in our people which she does not suspect. She may shock us into a real preparation for war and the sacrifices it involves as nothing else can."

"Three years ago," said Secretary Redfield, "it did not matter so much whether somebody established an American business in Argentina or South Africa.

"Today somebody must establish those businesses in those countries or in others, or else the alternative may be that we shall lose our grip upon the reserves on which all our home credits depend, and these last may shrink and dry up. Men have not had the vision to see that the old has gone and the new has come, and with it new duties, new relations, new obligations, new opportunities, strange but compelling."

Among the foreign delegates present was Mr. Bernard J. Shoninger, of Paris, who predicted that nearly every nation will have to modify, if not revolutionize, its economic laws after the war. He urged co-operation in preparing an economic program which will meet any angle of expected competition in world markets. Never before in history have bankers realized what finance really means in co-operating with manufacture in extending trades and credits and studying sources of creating wealth as well as interest notes.

SENATOR J. HAMILTON LEWIS OF ILLINOIS
Still counted the classic debater of the Senate, and a most effective whip. Whenever he says "adjourn," adjourn it is

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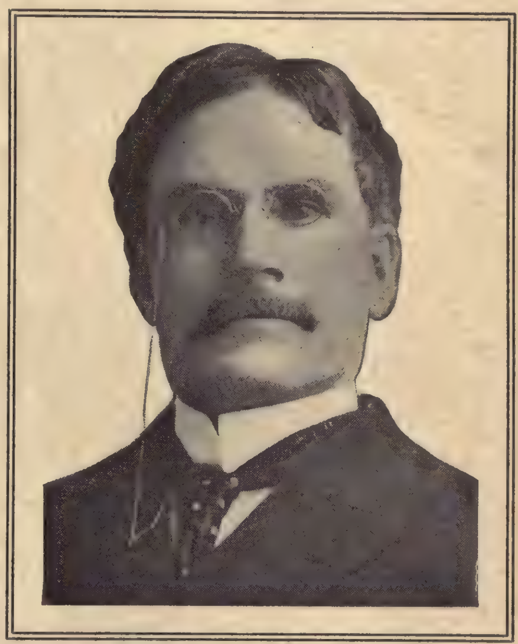
IT was a jolly day in the Senate. The afternoon sun was gleaming thru the glass roof where the coat of arms of the various states stood out like ornaments in a hotel lobby. The discussion involved a little joker sometimes known as an amendment.

Whether this amendment be segregated without mutilation, and whether a part of the segregation meant nullification—that was the question, whether! It brought up a point of order which was batted promptly down to the front row to Senator Gallinger, who began nodding knowingly and extemporaneously reciting precedents from 1820 to the present day. Senator Vardaman of Mississippi shook his long locks, and courageously supported the Postmaster General in his contention that the pneumatic tubes are useless in Boston and New York. Senator Martine differed, and pointed out that their elimination would be a disaster.

Testimony of the postmasters of New York and Boston was read by Senator Wadsworth of New York, from a document as long as a baseball bat, which, he fervidly threatened, was to play over the home plate later. The tube amendment seemed out of joint—it was batted around all the bases and even the presidential stick was unable to accomplish results. It came in for a broadside from all quarters, and Senator Lodge entered the fray with a look of wise disdain. Senator J. Ham Lewis approached for a conference. When the two handsome, whiskered Senators passed a nod, the cheerful little parliamentary side play was discontinued by a motion to adjourn.

It so happens that every time I am perched in my little corner of the Gallery something comes up of personal concern. This debate had to do with Boston and New York tubes and the dispatch of letters in the congested cities, which, in fact, affects every part of the country, for dispatch is dispatch whether at one end of the line or another. The remote rural resident is just as much in haste to get his goods as the city chap who buys them around the corner. The perfection of the mail service and express service has been a potent factor in building up a home market of greater extent than any other nation in history can show. The trails of the caravans across the Saharas, occupying weeks and months, do not span longer distances than the mail service of the United States, dispatched in tubes and fast trains in a single day. The Senate was complaisant in the matter, however, and finally decided to continue the pneumatic tube service in the five large cities—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis.



SENATOR JAMES E. MARTINE OF NEW JERSEY
Who has made a vigorous record during his term. It was his first public office, but his friends declare it will not be his last

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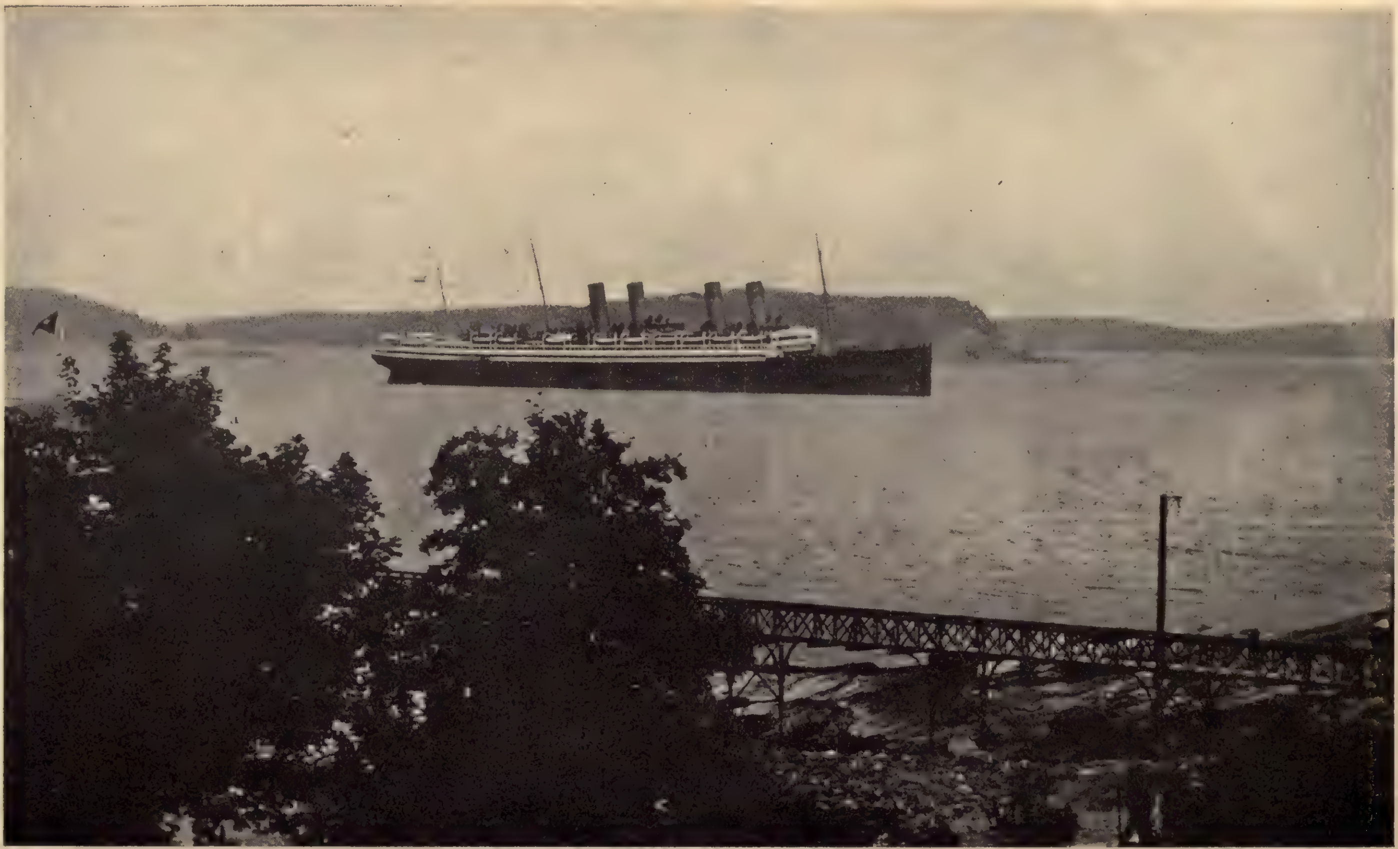
ON that same day a motion to suspend the rules and take up the increased cost on second-class mail matter was voted down, which means that this much-mooted question will lay over for another Congress to cope with. The evidence at the hearing brought out some glaring abuses of the second-class privilege, but these instances are scarcely weighed in the balance against the service this privilege means for the people. Magazine and newspaper publishers watched this legislation breathlessly, feeling sure that the case must eventually rest on its merits, because an increase in rates simply meant a direct increased tax on subscribers, with the curtailing distribution of legitimate contraband or pseudo literature sent out under the second-class news matter privilege. The paper mills have the first chance.

Altho the matter under discussion was second-class matter, magazine publishers will read the proceedings with a feeling that the favorable vote constitutes first-class matter. Senator John W. Weeks of Massachusetts was of the opinion that the newspapers and periodicals are sufficiently hard hit by the high cost of paper, without the fifty per cent increase in postage rates, as proposed by the Postmaster General. "At almost any other time," insisted Senator Weeks, "I would be very glad to see a reasonable increase made in carrying second-class mail matter, but I do not believe this is the time to place additional burdens upon an industry which is already suffering its share of the universal rise in the cost of materials without adequate means of off-setting this cost."



THE "TREASURE SHIP" KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE AT BAR HARBOR, MAINE, BEFORE LEAVING FOR BOSTON

WITH wars and rumors of wars, there come all sorts of reports. The law passed by Congress was counted especially stringent, but when evidences accumulate of work that has been done under the kindly but not watchful eye of Uncle Sam, it is no wonder that Congress was constrained to go to the extreme. It is said that early in the war interned ships were dismantled, tho the depredations were carefully covered up. If this had been proven, it would of itself have added to the complications. It would seem that the Germans expect America to trust them implicitly, and look the other way, no matter what they do. But there is a limit to patience and endurance. The prize ship Cecilie, which turned back with her treasure of gold and put in at Bar Harbor, Maine, lies now in Boston harbor, with her engines absolutely worthless. The idea in doing this was undoubtedly to prevent their being used in the event of war, except at a great expense, confidently expecting Uncle Sam to live up to international law and return to the German nation after the war its property intact.

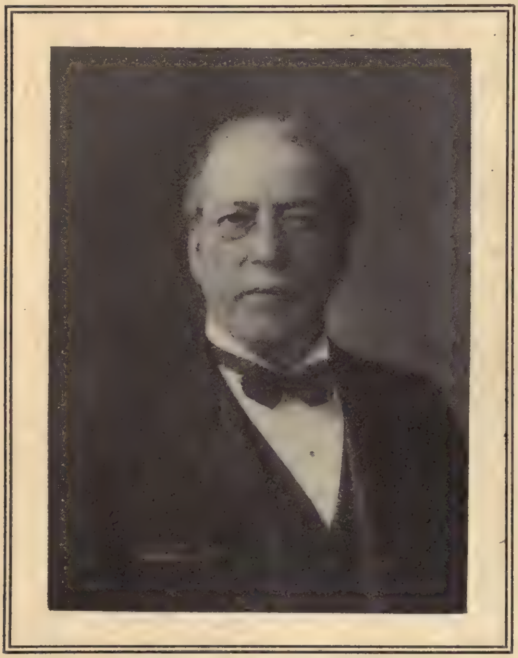
The Kronprinzessin Cecilie was one of the queens of the sea, and only a few years ago was crowded with happy tourists. What a contrast it presents now! The German boats, at the time of the outbreak of the war, were the most popular of excursion boats, and were largely patronized by Americans. In fact, American patrons had done much to build up the great resources of the Hamburg-American Line. Well do I remember in 1904 crossing with Herr Ballin, now the head of the Hamburg-American Line, and how he schemed on building up a big business for his line, and counted much on the terminals and connections in the United States of America.

* * *

A HALF hour before the Cabinet met, I wandered through the President's office, just to see how a Chief Executive runs his office. It was at the noon hour—or two o'clock, which is the noon hour in Washington. A bright fire burned in the grate in Secretary Tumulty's room. In the circular room occupied by the President, the carnations on his desk were reminiscent of the days of McKinley. On the desk was an accumulation of correspondence stacked several feet high, that resembled a railroad tracer bundle. There were photographs and books to be autographed and commissions to sign. In the little anteroom was the chair in which President Roosevelt used to be shaved at noon, and I noticed that the furniture in this room has been newly upholstered; the familiar old whisk broom that hung on the wall was gone.

In the Cabinet room ten chairs stood in stately array, and over the war maps had been placed green lights, showing that it is essential to study the new maps closely and minutely, at night as well as day. It was the day after Lincoln's birthday, and at that time it seemed particularly appropriate that no other portrait should adorn the Cabinet room but that of Abraham Lincoln. In the Secretaries' waiting room were pictures of the exhilarating days at Shadow Lawn, a pen drawing of the President, and an excellent photograph of President Wilson seated at his desk, signing papers, with Secretary Tumulty standing at his elbow. Over the clock was a bust of Thomas Jefferson. On the wall was a steel engraving of all the Presidents of the United States, with the last four larger than even George Washington and Andrew Jackson, which shows that importance, in this case, was not determined by precedence. The Cabinet now meets at 2.30 in the afternoon, instead of 11 o'clock, as has been traditional for many administrations past. The President has his golf and takes his recreation in the early morning hours.

ON the day that McKinley's birthday was celebrated in Washington, everyone wore a carnation. This day also marked another anniversary for Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and Mrs. Gompers celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on January 29. Their son, Samuel J. Gompers, also celebrated his silver wedding anniversary the day previous, but the song "Golden Slippers" prevailed that day in honor of his father and mother. The son is a bureau chief in the Department of Labor. Mr. Gompers was the recipient of many congratulatory telegrams from all parts of the country upon the event, and he gallantly insisted that his helpmate of fifty years was deserving of all the flowers that bloomed in Washington on that day. The celebration was altogether happy, and it was one day when Mr. Gompers relaxed from keeping his eye fixedly upon the legislation which he has persistently watched for many years in Washington.


SAMUEL GOMPERS
President of the American Federation of Labor

THERE were lively times over the confirmation of the appointment of Dr. Cary T. Grayson, the President's physician, to the rank of Rear Admiral.

The Progressives wanted to consider the question in open session, while the Democratic Senators forced a secret session, occasioning a great deal of excitement in both wings of the Capitol. Recently, another appointment was being fought in the House of Representatives, and a night session was called. The sergeant-at-arms appointed deputies to round up the members, and bring them in. Some were found at theaters, and some at their homes in bed, causing much excitement in Washington, for the rumor was abroad that war complications had arisen, and that Congress was to declare itself.

Imagine the surprise of the people when they read in the papers that all the *furore* concerned an appointment. During the time they were waiting for a quorum, the Representatives amused themselves by singing old tunes from "Heart Songs," led by Jacob Meeker of St. Louis. If there is anybody that is indispensable on the floor of the House when singing is in order, it is this same Jacob E. Meeker, with his booming baritone voice. They insist that Meeker is never meeker than when singing the old love ballads of his early days. One of the most popular men of the House, it is not strange that everybody likes Meeker, because he *is* likable. He was formerly a Congregationalist minister, but has always been known as a jolly good fellow, and the Congressional chorus would be incomplete without the sonorous voice of Meeker somewhere in the medley.

WHEN Frederick Funston, the young Kansas officer, swam a river in the Philippines and led the Kansas volunteers, he proved himself every inch a soldier. His career from that time on has been one of the most brilliant of any officer in the army. He was not a West Point graduate, but he had the true instincts of a soldier.

When Aguinaldo was to be captured, it was Frederick Funston who planned the campaign and made the capture. It was felt that if he had been given the same liberties on the Rio Grande as in the Philippines, he would have captured Villa. But the ways of officialdom at Washington perhaps interfered with another notable achievement in the record of General Funston. He heard his last bugle call on the Rio Grande, while serving his country.

THE LATE GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON

For years he has been carrying the strain of the situation as it exists on the borders of Mexico; with its red tape and intermingling of diplomacy, it has been more harassing to a soldier than actual war. He was beloved by the soldiers because he was one of them. As the funeral cortege passed the lines of soldiers, there was not a dry eye, as each man felt keenly and poignantly the passing of the chief. In the prime of life, at the early age of fifty-one, taps were sounded for Fred Funston, and the state of Kansas adds another famous name in American history to its honor roll.

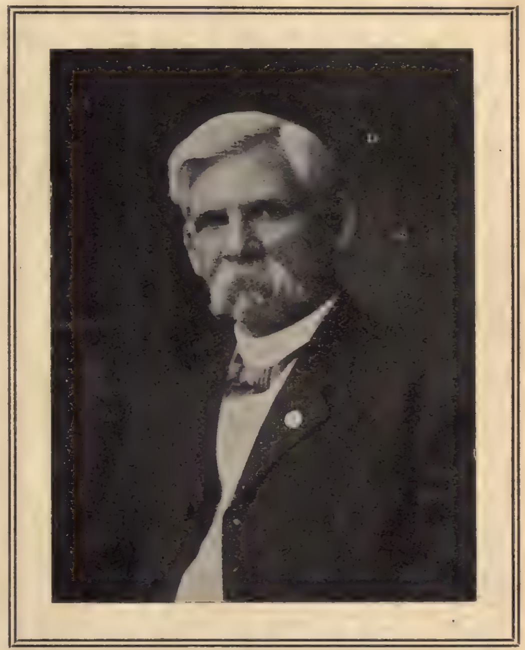
GENERAL MARIO G. MENOCAL
President of Cuba, who faced the turbulent conditions following the Cuban elections in the same courageous way in which he fought for the liberation of his country. Cuba has enjoyed unparalleled prosperity during his administration as president

A MOVEMENT has been launched to erect an obelisk at Fairview, Kentucky, the birthplace of Jefferson Davis. It is proposed to have it even higher than the Bunker Hill Monument, so that it can almost be seen from the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. The work was begun by General Bennett H. Young, honorary commander-in-chief of the Confederate veterans. General Young rode with Morgan during the Civil War, and was the leader of the famous St. Albans raid. He is president of the Kentucky Confederate Home. General Young from boyhood has been an admirer of Jefferson Davis. Brilliant, eloquent, and fearless, a magnetic leader of men, he is more sought as an orator than any living Confederate.

In a recent speech at Dallas, Texas, General Young paid a tribute to the service and devotion of Southern women:

"The task which confronted the Southern people at the end of the Civil War," he declared, "was a double one: first, to retrieve its broken fortunes; and second, to monumentalize its history and transmit its records to subsequent generations. To achieve the one, the sons of the South have wrought valiantly; and to accomplish the other, the daughters of the South have labored amazingly and are triumphing gloriously.

"More monuments to Southern valor have been erected upon Southern soil than have been set up in any other land to any other people. In this cause of preserving the heroic story of the South, and immortalizing its illustrious past, the Daughters of the Confederacy have equaled the devotion and loyalty of their mothers, who inspired and suffered thruout the fearful struggle of the sixties. Their task has been to preserve the name and the fame of the land, red with their fathers' blood and drenched with their mothers' tears. The handing down to posterity a correct history of the Southern people and their cause; the casting up of heaps of stone to mark the things that ought to be remembered with pride; the erection of monuments to point their fingers to a sky starred with Southern virtues; the defense of a story that was full of patriotism and glory, of lesson and inspiration—this was the task which the Daughters of the Confederacy laid upon their hearts, and to which they stretched out their hands. Who can contemplate the project, or behold the triumphant result, without placing an amaranthine crown upon the snowy brows of the daughters of Dixie?


GENERAL BENNETT H. YOUNG

"I challenge the world to bring out of the annals of the past a story like theirs—of an organization so efficient, of a purpose so lofty, of a resolution so

QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS JULIANA
The sinking of Dutch ships by the German submarines has aroused Holland. Under the leadership of their beloved Queen, the people of the sturdy little nation are prepared to defend their country from all invasion

persistent, of a determination so invincible, of a devotion so unselfish, of a spirit so drainless, of a victory so signal. When all the South has brought first a votive offering of frankincense and myrrh, and laid it in the lap of those women of the South who lived during the war between the states, it then turns with thankful hands, brimful of garlands and flowers, of gratitude and praise, and empties them at the feet of the Daughters of the Confederacy and their allied societies. And all the world looks on and applauds the deed and commends the tribute!"

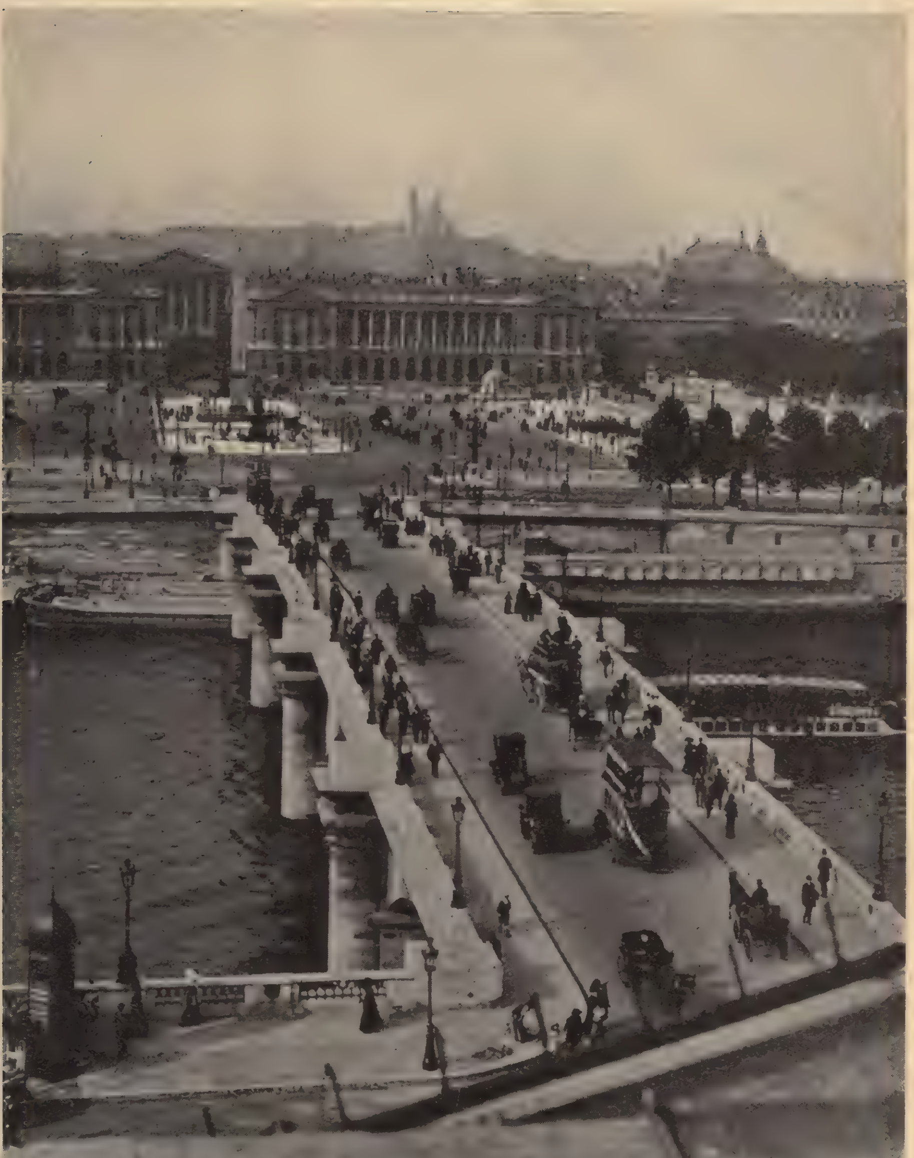
EXPEDITION is a word that comes and goes in its popular use. It depends on how one feels. Joe O'Toole, in charge of the Senate pages, has a telephonic system that locates Senators with lightning-like dispatch. The haunts about the Capitol and committee rooms of every Senator are known; and when a certain Senator is wanted, the call is flashed out over the wires to every place where he would likely have gone if his hat is missing from the cloak room. A Senator can usually be captured on the telephone, provided he is not en route to the Capitol in one of the snail-pace street cars. Sargent Higgins is thinking of fixing up a wireless, which will still further expedite matters when an S. O. S. for a Senator is flashed from the Capitol.

The little pages sitting on the platform seem almost to anticipate the wants of the average Senator. It is almost incredible the amount of territory these boys cover in the course of a day. Few people realize how much depends upon the service of those in even subordinate positions for the dispatch of work in the legislative body. The calendar is so jumbled in these later days that no Senator can tell what is coming, but the clerks keep the score and straighten out many a kink as to the precedents of the bills and "what of the morrow."

TUBERCULOSIS is the greatest problem of the farm, insisted Secretary Houston, in his last report from the Department of Agriculture. This has led to many suggestions as to eliminating a disease that is directly associated with dairies. It was suggested that state laws require pasteurization of the skim milk returned to farmers, but the Secretary did not go so far as to suggest a Federal or State inspection of the butter and cheese which are the products of milk coming from infected dairies. Congressman Reilly, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, in his interrogations brought out the fact that there is a wide distinction between the condition of dairy cattle, and in northern and southern Wisconsin. So much so that the northern part of the State is quarantined in a way against cattle being brought in from the southern district. The facts show that only three per cent of the dairies in northern Wisconsin are affected, while the average of ten per cent obtains in the southern parts of the State, which is counted the most intensified dairy section of the country, explains this. This investigation was of special interest to the farmers of northern Wisconsin, indicating that they have an advantage they little realize in producing a product with less liability of tuberculin infection than any other part of the country. Congressman Reilly asked the question direct whether it would not be an advantage to the farmer to have dairies "inspected as well as the animal source of the milk supply."

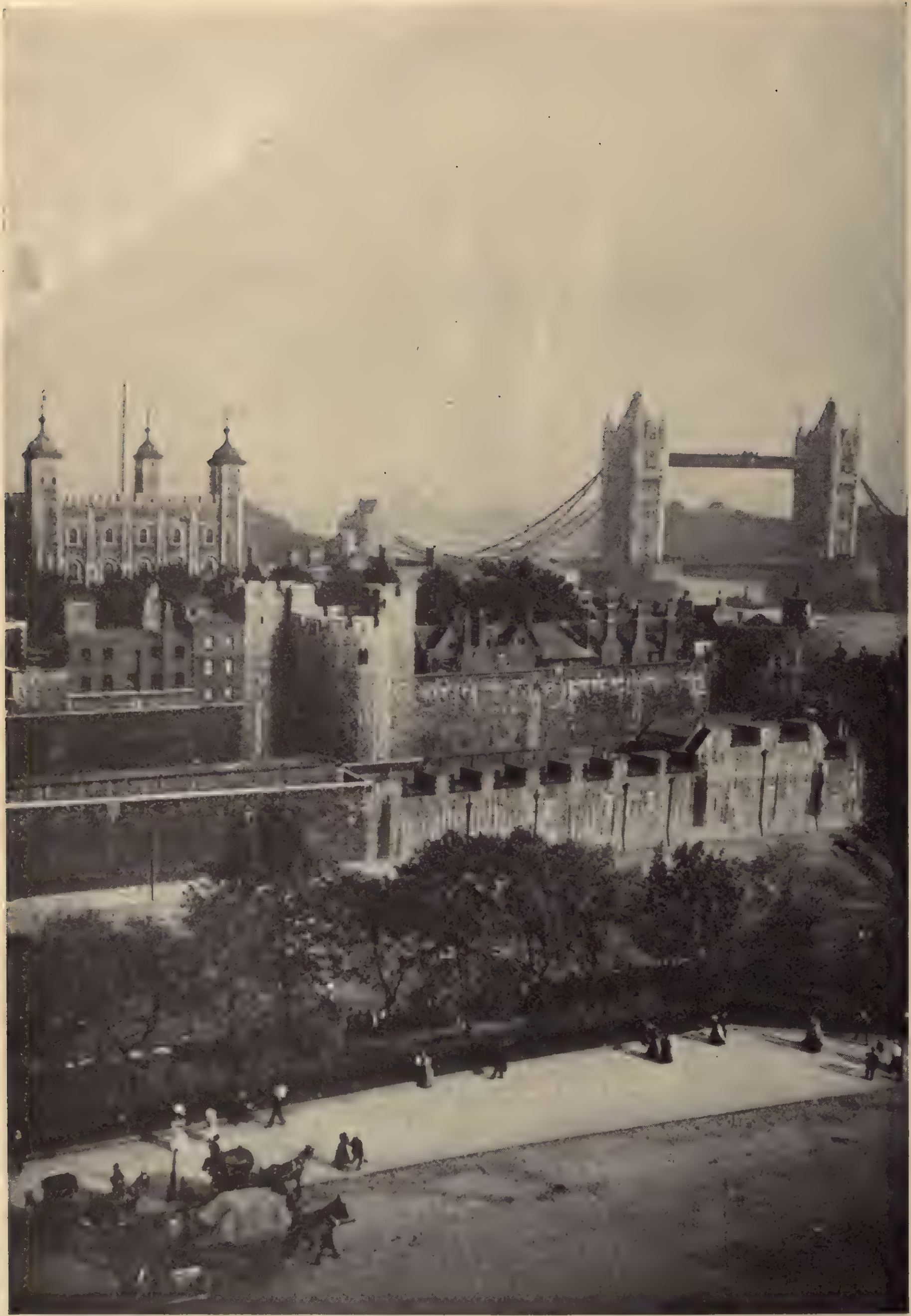
PEASANT LIFE IN VOLENDAM, HOLLAND

Quaint and picturesque indeed are their costumes, but beneath them beat hearts as true and loyal to their country and queen as any ruler could wish. Neutral Holland sees a hostile enemy threatening her borders, but she stands unflinchingly brave in the present crisis



THE PONT AND PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS

The bridge is one of the thirty-three that span the Seine, and was built in 1787-1790. The Place de la Concorde is one of the most noteworthy squares in Paris; it connects the Garden of the Tuileries with the Champs-Elysees. The monument in the center is the Obelisk of Luxor, seventy-three feet high, which is entirely covered with hieroglyphics



ENGLAND'S HISTORIC ARSENAL, THE TOWER OF LONDON

Which stands on the north bank of the Thames, on the extreme edge of this great city of over seven million inhabitants. Recently returned travelers from England bring the report that Germany now plans to drop disease germs upon London from aircraft. The Tower of London has stood for centuries; weird and harrowing scenes have been enacted in and around it, but what more terrible sight could have been witnessed there than the appearance of the menacing, murderous Zeppelins, zealously serving their country by threatening England with devastation from the bombs and disease germs brought across the water from Germany?

THE BRITISH NORTH SEA FLEET AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR

MARIEN PLATZ AND RATHHAUS, MUNICH

Munich is one of the largest towns in the German Empire and is the capital of Bavaria. It stands on the left bank of the Isar, in the midst of a barren and elevated plain. Rumor has it that inhabitants of German cities are starving—and yet the war goes on!

America Facing the Crisis!

by William Eliot Merrill

ONE dominant thought vibrates over the country today, as the nation emerges from chaotic ideas as to its foreign policy. Napoleon's notable saying, "America is a fortunate country; she grows by the follies of our European nations," fits the present situation. Germany is leading in the "follies of 1917."

Every point of view has been expressed and tolerated. A meeting of all the peace societies was recently called in New York, and resulted in anything but peace. The League to Enforce Peace and the World Court withdrew. Some insisted we have outgrown the Constitution—outgrown the ideals of the fathers of our country.

The wireless, girdling the world, has brought all nations closer together so far as communication is concerned. The Orient is nearer to Boston today than was New York one hundred and forty years ago. Space has been annihilated, but the ideals of the early founders of the republic are fundamental. The United States will enter a world alliance for enduring peace, which may come thru a world alliance for war, to settle once and forever the question as to whether liberty is a mockery. One ideal or the other must prevail. The United States cannot isolate the ideal from all foreign influence, and must adjust it to the new angle of international policy that has been forced upon us.

After all, national feeling and sentiment rule. The nationalism of the world was never stronger than today. You can see evidences of this in the Jewish race, distinct in its racial preservation, tho the people live in every country of the world, clinging tenaciously to their naturalization and love of whatever country they call their own. In Austria-Hungary many different races are coalesced by a nationalism which overcomes racial prejudices.

Liberty or Death!

The following speech, delivered by Patrick Henry March 23, 1775, in the Convention of Delegates of Virginia, sounded the death knell of British rule in the Colonies:

MR. PRESIDENT: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth—to know the worst, and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House.

* * * * * * *

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

* * * * * * *

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone; there is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission or slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir: Let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace! Peace!" but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle?

What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

The Shade of Patrick Henry Speaks

MR. PRESIDENT: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren—*the hope that we can loll our lives away in the selfish, slothful indolence of ease and wealth*—till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men *who, having won for themselves* a great and arduous struggle for liberty, *now behold the very principle of human liberty menaced and marked for destruction by a tyrannical power proclaiming the monstrous and abominable doctrine that might alone constitutes right, that the weaker nations of the earth may be trampled on by the stronger with moral impunity, and that all mankind shall bend the knee to the despotism of the sword?* Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth—to know the worst, and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the *German* ministry for the *past two and a half* years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. *I refer to the breaking of solemn treaties, the devastation of neutralized Belgium, the enslavement of Belgian and French civilians in conquered territory, the ruthless murder and piracy that have been practised on the high seas, the slaying of women and children in peaceful villages by bombs dropped from the sky, the unscrupulous use in warfare of poison gases and other devices decreed to be illegal and dishonorable by all civilized nations, the spoliation and starvation of Poland, the crushing of free Serbia and Montenegro, the persecution to the death of inoffensive Syrians powerless to defend themselves, the wholesale massacre to the verge of extermination of the long-suffering and industrious race of Armenians. Such has been the record of the Hun during the war that is now ravaging Europe. Does it encourage us to lull our conscience with the hope that this savagery can be made amenable to peaceful protest, or this violated faith atoned by further false promises?*

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to *save our country from being drawn into the cataclysmic struggle for liberty that is now shaking the very foundations of civilization.* We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne *of the Teuton autocrat*, and have implored *him to stop the barbarous and lawless practices of unrestricted warfare.*

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a *German* guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. *One hundred millions* of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not *be fighting this battle for humanity* alone; there is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who *has already raised* up friends to fight *with us for the common cause of liberty and justice for all peoples, great and small, thruout the world.* The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. *And the victory will bring universal peace and disarmament, the guarantee of perpetual liberty for all nations however small and weak, the emancipation of down-trodden peoples now held against their will under the rule of despots, emancipation for the Germans themselves from the heavy yoke of militarism to which they have blindly submitted and under which their backs are bent, their moral vision distorted, their individual liberty sacrificed.*

Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from *bearing our share in this righteous war against tyrannical might.* There is no retreat, but in submission or slavery, *or the shame of having left to others the task which was rightfully our own.* Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of *stricken Belgium, France and Serbia. Our participation in* the war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace! Peace!" but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. *Every* gale that sweeps *across the Atlantic brings* to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle?

What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of *shame of possible* chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty *for all mankind*, or give me death!

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The italics are added to indicate the application of Patrick Henry's words today.

Has an ideal ever become real without fighting for it? It is the law of Nature and nations. The grim fact remains that if American ideals are to stand the test of time, they must be maintained. The latent strength of America is awakened. Tho coddled with wealth and prosperity, Americans will no longer sit about the firesides saying "Thank God, war is not for us," salving consciences with a begrudged and penurious philanthropy.

When the crisis comes, America will respond. That does not mean that Germany must be destroyed, but German ideals of conquest are either right or wrong. The pro-Humanity ideal is even greater than the pro-American ideal. This nation will not shirk the plain path of duty. It is not a question of German, English, French or American ideals—but of world ideals.

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We awaited with patience the overt act that would kindle the flame. Feeling, emotion and vision are aroused. The time of discussion has passed. Words and phrases will be translated into action. With the compass set for a certain course, the war hurricane comes on. The buffeting trend of "first you know and then you don't" has battered a cohesive national purpose. This has been true of the Executive mind itself, shifting about, and quite properly, too, from "too proud to fight" to conscription and ultra-preparedness.

In the presence of death, absorbing problems of other days seem insignificant. The great war blaze will leave Europe a charnel house, and bring to the United States the realization that this unparalleled sacrifice must be for something. If it is to result in something for humanity, we cannot stand idly by without declaring some definite policy. We have been wig-wagging with all sorts of notions because we have been afraid of the foreign vote. We have been afraid of this or that or the other thing that has brought an odor to politics that is well-nigh disreputable. We have gone around in our regular everyday routine, with scarcely an indication of what might be called a patriotic motion, because anything that is not worth suffering for is not worth while.

If Germany wants war with the United States, and she has done everything to indicate it, let there be war and war to the finish, irrespective of what it may mean to political strategy. If Germany points to America and says that America must bleed and suffer, too, we must accept the challenge and let Germany understand, once and forever, that the new world, at least, is not ready to be overlorded on the high seas, for that means invasion by land, no matter what the provocation.

The fact that we have seventeen millions of Germans in this country, and that five millions of them are voters, is a thing that has made some public leaders in fear and trembling say: "Well, it means civil war." What if it does? There is no room for anyone in this country except Americans if it is to survive. It does not mean an alliance, either written or implied, with Great Britain, to go after Germany with a positive declaration that she cannot carry out her well-laid plots in defiance to her protestation of friendship, grabbing South America, Mexico, and even some of the states of the Union, as was planned and determined in putting this continent under the heel of the tyrant.

It may be we made a mistake in carrying the flag to the Orient. This may be the one thing that will lead to complications with Japan. At the time that Admiral Dietrick at Manila attempted to tell Admiral George Dewey what to do, he had a shot across the bow. That was the answer of an American. We now remember that bands on English ships played "The Star-Spangled Banner" in Manila Bay, and kept Europe from plunging in during the Spanish-American War. Our country was then saved billions.

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And what is our attitude toward England and France today when they are pouring out their treasure and blood? What has been done to England by Germany in her U-boat policy is simply an indication of what she will do to America if the opportunity offers—with the great bait before her of the billions of gold that have been accumulated, which will be needed to pay her indemnities.

With Thomas Alva Edison in a lead-lined room on the mountains of Orange, concentrating upon those things that will checkmate the onslaught of modern warfare; with torpedoes with ears and dictaphones that can tell and identify the approach of every vessel, whether submerged or afloat, we may feel secure. But what of that, if we have ears to hear and nothing with which to strike?

The Shade of Patrick Henry appears, as when he lighted the fires of liberty. Americans will read again and again those words, and every American can make his own interpretation in the light of recent events.

The crisis has come. Liberty for Belgium, the Balkans, the Poles, the Syrians, the Dutch—all the small nations of the earth are involved as was our own in the days of '76.

America is ready with her answer!

The "Sage" of Concord

The Editor

THE popular impulse to visit places and scenes associated with the lives of great men never wanes. When I find an individual who actually lived and talked with my heroes, I feel, in grasping his hand, a thrill as tho I were face to face with my heroes themselves. On a Sunday evening recently, I visited Concord, Massachusetts, the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In a picturesque, flower-embowered cottage lived the late Frank Sanborn, known as the sage of Concord, an intimate friend and associate of Emerson. Something in the gallantry and well-modulated phrases of Mr. Sanborn suggested to me the days of Emerson.

In his eighties, tall and slender, with a shock of gray hair, cut *a la* Franz Liszt, he presented a picture of the glorious old days of Concord. He wore the same kind of flowing black tie that Emerson wore, and lived in the spirit of Emerson, his friend and confidant, radiating the sweetness and pensive transcendentalism that has left its impress upon the history of literature.

* * *

Frank B. Sanborn's career was a personal link with that notable galaxy of New England *literati* for the present generation. As the intimate friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Sanborn became known in later days as "The Sage of Concord." His personal friendship with Thoreau, Emerson, and Bronson Alcott also added to his prestige. In 1856 he joined the editorial staff of the *Springfield Republican* as a correspondent, was its resident editor from 1868 to 1872, and has been its Boston correspondent, with two regular letters, one literary and the other political, since the memory of the oldest veteran journalist of the Boston press. He was born December 15, 1831, at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, where his family had resided previously for six generations. His father was town clerk, and he was christened Franklin Benjamin. At the early age of eleven, he began to grapple with Greek, and remained to his last a Greek-like classic type of man and scholar. He became a resident of Concord in 1855, two years after Hawthorne was appointed consul at Liverpool, and was one of the few personal associates of the author of the "Scarlet Letter."

* * *

Here he lived on terms of neighborly friendship with the philosopher Emerson. Mr. Sanborn was actively associated with John Brown, and his recollections contain a most thrilling account of his adventures in those days. He was then teaching school at Concord, and was compelled to flee to Canada when John Brown was arrested. He called the Concord school of philosophy the "cloud-shaped dream of the early transcendentalists," and in his recollections describes most vividly the "conversations," as they were called, in Emerson's home. There were only a dozen of learned and interested men and women in this little city, but the list of those present contains names famous in American literature. The organization continued for many years. It was not the purpose to make money, and Mr. Sanborn, as secretary and treasurer, when the meetings ceased in 1888, wrote: "We closed in 1888 with a balance of thirty-one cents. This I pocketed as my treasurer's salary for ten years."

His description of the last days of Ralph Waldo Emerson is one of the most graphic pictures that ever came from his pen. "Emerson's passing was befitting such a life," he wrote, and describes him as smiling on his friends on his deathbed, just as he used to do in life.

Near the Sanborn home is the bridge which Emerson immortalized when he referred to the "embattled farmers" in the hymn sung at the completion of the battle monument:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
  And fired the shot heard 'round the world.

This bridge, by which the sturdy farmers battled for their lives, and which echoed to the hoofbeats of Paul Revere's horse when "the fate of a nation was riding that night" is now thronged with the insidious and omnipresent automobile.

In Sleepy Hollow Cemetery is the boulder which marks the resting place of Emerson, a veritable shrine to the admirers of the great American philosopher. Within the home of Frank Sanborn, the very pictures and furnishings are reminiscent of other days—simple, yet beautiful —in sharp contrast to the homes now being built, where display of wealth is the first consideration.

THE LATE FRANK B. SANBORN IN HIS STUDY

The Pursuit of Happiness

by John Crockett Chapple

HAPPY HABITERS certainly have been busy this month. Libraries have evidently been ransacked for books on happiness. Of the many volumes on this subject, few have attained any great circulation. Not one of them is able to furnish the magic key—that's what makes it interesting. The attainment of happiness has been called a science, but scientific deductions are woefully lacking. On one thing all authors seem to agree—happiness is the goal of man and the goal of society, for happiness may be looked upon as the proper adjustment of ourselves to those with whom we mingle.

The way to study happiness is to examine its negative as well as its positive side, and to realize that there is no such thing as a perfect or ideal happiness in a world of reality. When we comprehend this, we are not so prone to be despondent or disappointed. The two negative words given by Hammerton are "imperfection" and "uncertainty." It has been long ago discovered that there are varying degrees of happiness, and that at the best it is but imperfect.

* * *

Yet the very contemplation of happiness sometimes helps to bring it. Some readers express a doubt as to whether it is of any use to concern ourselves about happiness; that the less we think about it, the more probable it is it will come to us. But this idea violates all law, and makes happiness different from all other phases of human accomplishment which come with desire and effort. Why not happiness? Whether it is reached by direct or indirect routes does not much matter, as long as the object is attained.

* * *

The dictionary and the cyclopedia apparently have been exhausted by readers in a search for definitions of happiness, but of what use is a mere definition unless it can be applied? We usually find what we are looking for, and there is abundance of evidence of happiness in the world. If there is, why not pursue it and make it a definite personal propaganda? We have no thermometer on the human emotions that indicates when we are above or below the happy point, and you may be happier than you think you are.

* * *

Positive happiness has been described as the enjoyment of that which each of us is best adapted for, but its felicity belongs to energetic natures, not to the slothful. Negative happiness is described as freedom from troublesome hindrances and inconveniences, whether caused by unfavorable circumstances or by others. Without positive happiness, negative happiness would be indescribably dull.

Happiness is wrapped up in anticipation—it is an expression of hope. If good nature and good temper are conducive to happiness, Happy Habiters may be concerned as to whether good nature and good temper can be cultivated. It has been proven that they can; therefore why cannot happiness be studied and practiced as any other pursuit?

One answer that has been most gratifying as to the proposition, "Who are the happiest?" is simple enough to be astonishing—"they are the most sane, the healthiest of body and mind."

It was little dreamed that this proposition of the pursuit of happiness would throw so much light upon the ideals of community life, but what is true of the individual is true of the community. There is a good deal of wishing back for the old days—but if the old days were back, the old conditions would prevail also. We wish for certain aspects of the old days, not realizing that we cannot segregate different phases of the past and present. Altogether, it seems to balance up that the present must be the real basis for happiness.

* * *

There is nothing that brings such a positive feeling of happiness as finishing work you have set out to do. Watch the expression of the boy who has prepared his lesson—you see the joy in his face, and he is eager to be called upon to recite. Worry is not conducive to happiness, and the things that worry us are the incomplete, unfinished things that we want to do. When we complete them, there is a sense of power and efficiency, or harmony between the powers to inaugurate and complete. Then the net result is a joy in the work that we are doing.

Every time of life has its peculiar happiness that comes as a result of occupation. If you want to get anywhere, you must start and go there. Happiness is like a savings account, you have to keep investing a little day by day and month by month, year by year. This is exemplified in the lives of elderly men who find a positive thrill of happiness in doing things—like Gladstone at eighty-five, with the record of a long and useful life behind him; Verdi directing one of his operas at eighty-one, and Chauncey Depew with his great speeches at eighty.

* * *

Do people actually know whether they are happy or not? Isn't it that they have too great an ideal of happiness, and are disappointed? You cannot get happy quickly any more than you can get rich quickly — it is a growth, an evolution. Some pessimists declare that it is impossible for anybody to be happy after the age of thirty-five—so this sentence was properly amended to "it is impossible for anybody to be happy after the age of thirty-five or *before*." The bachelor insists that no bachelor is happy—feels that he is only half there, as it were—and yet he glories in what he calls his independence. He talks one thing and acts another. Happiness is as indispensable as the air we breathe, and quite as subtle. The ardent lover who believes that he is in the height of happiness, willing to do and to dare for his beloved, after all is only expressing an ideal of his own purposes.

Along comes the dyspeptic Carlyle, with that sonorous growl, and insists that happiness ought to give place to blessedness.

Did you ever sit down and make an estimate of your own desires and purposes? If you do, you will find that most of them are elusive, and vanish in the air before you can even formulate them in your mind.

* * *

On various occasions in my life, I felt that I had glimpsed conditions that might lead to the perfect happiness of the human race. One time was in the balmy, languorous, witching tropics, where there seemed to be nothing to do but breathe to be happy, with no thought of money or plans for the future. Another was on a railroad train, a special train, where there was no thought of tickets or paying for meals, but just everything managed without an echo of the clinking coin. These may seem like trivial instances, but they exemplified what humanity might be without the everlasting grabbing and envy that grow directly out of the desire for money and possessions. And then there were the carefree days of the honeymoon—that time when it is simply considered that young people are not to give a thought for the morrow, but to enjoy the golden present.

* * *

Voltaire said "not to be occupied is not to exist," and I believe that inactivity is the cause of more unhappiness than any other one thing. You cannot read yourself into happiness, because it comes down to your own individual equation—you can't find exactly the same sort of mind, disposition, or sentiment as your own in others.

Is happiness the child of our will, and can we be happy without *willing* to be so? If we would balance our acts each day as we do our cash registers and books, we would doubtless find that we receive just about what we give. It is kindness that illumines our consciousness, and we must agree upon the proposition that life is action and effort, and that retirement or withdrawal from it is nothing more than death, whether you live and breathe or not. Consequently, all those dreams about retiring and luxuriously lying abed in the morning are fallacious.

Happiness is the genius for accomplishing the tasks of life; the bliss of creation, knowing that something is completed every day—every golden hour offers its opportunity. Sometimes we lose the happiness in creation, because we are too impatient to finish the task, forgetting what Epictetus tells us—that "No great thing is created suddenly, any more than a bunch of grapes or a fig. If you tell me that you desire a fig, I answer you that there must be time. Let it first blossom, then bear fruit, then ripen."

DESERTED

By WILL D. MUSE

LOVE came into my home one day,
  Love came in at the open door;
I clothed him, fed him, and bade him stay
  By my glowing hearth; could I offer more?
Love came in, with a smile so sweet,
And I was happy there at his feet.

Love came in as I sat alone,
  Came into my home, into my life;
I welcomed him as my very own,
  Took him in, and became his wife;
He warmed his hands at my fire, you know,
Smiled at me; and I loved him so!

Love came into my home. Ah! me,
  Smiled and made me his willing slave,
My heart was happy as heart could be,
  My life, my honor, my soul I gave;
And there in the glow of my fire I knew
The heavenly rapture that comes to few.

But Love went out from my home one day,
  With never a look, or a last farewell,
And my aching lips never bade him stay,
  Maybe 'tis best thus—who can tell?—
Tho' I warmed him, fed him, and begged him stay,
Love went out of my home one day.

Mammy's Visit

by Edwin Liebfreed

I'S come up from ol' Virginny,
  Jes a-visitin' New York,
An' dis place, believe me, honey,
  Ain't a-hankerin' aftah work.
Seems lak folks all had a pensium,
  Same as 'Liza tried to git
W'en huh ol' man went to glory,
  An' she didn't mou'n a bit.

She was sech a careless crittah,
  Cuttin' up huh dido-capers,
Dat she couldn't git no pensium
  'Cause she lost huh virtue papers.
W'en she couldn't find dat c'tificate
  'Bout dat marriage, she jes cried,
An' dey said it was de fust grief
  She expressioned sence Jim died.

But she wasn't long a-mou'nin'
  'Bout de loss o' huh ol' man,
Fo' in two weeks she was hitched up
  To dat wuthless niggah Dan.
In anothah week she left him,
  An' I sez to huh "Good lan's!
What's de trouble?" She sez, "Susan,
  Dat man soured on my han's!"

Heavenly dove! dese New York women
  Takes life easy heah below;
W'en dey ain't a-totin' bargains
  Dey is in some movie show.
An' dey looks upon daih husbands
  Wif daih weak-kneed, wish-bone wills
's if de good Lawd only made 'em
  Fo' providin' dollar bills.

An' de low necks dat dey's wearin'
  Wif daih short skirts, goodness knows,
Dey would set po' Eve a-blushin'
  In huh fig-leaf style o' clothes.
Dey has furs on in de summah,
  In de wintah dey mos' freeze—
"Ish kabibble!" ef yo' asks 'em
  "What's de sense o' clothes lak dese?"

An' de preachah is so tony
  In his pulpit in dis town,
Dat his pride is fa'ly bustin'
  Through his collah an' his gown.
An' de singin' of de choir
  Is so full of frills an' style
Dat de angels up in heaven
  Has to turn away to smile.

An' de doctah's got de people
  Sick from takin' so much dope,
Dat it made me t'ink how 'Liza
  Took up dat new-fangled hope
W'en a conjer come to 'tend huh,
  An' he pow-wowed fo' a spell,
An' he unsicked dat po' niggah
  Jes' by sayin', "*You is well.*"

An 'de big hotels reminds me
  Of dat bo'rdin' house at home
W'en a church convention met daih,
  An' dey asked fo' boa'd an' room.
De proprietor reckoned slowly,
  An' at las' he solemn said:
"I kin eat 'em, but caint sleep 'em,
  'Cause I's only got one bed."

Sech a state of jammeration
  In dis world I nevah see
As dem subway trains whaih people
  Acts lak lunatics to me!
Sech a-pushin' an' a-shovin'
  In dat dark ol' pesky hole
Dat ain't nevah been intentioned
  But fo' crittahs lak de mole!

W'en I heahs daih sass, "Step lively,"
I could smack daih brazen mouf;
Lot o' po' white trash from nowhere
'Sultin' ladies from de Souf.
Lamb o' love! in all my lifetime
Nevah see sech carryin's on,
All de folks is dancin' crazy
An' daih feet jes itch fo' fun!

Dey goes waltzin' into dinnah,
An' dey turkey-trots to bed,
An' dey plays a lot o' ragtime
Even w'en de folks is dead.
Dey has jamberees at noontime,
Carryin's on de whole night long,
An' dey wakes yo' in de mo'nin'
Wif dat Tipperary song!

Dat's de sickest chune dey fiddle,
An' it fa'ly makes me crawl
W'en I hyeahs my home-folks singin'
Chunes dat's got no sense at all.
Ef dey wants to know what's music
Let 'em sing de ol'-time songs
Dat bust out de hearts o' people
In de lan' whaih dey belongs.

My! Me! ef ol' Gomorrah
Hed to hev a lightnin' stroke,
Fo' to burn de sins o' people,
New York's got de record broke.
Yo' kin learn mo' in a minute
'Bout de business Satan's in
Den ol' Gabriel's books could show yo'
Ef he writ down every sin.

Now ef evah yo' gits homesick
An' yo' needs some one to pet,
Jes come down to ol' Virginny,
Whaih daih ain't no hearts "To let."
Daih de good Lawd, made de people
Full o' happiness an' love,
Jes to show de world a sample
Of his heavenly home above.

The Baseball Season of 1917

by Myrle Wright

THE outlook for 1917 presages a great baseball year. The players are increasing in expertness, and the public keen as ever for the game on the diamond. Baseball is one sport which always commends to American love of fair play. Spectacular plays are seldom a matter of calculation—they have the spontaneity of a schoolgirl's blush, and reveal the application of brains and agility in the twinkling of an eye. In baseball one cannot judge the players like horses in a paddock before the race—no one can tell what is likely to happen, except on the averages earned. The player in appearance may be a "dub" or a "jay"—anything but an athlete—but when that lightning-like head, foot and hand work flashes on the diamond, it has a brilliancy that needs no press agent to describe. Who would think that Hans Wagner, awkward in appearance and gait, should be one man who has never been known to make a mistake of judgment on the diamond? Each one of the noted players has his peculiar and individual strength. Who could conceive of Ty Cobb doing other than getting there with a run when he once started?

In the *dramatis personae* of a baseball club is seemingly included every phase of human ability and temperament. The player is imbued with a great love of the game and a sober sense of his obligation to "win." There is a patriotism on the diamond that is quite as thrilling to the players as that of a soldier on the battle field. Honor is one of the first considerations in baseball. The only record of any crooked work in the game was when four players were found guilty of corruption. They were expelled; one shortly afterward committed suicide, and the others changed their names to conceal their identity.

Baseball is a national institution, and has become a matter of personal recreation, for every man and boy feels that his team must win, as a matter of civic pride. He follows the doings and methods of the players with more interest and thoroness than he surveys the work of eminent public men.

During the months of March and April, the players are training on Southern fields, where every possible contingency, new method or rule, is studied and utilized. In those days there is a lull in activities at headquarters—4 West 40th Street, New York City—where Governor John K. Tener presides. During his term as Governor of Pennsylvania, he made a record unequaled—mingled with the pleasant recollection that one Governor did not hesitate to "play ball" in uniform for charity. As Governor he played the game fair and square, just as he was trained on the diamond in the early days. Such a training has had an influence on many men in public life. The strength of "Billy" Sunday, thinking and acting quickly on the platform, has helped to make his words a power with people who admire the square player in the battle of life.

Next to witnessing a good game of

baseball is the delight of hearing Governor John K. Tener deliver a talk on the subject. He typifies the very spirit of baseball—stalwart, sturdy, clean-cut, decisive, and always ready to play the game and play it for all it is worth, when the ball is thrown.

To General Abner W. Doubleday, America is indebted for the national game of baseball. He was a graduate of West Point, and served in the Mexican and Civil wars. The diamond measurements as he first drew them—90 x 90—still prevail. This was in 1839, and baseball soon transcended in popularity all other games that were played with a ball. General Doubleday conceived the rules of nine players to a side and nine innings, three bases and the home plate.

BILLY SUNDAY IN HIS LEAGUE UNIFORM

From its first introduction baseball has appealed to the American people. No man becomes too eminent or too great to outgrow his love of the battle waged about the sphere. The democracy of America is manifest at a baseball game. Presidents of the United States have been devoted to the sport, and in the seventh inning the President must arise and stretch with the rest of them, or there is comment from the bleachers. The caustic taunts and vernacular of the spectators might have to be interpreted to a close student of English, but it is always expressive, and sometimes represents language-in-the-making for future ages.

The bleachers have as real a part in the game as the players, and their rights are always respected. With them it is either "thumbs up" or "thumbs down." The humblest bleacher may tell the players what to do unrestrained. "Go to it, Bill," "Hit 'er over second—over short stop." It is one of the inalienable privileges of American citizenship to be permitted to exercise lung power when the opportunity for free and uncensored speech is offered at a ball game. The innate desire to see a baseball game on a summer afternoon is as natural as it is for the grass to grow. Baseball scores are known to schoolboys during the virtuous last days of school more thoroly than problems in arithmetic. The summer night greeting of those who were left behind is invariably "What's the score?" The crowds about bulletin boards during the World Series, even in the smallest town or hamlet, rivals the throngs that congregate to learn the result of a Presidential election.

When I met some of the famous umpires, I felt I was in touch with real national jurists. No learned judge on the bench ever handed down decisions more momentous or far-reaching than does the masked man who stands near the batter on the diamond.

* * *

Baseball is governed by what might be called a supreme court or cabinet, which is formed by an agreement between the National, American and minor leagues. The individual clubs are incorporated and conducted on a business basis, subject to the supreme tribunal. The National Commission is composed of three members—the president of the National League and of the American League, who together elect a third member as chairman of the commission. If at any time a change in the playing rules is proposed, the question is first referred to the National Commission, then to the National and American leagues, each body certifying such rules if accepted. A committee of three, called the rules committee, is in direct charge of the work.

Recruiting of players is an interesting phase of the game's democratic scope. They come from every hamlet, city and town, from the most remote parts of the country—east, west, north, and south. The star players may come from the east side of New York, or from the unexplored backwoods—it matters not, but one thing they must know—how to play ball.

The philosophy of baseball is fundamental. As we recall our Greek, in that language, "boy" and "play" are synonomous, and in America, the boyish and playful spirit of the game is appealing. The average American is always a grown-up boy. Baseball brings into play agility, mentality, and all qualities most admired in athletics, without either brute force or "pink tea" aspects of some other games. It appeals to the outdoor spirit of the times. The spectators are using the same outdoors as the players, drinking in the fresh air with the desire to express themselves, eating peanuts and drinking lemonade without restraint.

In witnessing this game there is the thrill of a succession of races, but, lasting for nine innings, it is one continuous round of thrills. There is no mysterious secret as to why the American people love baseball. Even the keen-witted American girl is quick to see that *one* thing she must know is how to enjoy intelligently a game of baseball—or she may remain solitary many long summer afternoons. She may like tennis better—where she can join in the sport, but she recognizes that one thing which few men can overlook is ignorance of the national game.

JOHN K. TENER
President of the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs. Mr. Tener was formerly governor of the state of Pennsylvania

Some have likened a baseball game to a political convention—there is no ground in either for neutrality—and yet, with all the ardent partisanship, there is apparent a spirit of fairness. When a good play is made, no matter if by an opponent, it is applauded as a triumph of skill. When the game is over and the score announced, partisans are pals again.

In the first few games of the season, favorite teams are picked, even by those living outside of the cities naturally interested in "home clubs." One little play may bring credit of discredit upon a team; may make for fame, if properly "backed up."

Everything depends upon co-operation—team work—in baseball. It is a lesson such as few other pastimes furnish. Each player concentrates his mind on what the other side is doing, and this must be done intuitively, quick as a flash, without such a thing as deliberation. It is an illustration of hands being quicker than the eye, for how man can get his hands in position for a hot liner that shoots from the bat like a twenty-centimeter gun, when he would not have time to think, and how they can use those big balloon mits and stop a cannon ball, just as if they were reaching up to pick a feather out of the air.

In the springtime, no word is more welcome to an American ear than "play ball." The thrill is felt quite as much in the days of silvered hair and furrowed brow as in the days of barefoot youth, when all Nature seemed in tune with the boy's desire to "play ball."

RESPITE

By H. P. LOVECRAFT

THRU well-kept arbors fruitlessly I stray'd
  In quest of respite from the causeless woes
That throng the weary spirit, and invade
  The mind too seldom dreamless with repose.

Not neat-hedg'd path, nor garden's radiant grace,
  Nor crystal fountain playing o'er the green,
Could cheer my heart, or from my soul efface
  The tragedy of things that might have been.

The orchard boughs, bedeck'd with flow'rs of spring,
  The verdant lawns, with skillful labor shorn,
To me no joy nor grateful thrill could bring;
  In tears I came, and linger'd but to mourn.

One day, in idleness, my footsteps found
  The weed-chok'd slope that leads to sylvan deeps
Where leafy carpets clothe th' untrodden ground,
  And Nature, unadorn'd, her palace keeps.

'Twas there, in regions to mankind unknown,
  Where swamp and brake benignant spirits hide,
I stood at last, with Nature's God alone,
  And gain'd the respite that the world deny'd.

The Romance of Crisfield
The Great Sea-Food City

by

Bennett Chapple

ON one of the peninsulas of the Chesapeake Bay, near the Virginia line, is the town of Crisfield, Maryland, known as the world's greatest sea-food market.

In a literal sense Crisfield is not the center of an agricultural community, tho it is on the outer rim of a fine and profitable trucking region. It is surrounded by farms, the fertility of which far exceeds the productivity of any fruit, truck or grain-raising section of this country. These are the famous sea-food farms of Maryland and Virginia, that lie beneath the placid waters of the great Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries. Largely in place of wagons and plows are to be found boats and dredges; instead of large grain elevators the prolific yield of the region is evidenced by the huge piles of white, glistening oyster shells that grace the skyline. Seven million dollars' worth of oysters and two million dollars' worth of soft shell crabs, as well as carloads of clams, fish, etc., are distributed to the tables of the world by this thriving little city on the Eastern Shore every year. Its express business is equal to that of a city of one hundred thousand people. Crisfield is the largest and best crab-packing and distributing center in the whole world, unless possibly Japan.

Waters about Crisfield are as clear as crystal. Conditions everywhere seem to favor the growing of luscious shell fish. Out over the bay every morning can be seen hundreds of boats, their white sails flung to the breeze, hastening to market with their shell-fish cargo gathered from the innumerable oyster, crab and fishing grounds scattered up and down the coast—a gay regatta of industry.

* * *

The wharves about the oyster houses present busy scenes. Crowded close together the well-filled boats await their turn to be unloaded. Here and there a patient old horse or steam or electric hoists lift the oysters from the boat to the dock and into the long, low-lying sheds of the oyster houses.

The stranger in the midst of this picturesque activity first looks to see that he doesn't inadvertently step off the dock, then gives himself up to the enjoyment of the scene. Little groups of boat-owners are gathered about waiting their turn to unload. Dickering and bartering and enthusiastic discussion of the problems pertaining to their livelihood is to be overheard. Or perhaps the eye may be attracted by the movement of a man sculling a small boat, darting and skimming over the surface of the water like some huge skating bug, and you marvel at his skill and dexterity.

Visiting first one oyster house and another the way leads around, between and sometimes thru the great piles of oyster shells. The impression is one of wonderment that there could ever have been as many oysters in the world as these endless piles suggest. And yet these piles are being constantly removed, in the past to build roads, fill in ground or to replace on the oyster beds, but now great quantities are burned for lime as a substitute for potash for fertilizing purposes.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Chesapeake Bay oyster grows very much faster than those to be found in more northern waters. It usually requires three years for an oyster to reach marketable size, yet investigation by the Maryland Conservation Commission has shown that the Chesapeake oyster grows twice as rapidly, thus emphasizing the remarkable fertility of these waters for oyster culture. The commission is doing a good work in combating native ideas and practices relating to oyster growth and distribution, and in preserving and insuring an undiminishing supply, by wise regulation. The threatened depletion of the oyster beds which occasioned some alarm two or three years ago seems now to be a thing of the past.

Crisfield is an early-rising town. In the twilight of the early dawn the streets leading to the docks and oyster houses are filled with oyster shuckers on their way to work. In the steady procession that passes are to be found both men and women. Opening oysters is not easy or genteel work. It requires both skill and old clothes. It would be a mistake to judge an oyster shucker's standing in the community by his appearance while at work. In that simple twist of the wrist that opens the shell is found the way to the best pay in the oyster industry and many of these people own their own homes and are considered well-to-do.

WEST MAIN STREET, CRISFIELD, LOOKING TOWARD THE EAST
The Bank of Crisfield building is on the corner, and the Marine Bank is the third door east

The hard and soft shell crab industry of Crisfield is growing larger each year. Its volume may be illustrated by the fact that one firm shipped twenty thousand dozen soft shell crabs in a single week. The method of harvesting the soft shell crab is interesting. In midsummer when the season is on the dawn is ushered in with a rattle like a continuous volley of musketry, as lively little gasoline crabbing boats leave the shore for the crabbing grounds. Thousands of these boats scoot out in every direction to gather in the harvest. When the crabs are taken from the waters only the "peelers" or those about to shed their shells are saved, the rest being thrown back. A crab will shed four times a year, allowing four chances for the crabber to catch it in this condition. Expert crabbers can tell at a glance whether a crab will peel within a few days and be ready for market. But even then the crabs so selected must be sorted every four hours, for a crab if allowed to remain under water after peeling, would in a very few hours again become tough and unmarketable except for crab meat, which is an entirely different branch of the industry. The soft-shell crab industry, because of this fact, requires more vigilance than the marketing of any other shell fish.

Crisfield, also, is the home of a large diamond-back terrapin farm. In the early days it was very plentiful in the bay, but the supply became greatly depleted. The idea of building a terrapin farm and raising terrapin for market was new, but it has proven to be a successful venture. In the marsh corrals of this strange farm are to be found thousands of these terrapin, each pen graded as to size and age. A terrapin measuring six inches across its back is worth five dollars or more, and this is the size most generally marketed. The keeper of the terrapin farm must look after his pets with all the care of a mother hen over her chicks, especially during hibernating periods when they bury in the mud and have no power to resist their enemies. The common gray or wharf rat is second only to the wealthy patron of the big hotels of New York, in his enjoyment of the tasty terrapin. Sand boxes are distributed about the inclosure to serve as nests, and into these the turtles dig a hole to deposit their eggs which are hatched by the warmth of the sun. The most interesting time to visit the turtle farm is meal time. The keeper announces their dinner of chopped crabs and fish by ringing a loud gong. Instantly from every nook and corner come the little animals as fast as their short legs can waddle.

There are some 3,300 men engaged in that part of the sea-food business of Crisfield which is known as catchers. Generally the work has been handed down from father to son. Everybody is a captain of some kind of a boat, and there are probably more captains to the square foot on the docks at Crisfield than anywhere else on earth. So many of these bay boats have been registered at Crisfield that it enjoys the distinction of being the third port of entry in the United States.

* * *

Crisfield's growth and history recalls the gold boom towns of the West. It sprang up almost overnight with the coming of the railroad in 1866. It took its name from John W. Crisfield, a prominent and wealthy lawyer of the time who projected and built the road. Like many pioneers, Mr. Crisfield lost everything for his efforts, the railroad being afterward sold for ten dollars, subject to a mortgage of five hundred thousand dollars, and he died a poor man. But Crisfield today stands as a living monument to his wisdom and foresight in

FAMILIAR HARBOR SCENE AT CRISFIELD

Here are congregated the boats used by the fishermen. The "bug-eye," an oyster or fishing boat, which is sharp at both ends, neighbors with the "pungy," which is sharp only at the bow and has the usual round stern. There is also the small boat called a "bateau," which is used as an auxiliary in the work to get into shallow waters, especially in crabbing developing that section of the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

When the question of settling the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia came up, Maryland claimed that the line should run below Crisfield; Virginia held that it should be above. But upon Maryland's insistence, the Virginians gracefully withdrew their claims, and General Henry A. Wise, one of the Virginia commissioners, declared that "Virginia didn't care for a town on stilts, anyway."

Crisfield gave little promise of being anything but a riotous, boisterous, spindle-legged town in its early days. It had all the atmosphere of a wild frontier town. Gambling was conducted wide open, and instead of lawless cowboys, it had a wild, irresponsible element of sea scum, the result of the nefarious shanghai business which was then at its height. It was during this period of Crisfield's history that Harvey F. Johnson, proprietor of the old Cove Hotel, was made magistrate. It is said that it was his custom when court convened to announce with a smile: "Notwithstanding, gentlemen, court is in session, business goes on at the bar as usual." But this phase of Crisfield life, in keeping with the reckless abandon that marks the birth of a boom city, soon gave way to the onward march of progress.

Altho Crisfield is not an old town, yet it can claim much distinction for its historical location, for the war of 1812, which centered around the waters of Chesapeake Bay, clothed the vicinity with much of historic interest. It was just off shore from Crisfield that the famous "battle of the barges," between British barges and American small craft, was fought, which is said to have been the first naval engagement ever fought in American waters.

A TRAFFIC "COP'S" DREAM OF EASY STREET

A street on Smith Island, which, together with Holland's and Tangier Islands, forms the western boundary of Tangier Sound. They are low, flat reefs almost awash at ordinary tides, and practically inundated at high tide. The "streets" on Smith Island are not congested with motor trucks and limousines; not even horses use these highways

It was on Tangier Island, near Crisfield, that General Ross disembarked his British fleet for rest and drill before proceeding to the attack of Baltimore. His soldiers treated the islanders with every consideration, buying their provisions and respecting their property. Commodore Parker even went so far as to invite Parson Joshua Thomas of the island to preach to his sailors on shipboard. On this occasion the intrepid parson seized his opportunity to tell the Britishers that they would be defeated at Baltimore, and history has recorded his prophecy as one of truth. General Ross was killed in the engagement.

An old Crisfield resident, Captain Frank Evans, before he died a few years ago, took much delight in recalling his experience when as a boy crossing from Virginia with a boatload of wood, he suddenly came upon the British fleet at anchor, and how they stopped him to inquire if there were any soldiers or guns about. The red coats and cocked hats made a vivid impression on his imagination, and he never tired of telling the story to those interested in the early history of Crisfield and its environs.

* * *

Surrounding Crisfield like a great half moon are many of the most important islands of Chesapeake Bay. They include Deal's Island, Hooper's Island, Holland's Island, Tangier Island, Saxis Island, Smith Island, Watts Island, and Fox Island. With one or two exceptions, these islands are peopled by industrious sea-food farmers who ply their nets, gather oysters and crabs, and have known no other means for livelihood for generations past.

Tangier Island, situated about twelve miles from Crisfield, is perhaps the most interesting of these strange settlements. It is in reality a small American Venice. Most homes on the island are built with a wharf at the back door, and the inhabitants scoot in and out with all the grace of the Venetian gondolas. The people are intensely religious, and it is the one spot on earth where the Methodist preacher is king. His salary is as large as many of the big city charges, and he is showered with gifts by a willing and thankful people. He is expected to adjust all disputes, and his word is law. Next in importance to the preacher is the doctor, who is hired by the community and paid by the year, the same as the minister. The people of the island come from old English stock, the names of Crockett, Parks, and Marshall predominating. The homes that cluster along the main street, which, by the way, is only a dirt causeway eight feet wide, are immaculate. The narrow street quite serves its purpose, as there are no wagons or horses on the island. All transportation is by foot or by boat. The gateway to each little home is indented, and on one side of the doorway is usually to be found a beautiful flower garden, while the opposite side of the front yard is given over

PACKING AND SHIPPING ROOM FOR SOFT-SHELL CRABS

The crab industry of Crisfield is growing larger every year. In a single week one firm shipped twenty thousand dozen soft-shell crabs to the reverential purpose of a family burial place.

Smith Island furnishes another interesting example of isolated community life, altho on this island there are three different settlements. Here, as on Tangier, the Methodist preacher is ruler of all he surveys, and a doctor is second in command. The Wilmington Conference of the Methodist Episcopal churches supplies these ministers in the regular routine of its work, and the islanders, unlike some of the city churches, offer no suggestion as to who will be sent them. Whoever it may be, he is received with the obeisance due a king. It is one place where the minister need not cajole people into church attendance, for everybody attends. It is the very life of the community. The Smith Island camp meetings are famous gatherings and draw people from a wide territory. On Smith Island the names of Evans, Bradshaw, Tyler and Marsh make up at least two-thirds of the population of several thousand people.

Altho Smith Island and Tangier Island are only six or eight miles apart, and both are strong on Methodism, the isolation of the life of each of the islands has been complete in itself, and they remain as distinct as two separate nationalities would be.

A story of the primitiveness of these people is told with a good deal of amusement in Crisfield. When James A. Garfield had been nominated for the presidency, Captain Hainey Bradshaw of Smith Island was told the news in Crisfield. Captain Bradshaw in reply said to his informant, "In that manner and form, sir, why didn't they nominate a man like Captain Hance Lawson, that everybody knows?" Captain Hance Lawson was a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church, residing at Crisfield, and had been captain of a schooner.

TERRAPIN FARM

There is a law still on the statute books of Maryland providing a fine for slave owners who feed their slaves terrapin more than twice a week. Terrapin was very plentiful and cheap at the time the law was made, and it was provided to prevent the blacks from foundering, due to the rich food

In many ways life has not changed on these islands for a hundred years, and probably will not change much in a hundred years to come. The inhabitants are industrious and contented, and except for marketing and shopping trips to Crisfield, they have little interest in the outside world.

* * *

The people of Crisfield, on the other hand, feel the active pulse of the times. Fast trains and steamers, with the best of accommodations, give quick transportation to the northern cities, and its location midway between Baltimore and Norfolk offers many special advantages in the growing development of the Chesapeake Bay region. Everybody in Crisfield works. The population of the immediate locality is approximately twelve thousand, altho the town proper has only about five thousand. Crisfield has ambitions to become something more than the world's greatest sea-food center. It has taken stock of its industrial advantages and believes it has many special inducements to offer. A deep harbor, excellent freight and express service, ample gas and electric power, cheap labor with freedom from an excess of the foreign element and strikes, and low taxes are among its strongest arguments in attracting new industries. Shirt factories, box factories, marine railways, canning factories, ice plants and large fertilizer plants make up its chief manufacturing industries.

The success of these institutions has encouraged Crisfield to seek other enterprising business factories. It has caught the spirit of progress and welcomes eagerly the coming of efficient methods in business, machinery and great manufacturing corporations.

Crisfield's mild climate, its nearby farms, its wonderful sea-food industry, all go to make it a place where food will always remain as cheap as anywhere in the world. It lies in the center of a great game belt as well. Hunters from all over the country visit Crisfield and vicinity, where are to be found twenty different varieties of ducks, including such favorites as mallards, canvasbacks and redheads. The summer season also finds many fishermen who enjoy the sport of rod and line, for it is a known fact that the best fish in the world are to be found living amid the oyster beds of the Chesapeake, far more delicate in fiber and delicious in flavor than the coarser sea fish caught in the ocean.

Small fruits, truck, and vegetables of all kinds are grown in the territory adjoining the city in great profusion and with great success. This section is especially famous for the quantity and quality of its strawberry production, which is shipped daily in carloads during the season to northern cities.

In fact, the shipping calendar of Crisfield is divided into four great overlapping parts — oysters from October to April; shad from April to May; strawberries from May to June; crabs from June to September—around in an endless circle, shipping, shipping, shipping, to the tables of the world.

A substantial residential district, fine churches, and good schools are evidences of the wholesome home life of Crisfield. Its people are prosperous and wide-awake. The city seems to combine the charm of southern hospitality with northern push and energy, and everybody is pulling together to make the delights, advantages, and opportunities which Crisfield affords known to the world. It is the opinion of those who have studied Crisfield's environment that the manufacturing possibilities from a financial viewpoint are second only to its great sea-food industry.

OYSTER SHUCKING PLANT, SHOWING LARGE PILE OF OYSTER SHELLS

William Hodge—Artist and Man

by

Julia Chandler

BEHIND achievement there is always a story. The more splendid the success, the more graphic the tale, for nothing worth while is ever accomplished save thru struggle—a long road blending sunshine and shadow. The domination of either element depends upon the individual.

In the case of William Hodge, the leading exponent of American character type on the contemporary stage, sunshine has lain in large patches along his path by virtue of his natural persistence. He has been master of his destiny and has sculptured so well that the admiration of the American public is a natural consequence, the fair reward of an earnest man who takes his art and his work seriously, and is much concerned that his name shall be associated only with entertainment that is clean, wholesome, and helpful.

Mr. Hodge as an actor has realized this ambition, which is indicated in the popular approval of every new play in which he appears, expressing an appreciation of him as artist and as a man.

During the seven years of his starring in "The Man from Home," he depicted a level-headed Yankee—Daniel Voorhees Pike—a character shrewd in business transactions, but withal a man of high ideals and strong poetic fervor. Mr. Hodge's impersonation of this Booth Tarkington hero was something more than a stage portraiture. It was the projection of the real personality of the player across the footlights. Pike was honest to the core, impatient of duplicity, stern in his insistence upon a square deal, but very tender in the heart of him, where sentiment held high court. There could be no more accurate description of William Hodge—the man.

And somehow the great mass of theatregoers recognized the fact and loved the actor because of his own inherent qualities of character with which he glorified the fictional hero from Mr. Tarkington's vivid pen.

And that accounts for the inability of the public mind to dissociate the two. Mention of William Hodge conjures instantly a picture of "The Man from Home," and vice versa, a statement which is now becoming equally true of his creation of John Otis in "Fixing Sister," the latest offering of the distinguished delineator of American character type to his enthusiastic public. Between the comedian and his new hero of the stage there exists again a close similarity; an inherent affiliation that cannot fail to strike the attention of the auditor thru the depth of its sympathy.

The fact has been one so unanimously recognized that thruout his New York engagement in "Fixing Sister" last fall Mr. Hodge was constantly the recipient of the sort of approval which makes him an unique figure in the history of the drama.

To receive the gratified applause of the average playgoer is the experience of every truly-gifted player, every artist whose achievement is touched by the Divine

Fire; but when thru his art there glows a man so like some rare radiance that those concerned with the promotion of the best there is in life are drawn within its circle—attracted to his accomplishment and cemented to him by an undercurrent that transcends the mere pleasure of entertainment—there must be an explanation beyond the play itself, or the mere amusement it affords.

So powerful a thing is this undercurrent that runs thru the performance of William Hodge in the four-act blend of drama, comedy and farce in which he has been for the past year appearing that it has drawn into it a voluntary praise from the pulpit so voluminous in its nature as to have marked an epoch in theatrical history.

During the New York engagement of "Fixing Sister," the clergy of the metropolis were so impressed with the standard of entertainment for which Mr. Hodge stands, so conscious of the man behind the artist, that the famous star was the recipient of innumerable invitations to speak from the pulpit—invitations which were invariably accepted. No record was kept of the number of ministers and priests who saw the play during either its Boston or New York engagements, but so manifest was the interest of the clergy in both of these cities that, when Mr. Hodge began in December his long Chicago run, an effort was made to in some measure gauge a similar interest, with results which were truly astounding.

During this engagement, more than eight hundred clergymen and priests saw "Fixing Sister," of whom scores made it their business to express to Mr. Hodge an interesting and unprecedented record of appreciation of him both as man and as artist. The letters which poured into the Princess Theatre were all voluntary contributions bearing their kindly messages of an enthusiastic approval, overwhelmingly substantiating the comment expressed above, viz., that the sort of character which William Hodge portrays upon the stage and the sort of man he is are synonymous—so much so that the wholesome charm of them is a composite

Photo by White

WILLIAM HODGE
American playwright and actor, who has won recognition and success in "The Man from Home," "The Road to Happiness" and "Fixing Sister," the two latter being his own productions

picture in the minds of those who have been privileged to meet him.

At the close of a four months' phenomenally successful engagement last spring at the Majestic Theatre, Boston, of Mr. Hodge in the play aptly entitled "Fixing Sister," bearing the signature of Lawrence Whitman, speculation concerning its author ran riot.

"Who is Lawrence Whitman?" asked everybody of everybody else.

Some there were who had made the same inquiry when the name first went into theatre programs as responsible for "The Road to Happiness," the sunshine drama which served Mr. Hodge as a starring vehicle for four successive years. They found the answer to their question, and it was not long before word was passed along that Lawrence Whitman was but a pseudonym for William Hodge, a discovery which but served to increase the interest in his latest portrayal of splendid Americanism.

Folks who followed the distinguished comedian in his clever and amusing occupation of "Fixing Sister" came out of the theatre with two questions in thought. The first was the oft-mooted question of *the* American play and who should write it. The second was why in the world Mr. Hodge was trying to hide his genius as a playwright under a nom de plume.

With the first inquiry came innumerable discussions concerning the ingredients essential to the making of *the* great American drama.

Of what is it to consist?

Has William Hodge answered the question in "Fixing Sister"?

Certainly one will stop long and look further before he passes "Fixing Sister," which, despite its fun-suggestive title, embodies in its central character the pulsating heart of Americanism, while reflecting in its minor parts conditions peculiarly woven into our social fabric.

The story itself is of America a part. It could happen nowhere else. It concerns the interests of John Otis, of Kansas City, and his sister Marion, the former an admirable representative of the splendid and candid American whose shrewdness in business is evenly balanced by the gentleness of a nature that is still touched with innumerable flashes of wit, while "Sister" typifies the social climber, the top rung of whose ladder of ambition is wreathed with a title.

Practical, clear-eyed, understanding—Otis travels far to save his sister from her folly, and, still true to the American instinct, employs strategy where argument fails.

In its very vital part, "Fixing Sister" reflects the standards and spirit of wholesome Americanism to such an extent that Mr. Hodge, playwright, has been applauded with as great enthusiasm as Mr. Hodge, actor.

The identity of the author of "Fixing Sister" was speedily discovered, but with none of the effects anticipated by Mr. Hodge, for the knowledge that he is the creator of the wholesome entertainment has best enhanced the interest of the public and added a fresh laurel to the wreath of fame and popularity worn for the past twelve years by William Hodge.

Not that the "play's the thing" where Mr. Hodge is concerned, but rather the artist he is—and the man that sheds that indescribable radiance over, above, and thru the artist—drawing all folk to him, very much after the manner of some irresistible magnet.

IN THE PULLMAN SMOKER

SAY, stranger, have you got a match?"
  A cigarette waits on the word—
I give it to him—add the scratch—
  And thus acquaintanceship is stirred.

Together then we sit and talk,
  Exchanging views on many things—
Discussing life—its every walk—
  And looking wise, and blowing rings.

—*Bennett Chapple.*

SURF BOATING IN HAWAII

Across the Border

by

William Edward Ross

A SMALL body of men crossed the Rio Grande, eluded the border patrol, and safely reached the American side of the river. They were Mexicans captained by a beardless youth. The men were gaunt and haggard; their clothing was patched and worn, and, had anyone seen them, they would instantly have been recognized as coming from the midst of revolution and bloodshed. In the center of the band, carried by four men, was a long black box, a coffin.

Keeping well inside the shadows, the company of scarecrows stole into El Paso and, slipping down a dark, narrow street, halted before a large, two-story frame house. The leader rapped four times upon the front door—two long and two short raps—the door opened noiselessly, and the band passed into the house.

The man who opened the door piloted them down a long hall and into a dimly-lighted back room; it was the only room in the house that was in any manner illuminated. At a gesture from the commander, the men silently lined the sides of the room. Two men were seated at a table littered with papers. One was a small, wizened Mexican; the other, an American. The American nodded and the young captain drew up a chair and joined the others at the table.

For several minutes the trio conversed earnestly together. Then, at a word from the captain, two of the men stepped to the coffin, which had been laid upon two chairs in the center of the room, and noiselessly unscrewed the lid.

The American extinguished the lights and lighting a small taper, stood by the side of the coffin. There was an expression of sadness on his face, as if he were expecting to gaze for the last time on the face of someone near and dear to him. The men who had been unscrewing the lid raised it, stepped back, and the American gazed into—blankness. The coffin was empty.

The man drew back, startled. Instantly the candle was knocked from his hand, a sack was thrown over his head, and he knew no more.

A little later the nondescript band left the house. They were accompanied by the old Mexican. At the river the band separated into two divisions. Half of them, taking the coffin with them, went east; the rest, west. For half a mile the east-bound band stole along the bank of the river. Then, setting down their burden, they threw themselves on the ground to rest. They had lain there perhaps an hour when, far to the west, possibly a mile from where they lay, came the sounds of a skirmish.

"The young Capitaine has very likely attracted the attention of the Gringo patrol to himself," one of the men said. "It is now safe for us to cross."

Picking up the coffin, the Mexicans placed it on a flat boat, which they drew from the concealment of the bank, and pulled for the opposite shore. Five minutes later they vanished in the darkness on the Mexican side.

II

"Oh, Daddy! Daddy! Daddy! Why don't you come? Why don't you come?"

The girl pressed her face against the window pane and a dry sob shook her body. She had stood there, at the hotel window, she knew not how many hours, staring out into the darkness, listening for her father's footsteps, but he did not come.

"Oh, why doesn't he come?" she whimpered again, wringing her hands. Running to the wall-phone, she asked the operator to connect her with room 986.

The connection made, she sobbed incoherently into the transmitter, "Hello, Ed—Mr. Weston—is that you? Please come down; I'm afraid that—"

Of what she was afraid he did not learn; the conversation was interrupted by the sound of a scuffle, followed by a muffled thud. Frantically he yelled into the phone, but the only answer he received was the blurred rumble of a receiver not on its hook.

Hurriedly slipping into his trousers, for he was preparing for bed when interrupted by the telephone call, he grabbed a revolver from his dresser and ran from the room. Scorning the elevator, he took the stairs two at a time and reached the girl's room to find it in darkness, the door bolted on the inside. His loud raps brought no reply, and he ran down the corridor, headed for the office.

He explained the situation briefly to the night clerk and as soon as the latter had summoned the house detective, the three men hurried to the girl's room. It was as when Weston left it. The detective was about to break the door open when the clerk remembered that there was a connecting door between the girl's room and the next one, 143.

Opening 143, the clerk switched on the light, and, pulling away a dresser which stood in front of it, unlocked the door leading into the room occupied by the girl. Fortunately for them, the door swung into the room they were in, for there was another dresser on the opposite side of the door. Shoving it out of their way, the men entered the room.

Altho only five minutes had elapsed from the time Weston received the telephone call until the three men entered the room, they found it in a chaotic condition. The carpet had been pulled from the floor, the curtains torn down, the contents of a small trunk and dresser drawers piled on the floor, and the bed's mattress ripped open. The girl was not in the room.

The men looked at each other, baffled, when an almost inaudible groan attracted their attention. It came, apparently, from the adjoining room, 141.

Hurriedly the men left the room and went to the next one. A light streamed thru the crack over the door. The detective rapped sharply. There was no reply. Drawing his gun, he softly turned the knob. The door was unlocked. Motioning for the others to follow him, he sprang into the room. It was unoccupied, altho the bedclothes were rumpled and bore signs of recent occupancy.

Again they heard the groan, this time nearer and more distinct. Hastily they searched the room and were about to leave it when the groan was repeated—coming apparently from the front wall.

Weston ran to a window at the front of the room and opened it. On the platform of the fire-escape, bound, blindfolded and gagged, lay Hazel West.

It was the work of a moment for Weston to pick her up and lay her on the bed. He hastily removed the bonds and gags and summoned the hotel physician.

Many hours elapsed before the girl recovered consciousness, and it was a strange story she told Weston when she was able to talk. Satisfying himself that Hazel was able to travel, Weston packed and stored their belongings, together with the missing West's, and the two hurriedly left El Paso.

III

It was a very much disgruntled, very angry, very much upset General who paced back and forth across the veranda of the hacienda office building. He had been severely worried of late because of the insistent demands made by the Washington Government that he give a more creditable explanation of the killing of the Englishman, Peyton, than had already been given. And now here was this additional nuisance. Had ever a brave Mexican patriot been so harassed? He scowled savagely at the little figure sitting on the step, complacently smoking. Intercepting the scowl, the little man suavely observed:

"The General appears agitated. Perhaps something he ate at breakfast failed to agree with him. The cakes *were* a little too heavy."

"*Madre de Dios!* Eat!" thundered the General. "Eat! My breakfast might have been bran for all I know of what it consisted. How can one know what he eats when there are so many who call the killing of a pig murder? Murder? Bah! As if the killing of one accursed Gringo, more or less, is important."

"But when that Gringo chances to be an Englishman, it adds complications," the little man softly ejaculated.

"Complications, Baron, nothing but complications," the General cried, stamping his foot. "And to make them worse, Ogi, here you come with a threat to bring English wrath, thru Japanese agency, upon my defenseless country unless I refuse to listen to the Washington Gringo's commands. It is what you call 'from the fire to the frying pan,' is it not?"

The Japanese leered.

"I am but following my Emperor's instructions, General. Either refuse to make any answer to Washington's demands, or England, thru my country, refuses you her aid, and the Mikado will forget he has been a friend of the revolution and will demand the instant repayment of the English pounds and Japanese yens loaned you to finance the revolution."

"And what if I cannot pay?" the harassed Mexican cried.

The Jap lazily inhaled a fragrant smoke-cloud and leered cruelly at the questioner.

"Japan stands ready to enforce her claims and England's," he cried.

For several minutes, the Japanese thoughtfully watching him, the Mexican stamped up and down the veranda.

"It's no use, Ogi," he said finally, "you have me. Washington has refused monetary aid, and if the countries you represent withdraw their help, I am lost. I shall do as you ask, in fact I have already acted."

The Jap looked interested, but did not question. The General continued: "Last night I sent Peyton's body to American soil as Washington requested."

"What!" the Jap screamed, "you sent his body to American soil so that they might learn he had been shot in the back? Are you crazy?"

It was the General's turn to smile, and he enjoyed in full the Japanese's discomfiture.

"Softly, Ogi, softly," he observed. "It is dangerous to the health to allow oneself to become overheated in this country. Permit me to finish. I sent, under escort, Peyton's body in a coffin, but upon examination the coffin will be found empty."

The Jap angrily leaped to his feet.

"Are you playing with me, General, or have you indeed lost your senses? Do you think the Americanos such fools that you can dupe them with an empty coffin?"

The Mexican laughed.

"It has been arranged," he said, "that the coffin be opened in the presence of but one man, a trusted United States Treasury agent, and altho the coffin is sent to the American side empty, it shall not return that way."

* * *

The light of understanding gradually illuminated the Jap's face, and to his quiet laugh was joined the General's cruel chuckle. The latter spoke:

"As the Gringos would say, 'I put one over on you,' eh, Baron?"

The Baron's reply was the question: "And the man who will open the coffin is—"

"Richard West!" the General finished.

A vindictive, malignant scowl appeared on the Jap's face and a scar on his forehead gleamed lividly. Regaining his composure, he impulsively stretched out his hand.

"You have indeed united your great country and mine, not mentioning England, in a closer bond of mutual understanding," he said.

The two men dropped onto the top stair and engaged in a low but animated conversation until the whir of a motor announced the coming of visitors.

A large dust-covered automobile drove up to the veranda and stopped. Two men, an old, wizened Mexican and a young officer, alighted. The officer saluted. The old man shook hands.

After a few courteous inquiries as to the visitors' health, the General asked:

"And your mission, Rodriguez?"

"Satisfactorily consummated, General."

"And the coffin?"

"In the tonneau, General, well weighted."

Turning to the young officer, the General spoke a few words, then commanded: "Have it brought in, Lieutenant."

The young officer saluted, and summoning some soldiers lolling in the yard, had the coffin carried to an inner apartment.

IV

The warm Mexican aurora had just commenced to suffuse the sky with its warm tints when a squad of men, escorting a fifth, left the low quartel and marched to where an adobe wall reared its offensive outlines against the brilliance of the sunrise. The fifth man was blindfolded. He was a pathetic figure, clad only in a dilapidated pair of overalls and a greasy shirt. His face was covered with a grayish brown stubble of beard and his long, gray hair was uncombed save for the combing he had been able to give it with his fingers.

His back against the wall, his arms folded, he lifted his head and inhaled a long, copious draft of the revivifying morning air. Then, calmly, showing no signs of emotion, he faced the west, whence the squad had removed itself. A tragic statue, he stood awaiting the end.

A little to the left of the squad, the young officer stood with drawn sword. He leisurely surveyed the sunrise, the lone figure at the wall, glanced casually at a large bird-figure high overhead, smiled sardonically at a group of buzzards hovering between the bird-figure and the squad, then commanded:

"*Preparece*" (Make ready).

Four rifles were brought to position.

"*Apunta*" (Aim).

Four pairs of eyes gleamed across the rifle sights. The rifles were aimed at the defenseless figure by the wall. The Lieutenant raised his sword, opened his mouth to give the command "*Fuego*" (Fire) when there was a loud explosion, the ground beneath the squad gave way in a mighty upheaval, and the little squad was blown into many fragments. The man by the wall fell on his face.

The buzzards flew affrightedly away, but not so the large bird-figure. With a loud whir it swooped to earth where the prisoner lay, picked him up, ascended and flew rapidly northward.

V

The large augmented orchestra in Rector's Madison Street Lobster Palace had just finished the closing strains of Mendelssohn's beautiful "Spring Song." The strains hung over the dining room an inaudible benediction which caused even the most blasé diner to unconsciously lower his conversational tone. Into the peace, the atmosphere of American prosperity, crept a stealthy, Oriental shadow. The shadow of the East endeavoring to practice its Oriental mysticism amid the modern practicalness of the West.

At a table in one corner sat a beautiful girl, her lines of facial beauty made more vivid by the traces a long illness, or recent nervous strain, had left on her face. By her side sat a young man, his lean face and square, firm chin the characteristic marks of well-bred, self-reliant, clean-lived American manhood. Directly opposite them sat the same American type, only he was many years the young man's senior. His face, though marked by mental suffering and physical hardship, possessed the strength and firmness of the young man's, coupled with the keen insight and knowledge which age and experience bring. His hair was white, absolutely white without a single trace of any other color.

The three were leaning across the table engaged in earnest conversation. Only the eyes of the girl were restless. At the right of the table hung a pair of elaborate portières. Suddenly a lean, brown hand was thrust thru the drapery, held over the elder gentleman's *demi-tasse*, and a little stream of white powder fell into the cup. The hand was about to be withdrawn when the girl saw it. Uttering a muffled cry, she grasped the hand and with a mighty pull yanked its owner from concealment. The hand belonged to Baron Ogi. The young man leaped savagely upon him and the Japanese lay a crumpled heap by the table. The older man had slipped away quietly, but returned, almost before he was missed, with two plain-clothes men. To them was entrusted the Jap. Thus does the Western world deal with the mystic and shifty East.

Well-oiled American machinery had almost instantly smoothed over the *faux pas* and no one entering the restaurant would have known a tragic act had been miraculously averted. The subdued hum occasioned by the "Spring Song" vanished, and gay chatter and repartee flourished in its stead. The orchestra was playing the latest fashionable fox trot.

A fresh cloth had been laid at the table in the corner, the men were smoking, and the girl idly toyed with a miniature cordial glass. The incident had removed the lines of care from her face and she was smiling.

"I declare, Hazel, I believe that the appearance of Ogi, startling as it was, has revived you," the younger man declared.

"It's a real tonic to know that at last that man is safely lodged in the county 'Strong Box,'" she said seriously. "Don't you think so, father?"

"Yes, it is, Hazel," the older man replied, "but I haven't yet learned how you traced me to Mexico and so effectively managed my rescue?"

* * *

A shiver convulsed the girl and then she smiled. "I'm afraid you'll have to depend on Mr. Weston for the story. He's a better raconteur than I, and besides, the credit belongs to him."

The young man flushed.

"It was nothing, West, and I'm afraid Hazel is trying to crowd herself out of the limelight by shoving me into it. However, I'll tell you our share of the near tragedy.

"How Hazel was attacked, you already know. Everything in the room was ripped open and every piece of paper, even her private letters, stolen.

"As soon as she was able to walk we went to your room and found it likewise dismantled. Luckily for us, you had told Hazel where you were bound and we went to the old house by the river. It was deserted. There were footprints enough, however, to convince us that a large body of men had been quartered there. In one room, beside two overturned chairs, we found your hat. A little later we ascertained from a member of the border patrol that a scrimmage had taken place at the river and that a mysterious band had crossed to the Mexican side. Knowing that your business related to the situation in that country, we simply guessed you had been carried across, but whether dead or alive we had no means of ascertaining.

"Luckily I had my biplane with me, and Hazel, tho I tried to dissuade her, accompanied me. I was satisfied that, if you were indeed captured, you would be taken to the revolutionary headquarters.

"We flew to the outskirts of the rebel city, and leaving Hazel to guard the machine, I did a little reconnoitering. I could learn nothing. Several days later I learned from a peon that a mysterious American had been court-martialed and sentenced to death as a spy. Again I crossed the lines and managed, by bribing one of your jailers, to learn your identity and the date set for the execution.

"My first impulse was to notify Washington, but I knew you would have long since been an unrecognizable corpse before they could get the ponderous machinery of government working in your favor.

"For some time I have been interested in a secret explosive, with the view of perfecting it as an aerial means of offense. By chance I had a loaded tube with me. The tube is neutral in color, cannot be seen in flight, and, altho very powerful, confines its ravages to a very small circumferences when it explodes.

"By again bribing the jailer I learned where you were to be executed, and Hazel and I hovered above the spot long before sunrise. It was a risky way of effecting a rescue, but it was the only means available. The greatest risk was that the range of my explosive might be so great that you would be injured. It was a risk, however, that we were forced to take.

"Fortunately, everything worked very smoothly. The shot was not only a success, but a surprise. My one regret was that Ogi was not included in the havoc it wrought.

"The moment the torpedo exploded we descended and picked you up. You were unconscious—due to the force of the concussion, but were uninjured. Your hair, however, had turned snow-white. Five hours later we were in El Paso. And now —you will pardon my curiosity—will you not tell us what it all means?"

West lit a fresh cigar and for a few moments smoked thoughtfully.

"You will remember," he said at last, "the notoriety caused by the death of the Englishman, Peyton, at the hands of the

Mexicans. They officially reported that he had been found guilty, and executed as a spy. We had secret advices, however, that he had been shot in the back and killed by the rebel commander during a personal quarrel.

"England, ever jealous of the rights of her citizens, demanded that America, as the champion of all the Americas, punish the murderer, and I was despatched to investigate the affair.

"The rebel commander volunteered to let me view the body if I would cross to Mexican soil, but I preferred to carry on my investigations on this side of the line.

"It was at last agreed to exhume the body and bring it to the old junta building at El Paso.

"That night I went to the junta, where I met the Secretary to the rebel general. A little later a coffin, supposed to contain the Englishman's corpse, was brought into the room. The lid was unscrewed, raised, and I looked into it, expecting to see Peyton's body, but it was empty. The next instant a crack on the head knocked me senseless.

"When I recovered consciousness I was a prisoner in a dungeon at the revolutionary headquarters. My clothes, everything, had been taken away from me, and a shirt and pair of overalls given me to wear.

"The next morning I was taken before a drum-head court-martial, charged with being a spy."

"On what grounds?" Hazel asked.

"On evidence given by Baron Ogi," West replied. "I have managed to frustrate several of his schemes and he hates me. At my trial he swore that he had overheard a conversation between a Constitutionalist officer and myself in which I not only pledged American assistance to that cause, but also volunteered to get him detailed information as to the rebel strength and position. I was sentenced to be shot. I believe the officers presiding were honest, but they trusted the Jap implicitly.

"When I was taken back to my prison, Ogi came and taunted me. He laughed in my face, swore England and Japan were secret allies of the revolution, that Peyton had been killed because he knew too much, and that England was trying to force America to make a reprisal for his death by forcing her into a dispute with Mexico—a dispute which would ultimately result in war."

"And why should England desire such a war?" Weston queried.

"At Japan's instigation," West replied. "Because it would give that country a chance to openly announce her alliance with the Mexican Revolution and give her her long-wanted opportunity to meet this country on the battlefield. Thanks to your timely appearance, I have been able to bring the matter to Washington's attention.

"I am afraid, tho," he added, sadly, "that it will require more than my word to convince the pacifists that Japan's antagonism is not a myth, but a deep, smoldering hatred. Ogi's desperate attempt to murder me proves, not considering his personal enmity, the truth of my contentions. He is the Mikado's most trusted agent."

* * *

For a long time the little party sat silent, deeply thoughtful. They were about to leave the restaurant, when a messenger entered and handed West a note. He read it and handed it to Hazel, who read aloud,

"Ogi has escaped."

The girl impulsively grasped her father's arm.

"Daddy," she pleaded, "won't you send in your long-promised resignation? Surely you have given enough of your time to your country. Think of me."

West playfully pinched her cheek.

"My resignation has been in the Secretary's hands for some time," he said, "but I have one more important case to finish before it will be accepted. I hope, tho, to have completed it in time to be a private citizen when Ed and you are married."

The last story in this series, dealing with the inside of international intrigue, and carrying West, Hazel and Weston into the thickest of the European conflict, will appear in the April NATIONAL

China—Our Elder Brother

by Mitchell Mannering

WHEN I bade a friend *bon voyage* recently, as he was preparing to embark on a tour of the Celestial Republic, he left me with a new conception of that land. He had traveled much in China, and had actually witnessed the awakening of the great Elder Brother nation. His description of the China of today was so at variance with the tales of an opium-soaked country that I began to visualize the dawning of the New China.

Then I heard bankers in various manufacturing centers of the Middle West discussing the recent loan to China made by the Continental and Commercial National Bank, Chicago, as a matter of personal concern in exploiting Oriental trade for their home factories. This was the same logic used by the great nations who have gained the trade of the world. Loan first—then trade. "You know," insisted one banker, "that if a Chicago bank starts loaning five million dollars to China that means just five million dollars' worth of trade for the factory area of Chicago. That has been the inevitable trend of development; the reason for British supremacy in world commerce."

In as simple a manner as renting a house, the loan was accomplished thru Dr. Wellington Koo, the Chinese ambassador at Washington.

It is in the form of six per cent three-year secured gold loan treasury notes of 1916, issued by the Republic of China, a direct obligation of the Chinese Government, secured, in respect to both principal and interest, by a first charge upon the entire revenues derived and to be derived by the Chinese Government, from the Chinese tobacco and wine public sales tax—which tax, by the way, netted during the year 1916 the equivalent of $5,840,000 gold. In other words, the loan could be paid with one year's revenues if necessary, with nearly a million dollars to spare for interest and incidentals.

With characteristic candor, the Chinese Government declared that the money, if secured, was to be used for industrial purposes, including the internal development of the Republic, the strengthening of the reserves of the Bank of China and the Bank of Communication—official banks —and other similar purposes—first and last a trade proposition.

Following the failure of the loan proposed by eastern and European bankers, that failed early in the Wilson administration thru the scoffing eloquence of Secretary of State William J. Bryan, as "dollar diplomacy," the Chicago loan has an element of courage at least. It is a business proposition between a Middle West bank and the Republic of China, without any governmental or diplomatic entanglements, altho the matter of making the loan was submitted to the Secretary of State, Lansing. His reply was terse and characteristic of a regular business transaction:

"I have read the contract between yourselves and the Republic of China with reference to a loan of $5,000,000 for a period of three years, and I have to say in reply to your oral request for a statement of the policy of this Department respecting such loans that the Department of State is always gratified to see the Republic of China receive financial assistance from the citizens of the United States, and that it is the policy of the department now, as in the past, to give all proper diplomatic support and protection to the legitimate enterprises abroad of American citizens."

MR. V. K. WELLINGTON KOO AND HIS WIFE
Mr. Koo is ambassador from China to the United States, and it was thru him that the loan of five million dollars by the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago to China was accomplished

The shares of this loan are to yield about 6.90 per cent and were sold at .97½, redeemable in whole or part at the option of the Republic on thirty days' published notice, during the first year at a premium of one per cent and at any time thereafter at a premium of one-half per cent. The loan was made thru the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago, whose vice-president, Mr. John Jay Abbott, has made quite an exhaustive study of the conditions.

In talking with an officer of the bank in reference to this loan, it was interesting to learn that the total indebtedness of China, including this loan, amounts approximately to the equivalent of $680,000,000 gold, which, with a population of four hundred million, is equal to $1.70 per capita—less than that of New York City.

Thruout the history of China, including the Empire from the early days of Confucius, there has never been a default in the payment of any part of the Chinese national debt. This is an endorsement that would seem to commend itself for national credit.

The honesty of the Chinese is traditional; banks in Japan and other Asiatic countries have Chinese cashiers, and the relentless custom of the guild is that the defaulting Chinese bank cashier shall lose his own head and his ancestors also suffer for his misdeed. Ancestor worship has been a great influence in China, and the conservatism of the country is to some extent due to this respect and reverence for the memory of ancestors.

It is generally conceded that the fear of China being overrun by Japanese is a misapprehension. A railroad in Manchuria is owned and operated by Japanese, but they control only one mile on each side of the track, in much the same manner as the Zone of the Panama Canal is under United States control. Outside of this, Japan has no claim upon the soil of China, and the "open door" policy and recognition of the integrity of China is an inheritance from John Hay that is already historic and an unwritten law among nations.

The United States has one billion dollars more cash in the banks than all of the countries of Europe, and one billion dollars more gold than ever before. It would seem that something should be done to relieve this monetary congestion, looking to investments that will promote trade. As long as the American flag floats in the Philippines, it is well to be on the most friendly relations with the Republic of China, which offers a wider scope of opportunity for railroad and industrial development than any other country in the world.

At Wuchang were recently received twenty American locomotives, ten of which are to be used on the railway from Wuchang to Changsha, which is expected to be opened in March. The other ten locomotives are for the Peking-Hankow railway.

The very fact that the United States returned the indemnity paid during the Boxer rebellion has created a bond of friendship and confidence between China and the United States. The partition of China and the watchful eye of European nations during this present war recall that the guarantee of the future of the sturdy young republic in the East is a pledge that will stand as long as United States integrity stands.

In the Philippines, in Hawaii, Mexico, South America and all over the world is to be found the Chinaman. This is not merely a question of making friends in China, but brings to the United States friends wherever the wandering Chinaman may go, for he never quite loses touch with his native country.

The Continental and Commercial Bank has an option on first call of a loan for twenty-five to thirty millions more on terms to be agreed on, which is only an indication of what may follow. The manner in which the matter was investigated and acted upon is characteristic of the comprehensive policy of the management of the bank. It was first known that the Chinese, from time immemorial had a reputation of honesty, that he paid his debts, and that the moral risk in this form of national credit might be rated as high as individual credit.

It was found that the indebtedness of China, with all the centuries of history back of it, was in no way excessive—in other words, that the assets were good. Writers on China have agreed that the foreign creditor need have no fear for safety of loans, because the one thing that will be developed in the future will be government revenues to keep pace with the development.

GEORGE M. REYNOLDS

President of the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago, who recently negotiated a loan of five million dollars to China

The trade of China with the United

LOADING A LIGHTER ON THE RIVER, CHINA

States is comparatively small, and we should have a larger proportion. European nations, have, heretofore, been more ready to extend credit to China, thus securing the business. Hankow made a record during 1916 of exports to the United States amounting to over nine million dollars, with a very small proportionate increase in imports from this country.

As recently as 1911 the Shang Wah Trading Company was organized by a number of prominent Chinese merchants, for the purpose of extending Chinese commerce thruout the world by means of direct business transactions with the merchants of the principal foreign countries. Special delegates were sent by the company to the Panama-Pacific Exposition to make a careful study of American demands for Chinese products. As a result, the company has increased its capital and has appointed an agent for the United States, who sailed recently with a large shipment of Chinese merchandise to be disposed of in the American market.

The development of China is felt to be a world necessity rather than a matter of exploitation—the people and market are already there. As one American statesman remarked not many years ago, the real progress of a nation is represented in the consumption of paper, which necessarily meant the increase of intelligence. There are two government paper mills in China, and advertising of foreign and Chinese dealers is noticeable in the increased demand and circulation of native newspapers. The Chinese paper industry is the oldest in the world, altho the methods are still very crude.

A paper mill at Shanghai, owned by a Japanese concern, is well equipped, and has a daily capacity of about sixty tons. The output consists of machine-glazed cap, cheap news print, wrapping and tissue paper. The total product is said to be sold for several months in advance, so far does the demand for foreign style paper in China at present exceed the supply.

The increased importation of wood pulp indicates more than anything else the awakening of the Chinese, for nearly all the Chinese papers are increasing in circulation; one in Shanghai has a circulation proportionate to the smaller metropolitan newspapers in the United States. This is the only Chinese periodical using paper in rolls, by the way, all the others purchasing it in sheets. This sheet paper comes mainly from the Scandinavian countries and Japan, tho a considerable quantity is made at Hankow.

Astronomical observations recorded in Chinese annals indicate that semi-historical China goes back as far as B. C. 2249. This seems a long span of years for one nation to be in existence, and a nation of nearly four thousand years is now being loaned money and developed by a nation less than two hundred years old. China, as to its physical geography, is divided into three great divisions, corresponding roughly to those of our own country, except that their divisions run east and west, while ours run north and south. In the center is the great valley of the Yangtze, corresponding to our Mississippi basin; while in the north, separated from this by the Pei Ling range, is the plain drained by the Yellow River, and in the south, separated by the Mei Ling range, is the section drained by the West River, or Si-Kiang, and other streams, which may be compared to our Atlantic and Pacific slopes. Tho lying somewhat further south than the United States, it embraces the same variety of climate and of soil. Its agricultural resources have been utilized for centuries, but its mineral wealth is to a great extent undeveloped.

The Chinese government has in recent years received the observing attention of all students of the human race. It consisted of two elements: the Imperial authority, represented by the Mandarins, and the popular will represented by the village elders, the Kung-Kuk, or councils of literati, and the Kai-fong or assemblages of householders in cities and towns. The Chinese system of land-tenure has resulted in a large number of freeholders owning a few acres of land apiece rather than in wealthy landlords holding a monopoly of the soil.

Society in China is based on the clan-system. The villages are generally inhabited by the same clan and are frequently known by the clan name, such as Jonesboro and Brownsville in the United States. The conservatism of China has passed with its lightning-like change in form of government. The ethical and political maxims of Confucius contain much that might be studied with profit by philosophers of modern times. Legends of the past have heretofore interested Chinese

LOADING BULLOCK CART WITH OIL IN FRONT OF GODOWN, CHINA scholars more than a glimpse into the future. The Chinaman is a natural stoic, surprised at nothing, but he is now reaching out his hands to join the circle of nations.

When we laugh and consider the odd customs of the Chinese, we forget that perhaps they may be right and we wrong. That is possible, surely. While American tourists sneer at the practice of eating raw fish, they forget that they, themselves, eat raw oysters. The Chinese standard of life seems to be "Is it kindly?" They insist it is wrong to eat beef because the ox is used for plowing. According to the belief of the Confucianists, it is wrong to permit a piece of paper with Chinese characters written on it to be trodden under foot or used for wrapping paper, because it shows disrespect to the sages. It should all be "reverently collected" and burned.

In China the opium problem was met by stopping the production of opium, and the consequent change has been astonishing. For years the country has been under the grind of hard times, with ever-increasing population, but when she realized the value of modern progress, she was not slow to adopt new methods. There may be a repetition of the fable about the hare and the tortoise in a contest for place in modern civilization between the Chinese and the Japanese. The old Chinese habit of copying instead of inventing has held her back, but most of the artisans in Java are Chinese. It was not until 1905 that a patent and copyright office was established at Pekin, but today it is felt that the patents and rights of inventors are as secure in China as in any other country in the world.

* * *

It was not so many years ago that the Kaiser painted the "Yellow Peril" in vivid colors, showing the nations of Europe gathering to defend the cross against the incendiary Buddha lowering in the eastern sky. The story of the Chinese Republic is the most thrilling romance of modern history, and yet how little people know about it. It was indirectly the result of Chinese education in the United States. The troops at Hankow were led by the Chinese Colonel, Wen, who was a graduate of West Point. The revolution was precipitated by the "Dare to Die" band, who were doubtless inspired by the history of the Minute Men of New England.

A manifesto covering the purposes of the Chinese republic was issued in January, 1912, by provisional President Sun Yat Sen and Foreign Secretary Wu Ting Fang:

1. Ousting the Manchu.
2. Friendly intercourse with foreigners and protection of foreign property and person.
3. All foreign treaties now in force to be allowed to run their course.
4. Foreign loans and indemnities contracted by the Manchus to date to be paid.
5. Concessions contracted to date to be binding.

In these five propositions are shown the integrity of the Chinese government, contrasting with the repudiation of obligation in other countries boasting of a higher state of civilization.

In the early days the Chinese would not build a railroad or take money from any syndicate by mortgage, but when the bolt broke from the blue in October, 1911, at Wuchang on the Yangtze River, new history of China was written. The Chinese is beginning to think of himself as a man, following individualism as it has grown and thrived in America and England. Curiously enough, one book that has made a great impression in China is George's "Progress and Poverty," which has been a veritable textbook with the intrepid Sun Yat Sen. Dr. Wellington Koo, now Chinese ambassador at Washington, was one of the protégés of Dr. Sun and his secretary at the time of the provisional Republic.

Wu Ting Fang, whom I recall as being of brilliant mind, but talking seldom, evidently had been thinking of the revolution some day to come in China, during the time he was in Washington. Wu has codified the reform and penal laws of China, and has already more than fulfilled the ambitions of what he thought might come within his generation. He had a great way of addressing Americans: "You are the mother of republics, the greatest republic, and we will be the largest republic." At the beginning of the revolution he wired to foreign governments and pleaded with them not to extend credit to the Manchu government, winning the cause in this way rather than thru bloodshed.

The cultured old Ming capital, Nanking, the most beloved city of China, was the last to hold out in the revolution, and it has since become the rendezvous for the thinkers and philosophers of the new republic. It is difficult to understand that the Chinese, in their fight for a new government, with four hundred millions of inhabitants, accomplished results with a proportionately small loss of life. The edict sent to the Manchus was even more simple than the Declaration of Independence issued by the American Colonies to King George.

When Doctor Sun resigned as provisional president in favor of Yuan, the head of the old Empire, he performed a remarkable act of self-sacrifice to win the north for republicanism and induce Yuan to join the great cause. The National Assembly at Nanking paid him this tribute: "Such an example of purity of purpose is unparalleled in history. It was solely due to your magnanimity and modesty, Doctor Sun, that northern China was won over to republicanism." Here was a patriot willing to sacrifice even hard-won honors to extend the dominion of the new republic.

Travelers in China insist that there are few countries in which there is more grim wit and humor. Some of the Chinese proverbs would make paragraphs in humorous papers. The reversal of what is to us the usual order of things is noticeable. In the first carriage of a Chinese funeral procession, the people play cards, laugh and talk; everyone is talking, joking and smiling. They reason it out this way: "Why should not everyone be happy? The enemies of the deceased believe he has gone to eternal suffering, and his friends are just as confident that he has ascended to receive his rewards. Therefore, you see, all is joyful."

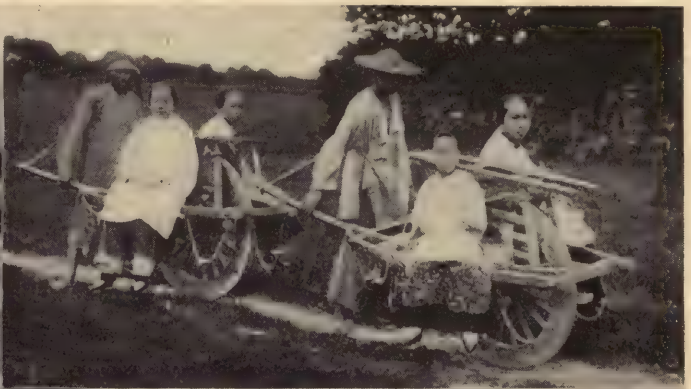
A survey of the situation in China today would indicate that the "Cycle of Cathay" is not as much to be despised as at the time Tennyson wrote his lines. Chinese may not read, but they know the "chop," cartoon, or trade mark, which in China is more important than anywhere else. A successful "chop" is a substantial investment in China, for the Chinese refuse to buy merchandise unless their favorite

WU TING FANG

Who codified the reform and penal laws of China. He was at one time minister from China to the United States, and had great admiration for the American republic

Prince's Imperial Palace

Chinese wheelbarrow, common method of travel in China



Street in Canton

Shanghai, Hongkong

SCENES IN THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

"chop" appears on it. Once a customer always a customer, is truer in China than anywhere else in the world. This would indicate that the foothold which the United States is obtaining in China thru a fair and just loan of money is a substantial and enduring investment.

Fine guild houses in the various cities are erected by subscription and are put in charge of a caretaker, in the same manner as if Ohio men residing in New York put up a guild house there. In some of these houses are to be found interesting proverbs, the ancient form of preserving information.

"He who doesn't follow up his words with deeds is no more terrible than the wind on painted water."

"Go slow; only the turtle is equipped to draw his head in suddenly."

"Don't cross a river with your feet in two boats."

"A wheelbarrow ahead means a trail behind."

"Man's mouth is wider than a volcano when it comes to words."

The old custom of sending letters from city to city by messenger is maintained by many of the guilds, and also by Chinese merchants. Trained carrier pigeons are still used by bankers in carrying secret code messages stating the exchange price of silver.

* * *

The budget of China totals three hundred and thirty million for four hundred million, against Japan's three hundred and fifty million for fifty-five million population, and the United States with its billion-dollar appropriation for a hundred million. With even a moderate amount of capita tax, China could soon accumulate her millions.

Under the monarchy, all land was supposed to belong to the emperor, and everybody paid rental in addition to other tax. Today, the total that the Chinese pays for national, provincial and municipal purposes is one dollar per head per year, against seven dollars in Russia, and twenty dollars in Europe and America. This does not look like an overtaxed people, even if there are four hundred millions of them.

The new Chinese coinage is based upon that used in America, a fact significant at this time, and they have even coins worth one-tenth of a cent, with the name and decimal as in the United States.

The great plains of Pechili, Mongolia and the three Manchurian provinces will soon need a tremendous supply of American machinery, paper mills and factories for making soap. The greatest market in the world for machinery for the next fifty years will be China. The country mines only fifteen million tons of coal, and there are billions of tons awaiting development. Many already opened are large anthracite mines. In Korea, three per cent of the net revenue from the mines is taken by the Japanese government, which indicates that the Japanese appreciate a liberal royalty on that they control.

* * *

The story of the American in China began when the Empress of China, under Captain Green, sailed from New York on Washington's birthday, 1784. Many fortunes in Philadelphia, Boston and New York were founded upon trade with China. In the early days, Secretary William H. Seward, of Lincoln's cabinet, made a trip to China and left an interesting record concerning his observations of the ancient land. China proved a true friend to the Union during the Civil War, but our diplomatic relations began with the first treaty, signed in 1844, when Caleb Cushing and Fletcher Webster, the son of Daniel Webster, went to Hongkong. Daniel Webster himself had no little to do with the establishment of friendly relations between the United States and China.

It is evident that the new Chinese know us well; know us better than we think, and remember gratefully what this country has been doing in the struggling days of their republic. The Chinese name for China is Chung Hua, which means "central glory." By some, China is called the land of "Bitter Strength," because of the never-flagging industry of its people, their faith to a trust, modesty in desires, and peaceful nature. They are strong in their virtues, which are great, and strong in their vices, which are tremendous. Over all lie the somberness, sordidness and bitterness of the land, the fierce struggle for existence, the oppression of petty rulers, which have made joy an almost unknown word in the long centuries of history in China.

The circumstance of a foreign loan made in Chicago is unique—a few years previous, the Middle West made heavy demands upon eastern banks to take care of moving crops eastward. While New York will remain the great city of the country in national and international matters, still Chicago's voice will be heard. The growth and development of Chicago banks has been tremendous. The Continental and Commercial Bank is today the largest bank in the United States, outside of New York.

Interests of millions of people are cared for thru this institution, and the millions of money that are handled in this bank each day, in receipts and payments, is increasing, so that secure investment is still a function of a financier. The Continental and Commercial National was one of the first banks to show "a quarter of a billion dollars" in connection with the publication of its resources. Billion-dollar banks are among the possibilities of the next decade, but with this increasing wealth come increasing responsibilities.

Imagine four hundred million people on the American continent, the population kept within bounds only by disease, wars and famine, and you have a picture of China of the past. The United States is today the only great power without territorial rights in China, and that may be the very reason why Chinese confidence is so unreservedly given to Americans.

There might be thousands of articles enumerated that would find an extensive market in China, but the market must first be opened and the people educated as to the extent of their general and personal needs. The secret of the future development of China lies in the railroads, and with them will come the modernization of the country swiftly and surely. This was a question that engaged the attention of the late E. H. Harriman, who predicted a wonderful future for China because she was securing the very best and latest equipment for her railroads.

China is not over-populated, but it is congested. There are vast areas awaiting immigration, and offering substantial rewards of cultivation.

The great torpor of the past has vanished. Visions of the future have come to the China of today, and Americans are beginning to realize how this ancient civilization has played its part in the past, and that a republic with four hundred millions of people must be reckoned with in a survey of the future.

ON THE RIVER

THE sun is set, the silver moon alone
  Gleams pale above the river, and inspires
 Each ripple with innumerable fires,
Like paths of pearl to her eternal throne;
No cloud in heaven, but the chill winds moan
 In autumn branches, as on secret lyres
 Pale, restless shades may in eternal choirs
Make music, ever hither, thither blown.
 A thousand dreams the waters bear to me
Of cool pavilions and rose-wreathed bowers,
 And shadowed forms; but all my thoughts of thee,
And of our ended rosary of hours,
 Are but as vanished murmurs of the sea,
Or long forgotten odors of dead flowers.

—*P. F. Kirby.*

A Fisher-Knight

by

Maitland Leroy Osborne

HARVEY JEWETT, skipper of the "Hardlyable," of the Gloucester trawling fleet, into Boston harbor for ice and bait, strode hurriedly down the length of T Wharf, whistling snatches of a deep-sea chantey as he elbowed his way among the busy throng that in the old days—gone now, alas! forever—ebbed and flowed up and down the wharf with the regularity of the tides.

From time to time he nodded familiarly to an acquaintance, but did not pause for conversation, for the tide was serving, the ice and bait had been stowed away, and with a favoring wind he hoped before midnight to have dropped Boston Light far astern.

Springing nimbly from wharf to deck, he ordered the mooring lines to be cast off, and soon the trim little schooner was nosing her way thru the tangle of shipping in the upper harbor. Past Bug Light she danced—airily flirting a white ripple of foam from her shapely bow—past Boston Light, curt'sying with dainty grace, and feeling the pulse of the broad Atlantic throbbing beneath her keel, began to lay over to the favoring breeze and cuddle her smooth cheek confidingly to the caress of the white-topped waves.

Big Ben, sturdy fisherman and able mariner, leaning his elbows on the wheel house, with his face propped between his hands and the curling smoke from his pipe blowing away over his shoulder like the smoke from the stack of an ocean liner, gazed meditatively at the green waves sliding away under the schooner's quarter and gave thought to the contrariety of life—to the vast possibilities of mental discomfort concealed in the gulf that exists between loving and being loved.

* * *

The night before he had gripped his faltering courage with both hands and boldly asked Maggie Shane the question that had trembled on his lips for many months—boldly, that is, to outward seeming, but inwardly a-tremble at his own presumption. For well he knew that Maggie, with her sweet Irish blue eyes and her peach-bloom cheeks and raven hair, and her convent learning, was far too bright and beautiful and altogether wonderful a creature to consider marrying a clumsy, awkward fisherman like himself, even tho he was an honest, hard-working, sober chap who would soon have a share in a vessel for himself if things went well, and moreover fair worshipped the ground upon which she trod.

And Maggie had told him gently—holding his great red hand in both her tiny white ones—that she was sorry, oh! so sorry, to have to hurt him, because well she knew how good and kind and gentle he was, and what a fine man altogether, but that she could not marry him, because her heart was already given to another.

And then she had begged him to forgive her for the unhappiness that she had not meant to cause him, and had cried a little because her gentle heart ached at sight of his dumb, awkward suffering—and he had said farewell and gone away into the darkness with a choked sob in his aching throat.

Life looked dark to him now without the thought of Maggie's bright smile to cheer him in the cold night watches at the wheel of the "Hardlyable," or the bitter hard work of hauling trawls and rowing a laden dory for miles and miles against wind and tide.

But even if she was not for him, he could go on loving her, couldn't he? Surely there was no harm in that—if he kept the secret of his love to himself. And maybe, some time, he could do something to show his love for her—not for anyone else to see, of course—but just something that she would understand.

Ah! but that would be the fine thing. And at the comforting thought of it the misery-laden heart of the humble fisher-knight beat as gallantly elate in his loyal bosom as did ever that of any joisting knight of King Arthur's court.

* * *

Someone came and leaned on the wheel house beside him, and Big Ben looked around and saw his new dory-mate, young Tommie Bond, a tall, red-haired, lithe and muscular slip of a lad, with a laughing face and twinkling blue eyes. This was Tommie Bond's first trip on the "Hardlyable," and Big Ben had taken a great liking to him from the first time he had set foot on her deck.

While the trim little schooner skipped lightly from wave to wave, balancing and bowing like a dancing master, those two leaned sociably upon the wheel house and talked of fish and fishing, and Big Ben, out of the depths of his longer experience, discoursed variously of hand-lining for ground fish on the Georges, of seining with the Southern mackerel fleet, of halibuting at the north, of the bitter cold toil of the winter haddocking off the bleak Nova Scotia coast, and of trawling on the Banks, till finally they fell to discussing the sailing qualities of the "Hardlyable" and the renown of her skipper.

"I've heard, ashore in Glos'ter, that he's a driver," said Tommie.

"Aye! that he is," answered Big Ben, "one of the greatest drivers sailing out of Glos'ter—and that's saying something, too; but he gets the fish, Tommie-boy, and he gets to market with 'em, and after all, that's what matters—to get the fish, and get 'em to market. And he's a wonderful able seaman, a high-liner, Tommie-boy, and the "Hardlyable" is a wonderful fine sailing little vessel, and steady as a church in heavy weather."

At eight bells Big Ben took the wheel and tried not to think of Maggie Shane's blue eyes and distracting smile while he guided the "Hardlyable" over the dark waste of waters.

Fair weather and favoring breezes all the way helped to shorten the trip, and 'twas still fair weather but cold when the lead gave them sixty fathoms of water on the Grand Banks on the third day out.

Then, "Dories to the rail!" and "Let go your wind'ard dory!" and Big Ben and Tommie Bond in the first dory overboard were rowing away to windward, while the "Hardlyable," with a single reef in her mainsail, swooped along like a gull, dropping dories from her sides alternately to windward and leeward till twelve of them were dancing in a five-mile line astern.

While Tommie at the oars kept the dory's head to the tide, Big Ben with the expertness born of long experience, hove out the four tubs of baited trawls, keeping the lines and hooks steadily running over the side till the last coil had run from the tub.

"There, Tommie-boy," he said, as the last hook went over, "there's two miles of trawls out for us to haul in again presently—and now for a smoke while we give 'em a good set."

* * *

When the signal horn sounded an hour later, Big Ben began to haul and Tommie to coil the trawl in the tubs. It is a man's work, hauling two miles of trawls into a pitching sixteen-foot dory on a cold day, with a struggling fifteen or twenty-pound fish fast to every other hook, and by the time the last hook was in over the side, the sweat was running from Big Ben and he was breathing heavily.

It had been a good set—the dory was filled nearly to the gunnels with fine, fat fish, and moved sluggishly thru the water as they set their backs to the matter of a five-mile row to the schooner.

Dusk had fallen when they had pitched the last of their fish to the schooner's deck, and their dripping dory had been swung aboard and nested. Then after the hot and hearty and hurried supper the fish had still to be dressed down, stowed away in the pens and iced, and the tedious task of baiting the trawls for the next day's fishing began.

Breakfast at four o'clock by the light of the smoky forec'sle lamps, and with the first hint of dawn the dories began to go overboard again.

As on the day before, Big Ben and Tommie, being the first dory over, had the windward position, and five minutes away from the schooner's side they were swallowed up in the dense Banks fog.

"Pretty moderate thick, Tommie-boy," said Big Ben, gazing at the moist gray shroud that enveloped them.

"'Tis so," agreed Tommie, "but likely 'twill go with the sun," and he began to whistle as he bent to his oars.

"A wonderful comfort to have such a cheerful dory-mate," thought Big Ben. "Always a bright word with him, and then his whistle—sure but it has a fine comforting sound."

* * *

As on the day before, Tommie at the oars kept the dory head to the tide, while Big Ben shot the trawls, and while waiting for them to set, they had a smoke and a chat.

But from time to time they glanced anxiously at the encompassing fog—that most-dreaded terror of the Banks fishermen. It did not lift with the sun as they had hoped it might; instead, it seemed to grow more thick and threatening with every passing moment. Great drops of moisture collected on the sou'westers and dripped slowly down their backs, and the clammy chill of it made itself felt even thru their oil-skins and heavy jackets.

"Was you ever astray in the fog, Ben?" asked Tommie, after a time, voicing the thought that was uppermost in both their minds.

"Aye!" answered Big Ben, "but nothing serious, Tommie-boy. A day and a night only it was, and then I was picked up. And 'twas not so very cold, either—nothing like so cold as it is now," he added thoughtfully.

For awhile after that they were both silent. Then, "I never was lost in the fog, Ben," stated Tommie, "—till now?" His voice held a note of questioning.

"Aye!" responded Big Ben quietly. "I'm afraid 'tis so, lad, but I didn't want to say it. You can see how the tide is running, Tommie-boy. By now the "Hardlyable" will be ten miles away, or maybe fifteen, and we could no more find her in this fog or she find us than we could find a gold mine on George's North Bank. But if she was half a mile away instead of ten or fifteen miles, 'twould be all the same, so the distance she is away don't matter at all, Tommie-boy. And by the looks of it now this fog won't lift today, lad, but maybe tonight the wind will come up and blow it away. So we'd better be after hauling the trawl, and then we'll begin to row—else the tide will be taking us into the open sea."

So they hauled the trawls, throwing the fish back into the water as they took them from the hooks. "For 'twill be hard enough rowing for twenty-four or maybe thirty-six or forty-eight hours without half a ton of fish under foot," observed Big Ben.

Then they set themselves to the oars and began to row against the tide with long, slow strokes.

Eight hours later, so far as human eye could discern, they had not moved a foot. Still the smothering fog pressed thickly down upon them, still the same green waves crested with curling white slid by them ceaselessly. Only now it was growing dark, and the cold bit deeper—through oil-skins, cardigans, and woolen underclothes, thru to their very marrows.

* * *

They had talked but little thruout the day, each being busy with his own thoughts and needing what breath they had for the rowing.

"How goes it, Tommie-boy?" asked Big Ben, after an hour-long silence.

"A bit tired I am," confessed Tommie, "—and hungry."

"Aye! lad," replied Big Ben, "'tis to be expected that you would be—hungry and tired, too. But don't think about the hunger, Tommie-boy. Just draw in your belt a little tighter, and by morning you won't mind the hunger. And as for being tired, better keep to the rowing a while longer, lad, for once you stop, 'tis mortal hard to begin again, you'll be so stiff in your back and arms. But in a couple hours more, say, 'twould do no harm if you stop for a time and sleep, and then you can row and let me sleep."

"And do you think we might be picked up, perhaps—tomorrow, say, if the fog lifts?" asked Tommie presently.

"'Tis likely, Tommie-boy, most likely—and then again we might not, maybe, till the day after. 'Tis chance, lad, all luck and chance, once you've gone astray like this in a fog on the Banks. But we'll just be after hoping that 'twill be tomorrow that we're picked up, or maybe if not tomorrow, then the day after, anyway."

* * *

Another silence, then "And how long, Ben, can a man live in an open boat like this, say, with nothing to eat or drink—and the cold, and all?" was the dreaded question that had long been near to Tommie's lips.

"Well—" answered Big Ben judicially, "if a man was young, like either of us two, say, and strong, and set his mind to it, maybe four days, or even five, and not be so bad off after he was picked up."

"Poor Maggie!" murmured Tommie with seeming irrelevance.

The heart in Big Ben's bosom of a sudden became as water, and only after he had drawn a long, steadying breath could he turn his head so that he might gaze upon the drawn face of the lad seated on the forward thwart behind him.

"Maggie, did you say, Tommie-boy?" he asked fearfully, "Maggie—?"

"Aye! Maggie Shane—the girl that's promised to me," answered Tommie in a voice of misery.

Big Ben turned his gaze again to the stern of the dory, his brain numbed with the knowledge that had been flashed upon it. So it was to Tommie Bond, his dory-mate, that Maggie had given her heart? Well—'twas small wonder at that, certainly, for Tommie was a fine-looking slip of a lad, strong and honest and clean-minded. As long as it must be somebody, it might better be Tommie Bond than many a one that he could think of. Ah! but what a hard thing for the lad to be lost now—and what a terrible sorrow was in store for Maggie. A mortal hard thing it would be for the skipper to tell Maggie when the "Hardlyable" sailed into Glos'ter harbor with her flag at half-mast.

Curiously enough, the thought of being jealous of Tommie failed to enter Big Ben's head. If Tommie was the lad that Maggie loved, that settled the whole matter. There was no gainsaying an elemental fact like that. And then Big Ben's thoughts took a new course. If Tommie was the lad that Maggie loved, then happen what might, Tommie must be saved for her. In the blinding light of Big Ben's new understanding, Tommie Bond had suddenly become a tremendously important personage—too important by far to be allowed to slowly starve and freeze to death in a lost dory on the Banks.

Big Ben was modestly doubtful of his ability to interpret the mysterious ways of Providence aright, but he ventured humbly to believe that it had been ordained that he should collaborate with Providence in watching over Tommie.

So, "Tommie-boy," he said presently, "lie you down in the stern and sleep a little," and Tommie, after slight demurring, pulled in his oars, stumbled wearily aft and dropped in a heap in the stern of the dory. In a moment he was sound asleep.

* * *

Left thus to the company of his own thoughts, Big Ben rowed on steadily, considering the possible chances for their rescue. It was far from probable that they could hold out long enough to row the matter of a hundred and fifty miles or so that lay between them and the nearest land, the drear Newfoundland coast. If the fog lifted, so that they might set their course by the sun by day, and by the moon and stars at night, and the sea remained comparatively smooth, it would not be beyond the bounds of possibility; but for ten hours or more there had been nothing but the set of the tide to guide them. It had turned, and turned again since they first began to row, and was now against them as at first. Big Ben kept the feel of it a couple of points to starboard, and rowed on steadily,

* * *

They were miles and miles—how many he could only guess at—away from the trawling fleet, with no chance of rescue from that source. They might or might not be out of the path of the giant ocean liners that are the ever-dreaded specter of Death itself to the Grand Banks fishing fleet—and at night or in the fog the chances would be greater of their being run down than picked up by a liner.

There remained then the possibility of their being sighted by a steamer, cattle, or lumber, or molasses-laden, one of those nondescript, rusty, wallowing craft that loaf casually all over the broad Atlantic, or else a French fisherman from St. Malo or Miquelon, astray from his reckoning, as was their habit. On the whole, if the fog lifted in the morning so that they might be seen, Big Ben figured that the chances were about even for them to be picked up within two or three days.

It was not going to be any fun for them in the meantime, of course—what with the cold that had already half benumbed their limbs, and the hunger and the thirst. The thirst would be the hardest to endure. From experience Big Ben knew that. 'Tis dry work at the best, rowing for hours and hours on end, and with water that means madness to drink, lapping tantalizingly against the side of the dory as a constant temptation and reminder, it is doubly hard to keep the thought of thirst at bay.

At what time, in the absence of moon or stars, he judged might be close to midnight, Big Ben woke Tommie from his sleep. At first he was so stiff and lame that he could hardly move, but by dint of stamping on the dory's bottom and flexing the muscles in his arms, he found himself after a time able to take up the oars again.

"Keep her headed as she is, Tommie-boy—and wake me at daylight," directed Big Ben, tumbling into the stern of the dory, asleep with utter weariness before he touched the planks.

A cold and dismal dawn was breaking when he awoke, to find the dory pitching heavily on a choppy sea. The fog had gone ahead of the rising wind, and in its stead a cold and gusty rain was falling. The water was already running in little rivulets from his oil-skins, and a little pool had collected at his feet. It had grown much colder, and so stiff was he that it was with difficulty that he struggled to his feet.

"How goes it, now, Tommie-boy?" he questioned.

Tommie, pulling steadily at the oars, but with slow and weary strokes, answered with a heavy voice: "'Tis slow work, Ben, and mortal wearisome. I've been thinking 'twould be just as much gained to let the dory drift, as 'tis only a chance we have of being picked up anyway."

But at that Big Ben shook his head with firm decision. "We mustn't do that, Tommie-boy," he explained gently. "We must stick to the oars as long as we have the strength left to pull them. Once we give up the struggle, lad, 'twould not be so very long before being picked up wouldn't matter any more. But take in your oars now, Tommie-boy, and rest a bit."

All day long, turn and turn about, in hour-long shifts they rowed, with a sullen, choppy sea beneath and a dismal, forbidding sky above, hidden by drifting clouds and obscured at times by sudden bursts of rain. Not even at what they judged to be mid-day could they glimpse the sun, and before complete darkness fell the rain had turned to sleet.

* * *

And so the second night crept upon them stealthily, and found them still struggling at the oars. The sleet, freezing as it fell, coated them in suits of icy armor, and stung their faces like the lash of whips. They were no longer conscious that they were hungry—only the sight or smell or taste of food could rouse their numbed stomachs to clamorous demands for sustenance. And they had managed to catch enough rain water in their sou'westers to moisten their parched lips and throats. But the cold bit ever deeper with their waning strength.

For hours neither had spoken. Only their arms and backs, driven by their compelling wills, swayed stubbornly at the oars. "I'm tired, Ben," muttered

Tommie at last, in the harsh ghost of a voice, "tired—tir—" The oars slipped from his relaxed grasp and he pitched forward in a crumpled heap into the bottom of the dory.

"Poor lad!" said Big Ben pityingly, and then pulled in his oars and gathering Tommie's limp form in his arms, dragged him to the stern and laid him down, then stood erect, balancing himself against the pitching of the dory as he gazed down thoughtfully at him thru the darkness. "Poor lad!" he said again. "'Tis no more rowing that he can do—and I misdoubt but what he'll soon freeze stiff while he sleeps."

* * *

Then Big Ben seated himself on a thwart and as deliberately as tho about to turn into his bunk in the forec'sle of the "Hardlyable," began to strip off his oil-skins. His cardigan jacket followed, and then with infinite pains and trouble, for his fingers were stiff and clumsy with the cold, he drew his own discarded garments on over those that the unconscious Tommie already wore, and buttoned them snug and tight. This feat accomplished to his satisfaction, he placed Tommie in the most comfortable position that he could contrive, made sure that the lad's face was sheltered from the hail by the brim of his sou'wester, and seated himself again at the oars.

The nature of his task was now quite plain to him—so plain and clear that he almost smiled at its simplicity. All that now remained for him to do was to keep rowing—to fight off the numbing cold and the overmastering desire to sleep, till daylight came, then lash an oar upright in the dory's bow with his undershirt flying from it for a signal of distress—and then he might lay down and sleep—sleep—sleep—for weeks and months and years.

He had lost all track of time and tide by now, and was rowing only to keep awake and keep from freezing till the break of dawn. North, south, east, west—it did not matter which way he headed now, so he let the dory swing to the set of the tide and rowed blindly on.

The sleet, freezing as it struck, coated his back and shoulders with a sheet of ice and froze his woolen mittens to the oars. His hands also must be frozen, he thought, for they no longer hurt. For this he was dimly thankful—there would no longer be any danger of the oars slipping from his grasp if he fell asleep. And he was sleepy—that was a fact. He had never supposed it could be so hard to keep awake. And it was cold, too, mortal cold—tho he was beginning not to mind that so much. The desire to sleep was the hardest thing to fight against. But after some hours, even that no longer troubled him.

For out of the black void of the night came visions to keep company with his loneliness. Strange, friendly shapes, luminously dim, hovered all about, and voices that he strove to recognize whispered in his numbing ears.

He no longer minded the rowing or the cold—the oars seemed to float easily of themselves and draw the dory after them, and a pleasant warmth diffused his veins like the soothing essence of well-aged wine. He was no longer sleepy, either—only a delicious drowsiness encompassed him, wherein he looked and listened for the faces and the voices of his friends.

He was not in the least surprised to see Maggie Shane gazing at him out of the darkness with piteous questioning in her eyes.

"'Tis all right, Maggie-girl—trust Big Ben to be bringing Tommie back to you safe and sound." He fancied he could hear his own voice saying that, and then Maggie's face faded from his sight and he was alone with the stinging sleet lashing his cut and bleeding face—but wonderfully comforted in his mind, for now he was sure as sure that they would be picked up on the morrow. For hadn't he just seen Maggie with his own two eyes and told her with his own lips that he would be bringing Tommie safely back to her—and didn't that plainly mean that they were to be picked up?

He set his ice-coated back with renewed energy to the sway of the oars, and smiled tenderly at the huddled form in the dory's bottom at his feet.

* * *

In the first faint gleam of daylight, the lookout on a French fishing schooner from St. Malo, miles and miles out of her reckoning for lack of an observation of the sun, caught sight of an ice-coated dory emerging slowly from the mist.

At the oars, still rowing with slow and feeble strokes, sat the ice clad figure of a man, at sight of whom the French fishermen crowding to the schooner's rail at the lookout's cry, crossed themselves hurriedly and muttered an Ave Maria as tho they had glimpsed a specter from Drowned Men's Land.

With a smile on the stiffened lips and in the wide-staring eyes that saw them not, he would have rowed straight on—but in so few moments that it might well have seemed a happening in a dream the vessel had been hove to and a couple of dories dropped overside, into which tumbled certain hairy-throated, red-capped fishermen, who drove them leaping over the water with bending oars.

* * *

The black-bearded giant of a man down whose bronzed cheeks great tears were falling as he lifted Big Ben bodily in his great arms with awkward tenderness to the waiting hands outstretched above the schooner's rail, saw his lips move and bent his head to listen.

"I'm—bringing—Tommie—back to you —Maggie-girl," Big Ben whispered.

MA'S SWEETHEART

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

MA never uses such big words,
But I jest think o' singing birds
'Bout every time she speaks, an' in her eyes
There's something like the look o' paradise.
There ain't no roses in her cheeks, but say
Her kiss is sweeter than the breath o' May.
You'd oughter hear her say in fun
"You're my sweetheart, son!"

Ma one day she sez to me:
"I'd nothing but my rosary,
An' pa had nothing but a prayer,
But we were jest the happiest pair.
We mated like the robins brown,
With jest sweet love our only crown,
An' now your pa's life's day is done—
You're my sweetheart, son!"

Ma she takes me on her lap,
An' puts upon my head my cap.
"You've got the straightest little soul,
Even if your back ain't whole!"
That's what she sez, an' then she just
Kisses where it pains the most.
Then she cries, "Now don't mind, hon—
You're my sweetheart, son!"

Potter and Pryor

Their Harmless Duel in Congress

by

George Willoughby

THERE are men and women who have done great things for society and for the country, but whose worth is soon forgotten by their own generation, and quite unknown to the next generation. We accept and enjoy the fruits of their labor, but soon cease to think of the former defenders as worthy of personal gratitude. Yet when a man has calmly stood in the front rank in time of need, and successfully repelled assaults upon the honor of our state, young men today might well honor themselves by a respectful thought of his meritorious deeds, achieved not very long ago.

Such a man was John Fox Potter, of East Troy, Walworth County, Wisconsin, the cool western congressman who cooled the murderous fury of a noted leader of the Secessionists, and left him a mark for general derision. His ancestor, Captain John Potter, had done brave service thru some years of the Revolution, as a faithful Massachusetts soldier. Perhaps the memory of that inspiring fact had its part in molding the young lawyer's character and strengthening him in the later years that tried men's souls.

The young attorney became circuit judge, serving in that high position twelve years (1842–1856), and was a member of the state legislature in the two following years. A new dignity then sought him out, placing him in the halls of Congress in the bitter days when the black pot of the Rebellion was fiercely boiling, and the slave-driving whip was freely cracked about the ears of Union members, on the floor of both House and Senate; when treason was spoken loudly in actual session, by members who proclaimed their resignation, and went forth to make actual war on their government.

Judge Potter then held the important post of chairman of the committee on public lands. For more than ten years, the Republican minority had clamored for the passage of the homestead bill. Year after year the Democrats had defeated that bill. At last the majorities that had elected Lincoln had also chosen a Congress in which progressive statesmen were in strong force; and it became the duty and the honor of Chairman Potter to present once more the homestead bill. How many Wisconsin voters today are aware that they owe their homes to that law of 1862, and to such fighters for the common people as the men who carried it thru in spite of the long opposition—men like Potter and Lincoln?

The most sensational event in his life was his famous duel with one of those violent "fire-eaters" who were driving this peaceful land into rebellion and civil war. The slave-lords of Virginia and Carolina looked with contempt on what they called "the mudsills of society" from the North, men who worked with their own hands, and did not buy and sell humanity. They spoke of them in arrogant and overbearing terms. It was then not long since one of them stole up behind Senator Sumner, as he sat quietly writing at his desk, beat him down with a heavy cane, and nearly killed him. The terror of attack and assassination was constant, and was justified by the threats intended to overcome the supporters of Lincoln. It was time a cooling remedy be applied to swollen heads.

In a volume at the Library of Congress, I find an account of the Potter duel, written in 1888 by one of the most prominent journalists of that date, W. A. Croffut.

The affair began when southern members had been making covert or open threats, intended to silence speakers for the Union. Potter made some remarks, ending with the phrase, "The Republicans will be heard, let the consequences be what they may."

In the next day's session, Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, rose and accused Potter of having gone to the printers and added those words to the report, asserting that they were not used at all in the debate. Judge Potter replied that he did use that remark, adding, "and I find that the gentleman has had it expunged from the record. He had no right to do it. It was none of the gentleman's business. I stand by what I said."

This bold assertion of what Potter said and the other did not hear was received as an unpardonable offense against the veracity of the secession leader, a crime that could only be expiated by the blood or the life of the rash Yankee from Wisconsin. Not only he, but all his fellows, must be taught to know their place and never to dispute the dictum of a representative of the chivalry. Pryor wrote a challenge to mortal combat, and sent it by a second to the offender; and then, knowing that to be a serious offense, he skipped from the District and waited a reply in Virginia.

The representative calmly accepted the challenge by a polite reply addressed to the second; and being the challenged party, he exercised his right of naming the weapons and conditions of the meeting, which were:

Parties to be placed four feet apart at commencement;

To be accompanied by four friends to see fair play, armed with loaded revolvers;

Fight to begin at the word "three";

Weapons to be bowie-knives of equal weight and length of blade; and these terms to be agreed to at once.

Pryor's seconds and other friends declared they could not permit such terms, and that instead of being fought, Potter should be denounced as a barbarian; and the second sent this reply: "Not recognizing this vulgar, barbarous, and inhuman mode of settling difficulties, I could not allow Mr. Pryor to engage in it."

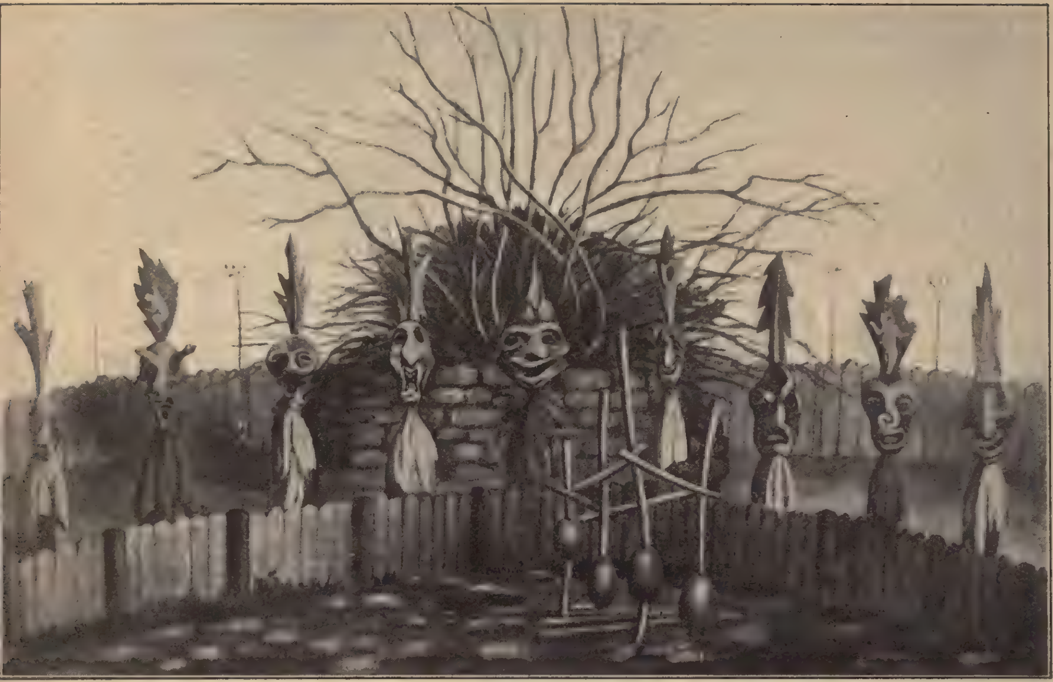
On his return by stealth to the city, Mr. Pryor found himself a butt of jokes and criticism; on which he flew angrily at his second, and repudiated his answer, loudly offering to accept Potter's terms. His cautious managers said the reopening of the correspondence "was impracticable," on which Pryor raved still more, and sent word he would attack Potter on sight; and since the latter was able and likely to defend himself in such a case, Pryor's friends got Potter (not Pryor) arrested, and put under bonds to keep the peace!

* * *

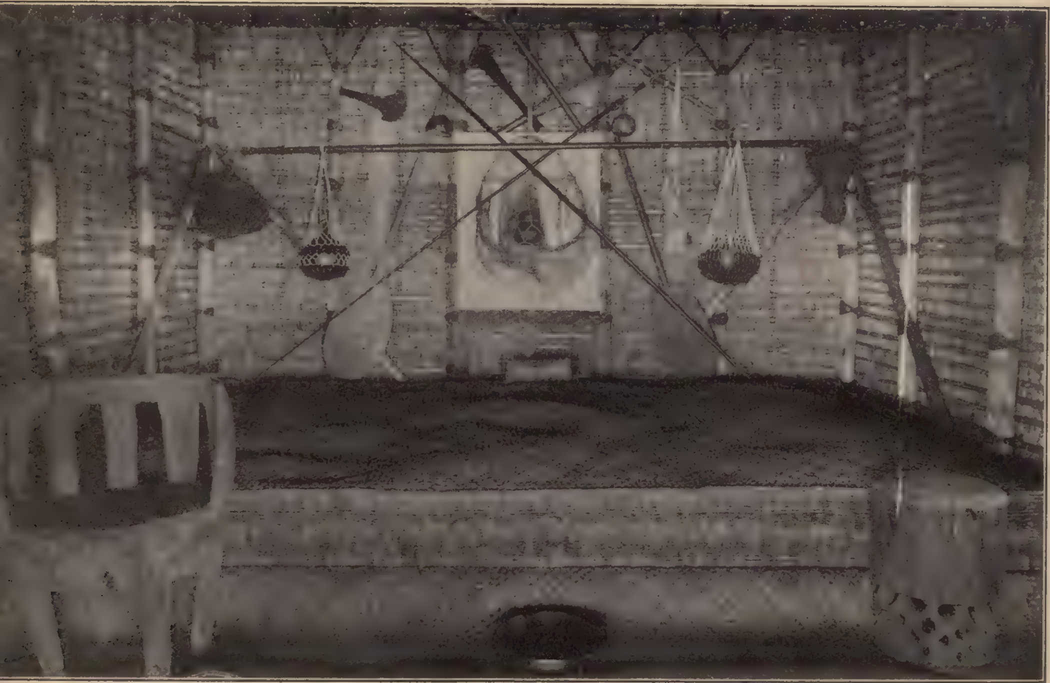
The judge kept on in his duties in the House representing freemen of our state; but friends upon his part made it their duty to accompany him when away from his seat, for some months after, knowing the revengeful and unreliable nature of his angry opponents. Thru the watchful care of some of the foremost members, no further outrage was attempted.

The new territory of Dakota was formed in the spring of 1861, and Lincoln appointed Mr. Potter as its first governor. But he chose rather to serve out his time in Congress and to decline the honor. Two years later he declined the lucrative post of consul-general to Canada. He afterward served as consul-general to Montreal, but at the death of Lincoln he resigned and went home to the farm that he had bought of the government in 1838.

I read the outline of the duelling exploit, in those exciting days of '60 and '61; and I recall the jokes said to have been made at the roll-call of the House. Someone answered for Mr. Potter by saying it was reported he had been called away by a Pryor engagement. The challenger's name came soon after, and it was announced that the gentleman from Virginia had gone away, to become as clay in the hands of the Potter.



ANCIENT TEMPLE INCLOSURE



INTERIOR OF HAWAIIAN GRASS HOUSE

Hawaii and the Hawaiians

by

Flynn Wayne

COMING at a time when Hawaiian music is supreme among the young people, the latest book which Mrs. Isabel Anderson has added to her series of "Spell"* books is most interesting. One of the most traveled Americans, Mrs. Anderson has added much to travel information, which is saying a great deal in these days when all the world seems on the move. "The Spell of Hawaii" is dedicated to her grandfather, William F. Weld, whose ships sailed the seven seas and made many cruises among the very tropical seas about which the granddaughter writes so charmingly. A fitting tribute is also paid to her father, who, as Lieutenant Perkins, of the United States Navy, visited Hawaii with the U. S. S. Lackawanna in early days, and was for two years stationed at Honolulu. It was soon after the Civil War that this cruise was made, and in this way Commodore Perkins blazed the pathway for our first possessions in Pacific waters. When the daughter, many years later, made this tour, she found many people who remembered her father, which gives the story the charm of a personal diary. Interesting letters from Commodore Perkins tell of the voyage on the Lackawanna and the taking possession of Brooks Island and reefs for the United States.

The description of two visits to Hawaii, with a few years elapsing between, makes a narrative as deftly interwoven as a piece of flawless damask. The last voyage was made in the party with the then Secretary of War, J. M. Dickerson, when the Philippines were visited. The book contains the story of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, but there is quite enough about the Hawaiian Islands to make a complete book, as there is also sufficient information concerning the Philippines to comprise a volume for travel reference.

One of the voyages was made with the jolly captain of the Gallic, who was in command of the Arabic. The balmy trade winds made the voyages ideal. In the ship's company on the first voyage was Captain Gridley, then on his way to take command of the Olympia, where he responded to the historic words of the late Admiral Dewey: "When you're ready, Gridley, fire."

Always interested in ancient legends, quite naturally Mrs. Anderson relates the mythical tale of the origin of Hawaii, as they tell it in the Islands. "Wakea, 'the beginning,' married Papa, 'the earth,' and they lived in darkness until Papa produced a gourd calabash. Wakea threw its cover into the air, and it became heaven. The pulp and seeds formed the sky, the sun, moon and stars. The juice was the rain, and out of the bowl the land and sea were created. This country they lived in and called it Hawaii, the Bright Land."

Honolulu means "abundance of peace," and it is here the gardens of the town are filled with cooing doves—not only the feathered, but the other kind, such as the

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* "The Spell of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines." By Isabel Anderson. Boston: The Page Company. Price, $2.50 net.

FIRE HOLE, KILAUEA

LEPER COLONY, ISLAND OF MOLOKAI

poet describes in tales of honeymoon tours. This was the land that inspired Mark Twain to say that it had no equal on earth. There is not a poisonous insect, vine or snake, or, for that matter, any other creature more harmful than the bee in Hawaii. The temperature averages seventy-three degrees, with refreshing trade winds and frequent showers—but the ubiquitous mosquito was there, with a full New Jersey armament.

At the time of Mrs. Anderson's first visit the islands were an independent republic, with the Hon. Sanford B. Dole in the Presidential chair. The son of Rev. Daniel Dole, one of the early missionaries, he had lived to fulfill the ambitions of his father. He was educated at Punahou, now called Oahu College in Hawaii, and at Williams College in the States, and afterward was admitted to the bar in Boston. The call of Hawaii was too much for him, and he returned to the land of his birth, later to become its chief executive.

The famous Bishop Museum at Honolulu is a memorial, erected by her husband, to Bernice Pauahi Bishop, great-granddaughter of Kamehameha I, and the last descendant of his line. She was accounted one of the most beautiful girls ever known in Hawaiian royalty. She used her ability and her wealth to help others, and understood not only her own race, but the foreigners as well. At the time of her death she bequeathed her fortune to provide the Kamehameha School for Hawaiian boys and girls.

Hawaii's primitive music is described, even including the now familiar ukulele, which has held captive terpsichorean devotees in the States. The Royal Hawaiian Band, led by a German, was known the world over. The development of Hawaiian music has been a metamorphosis of the original conch shell, jew's-harp and nose flute.

In describing a mystical evening at Waikiki, a poem of Rupert Brooke is quoted. This poem, Mrs. Anderson insists, has indeed caught the very atmosphere of these beautiful isles of the Pacific:

Warm perfumes like a breath from vine and tree
Drift down the darkness. Plangent, hidden from eyes,
Somewhere an eukaleli thrills and cries
And stabs with pain the night's brown savagery.
And dark scents whisper; and dim waves creep to me,
Gleam like a woman's hair, stretch out, and rise;
And new stars burn into the ancient skies,
Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea.

Poi is the universal article of diet, and is usually measured by "one finger" or "two fingers." A mouthful of the pasty mixture is more than sufficient to make one long for the luscious apple *pie* of New England. Mrs. Anderson's description of the mirth and sports of the Hawaiian people makes one feel that they know how to be happy in Hawaii.

* * *

The origin of the use of the word "taboo" is most interestingly explained. The *tabu* was a functional part of the religion of Hawaii, and the penalty for breaking it was death. The word means prohibited, and implied rigid rules, an edict issued by the chiefs and high priests, which forbade certain specific things. For instance, it was *tabu* for women to eat with men or enter the men's eating house, or to eat pork, turtles, cocoanuts, bananas and some kinds of fish. Presumably, the *tabu* was used to insure the submission of woman to her "lord and master," and to leave many of the good things of life for his sole use. There were certain *tabu* periods when "no canoe could be launched, no fire lighted, no *papa* beaten or *poi* pounded and no sound could be uttered on pain of death." At such times, even the dogs had to be muzzled, and the fowls shut up in calabashes for twenty-four hours at a time.

The hula dancer is the distinctive pride of Hawaii, and is evidently exempt from the traditional *tabu*. The history of the five Kamehamehas, kings of Hawaii, and the story of the early discoveries, including the advent of Captain Cook, are most entertainingly narrated. The bronze statue of Kamehameha I still stands in Honolulu, and his strength of character shown in many ways indicates that he was truly the Napoleon of the Sandwich Islands. It was Lord Sandwich, the patron who financed Captain Cook in his historic earth-girdling voyages, in whose honor

PINEAPPLE PLANTATION, ISLAND OF OAHU

ON THE SHORES OF KAUAI, THE "GARDEN ISLAND" the islands were called "Sandwich Islands" for many years. It was never the official designation, however, and is now seldom used. This ancient Captain Cook recorded many experiences, but adventures at the North Pole were "tabued."

* * *

Hawaii has been under numerous flags, and has been favored with many illustrious and high-minded missionaries of strong personality. As early as 1835 Hawaii had a compulsory school law, and in 1840 the first constitution was framed.

The last uprising was incited by Queen Liliuokalani, who has recently passed away, with her dreams of a restored crown unrealized. She was tried for treason, with nearly two hundred of her followers, but having formally renounced all claim to the Hawaiian monarchy and taken the oath of allegiance to the republic, she was pardoned. None of the rebels were executed, the sentence being commuted in various ways. Hawaii now has the regular territorial form of government, two official delegates in Washington, who have the privileges of the floor—but no vote. One of these delegates is Prince Jonah Kuhio Kalanianaole, usually called Prince Cupid, a most fascinating title during the valentine month. The author does not hesitate to state that the present administration has given very little attention to Hawaii except as a source of income for deserving Democrats.

On the sugar plantations in the irrigation district, where they plow two feet deep and know that at the end of a certain season a crop will appear which can be estimated to a pennyweight, is farming on the "dead cinch" plan. In Hawaii they know the character of the soil and how to obtain the best results from its cultivation. Mrs. Anderson's description of the Japanese in Hawaii indicates a firm grasp of a vexed question. Most of the women who do agricultural work in Hawaii are Japanese—but the suffrage question is developing.

Shipments of raw sugar from Hawaii for the year ending June 30, 1915, sold for more than fifty-one million dollars, and while the present prices hold, the planters hope to pay good dividends and to install labor-saving machinery and other improvements, by which they may produce sugar more cheaply when the era of high prices has passed.

Over twenty-five thousand acres are in pineapples, and as there is never any frost and no irrigation necessary, it has proven a profitable crop, for Hawaiian pineapple has a reputation the world over. The author has described with great care the extensive canning industries established in Hawaii by Chicago packing concerns, who have widely popularized the preserved products of Hawaii. The description of the life of the native Hawaiian in country districts, ready with dramatic instinct to present tableaux for the benefit of visitors, is a charming bit. Fifteen nationalities are represented in the schools —Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Filipino, Spanish, Korean, Porto Rican, and a few Scotch, English, Canadian, German and American, as well as Russian and Italian. The schools are supported by the territorial government, and school policemen are uncommonly efficient in looking after truants.

* * *

With the thoroness that has always been characteristic of her work, Mrs. Anderson studies "servant and soil" and goes into the psychological aspects of the country, always providing an interesting array of facts. She shows that Hawaii is cultivating its land more intensively than the states, for it supports twenty-two times as many persons per acre of improved arable land as the agricultural state of North Dakota. The question of cheap labor, however, is already perplexing. Hawaii's business with the United States amounts approximately to fifty millions per year. In fact, she spends nearly all her sugar money in America, and with the opening of the Panama Canal, Hawaii has become the strategic naval station on the Pacific highways.

With a keen interest in the fauna and flora, the author describes the "silversword" in bloom in the crater of Haleakala. This flower is also found in the Himalayas. She graphically describes scenes in and out among the craters, with an interesting contrast with the decade before the days of automobiles. The "barking sands," which the wind makes rustle like silk, and to stamp upon makes them cry out in different cadences, are regarded as a phenomena. Not far away are the old bathing beaches, where a bath was supposed to bring good luck.

Japan, Mrs. Anderson informs us, has lately passed a law permitting Japanese to become American citizens, and half of the present inhabitants of the Islands are Japanese. Approximately four thousand Japanese children are born in Hawaii every year, which is an interesting fact to consider when difficulties between Japan and America are mooted. The Japanese-American Citizen's Association was organized by a few Japanese who are citizens by right of birth, and has grown to a membership of more than fifteen hundred. Its admonition to members is significant in view of many croaking prophecies of war:

"Hawaiian-born Japanese have a great mission today. The Japanese of Hawaii must become the pacificators should trouble come between Japan and America. You owe it to yourselves to do this. Learn to be good American citizens, and then you will be able to help in case of trouble. You can do more to keep peace than ambassadors and ministers. If trouble should come with Japan, you must remember that you are the sons of the President, not the sons of the emperor."

The old Japanese law that Japanese born in Hawaii remained subjects of Japan was repealed by the Peers of Japan in 1916, giving all Japanese born in a foreign country the right, at the age of fifteen, to decide whether they will become subjects of Japan. The only requisition is that they must have the consent of their parents before releasing their allegiance to the Flowery Kingdom.

In conclusion, Mrs. Anderson pays a glowing tribute to "the Bright Land," like all tourists who visit the enchanted isles, she says *aloha*—that word of dual meaning—all too soon.

SILVERSWORD IN BLOOM, IN THE CRATER OF HALEAKALA

HULA DANCER

The Lost Brigade

by

Charles Winslow Hall

(CONTINUED)

Synopsis—In 1739, with England and Spain at war, in the struggle that took place in the West Indies, England is valiantly assisted by her loyal colonists. Stephen Hay, son of a prosperous Cape Cod farmer, hears that Captain Timothy Ruggles is to raise a company in Barnstable County to go out against the Spaniards. An Indian apprentice boy of Elisha Hay, Stephen's father, plans to accompany him, while Lish, the youngest son, also longs to go. They talk it over while out fishing in the bay, but are interrupted by Uncle Zenas Freeman, who warns them of a coming storm. Uncle Zenas is upset, and is saved from drowning by Stephen, who takes him to his home and then returns to his own home at Ploughed Neck. Here he receives a visit from Mr. Timothy Ruggles, who enrolls Stephen as a member of the company which he is gathering, as a sergeant. Stephen accepts the commission and on the next evening calls to see Uncle Zenas, and incidentally his daughter Margaret, to whom he is betrothed. Shortly after, Squire Ruggles again visits the Hay family, urging the necessity for haste in recruiting the members of his company. Untequit, who is to accompany Stephen, secures ten Indian warriors among his people for the expedition, tho Stephen cannot bring himself to take part in the "bond of blood" which Untequit requires before letting him know the secret reason which prompts him to go to Cartagena. Before leaving home, Stephen sees an old sea captain, Hewson by name, who lives in retirement. Hewson tells Stephen the story of his life and of his participation in a former struggle at Cartagena. He desires Stephen to look after his brother, whom he has not seen since that time, and who still lives at Cartagena. To this end he gives Stephen his brother's ring, which he takes from a heavy sea chest. By this token the brother will recognize that Stephen is a friend and comes from Hewson. After making his will, Stephen leaves home to join his company, which, not being supplied with arms, is disbanded by legislative act. But Stephen and Untequit join a company raised by Captain Stewart, and soon embark for the West Indies. Here Stephen saves Untequit's life by drawing the poison from a snake wound, thereby unconsciously completing the "bond of blood" which he refused before. Stephen is later conducted by Untequit to the mountains, and here he sees Caneotus, Untequit's grandfather, leader of an outlaw band, who is ill and later dies. It was to see him that Untequit had undertaken the perils of the Cartagena campaign. Meanwhile the fleet has arrived and the volunteers now look for action. With a reconnoitering party, Stephen went ashore, Untequit acting as scout. The party were attacked by Spanish lancers, but succeeded in evading them and returned to their vessel in safety. The Lion was badly damaged and was saved through Stephen's ingenuity. Later the company to which he belonged was ordered to go to another vessel from the transport. Stephen and Untequit accompany a scouting party and meet with a band of Spaniards, with whom they have a skirmish, but finally escape.

CHAPTER XVII

THE next day and the next came, and still the Massachusetts troops were not landed; and at last Woodside's party, in the midst of their constant and varied boat-service, found themselves, one sultry afternoon, going alongside the huge Prince Frederick, which, as one of the "crack 70's" of Lestock's division, had, under the command of Lord Aubrey Beauclerc de Vere, been put into complete preparation for the final terrible bombardment, which must, sooner or later, end the contest for the possession of Boca Chica.

Before night the remnant of the company, some fifty men in all, were encamped with the New York and other levies, still deemed sufficiently reliable and orthodox to be landed from the floating hospitals of the fleet and transports.

In the cool of the afternoon a heavy detachment, armed and provided with mattock, spade and axe, were marched as silently as possible toward the point chosen for the breaching battery, a rocky elevation surrounded by a dense growth of tropical vegetation.

Stewart, as senior captain, was directed to begin the work of clearing away the smaller trees in rear of the works, and carefully cautioned his men against felling any tree by daylight, which might rouse the suspicion of the enemy by its absence.

Only four hundred and fifty yards lay between the battery and the fortress of Boca Chica, where ninety-four guns and a full garrison of soldiers and sailors stood on the alert to open fire on the first object which even excited their suspicion.

A score or more of his best men were sent forward to act as scouts and form a picket line on the edge of the jungle, which came up on the land side to within three hundred yards of the fort, and Woodside, at his own request, was permitted to lead with his own boat's crew upon this dangerous duty.

* * *

In a few days the new fort became a formidable work, and the mortar battery added its missiles to the bombs of the fire-ships and the shells of the Ludlow Castle, which ship being provided with a large mortar, gave Don Blas, the Spanish admiral, who commanded at Boca Chica, more employment and mental anxiety than by the more direct fire of her heavy battery.

On the isle of Varu, opposite, the palms moved gracefully in the sea breeze, the great ceibas and greenhearts rose majestically from copses of carob, myrabolans and cedars; the sandy beach, glaring snowy white in the noonday sun, lay skirted closely by the living green of the jungle, and along the whole line of the strand one at times could see naught that betokened the presence of man.

Then, like lightning from a clear sky, jets of red flame and white smoke would issue from the wood, and the twenty-four-pounders of the masked batteries that lay ambushed by the tropical forest, swept the parapet of the new works with their shells, and even slew the grenadiers in their very quarters in the main encampment, until the engineers, representing the inadequacy of the force on shore to the work to be performed, besought the admiral that he would take measures to silence the enfilading fire of the Barradera batteries.

* * *

On the nineteenth of the month, however, the sun set clear and beautiful amid an almost oppressive calm, altho in the twilight the land breeze rose, covering the sea with a gentle ripple, and helping to drown the sounds of brisk preparation which began with the first shadow of night.

By eight o'clock the men were in their boats, with their arms loaded, their matches cased but burning, their oars carefully muffled, and at the signal—the hoisting of a lantern at the peak of the Boyne—the boats moved noiselessly out from under the lee of their respective ships.

Within hail, the light whaleboat moved like a wraith, under the long, silent strokes of the colonists, and Woodside wondered at the deathly silence as he looked to either side and saw the other divisions moving in beautiful order, in parallel lines with the central boats.

"There's the point," whispered Hay suddenly, as the low, dense wall of the jungle rose close before them, and the next moment a musket flashed out of its cover and the ball struck close to the boat.

"Give way, men," said Watson sharply. "Run her ashore and charge into the woods at once." The men rose at every stroke of their oars, and the next moment half a dozen boats were stranded, their seamen rushing, cutlass in hand, into the cover, and the marines more deliberately forming on the beach.

Woodside's party were with the foremost, and as Stephen saw before him a wall of fascines, defended by sharp palisades, he bethought him of the brass piece, seen through the ship's glass, and catching Woodside's arm drew him to the right to flank the battery; and as the grenades, with their sputtering fuses, began to fly over the parapet, he saw the discharge of the first cannon and heard the cheers behind him turn to groans, curses and screams of agony.

* * *

Two days later, they reported the arrival of new guns and supplies, with small reinforcements from the vessels of war lying near the city walls; and when, on the twenty-first of March, the new batteries began to play on Boca Chica, an occasional shot from the Barradera batteries, fired with the old annoying precision, did far more execution in camp and trench than the heavier, direct fire of the sorely-pressed castle of Boca Chica.

It was with great surprise that the Spaniards, on the morning of the twenty-first, saw a leveled forest, and batteries which seemed to have sprung from the ground as if by magic, and, for a time, they quailed under the tremendous fire of the guns, which were chiefly worked by details of men from the fleet; and the garrison suffered heavily from the steady rain of huge bombs and small shells from the fleet and the battery just noted. But they soon found that their walls were as yet tenable, and returned the fire with an accuracy and intensity which argued ill for the besiegers, and determined the admiral to oppose a part of his fleet to the seaward face of Boca Chica, which could be done by a limited number of ships, without coming under the fire of the Spanish fleet and the large fort of St. Joseph.

As the sun went down on the 25th, the fire slackened and died away until only an occasional shot thundered across the water or hurtled over the bullet-seamed interval between the forts; but Don Blas felt in the air the coming of the storm, and, feeling that his forces were inadequate to the struggle, began to make preparations for flight, rather than for a resistance to the death.

Chapter XVIII

Nearly a month later news of the first success of the combined forces reached the northern colonies; for, altho Admiral Vernon promptly despatched the Spence sloop under Captain Laws with despatches to England, via Jamaica, it was only by letters sent to that center of British naval operations, and afterwards forwarded by packets and privateers, that the press and people of the northern colonies learned of the first victories of the great expedition.

It was on the morning of the 1st of June next ensuing that, as the household at Ploughed Neck had seated themselves around the breakfast table, set out with snow-white, but coarse linen, on which were arrayed the huge pewter chargers, platters, plates, porringers, mugs and other articles of metal no longer known to the descendants of the men of those days, that the roar of a heavy gun came up from the bay to the north and east on the ocean breeze, which, just strong enough to rustle the fringy foliage of the great locust tree by the foot of the lane before the house-yard, gently rattled the cheap shades of stout green paper, which, after the fashion of all careful New England housewives in summer time, had been lowered "to keep out the flies," and, we fear, the sunshine.

Deacon Hay had just lifted his hand and commenced the blessing, which none of the household had ever known to be omitted in joy or sorrow, health or sickness, whether many or few were gathered around the hospitable board, never forbidden to any, however poor; never deemed by the sturdy farmer too humble to supply the "creature wants" of the noblest and proudest of the magnates of his time; but, altho at that day a gun at sea might well betoken the presence of marauding enemy or merciless pirate, the somewhat prolix form of prayer was not one whit abridged, nor the homely fervor of the speaker the least abated, as he prayed "for those upon the seas, and warring against the enemies of the king."

Lish, however, was less self-contained, and the prayer was scarcely concluded when he had flung aside his chair and was heard rapidly ascending to the garret, whence by a trap door he reached the roof and leveled an old ship's glass toward the distant waters.

"'Tis the Viana, father," he was heard to shout. "Her flag is flying at the main mast head, and there goes another gun from her deck. I'll be bound Uncle Zenas has bought a swivel for the sloop, and is firing it to let us know of his coming."

"'Tis scarcely that, my son," said his father, in his habitual grave, self-contained tones, "Mr. Freeman is not like to waste so much powder for naught. Depend upon it, he has heard some great news, perchance of the fortunes of our men and the great fleet."

"Perhaps he has letters for us," said his wife, the moisture standing in her sweetly-patient, loving eyes, and her sensitive lip trembling, in spite of the strong power of self-control then practised under the stern rules of life and thought, followed by our sires of the Puritan and Pilgrim colonies.

An hour or two later the heavy farm wagon returned, and in it Uncle Zenas, red as a boiled lobster with sea-tan, enthusiastic loyalty and, we fear, a little Santa Cruz.

"You ought to hev seen the town," cried the old captain, "when the news became known; the harbor was full of smoke from the guns of the shipping, the Common an' streets alive with the townsmen, an' the country people coming in to hear the news an' see the rejoicin's. The taverns an' ordinaries were full of good fellows an' officers drinking success to our brave boys an' his majesty's arms; an' 'tis said thet more men will be raised at once, an' the Spanish dominions on this side the water utterly wasted an' occupied. Steve sent home this letter fer his mother an' one fer—"

"O father!" said Margaret, with downcast face, while Lish's face whitened a moment and then flushed red as blood; but Mrs. Hay looked upward in thankfulness, seeming as Uncle Zenas was afterwards heard to say "a'most like one o' the marble saints, in them palaces up the Mediterranean."

The little missives were simply folded and secured by a spot of wax, for in those days envelopes were an unknown refinement of civilization; and on their long and devious errand the once white paper had acquired certain smutches, creases, and strange odors of tar and tobacco, scarcely inviting to feminine tastes; but no perfumed and dainty billet could have been more welcome to the mother of Stephen Hay.

She was about to break the seal, but turned to her husband: "Read it, Elisha," she said, placing it in his hands; and he, with hands trembling visibly as he did so, opened and read the first letter received since the transports of the Massachusetts troops left the waters of New York harbor. It ran as follows:

Boca Chica, Mar. 28, 1741.

Dear and Honoured Mother:—This is to let you all know that William and I are Well, and so far in Good Spirits, although many Poor Fellows have passed into An Awful Eternity. We have taken the Harbor Forts, and are but a few leagues from the Town, and We hope to take it before the Rains set in. Our Captain Stewart is very poorly, and I fear cannot live long. He is worn out with Service, having proved himself a good Souldier, and a healer of Body and Soul to his Men. It would grieve Any one to see how Changed he is from what he Was; but he says that he has no Doubt of meeting his Dear Ones Again. Truly, I doubt not Thereof, but it must be, I fear, in those Heavenly Mansions, in which, dear Mother, may we all Meet again when Life is over. Give my love to my Honoured Father and all Inquireing Friends, and Especially to dear Little Tempie, who will, I know, be Patient if I come not till the Snow falls. Tell her to Fear not, whatever may betide; for I have—I know not why—the Full Assurance of Coming back to Home and those I Love.

Nevertheless, should this prove but a Delusion, I have faith through Christ's love that I may be Numbered among His Saints, in which Hope Dear and Honoured Mother I subscribe myself

Your Loving and Obed't Son
Stephen Hay.

Margaret carried her letter homeward, and under the blossoming apple-trees, seated herself on one of the low, wind-twisted trunks, and read her first love missive.

It was dated, folded, and sealed like the other, and ran something as follows:

Miss Margaret Freeman:

I have written several letters both to you and to my Honoured Parents, the which I have cause to Fear have never reached you, as the whole Sea is thronged with Picaroons and Privateers, and We hear Almost Daily of the Loss of our Vessels. Let not that Misfortune, dear Friend, lessen your Trust in my Love, which dwells ever on your Perfections and knows no Change with Absence, but rather like Hunger grows with Deprivation. I have written the News to Mother, which will also come to you through the Newsletter more fully. Also the Packet has her Signal flying, and my Time is short.

This, however, I would say, that although I Myself doubt not of Returning to you, yet as I daily see Many cut off in the Midst of Life, and I see no present Hope of Speedy Return, I Hereby freely release you from your Promise of Betrothal; if at the End of a Year and a Day from the Date of my Last Letter I appear not to be Among the Living. And in such Case I beseech you fear not to favor a more Fortunate Servitor, lest I although Dead grieve at his Happiness, for I protest that I so much Love you, that I would not bind you to any except such Bonds as Love makes light, and Honour glorifies.

Speak not of this to any, for Tempie would grieve as also my Loving Mother. I would that you and I could see together the Strange beauties of this Fair Land, but Death goes Hand in Hand with Beauty, and the serpent often lurks under every Flower of the Forest. I would Fain walk with you under the Apple boughs again at Home, but Duty and Honour keep me Here in the King's Service, and until His Majestie's further Pleasure I can only subscribe myself

Your Devoted Servitor and True Friend,
STEPHEN HAY.

A slight rustle startled the young girl as she ceased reading; and as she turned in alarm, she saw close to her shoulder the swarthy face, coarse white hair and beady eyes of Molly Pognet, who stood leaning on her long, horn-handled staff, regarding her with a strange smile, half sneer, half pity, which, as Margaret in after years declared, "made her blood run cold to think of."

"And so he has set you free, Margaret Freeman," said the wise woman coldly, as she looked intently into the girl's swollen eyes. "It is well; when one can hold his own no longer, it is wise to give away that which he knows must be taken from him."

"How came you to know—I mean, how dared you read my letters? I should think you would be ashamed," said Margaret brokenly, but the dame raised her hand, and in spite of herself she was silent.

"Listen!" she said, almost pityingly, and so gently that Margaret wondered at the human softness of her tone. "I can read and did, for I hoped to learn of my good son, who went as comrade and friend with Stephen Hay. I dare do anything, and I am not ashamed that I looked for tidings of the only living descendant I have on earth. But tell me," she continued, "how long is it since the talking paper started to come across the great sea?"

"It was written more than a month ago," said Margaret quietly, "and all were well, as he says, then."

"Many things happen in a single moon," said Molly solemnly, "and I know that much of harm may come in a single day to the bravest warrior and the wisest man. But see you," she continued, more calmly, "he has done wisely in setting you free, as he has said."

"But I am not to be free for a year and a day from the date of his last letter, and that will be eleven months at least," said Margaret hurriedly. "Besides, he will come back before then, and I shan't want to change at all."

"When the bird struggles in the net, it is not in love with its bonds, and I know, girl, that you, at least, begin to be weary of a promise. Be content; he will not come back to complain that you have broken it."

"What do you mean? You frighten me. Have you also heard from the fleet?" and the young girl, weak, trembling and agitated, turned as if to fly from the spot.

* * *

A hand, strong despite its age, was laid upon her shoulder, and the Indian sybil spoke once more in tones which convinced, in spite of the strangeness of the message: "How I know I may not say, but I have seen both since yesterday at noon, and both are wounded and Stephen Hay is a prisoner. Yet I fear not but that I shall see my boy again, for the hurts are slight, but long months may come and go before either come back to the land of the Massachusetts; so if you care for the man and your word to him, fear not, no matter what you may hear, but that you shall gaze on his face again."

She turned to go, but Margaret stopped her with a word, "Shall I tell his parents of your words?"

"Say what you please, and yet, as evil news comes fast at its slowest, if you say nothing, it may save a moon or two of sad and bitter thoughts to those who love him. As for Molly Pognet, she is no white woman, that she should carry long stories from one house to another."

With a wave of the hand, the aged woman departed, still erect and active, as if nearly a hundred winters had not blanched the long, coarse hair, which, plaited and tied with a plain dark-blue ribbon, fell almost to her knees from under a pointed cap of woolen cloth, ornamented with a few coarse beads of wampum. Margaret watched her until she had crossed the high road at the foot of the lane and disappeared beneath the shadow of the woods beyond; then turning, re-read the missive she still held in her hand. As she read, the tears gathered in her eyes, and at last burying her face in her hands, she sobbed aloud.

Then, rising, she dashed away the tears almost fiercely as she said, "There, I won't cry any more. He's good, too good for me; unselfish, generous, brave and handsome, and I ought to be true and glad to give myself to him; and yet he is too grave and thoughtful, and when he talks of duty, he frightens and vexes me by turns. Why should life be all duty? and why cannot men and women be happy as the birds, who have no care, and do in all things as they please?

"Now there's Lish, always merry and full of fun, but not bad, I'm sure, tho he is a little selfish at times I do think; but he'll get over that in time, and I'm sure I should be happier with him than Stephen, altho I know—" but leaving the sentence uncompleted, she sauntered off toward the sea, struggling with a vague sense of disquiet; for the poor, petted child, unaccustomed to self-denial and discipline, felt that she, of all women, could least afford to sacrifice a love strengthened by duty, and a heart that, whatever the temptation, would never be false to her.

* * *

The way led down a gently undulating pasture, flecked with ponds, by which the killdeer plover stalked and fed, springing into the air when startled, with their strange, querulous cry; and flocks of purple grakles from time to time swept up from the verdant maize fields, and blackened the bronze green leaves of the great trees of the western swamp.

Swinging her light hat by its strings, she was stepping into the road when she heard a resonant whistle, and a brisk step, which she well knew could belong to none other than Lish, who at the next moment came round the turn of the road, carrying over his shoulder a slender fishing-pole, and in his hand a fine string of brook trout, strung by the gills on a withe of alder.

But as he saw who stood in his path the joyous whistle ceased, and his springing step grew heavy, while into his face there came a hot flush, succeeded by the pale and listless look which had made Deacon Hay, even in the press of his "first hoeing," insist that his best and quickest assistant should "leave off work and get a mess of big trout."

Margaret, too, felt the same strange heaviness at her heart, altho she, better skilled in the art of hiding her feelings, greeted him gaily enough as she saucily readjusted her leafy chaplet.

"O, what beauties, Lish! Where did you get them? Father went fishing yesterday, down to Scorton, and brought back a long string, but all small fish. Why, I haven't seen such trout this year."

"I went clear to the head of Freeman's Brook, and then struck across Spring Hill way up into the swamp, takin' them one at a time, for I know every hole and eddy; but they seemed to want to be caught, and if they hadn't, I was in no mood to take such shy fish as these are."

"Why, what's the matter, Lish?" she asked, innocently, but with a slight tremor in her voice, which seemed strangely distinct to Lish's ears, for he fixed his eyes keenly on her face, which flushed blood red, and then as suddenly paled again.

"Your wreath becomes you," he said quietly, "but after all, you're not looking well of late, kind of worried and pale, it seems to me. You mustn't worry about Steve so much. He'll come back all right, I'm certain, and rich enough, too, if all the stories are true about the gold and silver those Spaniards gather together in Cartagena. I'm sure I wish I had gone instead of wasting life and heart here on Ploughed Neck."

"I can't tell you how glad I am you didn't go," broke out the young girl impetuously. "'Tis bad enough to think of Steve, and of Black Bill, that I've always known, exposed to battles and fevers and all kinds of dangers, and see everybody else sad and worried about them, until even you that used to be always cheerful are now almost as grave and solemn as your father himself."

"I shall never be so merry again, Margie," said the young man gloomily, "for there don't seem to be anything ahead in life to hope for. I'm sick of farming; sick of work without pay, and life without pleasure, and I'm heartily sorry now that I didn't go as Steve did to the wars, where, if I lived, I might gain wealth and glory and—"

"And what if you died, Lish?" broke in Margaret plaintively. "What if we should hear that you died of fever, or were torn to pieces by one of those dreadful shells that father tells about?"

"Why, then, I should be at rest, and know no more weariness or sadness. Why, as I looked down into the depths of the great cold spring up yonder, I almost felt as if I could leap in and settle quietly down into the cool, clear water, and know neither pain nor disappointment, nor weariness more."

"Stop, Lish! do stop! you frighten me," cried Margaret, and then burst into tears. And then Lish, with the usual consistency of his age and condition, became as penitent and self-accusing as he had before been abnormally desperate, reckless, and despondent.

"I do think you are too bad, Lish," she at last said thru her tears. "I've had this letter from Steve, and it made me so sad; and I came down here alone to think over matters, and cheer up if I could. But first old Molly Pognet must steal up behind me and read my letter, and then frighten me half to death with her strange talk. You all seem to think I'm very happy, but I've many things that trouble me to keep to myself, for I don't want to make others needlessly unhappy."

"Then tell them to me, Margaret," broke in Lish impetuously. "Steve and I never had a quarrel that lasted over night, and when we parted, the last thing he told me to do was to be kind to you. 'She's been like a sister to us both,' said he, 'and now that she's promised to be my wife, should be dearer than ever to you all. So if the time ever comes when she needs a true friend, do for her all that you would do for me.' I know I'm careless and thoughtless," Lish went on, blushing as he spoke, "but I can keep a secret, and would do anything in the world to save you from pain or sorrow."

"I believe you would, Lish," she said gravely and scarcely above a whisper, and then silently handed him the letter. Lish trembled as he took it, but read it, changing color the while, and then as silently handed it back again.

"Old Molly told me, as we stood up yonder, that both Steve and Bill were wounded, and that neither would return for many months. And altho it don't seem right to trust to such things, yet I know father, at least, would be worried to death if he heard it. There, Lish, I've told you all; at least, almost all that troubles me, and you must not say a word to anyone, for it will only worry others as it does me."

As she spoke they passed out of the wildwood into the open fields, and soon passed under the half-lowered bars into the house yard, where already the men with their clean-scoured pails, were going to call the cattle from the pastures beyond the maize fields.

Lish left his pole against the gable, and his fish in a great crock filled with cool water from the depths of the mossy draw-well, and went forth to his evening labor. But his heart was full of conflicting thought and feeling, in which were strangely blended past despondency, the old love and new admiration of his brother's noble nature, and half-formed hopes, and nascent expectations born of the train of thought suggested by his brother's missive.

"If he comes not before the orchards are again in bloom, she is free to wed another," he said within himself, as he lowered the bars for the entrance of the sleek kine. "Will she be sorry if the news should come that poor Stephen has fallen in battle, or died of those fatal fevers?"

And then he stamped his foot impatiently, as if angry and horrified at his own thoughts—as Cain may have done in the land at the borders of Eden, when first he wavered between fraternal love and that jealousy of a brother's better fortune, which grew in time into the bitter and accursed fruit of his vast remorse for the first fratricide.

Chapter XIX

Meanwhile Stephen had recovered from his injuries, and with the crew of the lost whaleboat went back to duty, and to the narrow quarters occupied by the small remnant that was left of the hundred men who had sailed from Nantasket the fall before, full of courage, loyalty and brilliant expectation.

Already the rainy season was fast approaching, and an occasional rain storm, which made the scuppers a running stream of water, accompanied by almost incessant lightning and terrible crashes of thunder, added much to the discomforts of the soldiers, and gave promise of greater hardships to be endured, when only the canvas of their rotten tents should defend them from the incessant rains of the latter part of April.

But, for a time, the progress of events was rapid and encouraging, and every day brought some new and exciting phase of war under the eyes of Stephen and his companions.

* * *

No body of the enemy had as yet been able to appear in the field, so constant and searching was the fire of the ships; but now for a mile the path to be followed was a mere wheel track, where two carts could barely pass each other; and those Americans detailed to scout on the right flank, or inland side of the force, soon found themselves struggling thru a growth so close and interlaced with thorns, lianas, and hanging vines, that, despite their greatest efforts, the heavy but regular march of the grenadiers far outstripped their most agile rangers. Several men fell in the front platoon, but the veterans closed up promptly, and the ambushed foemen, retiring unharmed, were soon seen running across an opening beyond the defile, entering which, the grenadiers halted to allow their scouts to close up, and to make ready for the decisive moment, which now seemed close at hand.

On the right, the plain sloped down to the lagoon, here not more than two or three feet deep, and thickly filled with mangrove trees, the haunt of many wading birds, which rose alarmed at the unwonted intrusion, and the roar of artillery from the distant ships; altho it was noticed that they heeded the latter far less than the presence of man.

Hay and his Indian comrade were on the left flank of the line of scouts, and therefore, when the colonists were once more sent into the woods, some twenty paces to the right of the road, were close to the grenadiers, who, in serried platoons four ranks deep, with their bayonets fixed and muskets at the charge, advanced with steady step against the Spaniards, who, to the number of some hundreds, just then took up their position on the high road, which at right angles crossed the way leading to La Quinta.

Keeping a little in advance, Hay and his companions several times discharged their muskets at outlying Spaniards, mostly citizens or hunters from the inland *estancias*, who, with their long-barreled, small-bored Spanish guns, were preparing to fire on the officers of the grenadiers. One of these, a red-haired and bearded giant, fell at the report of Untequit's musket, and as the ranger came up to his victim, he very speedily slung his own clumsy piece, and, appropriating the arms and accoutrements of the fallen man, proceeded to use them against the Spaniards.

All at once, as the distance between the approaching foes narrowed, the Spanish skirmishers, with a last ineffectual fire, ran in, and the front rank of the enemy fired a volley which filled the road with dust and smoke, thru which the red flashes of a second discharge broke fiercely in the very faces of the grenadiers.

But, as the smoke cleared away, the veterans, with accelerated step, closed up the ranks, swept up to within half gunshot of the foe, raised their guns to the level of the breast and fired. The crash was almost like that of a single cannon, and the effects fatal, altho Hay and his comrades looked at each other, with a curl of the lip that bespoke unspeakable contempt for such machine-like firing, where no aim could be taken.

"They've skercely teched one," said Gibbs, "an' I declar' to gracious they're runnin'. Look at 'em turnin' about, an' thar's them bloody Spaniards a hollerin' an' hootin'."

* * *

The wild and contemptuous yells and curses of the Spaniards and their Indian allies were indeed distinctly audible; and, as Hay sprang into the bough of a ceiba to look, he saw the head of the column break, and for a moment he feared the worst. The next instant, however, he saw that the first platoon, after delivering its fire, had parted in the center, wheeling to right and left, while the second, marching straight forward, delivered another crashing volley and wheeled in turn, giving way to the third platoon, and so on, until the bewildered and stricken Spaniards, seeing each platoon by some inexplicable maneuver deliver its fire nearer and nearer every moment, incontinently turned and fled while the grenadiers, pushing steadily after them, entered at last the high road to Cartagena.

Hay dropped lightly from his perch and

rejoined his old comrades, who wide-eyed and open-mouthed, had for the first time witnessed the passage of a defile by disciplined troops.

"I swan," said Gibbs, "thet was pretty, thet was. I don't believe anythin' could stan' ag'inst them grenadiers."

"Ef they could shoot straight, they could whip anythin'," said Jones contemptuously, "but I reckon ef the Spaniards hed held thar fire they would hev ben piled up like cord-wood in yonder lane."

Untequit said nothing at first, but Stephen, anxious to know what the Indian thought of the novel spectacle, said to him pleasantly, "What think you, Untequit?"

By this time they had reached the spot where the first of the English wounded lay in their scarlet coats and clumsy trappings, few in number, and already under the care of the surgeons in attendance. The Indian ran his eye over the whole space, counting rapidly, "One, two, three, four, ten, thirteen—bah! Untequit has forty charges at his side. Alone he could have killed more men than the Spaniards have slain all the way from the beach."

"'Tis true the Spaniards shoot poorly, and the English made more noise than they did execution, but 'twas a pretty sight, and the defile was well carried; but now we can push on, for here are houses, orchards, farms, and open fields, and we can keep ahead of the regulars instead of letting them lead us."

For the first time in the expedition, the men felt elated and sure of success as they pushed on, and saw close at hand the fortress convent of La Popa, the *estancia* of La Quinta and the fortified hilltop of San Lazaro, and beyond these the crowded battlements of Cartagena and its island suburb Xexemani or Gethsemane.

Better had it been if, like ravening wolves, frantic from hunger and suffering at the heels of their hunted prey, the soldiers of the landing detachment had pursued the flying Spaniards and captured them under the guns of the city, or pushed on to carry San Lazaro before the foe had recovered from his defeat.

But the traditions of the army and the time-honored rules of Vauban, and other famous engineers, were too strongly instilled into the minds of the generals and engineers who directed their operations, and that night one-half the force landed, kept the picket line scarce half a mile from San Lazaro, while the remainder, except a small party thrown into La Popa, lay on their arms under the sheds, brick kilns and low cottages of La Quinta.

* * *

Hay and his companions, having from the nature of their service as skirmishers, been more widely dispersed than the grenadiers and marines, were not of those soldiers placed upon the main picket guard, and forced after the excitement and exertion of the skirmish and pursuit to expose themselves to the discomforts of anxious watching and broken repose amid the dank cocoa orchards and jungle in front of the advanced citadel of St. Felipe de Barras, otherwise known as San Lazaro.

Untequit placed on the fire a large camp-kettle in which he had prepared for supper a kind of hotch-potch or stew, compounded of the heterogeneous plunder of the day's reconnoissance.

"'Tis a hard service," said Hay to Untequit, "but we are warm and well fed, and have dry clothes and fire awaiting us at the close of our watch. To my mind there is little fear of the Dons beating up our quarters tonight, but if the men keep walking back and forth, each in his allotted beat, none will become chilled, and no enemy can hope to pass our line unperceived. I will pass along the whole line and see that each man keeps in motion."

"'Tis a terrible night," said Untequit under his breath, as the lightning illumined for several seconds the line of pacing sentinels under the forest arches, "and in the days of my fathers could only have been the work of evil magicians, for the Great Spirit does not thus afflict his children. Only the Spirit of Evil can be abroad when such storms rage, and truly I had rather fight a dozen men than face the three hours before us."

As he spoke, the trunk of a tree not a gunshot away was shivered by a flash of lightning, whose following thunder-crash almost swallowed up the noise of its fall; and so full of electricity was the air that flames of lambent blue seemed to fly around the bayonet-tips, and even in some cases to form a kind of halo around the heads of the soldiers, whose faces by the unnatural light seemed livid and unearthly—all the more that most were more or less unmanned by their unwonted surroundings and experiences.

"My brother," said Hay quietly, "in storm as well as in sunshine, in life as well as in death, the hand of our Lord, the Creator, holds the eternal scepter, which is extended to some in mercy, and ordains to others the end of life. Even in this war of storm and tempest are the seeds of good, tho to some of us it may well prove fatal under our present condition. Nevertheless, I know well that none of ours will shrink from our bounden service, as brave soldiers and loyal subjects of the king."

"Untequit is ready to answer when his name is called, whether by your voice at dawn, my brother, or by the Great Spirit when He sees fit to summon the last chieftain of the race of Iyanough. Yet I would that the storm were over, and I like not this light, which seems to make the faces of living men like the set features of the dead."

* * *

The gloom became impenetrable in the intervals between the lightning, save here and there, amid the tree-tops, where a bluish glare seemed to brood over the crest of some gigantic ceiba or lofty mahogany, and the wind came in terrible gusts, now sweeping across the whole expanse of the swaying forest, and now seeming to cut through the wood in capricious whirlwinds whose center was a very besom of destruction.

The rain fell almost incessantly, if that could be called rain which fell in sheets of water whose very weight was nearly unbearable, and almost instantly made the level ground a pool and the forest path a brook, whose depth varied from the ankle to the knee, thru which the picket guard stumbled and splashed, drenched to the skin, and almost careless of life, so depressing was their situation and the fears excited by the natural phenomena around them.

Hay passed on from man to man, and found most of them similarly affected, but responding readily to cheerful words and appeals to their personal courage and bravery.

Suddenly Hay saw, from the expression of Untequit's face, that a stranger was approaching; and across an open savanna a well-dressed Spaniard suddenly approached the picket line, and after a parley with the guard, was blindfolded and led by an officer and a file of men into the presence of the commander-in-chief.

* * *

On removing his bandages a mask was seen to cover his features, which, in fair English, he begged might not be removed.

"'Tis preposterous," said General Wentworth, sternly. "Who ever heard of a man entering the lines of an hostile army and having such a request regarded?"

"The man's richt," said McPherson, the guide of the expedition, and in this capacity a captain on the general's staff. "Gie a look at his han's, an' ye'll see why he cares na' to show his face; for he well knows that no human eye will care to look again upon the wark o' the plague o' leprosy."

"You say well, McPherson," said the stranger in a clear, bold voice, while those around him drew back in instinctive horror, "and tho you have had many a brave carouse beneath my roof, you would scarcely care to look again on the features of Don Carlos D'Olivera. But you may say to these gentlemen that they have little cause of fear, and tell them that I come as a peaceful envoy from the unhappy inmates of the hospital of San Lazaro."

"I'm unco sorry to meet ye thus," said McPherson, warmly, "an' gin an arm o' me wad mak ye whole, I'd gie it wi' a' my saul. But, indeed, your Excellency may trust him," he continued, turning eagerly to Wentworth. "There was never man or woman that tint aught by trusting to the lealty o' Don Carlos."

"Thank you, my old friend," said the masked man pleasantly. "And to your Excellency I have only to say that beyond that great walled compound to the left, and below the fortified rock of San Lazaro live hundreds of unfortunates, who, even in stress of war, cannot fly to the walled city, or be allowed to avoid its terrors by seeking the inland villages, where so many of the rich and fortunate have fled before your arms.

"I have known something of war, and ere long your artillery must reduce San Lazaro. My errand is to ask you to spare the helpless, and be merciful to those whom God has afflicted, for none will make our plague-stricken community a lodgment for troops, or depend on our walls for defense, at the risk of being doomed to an endless captivity and a horrible death."

"There, indeed, seems to be no necessity of opening fire on your hospital, if, in truth, all is as you say. But how may we know that these things are so? There has been plenty of time, since McPherson dwelt among you, to turn into a fortified camp even such a pest house as he has described San Lazaro to be."

"I have permission from Don Sebastian de Eslava and the admiral, Don Blas, to take within, or rather upon our walls, anyone who will undertake to visit our abode of wretchedness. I may say that there is little or no fear of contagion from a single visit, for it would seem that only those born or long resident among us, fall under so terrible an affliction. Still, I would ask no man to lightly run the hazard of the terrible fate which awaits me and my companions."

There were brave men there who had faced danger and death freely in many forms, but none dared to essay the adventure, and a shade of sadness was in the envoy's tone as he said, "I blame you not, gentlemen; but if none will undertake the duty from chivalry and the love of God, have you none of meaner rank, whom you can trust, who will essay the peril for gold? I will give a hundred guineas to any man who will go as your Excellency's messenger."

"There's a tall New Englander yonder," said Whyte quietly, pointing to Stephen at his work, "who seems to be given to merciful work and hospital service, who would doubtless undertake the task, if your Excellency pleases. He is under the command of Lieutenant—I beg pardon—Captain Woodside, who can best advise as to his trustiness in so delicate a matter."

"Summon him," said Wentworth briefly to an aid, who hastily brought before the general the tall New Englander and his officer.

"This man in the mask," said Wentworth gruffly, "represents that he is the chief in authority among a certain community of lepers, established just this side of yonder fort of San Lazaro, and beseeches us to spare them in the coming siege and bombardment. He has asked us to send a messenger to test the truth of his statement. Will you volunteer for such service?"

In a moment Hay's quick glance had taken in both the noble proportions of the speaker and the terrible ravages of the dread disease, which even the cunning art employed could not wholly conceal from so keen a surveillance.

For a moment he shrank from the risk, and his color came and went between fear and decision, but at last he said calmly:

"I will go, if it please your Excellency."

"You shall be well repaid, young man," said the Spaniard warmly; but Wentworth went on addressing himself to Woodside: "I have heard enough of you, sir, to know that in the fleet you have been trusted in delicate missions of some importance. Is this man loyal and intelligent?"

"He is, your Excellency, as worthy of trust as I am, myself, at least."

"No man can say more for another than that," said Wentworth, with a grim smile. "You can go at once," he said, turning to Stephen, "only remember to be loyal to the king and to keep faith with the enemy who trusts you in the name of humanity."

* * *

"You have much to see that is appalling and disgusting for our sakes," said his guide, speaking with some emotion, "and I would have you first partake of such hospitality as I can still offer. Yonder," he continued, pointing to a small *bujio*, or cottage, surrounded by shrubbery, "lives my dear daughter, who refuses to leave me to despair, altho years have passed since she has seen my face, or even spoken to me within the bounds of the fence surrounding her dwelling; but her heart, God bless her, is ever open to her unfortunate but loving father."

As he spoke, a beautiful and queenly woman glided out upon the veranda of the low, snow-white cottage, and in tones strongly blending filial love and queenly grace, gave affectionate greeting to Hay's companion. A large but perfect form, regular features, a brunette complexion, suffused with the crimson blood of perfect health, combined with a rich and almost barbaric splendor of apparel, formed such an incarnation of tropical beauty as Stephen had never dreamed of before.

"You are welcome, my father," she cried joyously in Spanish, "and I see you are successful. Your countrymen, the English *senores*, have not been less noble than you hoped."

"Ah! You understand Spanish," said Olivarez quickly, as he saw Stephen's cheek flush and his eye brighten at the kind words of the daughter. "You are, then, no common soldier of the marines, and, indeed, now that I look, your facings are not those of that branch of the service."

"I am of the Massachusetts Bay, and a gentleman volunteer in the American brigade, which joined the fleet at Jamaica. I know a little Spanish, having cruised against your people in an armed sloop of the Rhode Island colony, and been for a time a prisoner among your countrymen, or rather, I mean the Spaniards."

"Do you not class me with the Spaniards," asked Olivarez in a lower tone and with some surprise.

"I have no right to question your nationality," replied Stephen coolly, "but if I am right in my conjectures, you will recognize this ring." And drawing from his breast pocket a small packet, he produced the jewel given to him by John Hewson, and, placing it on the point of his short sergeant's sword, conveyed it to the hands of his guide.

With much emotion the unhappy man seized the ring and eagerly inspected it, viewing it carefully, and finally touched a spring, disclosing a minute ivory portrait of a singularly handsome youth, in the first flush of manhood.

"'Tis my own picture," he said in a voice which, for the first time, faltered with emotion. "Of whom had you this token, and when?"

"Of a man, resident among us, who calls himself John Hewson, and who sent it by my hands, that, if Providence gave yonder city into our power, his brother there residing might have, thru me, gold and aid to come to him in the Massachusetts."

"Dear, brave Hugh!" said the leper, passionately kissing the jewel. "'Tis several years since I sent him, by a sure hand, this same token and saved him from treachery and a cruel death, and now, shut out as I am from human companionship, I am not forgotten or unloved."

"I have also certain monies at the camp," said Stephen hurriedly, "but did not expect to meet you thus strangely, and therefore cannot now fulfill my errand. I doubt not, however, that I might leave the package in a sure place where it might come to your hands, if, indeed, in a few days we fail to take the city."

"You must not think of it, sir," said Olivarez sternly. "If discovered, it might cost both our lives, but certainly yours, and of the siege and its probabilities we are bound in honor not to parley more. Keep the gold, until in God's good time we meet again; and if you cannot bring it to me in peace, you are heartily welcome to a sum which I do not need and can never hope to use. But, dear sir, favor me with the name of one to whom I am so hopelessly indebted."

"Stephen Hay, sergeant of Woodside's company of the Massachusetts contingent, whilom yeoman of Sandwich town in the county of Barnstable," replied the young man with soldierly directness.

"Then, Señor Hay, when this officer who approaches is satisfied, you must partake of my hospitality, but say not a word of what has just passed, and be careful to speak little, for Luis de Ramon is a dangerous man, suspicious, cruel and merciless, altho handsome and courtly enough."

* * *

As he spoke, from the castle where many men labored incessantly to increase and strengthen the defenses, came a tall, slight man, in all the splendor of apparel which in those days decked a colonel of Spanish infantry.

He was handsome, notwithstanding his leanness; his cheeks soft despite their pallor, and his eyes and hair were black and singularly attractive. His manner was perfect and his voice soft and sweet, altho Hay fancied that its tones were insincere, and if the truth must be confessed, detested its owner from the moment of meeting him. Yet he reproached himself therefor promptly, when he recalled the courteous manner and words with which he, a poor sergeant, in his working dress, was greeted by a Spaniard of noble birth and ancient family.

"You have succeeded, Señor Olivarez, and I acknowledge myself mistaken as to the gallantry of our persecutors. This gentleman," he continued, raising his hat gracefully to the New Englander, "is, I presume, the officer deputed to make the necessary survey. What is his name and rank?"

"He is a sergeant of gentlemen volunteers from the northern colonies, Don Ramon, and in his own land the owner of an *estancia* of some value. They seem to think it no shame to serve in the ranks, altho unlike the Mousquetaires Gris of France, or the Scots brigade, they care little for show or even revelry."

Don Ramon bowed low, with a courtly greeting in Spanish. Hay, smiling pleasantly, removed his fatigue cap with a somewhat stiff but courteous bow, and in Spanish and English by turns, Olivarez duly introduced the Spanish colonel and our sergeant of volunteers.

"If you will permit me, Don Ramon, I should be pleased to offer our soldier guest a slight repast and a glass of Amontillado. Will it please you to accompany him to my daughter's *bujio* and take from her hands the courtesy I cannot offer?"

"Certainly, my poor friend," said Don Ramon softly. "Alas! that you, too, cannot accompany us, or mingle once more in siege and battle as of old."

"Let us hope, señor, for better things. Don Ramon, you will introduce Señor Hay to the Señora Inez. Inez, you will proffer to these gentlemen the courtesies I cannot show them." And, waving his hand, the father turned from the contemplation of the white walls, latticed windows and broad verandas, nestling amid tropical flowers and superabundant foliage, and went toward the huge gate of the blank wall, within which death and decay reigned over inmates without hope of earthly happiness.

But Stephen, following respectfully, entered thru the palisadoed fence into a small garden, to where Inez de Olivarez stood beside a polished table, whereon stood a varied repast of fruits, pastry, and more substantial delicacies. Seating herself, the daughter of Olivarez gracefully did the honors of the feast, to which both did ample justice.

"You have been too cruel, *Inez mia*," said the colonel, after some moments of conversation on general subjects had satisfied him that the colonist cared only to make up for past deprivations by present enjoyment of the repast before him, "and I am in despair that you still reject my suit. Surely I have not so bitterly offended in my hasty quarrel with your unfortunate brother?"

"Let us not speak of these things now," said Inez hurriedly. "They are sad and perplexing, and we have both a duty to this gentleman and the poor creatures yonder. May the Holy Mother and Saint Lazarus befriend them. Serve the wine, Tomaso," she continued, addressing a negro lad in waiting. "You will find it cool, gentlemen, altho our stock of snow from the Horqueta yonder is running low."

* * *

The servant took from a pail filled with snow a brace of long-necked, slender bottles, extracted the corks deftly, and set them before the trio. Don Ramon poured out a glass for Inez and one for himself, and Stephen more slowly filled his own glass.

"Let us drink, señor, to our fair hostess," said Ramon, with the methodical care of one who knows little of the language he essays. The gentlemen rose and drank, while Inez sipped her wine and bowed in dignified acknowledgment.

"Health and thanks to our generous foes," said Inez, in turn, which being translated by the Spaniard, was duly honored, while Hay, knowing that he, too, was bound in courtesy to propose a health, knew scarcely how to conceal his knowledge of Spanish, and yet acquit himself with credit. At last, however, he determined to trust to his own tongue and the translation of the Spanish colonel.

"I drink to a speedy and honorable peace," said the tall soldier, rising and bowing grandly as he spoke, while his eyes for the first time met those of his fair entertainer. "Thanks for your kindness, lady, and to you, sir, for your courtesy, but the day draws to a close, and I have much to do."

"What said he, señor?" asked Inez, as

the Spaniard lingered a little over another glass of wine. "I have never seen such a man. Even Carlos, your former servant, was not so tall and strong. I would wager my life, too, that he is as true and tender as he is magnificent."

"By Saint Jago! I wonder at thee, Inez de Olivarez, for thus admiring an accursed heretic; a soldier of fortune seeking to plunder your native city. He is huge of limb, I grant, but were he of my own rank, he should underlie my challenge, when again we meet in the field; and as for Don Carlos, the Catalan, he would soon lay yonder huge carcass under the forest leaves to moulder into mother earth."

"With the dagger, perhaps," said Inez, with a spark of sudden anger. "I hear he had to enlist to save his neck from the garrote. He would never dare to face such a man, foot to foot, and steel to steel."

"*Por dios.* But I shall believe you in love with this Englishman. But let us cease this play and be serious, for I confess I shall be jealous if you say aught farther. As to Carlos, they say he died at the taking of the lower forts, and if he was hasty in his wrath, he has paid his last forfeit, and we could have better spared just now a better man. *Adios*, Señora," and with a bow and a look full of tender meaning, the Spaniard departed.

A few paces brought them to the gate where Olivarez awaited their coming, and, in obedience to Ramon's orders, the great gate was then opened. From its threshold Stephen saw for the first and last time in his life that most terrible of all the refugees of stricken humanity—a village of lepers.

A half hour later Stephen rejoined his comrades, and found that the exposure of the day had filled the new hospital with dying men, prostrated by the heat, fever and fatigue, and among the last victims of *coup de soleil* were counted the major of marines, and the tall sentinel who had paced the open road that led to the hospital of San Lazaro.

Chapter XX

"I wish I could use this gun and fight Indian way," said Untequit to Stephen, one night shortly after, as they sat in the moonlight near the door of their tent. "I don't like this way. Too much fuss and work and too little fight."

"That is true enough," said Stephen, "and the worst of it is that we are dying off so fast that now we can hardly find men enough to do duty on guard and picket. If we had the two or three thousand men they keep on board the fleet doing nothing, we might at least be spared from guard duty one night more in the week."

"That's not the worst," said Untequit grimly. "Those hunters that waylay our laborers and scouting parties are few in number, yet they are firing away all day long, and, if they could shoot better, would kill us all before we got ready to fight. What's the use of charging bayonets on a man hid in the woods?"

* * *

Stephen laughed heartily as he recalled the incident which had excited his companion's disgust. A party of negroes and Americans at work amid the tangled forest growth; a fusilade from scattered marksmen, too distant to do more than wound a man here and there; a hurried call to arms, followed by the useless farce of an advance of heavily accoutered marines into the silent forest.

"I think, myself, we could have given a better account of them with half a dozen of our own lads; but our guns are no match for such a piece as you have there. Still, we could keep the woods clear, I dare say, if they'll let us scout instead of working beside those blacks."

"I'd like to try it, even if I had to go alone," said Untequit sullenly. "I'm tired of such war as this—tired of seeing our soldiers rot like sheep when they might die like brave men."

"You are right, Untequit," said a familiar voice, and turning, they saw beside them Captain Woodside. "I will see Colonel Grant tonight and get his permission to scout in the belt of timber, between the camp and the southern shore of the *Ciegna de Tescas*, as they call that lake to the eastward. How do you propose to circumvent the Spaniards, tho? The colonel will want to understand it."

"When I go shooting," said Untequit meaningly, "I go where the birds haunt, sit down, keep close, and let them come within range. I think that is the best way now to hunt up Spaniards."

* * *

"I see," said Woodside gaily, "and I think Colonel Grant will be satisfied. Wait a few moments and I will return."

Half an hour later Woodside returned, with authority to send out one or more men on scouting service, but restricting their operations solely to the wooded face of the encampment, whence the annoyance had proceeded.

"At what time will you start, and whom will you have with you," asked the captain. "You can go when you please, and have whoever you want—except him," he added, as Untequit's eyes turned promptly toward his loved and trusted comrade.

"Then I go alone, and start tonight when the moon begins to wane. I must get two miles into the wood before daylight," and Untequit turned silently to his preparations for his solitary and dangerous task. He laid aside all his trappings except his waist-belt, and this supported only a small pouch of bullets and a long knife. A small powder horn hung from his left shoulder, and the long Spanish gun, carefully cleaned and dried, was loaded with a comparatively light charge of powder, and a ball carefully selected and patched with oiled buckskin.

At taking leave, Untequit said to his companion, "At night I climb yonder tree, and whistle three times. Let the men here know, that they may not shoot when I come in," and crouching almost flat to the earth, he was lost in the thicket so suddenly and noiselessly that the soldier, as he hastily retreated within his own lines, almost persuaded himself that he had seen the last of a being more or less than mortal.

It was scarcely noon, when amid the cheers of the soldiers, the Indian returned and delivered a captive to the guard, and accompanied him to headquarters, where, after giving an account of his adventure, he was dismissed with many expressions of approval, and more than one bright piece of gold and silver, which, as it was a custom of those days to thus reward the brave deeds of "the baser sort," Untequit placed in his wallet with as much pride as the soldier today affixes to his breast the Victoria or the Iron Cross.

That night Carlos, the Catalan marine, having served as interpreter in the temporary absence of Captain McPherson, the prisoner being interrogated as to himself and his object in approaching the camp, fearlessly avowed his purpose, and was at once given his choice between serving in the capacity of a guide, or death at daylight upon the gallows. For a moment or two the men thought that the peasant (for such he seemed) would refuse to serve, even under compulsion, but at last he begged for his life so piteously that the officers turned from him in disgust, and the general deemed that he had little to fear from treachery on the part of so pusillanimous a wretch.

* * *

Stephen had spent the day with his men, in preparations which seemed to indicate a decided movement or attack upon the outposts of the enemy; for on every hand fascines were being constructed, faggots of small twigs bound together, and long, rough ladders furnished with iron hooks, indicating a possible attempt at an escalade. Rumors were plentiful of an attempted ransom on the part of the viceroy; of a boat attack on the batteries commanding Boca Grande; of a great floating battery in process of completion from the hull of the Gallicia, the Spanish admiral's flagship; and what seemed less certain, but more likely, an attempt to storm the castle of San Lazaro.

"Well done, Untequit!" cried Stephen heartily, as the Indian finished his story of the day's achievements. "You've shown them what a good musket and a skilled ranger can do, and I hope you'll find the reg'lars less foolish about fighting in platoons, and charging bayonets into thickets where a man is like an alewive in a dip-net. The captain will be pleased, I'm sure; for it wasn't an hour before you came in with yonder Spaniard, that he asked me where I thought you were, and if I thought you'd get off safe."

His comrade made no answer, but a redder flush crimsoned his swarthy cheeks, and his eyes grew deeper and brighter in their glance of mingled affection and pride. He said nothing, however, but with his knife and file labored assiduously at some tiny pegs of silver cut from the worn disk of a Spanish pistareen.

"Ah, welcome, Untequit!" said a kindly voice, as the last smooth stud was driven into the rosewood stock. "How has your hunting sped? How many Spaniards may we count the less for your scout?"

Untequit held the stock of the Spanish musket toward his interlocutor, and pointed out to his captain the little row of bright, smooth studs which barely roughened the gripe of the stock. Amid a labyrinth of devices in fine gold and silver wire, the five silver projections at once attracted the attention of the captain.

"Why do you spoil such fine workmanship with these rough studs?" asked Woodside curiously.

"There were six Spaniards alive this morning," said Untequit quietly, "and only one remains alive tonight. For every stud in the stock a man has yielded up his life."

(*To be concluded*)

TO THE MEN WHO LOSE

HERE'S to the men who lose!
What tho their work be ne'er so nobly planned
And watched with jealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand—
Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose!
If Triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
Courage is easy then;
The king is he, who, after fierce defeat,
Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victor's ears;
The Vanquished's banners never are unfurled—
For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true worth is not success;
There is a higher test—
Tho Fate may darkly frown, onward to press,
And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose!
It is the Vanquished's praises that I sing,
And this the toast I choose:
A hard-fought failure is a noble thing—
Here's to the men who lose!

—*Owen E. McGillicuddy.*

An Up-to-Date Commercial Organization

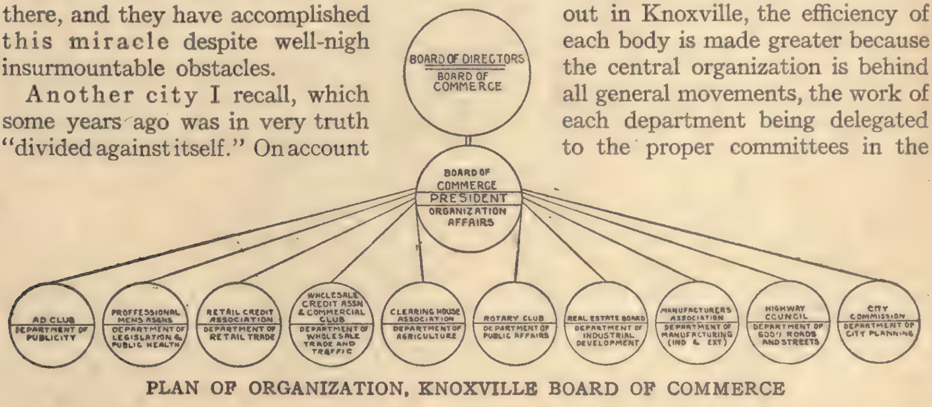
at Knoxville, Tennessee

by John Sumner Thornton

THE evolution of small communities into thriving cities, within a few years' time, has been a phase of the almost phenomenal development of this country. Some little cities, of apparently mushroom growth, prove to be deep-rooted and hardy, flourishing surprisingly. Climate, environment, accessibility, location, all play a part in the upbuilding of our smaller municipalities; but at the source of their progress may be found the untiring efforts of one man or body of men, who, perhaps in the furtherance of their own interests have made metropolitan proportions possible. I have in mind one city in particular, poorly located, climate of the worst, with no claims to beauty, even of environment, subject to devastating floods yearly —yet this city is a railroad and manufacturing center, besides being largely a city of homes. How can we account for this? Well, a "bunch of boosters" live there, and they have accomplished this miracle despite well-nigh insurmountable obstacles.

Another city I recall, which some years ago was in very truth "divided against itself." On account of its topography, three distinct business sections were each pulling against the other. Consequently, much of the city's business went to a nearby metropolis. Since the organization of the Commercial Club, however, this condition has been changed, and the three sections work as one. Organization was needed. Today, that city is fast becoming a manufacturing community, developing hitherto unappreciated natural resources.

Down in Knoxville, Tennessee—that thriving city in the foothills of the Cumberlands—they have a commercial organization plan that is working wonders. In the Knoxville Board of Commerce is centered the several business bodies of the community, directing the activities of each. Where there are several business bodies working independently, there is always more or less jealousy and envy, and, too frequently, duplicated work; but under the plan so successfully worked out in Knoxville, the efficiency of each body is made greater because the central organization is behind all general movements, the work of each department being delegated to the proper committees in the


BOARD OF DIRECTORS
BOARD OF COMMERCE
BOARD OF COMMERCE
PRESIDENT
ORGANIZATION AFFAIRS
AD CLUB
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLICITY
PROFFESSIONAL MENS ASSNS
DEPARTMENT OF LEGISLATION & PUBLIC HEALTH
RETAIL CREDIT ASSOCIATION
DEPARTMENT OF RETAIL TRADE
WHOLESALE CREDIT ASSN & COMMERCIAL CLUB
DEPARTMENT OF WHOLESALE TRADE AND TRAFFIC
CLEARING HOUSE ASSOCIATION
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
ROTARY CLUB
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS
REAL ESTATE BOARD
DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT
MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
DEPARTMENT OF MANUFACTURING (IND & EXT)
HIGHWAY COUNCIL
DEPARTMENT OF GOOD ROADS AND STREETS
CITY COMMISSION
DEPARTMENT OF CITY PLANNING

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION, KNOXVILLE BOARD OF COMMERCE several departments. For instance, one city may have a chamber of commerce, a rotary club and an advertising club. They all are working toward the same end—the advancement of the community—and many of the members belong to the several organizations. Instead of co-ordinating effort, this condition usually tends to rivalry and competition—possibly to the betterment of the separate bodies, tho little is accomplished for the good of the community.

JOSEPH L. BOWLES
Secretary of the Knoxville Board of Commerce. He is untiring in his efforts to make the board a most efficient organization, thru which Knoxville is progressing to a position of prominence among the cities of the nation

Under the Knoxville plan, the affiliating bodies do not lose their identity, nor need all members of these bodies necessarily be members of the central organization, tho one of the conditions precedent to becoming a member of the board of directors of the central body is that all directors must hold membership in that body.

The work of the Knoxville Board of Commerce is classified into ten departments or divisions, with a director in charge of each. These departments are subdivided into as many committees as are necessary to properly perform the work required. For instance: in the Department of Publicity there are the following committees: Advertising, Press, Censorship of Advertising Mediums, Conventions, etc. The director representing the Advertising Club has supervision over all committees in this department.

In the case of the Professional Men's Associations, either a doctor or a lawyer is eligible to represent such bodies on the board. The Commercial Club, representing the jobbers of the city, is given one of the vice-presidencies, and the Rotary Club the other, while the position of treasurer is allotted to the Clearing House Association. The president is the representative of the central organization, and is chosen by that body.

While the other business bodies are allowed representation on the board, in order to insure a harmonious directorate, the representative of the central organization selected for the presidency goes to the heads of the various affiliating bodies and designates to them those whom he wishes nominated for membership on the board of directors of the central organization.

In the last analysis, this plan in its entirety serves to bind to the central organization all of the business bodies in the community, and by that means promotes closer co-operation and greater efficiency through co-ordinated effort, producing better results through the unification of all business forces and the centralization of effort.

* * *

With such a commercial organization plan, it is small wonder that this city, at the head of navigation on the Tennessee River, should rapidly gain in importance. It is, withal, essentially a home city—a city planned and managed for the benefit of its people. It is slow to feel a business depression because of its location and diversified interests; in fact, nearly thirty per cent of the population is engaged in manufacturing. The phenomenal growth of Knoxville's textile factories in the past decade has attracted widespread attention, and the marble which is quarried in large quantities at the very gates of the city is called for in the specifications of almost every pretentious building being erected in the United States today.

Knoxville was named for General Henry Knox, the country's first Secretary of War, and also Secretary of the Navy during George Washington's first and part of his second administration. It was near this city that David Glasgow Farragut, of Civil War fame, was born. At the center of agricultural activity in East Tennessee, Knoxville has a city market which is probably the largest, most diversified, and surely the most reasonable in point of price in the South. The climatic conditions are conducive to efficient and economic industrial operation. A significant fact, considering Knoxville's location, is that of its population more than ninety per cent is white. Knoxville's population exceeds ninety thousand.

With characteristic aggressive spirit, Knoxville has filed a brief with the Secretary of the Navy, setting forth its claims to being the logical and proper site for the proposed Government armor plate plant. The arguments are sound and convincing, and indeed, the array is formidable enough to cause all other applicants to withdraw from the contest.

The strategic situation of the contiguous region is unquestioned. This feature was emphasized by President Lincoln during the Civil War, and also at the time he outlined to General O. O. Howard his dreams of a school for the mountain boys and girls. This dream was the inspiration of the Lincoln Memorial University, which is situated at the intersection of three states: Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia—just forty-five miles northeast of Knoxville.

The beauty of the nearby Elkmont Country, in the heart of the great Smokies, with its mountains, streams, and forests, has led enthusiasts to urge its designation as a national park, giving it the protection afforded by the scientific care of the Government at Yellowstone, Yosemite, Mount Ranier, and other parks. Since the recent establishment of a national park in New England, there is every likelihood that the nation will soon decide to conserve and protect this beauteous region in Tennessee, to which Knoxville forms the gateway.

KNOXVILLE'S RISING SKY-LINE

The Gentle Militant

by

Grace Mercer Abbott

SHE stood before the kitchen sink engaged in that worst of all drudgeries—washing dishes. Usually she got through it with less emotion than she was experiencing this morning, but today somehow the burden and monotony of it all preyed upon her hopelessly.

She had lain awake with neuralgia in the night, and when she got up at five o'clock to prepare breakfast, her head still ached badly. That made the inevitable dish-washing seem more unbearable than ever. As she scraped the remnants of food from the greasy plates and deposited the senseless, sticky refuse in the garbage pail (they call it swill pail on the farm), her whole soul revolted against her drudgery.

She had been washing dishes now three times a day for ten years. Yes, she would be married ten years next month. Ten years of three hundred and sixty-five days would be three thousand six hundred and fifty days. She had washed dishes three times three thousand six hundred and fifty days, whatever that monstrous number might be. One would think after attempting a task that many times, it would be forever done, but here it was before her as incomplete as ever, and growing bigger every year as her family increased. And as far as she could tell, it would go on forever. The farm was still unpaid for, and her husband was still going in debt for more land.

If her children had been girls instead of boys, perhaps she could have hoped to shift her task to younger shoulders; but where was there ever a boy who was willing to wash dishes, or a girl, either, for that matter? And as fast as the boys were big enough, their father demanded their help with the chores or the farm work.

She gave vent to a sigh and a little sob stuck in her throat. But she came of a stock that would die at their posts. She was not ready to relinquish hers, but oh! for a gleam of hope amid the pots and kettles, a sprig of joy and uplift and beauty. She tried to goad herself on by reflecting on the religious purpose of all things sordid and ugly. Perhaps her soul was being purged of the sin of discontent. Perhaps some day, if she was faithful, her work would yield a hidden joy.

Anyhow, she must not let the children see that she hated her work. What kind of an example would that be for them? She brought a hymn-book from the sitting room and propped it up on the shelf above the sink. She turned over the pages and finally stopped at "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There." She read a verse through, put her hands in the dish-pan and began to sing. At least she got ready to begin. She opened her mouth and tried to feel hopeful, but the song would not come. She looked around guiltily to see if the children had noticed her. She must not let them ever see in her an example of weakness, of shirking her duty. But they were busy trying to make a kite.

She choked back her grief and slipped

past them upstairs. She wanted a moment alone to struggle with herself, if need be, to regain her self-control. But here a fresh grievance awaited her. The beds were unmade—the beds that she had pulled and tugged and battled with for these same three thousand, six hundred and fifty days, and here they were this morning still unmade. Nothing to show for all her years of labor. What had she accomplished? She was just where she had begun.

* * *

She dropped down on one of the beds and gave herself up to weeping—a luxury she had denied herself for several years. She might have gathered comfort and refreshment from the relief of crying, but something nagged her even as she sobbed. It was the thought of dinner—the same dinner she had been trying to cook every day for ten years. In a little while Oscar and the two hired men would be coming in for dinner, hungry as bears, and expect her to have their food ready, and to pour out their coffee and cut their bread. And after the men had finished, the children must be fed.

She was sick of it all, tired of living. Why had she ever been born? But what was the use of all this rebellion? There was no way out. She would just have to stand it as her mother had done before her.

Presently she arose from the bed, dried her eyes, and went dejectedly down stairs. The children had gone out to fly their kite. She took down a long droopy sunbonnet from its nail and pulled it over her face to hide her red eyes. Then she went out to feed the chickens.

As she came back to the house she noticed a tiger-lily blossoming beside the garden fence. She stopped to admire its graceful shape. She noted the beauty of its orange petals against the green foliage. As she bent more closely and ran her fingers along the hardy stem, the lily began to speak to her tired, famished soul. She listened indifferently at first and then eagerly. She stood for a long time lost in thought. Why should she not raise flowers? Why should she not have a garden? Oscar would think it was foolish, she supposed, and might not let her have the ground, but still—perhaps he would. She had worked for him faithfully, and did she not deserve some favor in return?

She had always loved flowers, but never had any to enjoy except the yellow rose bush by the porch and the blossoms on the fruit trees, and the morning glories her husband was trying to kill out of the cornfield. And now this tiger-lily! Oh, if she could have a piece of ground all her own to cultivate as she pleased, to cover with flowers of all sorts and brightly-colored foliage plants, there would be some joy in life after all.

In her mind's eye she recalled the scene of several flower-gardens she had visited, most of them simple enough, but to one starving for beauty, they were little miniature Edens. She dreamed longest over the one of her widowed friend, Hattie Elder. She recalled almost with shame the time the Ladies' Aid Society met there, and how at supper time, instead of sitting down with the other guests, she had slipped out into the garden to spend just one moment among Hattie's flowers. But that one moment grew to several, and before she realized it, half an hour had slipped away. When it suddenly dawned on her that time was passing, she hurried back to the house to find the supper over and the guests all staring at her in amazement and curiosity.

"I was looking at Hattie's flowers," she said in confusion, knowing that to them she had behaved very strangely.

Now she began to picture a garden of her own. She caught her breath at the very thought. To have beds of sweet peas and asters and gladiolas and tulips! To cultivate them with her own hands, to walk among them and smell them in the early mornings before the dew had lifted! To exhibit them some day to Hattie Elder and hear wonderful secrets about their care and culture! By this time the redness had faded from her eyes. The listless droop was replaced by a glad look of hope.

That night after the work was done and the children were in bed, she opened the subject timidly with her husband. Her heart sickened at the thought of refusal. She would much rather not ask if she must stand disappointment. And Oscar was so saving.

"Oscar, do you s'pose I could have a garden?"

She knew he would think it was foolish.

"What do you mean, Lucy? Ain't the garden doing all right? The peas were pretty tough this noon I noticed."

"I mean a flower garden, Oscar, a little piece I could have just for flowers."

" 'Twouldn't pay, Lucy."

He was figuring up the weights on his last year's corn crop.

* * *

She was frightened at the extravagance of her request, frightened, too, at the thought of not obtaining it. She knew from Oscar's tone what he was going to say. She sat still in her chair looking straight ahead, the vision of a garden receding farther and farther away. She started to speak, but her lips quivered. She hated to cry, and she couldn't talk now without crying. Presently the tears began to squeeze through her eyelids. Then Oscar looked up to ask her to go over his additions.

"Why, Mother, what's the matter?" he said in surprise.

She did not speak for a moment. Then she wiped her tears on her apron.

"O Oscar, I want a garden so bad. I want it worse'n you want a corn crop. I never wanted anything so bad in all my life."

"I didn't s'pose you wanted it bad enough to cry about it. Where'd you put it?"

She took courage and was almost glad for once that she had cried.

"Why, I thought I'd like the south end of the potato patch up to the currant bushes."

" 'Twouldn't pay, Lucy," he said again, "it would be lots better to leave that ground in potatoes. There's thirty bushels of potatoes dug outen that ground every year."

"But think, Oscar, we could take them to church on Sundays and send them to weddings and funerals."

She was thinking of the flowers.

"Now just get that notion outen your head, Lucy. It's all nonsense and wasteful."

The tears that were almost dry started in again. She was not crying to have her own way, but she knew how hopeless it was to argue with her husband. He was not a cruel man, only ambitious and grasping. But it was so long since he had seen her cry that he could not help being affected by it. He protested over and over against his wife's foolishness and extravagance, but finally ended by telling her grudgingly that she could have her way.

Lucy could hardly believe it, but she started in at once to make her plans. The next day she borrowed Hattie Elder's seed catalogues. All the succeeding winter she pored over the price of seeds. She drew diagrams and planned out her flower-beds. When spring came and the ground had been plowed, she spent every spare moment working in the garden. Her husband showed no interest, but once in a while she saw him looking sullenly at the wasted ground, and she knew his thoughts were on thirty bushels of potatoes at fifty cents per bushel.

One fated day she drove to Hattie Elder's after some geranium slips. When she got home she went at once to the garden to see if any new plants had blossomed during her absence. She noticed that the gate was standing open and wondered whether she had forgotten to shut it. All unsuspecting, she stepped through it. She looked at the unfamiliar outlines of the beds. Was the twilight playing her tricks? She shaded her eyes and looked again. Then she jumped and screamed and threw up her hands. A few feet away a pig was rooting out the last of the sweet peas. Another pig was tossing a nasturtium vine on his nose. Farther back in the shadows were other pigs rooting and chewing and grunting. A chicken or two flew squawking over the fence.

* * *

"Oscar, I've got to go away for a while."

They were the first words Lucy had spoken to her husband in three days. He looked relieved and alarmed at the same time.

"There's something wrong inside o' me. It feels all black and like stone; and then again it's like fire. It's been that way ever since—"

She did not dare trust herself to speak of the ruined garden.

"I can't get rid of it and I can't bear it much longer. I'll die if I stay here and keep on washing dishes and washing dishes, with nothing else to think about. But I dunno as you can understand. Anyhow I've got to go, and I'm going tomorrow."

Oscar tried to conciliate her and to show her how unreasonable it was for her to think of going away in such a busy season. Haying was coming on and soon the threshing. But his arguments were in vain for once. She would not listen to reason, and when the mind of one so gentle becomes fixed, it is like a rock. At length it was agreed that she should go to her sister in the city and stay a week.

After she had been gone four days, her husband received a letter from his brother-in-law that worried him greatly.

"Lucindy is acting strange," it ran. "We took her down to Coney Island the first night she was here, and that's the only time she's seemed natural. And Em says something excited her a good deal that night down there, but she can't make out what it was. She goes out every night by herself and won't let any of us go with her. She comes back about ten o'clock, and when we ask her where she's been she won't tell—just smiles and looks funny. It's awful odd."

* * *

For once Oscar Hill valued his wife above his hay crop. When he reached the city the next night, he hurried out to his brother-in-law's. When the car stopped at Hopkins Street, he picked up his umbrella and was about to get off. To his amazement, he saw his wife get on the front end of the car and drop quickly into a seat. His first impulse was to go to her, and then he hesitated. What was the meaning of her strange actions? Perhaps this was his chance to understand. He sat still. The back of her head was plainly visible from where he sat. He would have recognized her hat among a thousand—she had been wearing it every Sunday for the last four summers. When she had spoken of getting a new one, he had told her it was extravagant to buy another one before the old one was worn out. He was surprised now to see how faded and old-fashioned it looked. He never took his eyes off that hat for half an hour, and it remained quietly in its place beside a big filmy white one.

Presently, the air began to get cooler, and the unfamiliar smell of the ocean came to the puzzled man's nostrils. At length they reached the beach, and his wife got off the car and mingled with the gay, noisy crowd. He followed her anxiously. Once he lost her, but the little old brown hat soon re-appeared ahead of him. She walked rapidly forward like one with a known destination. He could hardly keep up with her and yet leave a safe distance between them. She pushed her way in and out along the board walk, past noisy merry-go-rounds, and soda fountains, and amusement places of all sorts.

At last he saw her pause before what appeared at first to be a shooting gallery—no, a china shop. On the back wall of the booth were shelves and shelves of dishes, mathematically arranged and reaching from floor to ceiling. There were banks of cups piled loosely one above the other. There were rows of plates and saucers standing on edge in plate-rail fashion. Here and there was a platter or a vegetable tureen.

And then Oscar Hill saw a sight that he will never forget. The man at the counter was handing out to his customers great heavy marbles as big as tennis balls, three for five cents. Lucy Hill pushed forward and laid some money down on the counter. The proprietor smiled at her as at a familiar face. She took up the balls, one at a time, and hurled them with all her strength at the shelves of dishes. That was the game. Most of the customers seemed to take great delight in it. There were participants of both sexes and all ages, each adding his share to the crash and clatter. They laughed and shouted and derided each other.

But Lucy Hill did not laugh. Her face was set and tense. There were deep lines in her forehead. Instead of a novelty for pleasure-seekers, her occupation might have been a stern duty. She was like an animal in pursuit of prey. Her balls crashed into those dishes like an elemental passion let loose for the first time. At intervals she laid down more money and took up more balls. It was the money her husband had given her to buy a dress. He stood watching her now with an amazement and intensity that was almost overpowering. He was frightened at the look on her face. Could this be the gentle yielding wife he had always known? He had never seen such an utter abandon to passion. The self-control of years was swept away. Her soul was on a debauch.

After what seemed to her husband like an hour of madness, her strokes began to lose their intensity, the sternness began to leave her face, the lines in her forehead relaxed. Relief and satisfaction gradually looked out of her eyes. Slowly her face took on a look of peace. She had emptied herself of all anger and rebellion. Then her husband approached her anxiously and took her by the hand.

"Better come now, Lucy," he said.

She looked startled for the fraction of a moment. Then she gave him a clean white smile.

"Hello, Oscar," she said. "I'm ready to go any time now; how'd you leave the children?"

As they moved away from the noisy booth she went on:

"I suppose you thought I was crazy when you saw me there, and I don't wonder. When John and Martha brought me out here that first night and I saw this place, I was frightened. I thought I just imagined seein' those dishes. But when I saw John and Martha laughin' at the people and heard 'em countin' the dishes breakin', I knew it was real. After we went home I kep' seein' and hearin' it in my brain. I couldn't get it outen my head. It was my form of crazy and I knew it.

"But it's all right now. The mad's all gone and I feel better."

They were walking past a flower bed in front of one of the big beach hotels.

"Lucy," said Oscar gently, "I'm goin' to have a wire fence put around your flower garden, and next year there won't no pigs or chickens get in it."

A SILENT WANDERER

BEYOND the greening meadowside,
  Between the hill and stream,
There no paths end and fairies glide,
  And vi'lets nod and dream.

Joy is a silent wanderer,
  An errant knight, in quest
Of golden cup: who would deter
  Him in the vale of Rest?

Between the singer and the nest
  There is a sea of green
With isles of Hope far in the west,
  And waves of Love between!

O, spend with me the trysting-hour,
  Emersed in lights and shades,
Within the green, thrush-haunted bow'r,
  Thou loveliest of maids!

Between the spring-time and the sea
  Are miles of dreams that cloy;
Between your heart and mine should be
  An endless sea of joy!

—*Arthur E. Smith*

World Strides

How Do You Pay Your Debts to Your Valet, Civilization?

by J. Adam Bede

HATE is color blind. It sees no signals. Love faces the light and is safe. The old order has passed away. Feudalism has faded into freedom. Slavery has *sine died.* The day of good deeds has come. The world is working for you.

At the breakfast table you ask for an orange, and it comes across a continent with a good-morning greeting. Someone has fore-known and provided for your simplest wish. In Arabia and Brazil men are toiling that your cup of coffee may be served. If you have loved ones in stricken Europe to whom you would send a word of sympathy and hope, a cable company is eager to do your bidding. Would you go to the ends of the earth, railways and ship lines are waiting to bear you with the swiftness of the wind to your furthest destination. Touch the button and the world lifts its hat and offers its services to you. Civilization is your valet.

So long as every man built his own house, made his own clothes, and supplied his own food, there was little progress, and till about a century ago the world remained almost precisely as it was when Noah paged the zoo. But when one man specialized in building houses, he invented a saw; when another specialized in agriculture, he invented a plow; and when a third specialized in the making of clothing, he invented the loom. Then the procession began to move. Soon we captured the lightning and changed its name to electricity. We harnessed the waters and made the remorseless flood our servant. By a miracle of science we congealed water into solids to serve for sanitation in that dormant state, or quickened it into vapor to bear the burdens and move the commerce of the world. We have spoken the storm-stricken ship in mid-ocean by wireless telegraph, and a hundred passing craft have hurried to her relief. We have dreamed into life the diving ship to traverse the very bottom of old ocean; and, leaving the domain of beasts for that of birds, we have hatched the flying-machine, we have moored the biplane in the golden archipelago of the Milky Way and triumphed in the conquest of the air. Ocean cables have bound the furthest continents of earth into a single neighborhood, and the world has become but a whispering gallery. The very earth itself has changed to a living creature. The wires and cables are its nervous system, the storms its sorrows, the sunshine its serenity of thought, and the lightnings but the flashes of its wit and genius.

The division of labor with incidental inventions has multiplied creature comforts, but no man living to himself alone can now provide what are deemed the necessities of life. We are by the very force of circumstances our brother's keeper. This has sweetened the relations of mankind. It has taught the joy of service and sacrifice. It has brought the better day. The hours of toil have been reduced. Time has thus been saved for universal education. Popular government has come as a natural consequence. It is yours. Have you paid your dues?

The statesman declares a new rule of action which rights a vested wrong; the inventor discovers a new principle which makes production both easier and swifter; the physician finds a new remedy which banishes disease; the teacher formulates a new method by which learning is more readily imparted; the artist toils in his studio that he may give to the world a new thought on canvas to culture the hearts and enrich the lives of all; the architect spends weary days and nights to produce in arch and column and proportion a new effect which he who runs may see and feel; the poet spends wakeful hours with his vagrant muse that he may express in words of fire the universal but unuttered yearnings of the human heart; the master musician juggles with the notes till he produces a symphony which unfolds in turn the story of the storm, of the ocean, of the woods, of the battlefield, of the rush of waters and the clash of worlds. Fame or fortune may follow as a reward, but all the enduring blessings are inalienable and for you. What have you done? Are you keeping an account with a pawnbroker or uttering time checks to your valet?

* * *

The earliest specialized occupations were probably literature and music. And poor, indeed, is that land that has no fairy tales, no folklore, no epic in its language. We have done some things in the world of late, and yet who would swap off Homer for a submarine or Milton for a Zeppelin? Nor could the Bank of England pay in cash or credit the debt we owe to the Bard of Avon; or the Kaiser and his armies gain a victory to compare with the conquest of a world-empire by Goethe. For many ages devoted men have been gloriously striving to embellish a world for us to live in. They can no more be paid for the work they have done than a soldier can be paid for the life he has lost. Genius, patriotism and devotion cannot be measured by the yard or bushel and bought in the market. They are inalienable attributes. But not all of us are gifted of the gods. Many must ever remain merely the ultimate consumers of a world full of blessings. And yet there could be no giver if there were no one to accept the gifts. Life is reciprocal. Ofttimes the applause in the gallery puts the play over the footlights. Success is catching. You can make it epidemic. Have you been missing something? The world is waiting for your approval.

Music is poetry in motion. It is architecture, sculpture and painting translated into sound. In its loftier moods it is exultant hope speaking the rhythmic language of the soul as it beats against its earthly environments. A world without music! A tideless ocean, songless birds, a starless sky; summer without flowers, children without laughter, life without hope! To rob the world of music would be to deflower the affections and make arid the garden of love. Without it life would become an unending monologue in which dismal swamps and radiant sunsets would be mingled in indiscriminate confusion. Every serenade would be turned into the shout of the ravisher. Man would revert almost to the beast, and, if he did not lose every glorious aspiration, would long only for a harpless hereafter, a happy hunting ground where he might still destroy. And yet if a hundred names could be erased from the birth records of the world, how little music would be left to stir the soul. It would be a sorry world without a Bach or a Beethoven, a Mozart or a Wagner, in which everyone produced his own crude song; and perhaps a sorrier place if all were gifted in that one field of the emotions. Nature has done well to make some of her children of clay and some of star dust. The sun's rays need the earth to mother their warmth.

As music has had a steady growth from the very dawn of recorded time, who can say that it has not been a powerful influence in all civilizations? The wildest savage learned to beat a weird tattoo and was comforted. The winds whistled through caves and reeds and forest trees to arouse man's cunning and give birth to wind instruments of infinite variety, while accident or invention suggested to the world the stringed instruments of today. And what coloring do we not have in modern instrumentation, often called the chemistry of sound, in which the distinct tones are separated and recombined with wondrous effect, giving us forever something new under the sun to awake the soul and inspire our better nature. And still no one knows why sounds at certain intervals produce harmony and at others discord. No one has told us why some sounds blend with others and some penetrate them. It is still a mystery how a powerful volume of harmony from some of the instruments of an orchestra may uplift and enrich a melody from other instruments in a different quality of tone, floating it, as it seems, on the great ocean of sound. Ofttimes the seeming blare of one instrument is but a feeder or fertilizer, a sort of musical nurse crop to the sweet melody of another.

Sometime, perhaps, we shall understand, but not now. When Sweet Alice has met Ben Bolt again, when the Mocking Bird is forever hushed, there is no more Wearing of the Green at Killarney or Kilts at Loch Lomond, the Last Rose of Summer has faded, The Palms are all gathered, The Rosary is for the last time counted, Maxwelton's braes are no longer bonnie, nor Annie Laurie Coming Thru the Rye, the Lorelei has ceased to charm, and we are gathered in The Holy City on the banks of The Suwanee River singing Home, Sweet Home in the true spirit of Auld Lang Syne, then we may know the true mission and mystery of music. Until then we must grope with the great masters in outer darkness as far from the Infinite as the benighted heathen who hangs his benediction in the breeze. But we know its power, and that's all the wizard of science knows of the lightning's voltage. It has moved the world to love and made it courageous in war. It has cheered the weary, sustained the broken-hearted, lightened our burdens, soothed our passions and attuned the hearts of men. Its service has been great, but it stands yet in the first twilight of its reign. Gluck and Rossini, Weber, Haydn, Handel, Chopin, Verdi, and their fellows are but ministers of the realm and servants to the muses. The kingdom is for you. Have you tried your sanitary drinking cup at the Pierian spring?

However, not all this progress and glory, song and story, sweetness and light, and a billion dollars in Christmas presents this year in America alone, have made the world entirely what it ought to be. Much remains to be done. Among other things the slums must go, and chronic poverty find an antidote. Some day we shall have specialized sanity in government, and then things will be better than they are now. But even in this generation there is no seedtime and harvest for a crop of gloom. Blunders have been made in attempts at betterment, and over-enthusiastic leaders have, it is true, been fishing with imaginary nets in an impossible mirage, but as civilization rather than laws govern the great masses of our people, its tide has borne us steadily on. A few years ago the world heard from his friends the story of a French officer, Captain Dreyfus. An exile from home, a prisoner for life, hunted like a wild beast and forbidden all intercourse with the living world, humanity found him and made him free. A century ago his case would have passed unnoticed, for the world had no care what kings were doing. They might kill their own queens out of season and contrary to the game laws, and still remain upon the throne unvexed. It is different today. And altho modern conditions have intensified life, and the individual seems eclipsed by combinations of wealth, this is quite as much a state of mind as of fact, conveniently used as an excuse by the thriftless and indolent.

Mere wealth or power without justice and service has become vulgar. The best thought of the world is being given to the betterment of mankind. To be a millionaire is no longer a distinction, and the economic evolution which has made riches common is now being turned into an engine of culture for the public. He who can claim a roof for his head, a coat for his back, food for his body, a few friends and a book or two—with health and peace to enjoy them, has much that money cannot buy or his last will and testament bequeath. And the political entanglements which have brought so much sorrow to other lands must impress us with the blessings of our own. For while their flags are at half-mast for the beloved and illustrious dead, our own, rejoicing in the breeze, grows brighter and brighter in the sweet radiance of its own gathering stars:

> The earth is cram'd with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God,
> But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

Are you hoodwinked?

WOOD-NYMPH

By AGNES MARY BROWNELL

THE ballad of a lady, went faring thro' a wood—
No mantle wrapped her shoulders bare, her drenched head, no hood;
The chill wind drave with silver whips and stung her very blood.

Her affrighted eyes for shelter seek beneath the green-laced boughs,
A mournful voice goes wailing thro'—a dying breath that soughs
Along the dismal corridors, her very spirit cows.

Within the green heart of the wood, she spies a woodsman's hut;
Upon the sagging doorstep there she sets a timid foot.
The empty room is snug and warm against the tempest shut.

The woodsman pushed his dripping door and set it staring wide,
He crossed himself and breathed a prayer for what he saw inside;
He thought 'twas the restless ghost of one who had but lately died.

Her green eyes glimmered in the room as they were chrysophrase,
Her kirtle was a flowery hue expressed from many Mays,
But the light that lay along her hair was the light of summer days.

She sat her at his stained board, she warmed her at his hearth;
He looked upon her tender youth and could not drive her forth—
So fair a maid he wist was more of heaven than of earth.

The good priest blessed the marriage rite, no scandal there should be,
And she dwelt with him in his woodsman's hut for a fair twelve-month and three.
And there came a storm and a mighty wind and a voice that bade her flee.

Waving of arms and forms unseen and incantations wild—
They barred his way, but he saw her cower and whine like a frightened child;
And a sudden flash and a blinding light thro' all the wood defiled.

The gnarled trunk yawned deep and wide as it had been a flume—
He saw a winding staircase down—he saw a narrow room—
And she that had lately been his bride was gone as to her tomb.

All day the woodsman chops alone and few have speech with him;
But at night he looks along his pane, and he sees a white face dim,
Set in a whorl of blowing hair as in a golden rim.

Her fingers tap along the pane, her muted lips implore—
Once he would dash the casement wide, and wide unbar the door—
But he knows his hearth, his settle and couch shall never rest her more.

She calls to him from the gray outside, he calls to her from within—
Ah, was it for mortal to wed with her—a wood-sprite—such a sin?
For now they may never meet again except with a glass between.

Some Important Heraldic Charges
Their Meaning and Symbolism
by Leonard Wilson, F.S.A.Scot.

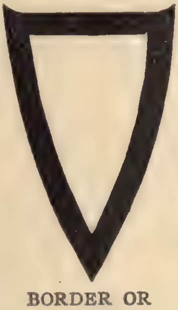
Associate, Society of Genealogists of London
Member, Société Académique d'Histoire Internationale de Paris
National Genealogical Society of America, etc.

NOTE.—*The writer of this article will be glad to answer, free of charge, any inquiry relating to heraldry or family history. Inquiries should be addressed to the Genealogical Editor, the* NATIONAL, *and should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for the reply*

> Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their Father's house.—Numbers ii: 2.
>
> And the children of Israel did according to all that the Lord commanded Moses; so they pitched by their standards, and so they set forward, every one after their families, according to the house of their Fathers.—Numbers ii: 34.

THE bordure is a band one-fifth the width of the shield, which it surrounds entirely. It surmounts all ordinaries save the chief, the quarter and the canton, which are placed above it. In an impaled coat, however, it only encircles the upper and outer part of the shield and must not be continued around. In a quartered coat, the whole of it is shown unless an inescutcheon be superimposed.

Bordures were anciently used to distinguish one family from another descended from the same parents, but this custom has, in modern heraldry, been largely discontinued, it being frequently borne now as a charge. It is frequently charged with various heraldic devices, and has been so decorated since the earliest days. "Bordures many and dyuers are found in armys and are borne of many noble men. Of the whyche some ben playne, some ingrayllyd, some checkeryd, some inuecked."



BORDER OR BORDURE

"Understonde ye that certayne tymes a bordure is borne in armys, powdrid dyuers wayes, other while wyth molettis, with rosis, or with lytyll crossis or otherwise.—Book of St. Alban."

Sloane-Evans states: "It has been assimilated to those Fimbrias, or Borders of Garments, which the Israelites wore by the command of Moses, that they might be continually reminded of their duties. As saith St. Hierome: '*Rudi adhuc populo, et hominibus ad obedientiam insuetis, per Moysen imperatur a Domino: ut in signum memoriae quod precepta Domini recordentur; per singulas vestimentorum fimbrias habeant cum cocco Hyacinthi coloris insignia; ut etiam casu huc illucque respicientibus oculis, mandatorum coelestium memoria nascatur.*'"

It is one of the subordinaries of heraldry. It is, as Wade remarks, a "bearing of great antiquity." It is also used as an augmentation of honor. Porny, referring to the arms of the family of Dalziel of Glenae, whose predecessor was a younger brother of the noble family of Carnwath, says; "The paternal coat of arms of the ancient name of Dalziel, which is sable, a naked man with his arms and legs extended proper; formerly, this family bore this charge hanging on a gallows. This bearing, tho so very singular for a coat of arms, was given as a reward to one of the ancestors of the late Robert Dalziel, Earl of Carnwath, to perpetuate the memory of an exploit performed in taking down, from a gallows, the body of a favourite and near relation of King Kenneth II, hung up by the Picts; which story is thus related by Alexander Nisbet: 'The King being exceedingly grieved that the body of his minion and kinsman should be so disgracefully treated, he proffered a great reward to any of his subjects who would adventure to rescue his corpse from the disgrace his cruel enemies had unjustly put upon them; but when none would undertake this hazardous enterprize, at last a valorous gentleman came and said to the King, "Dalziel"; which, in the old Scots language, signifies "I dare"; and he did actually perform that noble exploit to the King's satisfaction and his own immortal honour, and in memory of it, got the aforesaid remarkable bearing; and afterward his posterity took the word Dalziel for their surname, and the interpretation of it, "I dare," continues even to this day to be the motto of that noble family.' "

DOVE

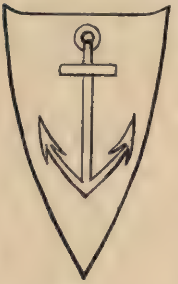
The heraldic dove is always represented with a slight tuft on its head, and is frequently blazoned with an olive branch in its beak. It is usually borne in profile. "An Order of the Dove was created in the Middle Ages in Spain. The badge was a silver dove with outstretched wings in the midst of golden rays. The dove enters very largely into religious symbolism, and probably this element may have influenced the selection of the device in this instance. Tho the dove was occasionally used in medieval times as a badge or device, it does not figure to any great extent in heraldry. The virtues it most aptly symbolizes are the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

It is borne in the coat armor of Lord Chelmsford, and also by the family of Dove, in the latter case with a distinct allusion to the name of the bird. Scriptural allusion to the innocence of the dove will be remembered, which virtue of innocency it is supposed to represent. "The dove, which is the Symbol of the Church, represents simplicity and future glory, pureness of life, constancy, and peace. It may, moreover, be considered a fit bearing for those who bring quick intelligence of stirring events, and act as Couriers and Conductors to those in need. This bird was the Ensign of the Syrians. It is a charge in the Coat Armour of the Walker, Baylie, Columbell, Winton families."

Tyas, in speaking of the dove and the olive branch jointly, says: "The olive leaf has by all nations been regarded as the emblem of peace, and we think we may assume that it is a sacred emblem of that blessing. When the Creator manifested His anger against sin by destroying every living being on the face of the earth, except Noah and them which were with him in the ark, the olive-leaf was the first intimation which Noah received that the waters were greatly abated, and therefore that God's anger was withdrawn. Noah at first sent a raven out of the ark, which did not return; he then sent a dove, which soon came back; seven days after he sent forth the dove a second time, which came again to him in the evening, bearing an olive-leaf which it had plucked off. It is not, therefore, unlikely that Noah and his family would regard the olive with peculiar feelings, as the first intimation that God had so far ceased from His wrath against man that He had caused the waters to retire to such a level as that the olive was growing visibly above them. If so, the same tree would ever be regarded by his descendants, as indeed it has been, as the token of peace and good-will."

ANCHORS

The anchor is a popular heraldic charge. It is usual to place it in pale, and it is depicted without a cable unless the contrary be specified. When borne with a cable and set fesse-wise, it is the charge of the British admiralty. In some cases nautical emblems were introduced into heraldry "with the intent of commemorating some certain action performed or danger escaped in connection with the 'world of waters.'"



The anchor, however, signifies "succor in extreme distress," and is also the Christian emblem of Hope, in which latter sense it is usually borne in heraldry. Planche says that an "anchor is the emblem of Hope, and is taken for such in a spiritual as well as a temporal sense, Hope being, as it were, the anchor which holds us firm to our faith in all adversity." Cosmo de Medici, Duke of Etruria, bore as his device two anchors, with the motto, "Duabus," meaning "It is always good to have two holdfasts to trust to." Richard I, bore as a device one anchor, with the motto "*Christus duce.*" His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh, bears on each point of the label on his coat of arms an anchor, in order to difference them from those borne by the other members of the British royal family. Anchors are also borne by the noble family of Le Comtes de St. Cricq, of France.

THE ESTOILE OR STAR

The estoile, or star, takes its name from the Latin word *stella* and the French word *etoile.*

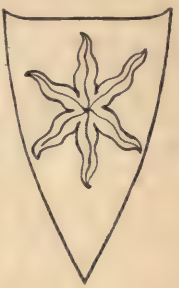
It has oftentimes, owing to the similarity in shape, been confused with a mullet. It may be stated, however, that an estoile is never pierced—that is, never has a hole thru the center; also the estoile always consists of six rays unless otherwise stated, and some hold that the rays should always be wavy in the case of an estoile, and straight in the case of a mullet; others say that an estoile waved really means a blazing star.

Guillim adds: "It is holden that the fixed Stars are discerned by their sparkling and twinkling, by reason that our Sight being found, as it were, by the Forcibleness of their resplendent Rays our Eyes do become wavering and trembling in beholding them, and for this Cause ought all Stars to be made with their Rays or Points waved."

In England and Scotland a mullet consists of five points unless a greater number is specified, altho mullets of six and eight points are not uncommon. The star was, with the crescent, borne by the followers of Mohammet, and they are now retained by the Turkish empire and form part of its national ensign. The single star borne in heraldry is supposed to be the star of Bethlehem, or "The Morning Star," and had a clear allusion to Christianity.

A well-known coat which has evidently a Scriptural symbolism, is that of Johannes de Fontibus, sixth Bishop of Ely, which, in addition to other charges, displayed seven golden stars.

Aveling remarks that "the star has always been an ensign of knightly rank, and a star is in some form or another always part of the ensign of all the orders of Knighthood." King Richard I adopted a star and a crescent as his badge.



Whittemore says: "The star has, in almost all ages, been made use of as a mark of honor. Robert, King of France, instituted the Royal Order of the Star, being of gold, with five points in the field azure, which the Knights of the Order wore on the left side as a badge of honor, and after the extinction of that Order, it became the badge of the Night Watch in the city of Paris. John, King of France, took for his device a star with the words '*Monstrant regibus astra vian,*' alluding to the star which appeared to the three kings in the East at the birth of our Saviour."

THE DRAGON

The dragon is an imaginary monster used in heraldry in coats, crests and supporters. It is one of those heraldic fabulous beasts represented with wings endorsed, four legs, and a serpent-like tail. It appears as a military ensign in the Bayeaux Tapestry. It differs from the wivern only in that the latter has but two legs, and this distinction in early blazon is not always observed. The monster is represented as being covered with scales, and as having both tail and tongue barbed or forked. It is supposed to have two wings, and is much akin to the griffin. Fox-Davis, in referring to it, says: "The head of a dragon is like nothing else in heraldry, and from what source it originated or what basis existed for ancient heraldic artists to imagine it from must remain a mystery, unless it has developed from the crocodile or some antediluvian animal much akin. It is like nothing else in heaven or on earth. Its neck is covered with scales, not unlike those of a fish. All four legs are scaled and have claws, the back is scaled, the tongue is barbed, and the under part of the body is likewise scaled, but here in rolls of a much larger size. Great differences will be found in the shape of the ears, but the wings of the dragon are always represented as the wings of a bat, with the long ribs or bones carried to the base. The dragon is one of the most artistic of heraldic creations, and lends itself very readily to the genius of any artist. In nearly all modern representations the tail, like the tongue, will be found ending in a barb; but it should be observed that this is a comparatively recent addition. All dragons of the Tudor period were invariably represented without any such additions to their tails. The tail was long and smooth, ending in a blunt point."

The dragon is said to have been the customary standard of the kings of England from the time of the Conquest, and according to Planche "there are the directions extant for the making of one in the reign of Henry III, but it never formed a portion of the armorial bearings of the kings of England."

It is especially familiar to English-speaking people on account of its association with the patron saint of the English, St. George. Wade remarks in this connection that "our poets feign that dragons sit brooding on riches and treasures, which are committed to their charge because of their admirable sharpness of sight, and that they are supposed of all other living creatures to be the most valiant. It, therefore, stands as the symbol of a most valiant defender of treasure. Hovedon tells us that Cuthred, King of Wessex, bore a gold dragon at the battle of Bureford. King Arthur, it is stated, bore a red dragon. This beast is always represented as being encased in stout scales resembling armor. The Tudor sovereigns bore a red dragon as a cognisance, but Queen Elizabeth changed the color to gold.

"The heads of the griffin and the dragon are very frequently used in armory, generally as crests, and each would signify the same as the bearing of the entire body of one of these grim monsters."

"The dragon," says Sloane-Evans, "is considered the emblem of vigilancy;" while Porny observes: "The dragon is said to be the emblem of vigilance and safeguard. The ancients and the moderns have both spoken of this fabulous being. Consecrated by the religion of the earliest people, having become the object of their mythology, the minister of the will of their gods, the guardian of their treasures, obedient to the power of enchantresses, and entering even into the divine allegories of the most sacred collections, it has been celebrated by the first poets, and portrayed with all the colors that could embellish its form; the principal ornament of pious fables, invented in the remotest ages, subdued by heroes, who combated for a divine law; considered as the emblem of the splendid achievements of valiant knight-errants, it has enlivened the poetry of the moderns, as it animated that of the ancients; sometimes clothed with the greatest power, destroying the victims of its fury by a single look, transporting itself through the clouds with the velocity of lightning striking like a thunderbolt, uniting the agility of the eagle, the strength of the lion, and the size of a serpent; sometimes assuming even the human figure, endued with an intelligence almost divine, and adored even at present in the vast kingdoms of the east, the dragon has been all things, and has been found everywhere but in Nature."

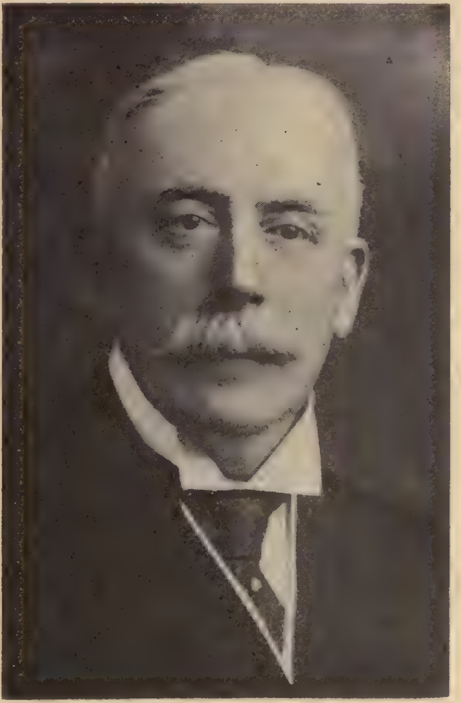
"The wyvern is a dragon represented with two legs only. The tail is nowed, or twisted into a single loop or knot, and its signification is the same as that of the dragon."

The Foreign Trade Situation

As Discussed at the Foreign Trade Council at Pittsburgh

by John B. Gorgan

THEY arrived in special trains. There was an air of business determination in it all. There has not been a convention this year of American business men with more spirit and zest than that manifested at the conference of the Foreign Trade Council held at Pittsburgh in the closing days of January. This was the fourth annual convention, and indicated a healthy and wholesome growth of the idea first suggested by Mr. James A. Farrell some years ago. There was a businesslike atmosphere on the special trains that arrived from east and west, north and south. They were getting right down to brass tacks. The air in the cars was surcharged with business propositions—it was everywhere a question of cost and percentages. The William Penn Hotel, at Pittsburgh, even with its enormous capacity, was soon filled and overflowing. When the suitcase brigade had arrived, it was a question of who had a room and who didn't have a room—but somehow everyone was happy with the greetings of men who realized that comradeship in business, even with rivals, counts.


JAMES A. FARRELL
Chairman of the Foreign Trade Council

The Convention was welcomed in the great ball room, by Mr. J. Rogers Flannery of the Pittsburgh Foreign Trade Commission. He gave in a crisp talk of a few minutes a most marvelous account of what had already been accomplished in the district of Pittsburgh in foreign exports. The meeting was called to order by Mr. James A. Farrell, chairman of the Foreign Trade Council, and Mr. Alba B. Johnson, of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, was made chairman of the Convention—and a most capable presiding officer he made—directing all discussion to the point.

The first address was on "Industrial

Reconstruction of Europe," by Mr. W. W. Nichols, chairman United States Industrial Commission to France, and was a remarkable array of specific information showing the devastation of cities and communities, and a definite tabulation as to what would be needed to rebuild the devastated war districts. "The Foreign Trade Aspect of the Tariff," an address by Mr. Willard Straight, vice-president of the American International Corporation, New York City, was a graphic presentation of present-day conditions, indicating that Mr. Straight knew how to think straight as well as to talk straight—to the point.

"The World Market for Agricultural Products," by Mr. B. F. Harris, of Champaign, Illinois, was a phase of the world conditions after the war, that was presented in a most effective manner, for Mr. Harris is a practical farmer as well as a banker. "Foreign Trade Policy from the Farmer's Standpoint" was discussed by Prof. T. N. Carver, of Harvard. The discussions betimes of five minutes formed the inspiring phase of the Convention, when extemporaneous talks were made by the men who were there seeking to learn and to know how to go after foreign trade in a more effective way.

Under direction of Chairman Johnson the sessions began promptly on time. An interesting sidelight was furnished by the group sessions, held in the various rooms, where it would seem as if every phase of the export trade was discussed. The program indicated the tireless and able activity of the secretary, Mr. Robert H. Patchin—a wheel-horse in organization. The Convention was more like a university with its various class rooms than a mere trade gathering. The entire proceedings were held within the walls of one hotel, and the subjects were given concentrated attention by the auditors and speakers.

On Friday, the visitors were given a trip of inspection of Pittsburgh's industries. A revelation it was, indeed, showing the modern mining and wonderful electrical equipment of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, American Window Glass Company, and Edgar Thompson Steel Works of Carnegie Steel Company. In this list the world-renowned food products plant of H. J. Heinz was included in the itinerary. Every phase of expert possibilities was demonstrated in a concrete way by Pittsburgh industries. It was an object lesson that will not soon be forgotten.

The banquet on Friday evening was an event of national importance. It was one of the most brilliant arrays of aggressive business genius that has assembled in many years. Addresses were made by Hon. E. N. Hurley, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, Mr. John D. Ryan, president of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, New York, and Chairman Farrell, who reviewed the export situation in most telling manner. The scene of twelve hundred banqueters and the hundreds of visitors in the balcony made a picture that will not soon be forgotten. There were altogether 1,305 delegates present. Blazing in electric lights at one end of the Convention Hall was suspended the slogan of the Council: "Greater Prosperity Thru Greater Foreign Trade." The message seemed to burn itself into the minds and increase the determination of the assembled guests to secure the foreign trade.

This Council was unique in the fact that no resolutions were adopted. The final declaration was drawn by a general committee, and presented to the Convention at the closing session by Chairman Farrell, and unanimously ratified.

Every phase of the situation of foreign trade was discussed. The question arose as to whether trade should be carried on thru American agents in foreign countries, thru brokerage firms, or thru foreign agents, who had been educated in the United States. The latter was looked upon with favor, because of its practical demonstration in the creation of the Republic of China, which was accomplished chiefly thru men who were educated in America and Europe. They carried back the spirit of modern business and democracy, which go hand-in-hand, achieving results of importance to world history. If a young man comes to America and acquires the language, he carries more effectively into his own land the true business missionary spirit and a message from America to his countrymen.

This convention most emphatically revealed the fact that world conditions, because of the European war, afford the United States not only opportunities, but grave responsibilities, and these responsibilities must be fully comprehended in order to take advantage of the opportunities. It was more than a mere business conference—the whole convention was permeated with patriotic purpose. Wider distribution of the benefits of foreign trade is dependent upon the increased efficiency of industries of moderate size to meet conditions abroad, and the question is, first of all, to know exactly what these conditions are and to know what is going to be wanted, and how to do it. The spirit of the hour emphasized most clearly that American business, used in its broadest sense, must be relieved of the disadvantages imposed by restrictive legislative action to make a bold and united front in wooing foreign markets.

Export trade is a different proposition entirely from building up a domestic market. The enactment of the Webb Bill, now pending in the Senate, without some of the modifications proposed to the end that American exporters generally, while marketing abroad the products of American agriculture and industry, may have the advantage of encouraging co-operation in an effort to meet foreign combination. This bill was strongly urged by the Convention in no uncertain tones. With the increase of national income and of domestic prosperity occasioned by greater facilities for the sale of products necessary to American life and industry, it was felt to be not only desirable, but necessary that the development under the American flag of a merchant marine be something more than idle talk—this aside from a proper appreciation of what national defense and the maintenance of foreign commerce means, whether the United States was a belligerent or a neutral nation.

Commercial treaties made prior to August, 1914, have been badly disarranged by the war. It was felt that it all had to be gone over again, and the State Department has created a Bureau which is doing nothing else but study the problems in-

ALBA B. JOHNSON

Who was chosen chairman of the Foreign Trade Council Convention. Mr. Johnson is closely identified with the steel business, having begun his business career with and is now president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Mr. Johnson is also a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia

evolved in these treaties. The United States tariff system, it was felt, should possess adequate resources for the trade of the United States, whatever be its nature or principle.

It was interesting to hear the discussions in the "experience meetings" telling just how each one had built up his foreign trade, and incidents and records made during the past few years since the war were graphic. It was demonstrated that if we sell goods abroad, we must, in turn, purchase goods abroad. Mr. Johnson made an ideal presiding officer; he was effective in making the discussions a compendium of modern business. Mr. Kerr and Mr. Mulford were in charge of the large group meetings, and the various addresses indicated that the business men know how to speak for themselves.

The financial loss in public and private property in Europe since the beginning of the war is estimated at nearly eight billion dollars. This must be replaced—who is to replace it? The enormous loans made to the warring countries in Europe, it is felt, are a good investment. Such was the opinion of Mr. Festus J. Wade, a banker of St. Louis—first, because he felt they were sound investments, and also because they would do more to develop the credit of this nation than anything else. Every angle of export trade was talked over, and the hour of adjournment came all too soon. Everyone parted with a significant expression, "Will see you next year."

A TREE

By JOHN HALIFAX

A STUNTED tree upon a rock
  Grew tho it scarce had any root,
And stood up straight against the wind,
  Determined, brave, unflinching, mute.

The sun shone hot over its head,
  The rock parched dry with blistering rays,
The tree faints not, but grows instead,
  Stands green and fresh thru long, long days.

About the rock rise sturdy trees
  That laugh as their great branches throw
Shadows and shades continually
  At the rock-tree so slow to grow.

Yet there it stands in lonely grace
  A message waves till daylight ends;
See how I stand in unknown space
  And thank my God for what he sends.

Upon the rock of poverty
  Where thousands die without a song,
There some now stand, like my rock-tree,
  A benediction all day long.

A RAMBLE *in* BOOKLAND

THERE is one subject of which students of oratory will never tire, and that is the eloquence of the orators of the Emerald Isle. It was fitting that a new book on Ireland's fight for freedom should have been prepared by Mr. Claude G. Bowers, of Washington, D. C. Those who have known Mr. Bowers for many years are not surprised that he has produced a book of such remarkable scope and importance. There was no doubt among his friends of his fitness for the work, because for years he has been responding with orations on great occasions, and writing for newspapers on this subject, all the while he was gathering the material for this volume. There is no other subject upon which he has been so eloquent as Ireland, and "The Irish Orators"* is a book that informs, yet has the Irish spirit thru and thru.

Strangely enough, Mr. Bowers is not Irish, nor did he have any Irish intimates during his school days. In the course of his study of oratory, the speeches of Curran appealed to him in such a degree that he developed an insatiable appetite for the speeches and everything written about the gifted Irishman. Then he went farther, and read the other Irish orators, who, he said, "had the divine fire, all. They made me a partisan," he insists, "of the Irish cause, and turned my attention to Irish history. It has been my hobby ever since."

In the chronicle of the lives of Mr. Bowers' heroes is constituted a consecutive history of the Irish fight for freedom from 1760 to the beginning of the war. There is not a detail of the thrilling and brilliant history of Ireland's struggle that he has not covered. It is an indispensable reference book for any library, and Mr. Bowers is certainly to be congratulated in collecting these gems which will be treasured for many years to come in libraries where a complete compendium of the life and activities of the world is desired. With this book, Mr. Bowers has proved himself the Plutarch of Ireland.

Judging from the comments of the press on the incidents connected with the recent trouble in Ireland, the information contained in "The Irish Orators" should be a matter of common knowledge. As a matter of fact, with the exception of O'Connell, Meagher, Sheil and Redmond, all the Irish leaders, Flood, Grattan, Curran, Plunket, Butt, and Parnell were Protestant, and John Mitchell, the most daring revolutionist of '48, was an Ulsterite and a Presbyterian. This in the face of the generally-expressed opinion at the time, "strangely, Sir Roger Casement is a Protestant." The introduction to the book was written by Cardinal Gibbons, and is of itself a classic.

* * *

Someone once said that architecture was the most vital of all the arts and effectively backed up the statement by pointing out that architecture in one form or another is constantly and intimately associated with all the people of the earth. Whereas music, literature and painting, owing to the limitations of their mediums of expression, necessarily confined their fields of influence to smaller groups of people who voluntarily interest themselves in these subjects. The general public, however, in spite of the fact that it is so closely linked to the product of the architect's genius, seems to be under some strange illusions regarding their relationship with architecture as a profession. And the profession as a body has taken steps at intervals to attempt a clearing up of the false attitude maintained toward it. But it has remained for Mr. C. Matlack Price in "The Practical Book of Architecture"* to treat this subject in the most concise and straightforward manner possible. This chapter on the relations between architect and client is but a feature, however, in a remarkably well-constructed work designed especially for the prospective builder and lay student.

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*"The Irish Orators." By Claude G. Bowers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.50 net.

The opening chapter presents a graphic treatment of fundamental definitions leading up to a brief but complete history of the styles of architecture from the Egyptian down to modern times. And right here it can be said that a new note has been struck in the way in which this matter of style has been handled. Not only has the author presented and illustrated the growth and development of all the great styles in architecture, but he has gone a big step further and placed before the reader a fascinating array of modern derivations and adaptations as applied by architects of today to all forms of present building operations. A generous section of the work is devoted to the consideration of country houses and suburban dwellings, with a careful and interesting discussion as to the significance of architectural style as regards home building. And in connection with practicability—the author has kept diligently in line with the sentiments expressed by the title—the treatment of such vital points as materials, site, contractors, expense, plans, styles and so on, is of such commonsense value that it should be at the hand of every layman who contemplates building. A fine work from any angle.

* * *

The little gift books of poetry, of which there are many on the market, help us to enjoy our leisure moments and afford both pleasure and amusement. "When Leaves Grow Old,"* by Egbert T. Bush, is a thirty-two-page book, containing both short and long poetry. The philosophical musings of "Hafez the Hermit" bring out some evils of today that have to be endured, and Hafez thinks that there is ever opportunity at home, as in heathen lands, to do good. The author evidently believes, as indicated in the poem, "Her Career," that woman's place is in the home. It is a much discussed question, and is still open to argument. But this is no place for a suffrage debate, so we desist. Perhaps the most pleasing poem in the book is the first one, "When Leaves Grow Old," and we quote the last verse:

'Tis written so, old men grow gray;
  But why should age be dark or sad?
By the same law old leaves look gay,
  And closing days are doubly glad.
Let man so learn; dispensing cheer
  From gathered joys of days long past,
May he grow happier year by year,
  Like theirs, his brightest days his last.

* * *

In these days of scientific warfare, we look back with renewed interest to the exploits of The Pretender in bonnie Scotland, and when these exploits, romantic in themselves, are mingled with the adventures of two young lovers, that interest can scarcely fail to be quickened. "The Bright Eyes of Danger"† is the chronicle of the adventures of Edmund Layton, of Westmoreland, a loyal subject of King George, in the troublous years 1745 and 1746. He went from the border on business to Edinburgh just at the time when the Pretender had landed in Scotland and engaged in battle with Sir John Cope. In his desire to see all that was going on, he falls into various predicaments, from which he extricates himself, however. The one from which he did not escape was his adventure with the mistress of the Garth, Charlotte Macdonnell, devoted to the cause of Charles Edward, as became a Highland lady. To be sure, he escaped from her home, in which he was held a prisoner, but became a slave to her charms. His lingering stay in Edinboro finally brings him in contact with the Young Pretender, and wins the hand of Charlotte. The tale is edited by John Foster from the original manuscript written by Edmund Layton for his wife, Charlotte.

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*"The Practical Book of Architecture." By C. Matlack Price. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. Price, $6.00.

*"When Leaves Grow Old." By Egbert T. Bush. Boston: Sherman French & Company. Price, $0.75 net.

†"The Bright Eyes of Danger." By John Foster. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.35 net.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "OH, MARY, BE CAREFUL"
"You do look sweet tonight," whispered William. "Listen," said Mary, "isn't that beautiful?"

When Mary Meacham's spinster aunt died, she left a will bequeathing her ancestral home and fifty thousand dollars to her pretty niece, to be hers as long as she remained unmarried, but in case of her marriage, the two items were to go to the Penobscot Home for Feeble-Minded Girls. She did this because since her young womanhood, when she had been sadly deceived by the man she was to have married, she had been an inveterate hater of men. In fact she even kept a scrapbook of all the dastardly exploits of men which came to her attention. She had done her best to bring Mary up to share her views, but Mary, tho outwardly complaisant, had a mind of her own, and resolved to find out for herself the truth of her aunt's views. So, in spite of the will and a book entitled "Why Mary Shouldn't Marry," Mary sets forth adventuring, as Marys have done before. But on her visits to schoolmates blessed with brothers, to whom she applied the three tests devised by her aunt to try out men, she finds none to suit her. She returns home, only to find that Providence has thrown into her life a man injured in helping to put out a fire in her house. What happens to Mary then is best told by the author of this delightful story, "Oh, Mary, Be Careful!"*

* * *

Professional perverter of justice was Alexandra Hildebrand. This, by the way, was only one of her many names. But Sampson who, after many escapes, was finally drawn on a jury, fell a victim to her charms, as did his fellow-jurors, the lawyers, and, yes, we admit it, even the presiding justice himself. The jury, deliberating on the case of James Hildebrand, charged with embezzlement, found it hard to disentangle Alexandra, the old man's granddaughter, from the case. They finally, however, brought in a verdict of guilty, but the court, in pronouncing sentence, apparently could not withstand the wiles of the fair young woman, and suspended sentence. The lady, filled with happiness, leaves the court room and Sampson loses track of her. Lured by "The Light that Lies,"* in despair he seeks for her unavailingly, until in his travels he reaches San Francisco. Here he finds a friend who is interested in the case of Rodriguez. Protesting, Sampson is led to the court room, where he sees *her* again, tho this time she is known as the "Senorita Isabella Consuelo Maria Rodriguez," if you please. Sampson is stunned—and we hope cured, of his infatuation.

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*"Oh, Mary, Be Careful." By George Weston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $1.00 net.

* * *

Joseph Pennell adds another worthy work to an already distinguished collection of books on the art of Joseph Pennell. "The Wonder of Work"† runs true to form in every respect and from its pages of pictures and text we gather more delicious impressions of the temperament and character of one of the most remarkable living American artists. Without question he has accomplished the impossible in this series of drawings. Our usual artist continues to pay court to Nature on bended knee, drinking inspiration from verdant countryside and tinkling brook, but Pennell hikes out on a trolley to some gruesome steel mill or circles around a smoking, steaming, black dump and makes a picture out of it that takes our breath away, especially if we have any feeling for art. Think of making Pittsburgh look like an enchanted fairy city—that town of steel, soft coal and laundries—and yet make it a picture of Pittsburgh. Impossible! Yet the book contains several dozen works accomplishing the same feat.

It would be possible, of course, to subject the work as a whole to some form of criticism, but it would serve no purpose, and anything in the way of constructive criticism would be out of the question. For instance, one might say that he approaches his subject in a too detached, impersonal manner. As he admits, he has no interest in labor problems, and is not deeply concerned with workmen as individuals. In other words, he is not practising direct moral and social uplift. But who can be so short-sighted as to claim that he is not actually accomplishing this end in his own subtle, indirect way.

Among artists Mr. Pennell is appreciated as one who uncompromisingly upholds the finest traditions of art. "The Wonder of Work" shows him at his best.

* * *

A story, whose problem is church politics, is somewhat out of the beaten track, for the so-called problem novel usually deals with an entirely different phase of life. "The Man without a Church"* is the exposition of the conditions which confront James Millbank, who has struggled from boyhood to fit himself for the ministry, but is defeated in his ambition to do his best work for the good of humanity by the machinations of church politics, by which preferment is given to more worldly-wise brethren. Ideally, sordid questions of monetary return, social prestige, and the like, should not exist in religious matters; undoubtedly they do exist, or this tale would not have been written. Millbank was fortunate in having a real helpmeet for his wife. Irene was a constant source of inspiration to him during his troubled career as a minister, nor did she desert him when he finally answered the call to service outside the church, to which thru education, he long felt that he owed his allegiance.

* * *

In the preface to his latest book, "Further Foolishness,"† Stephen Leacock tells of a certain schoolmaster of his, whose memory suggested to him the title of the book. It seems that the aforesaid schoolmaster, on any outburst of gayety in the classroom, would chase the pupils to their seats with a bamboo cane and shout at them in defiance, "Now, then, any further foolishness?" Mr. Leacock has found that quite a number of his indulgent readers are good enough to adopt the same expectant attitude toward him now. We are not sure that the name is well chosen, for in spite of its guise of foolishness, there is much truth and good sense in this collection of sketches and satires on the follies of the day. The opening sketch is on "Germany from Within Out," in which orderliness, thrift, food tickets, and I. O. U.'s play a prominent part. An encounter with the Sultan of Turkey proves most interesting reading, as does an interview with Carranza and Villa in Mexico. At a peace banquet are found some prominent pacifists, whose deliberations were interrupted by the departure of the President of Haiti, with the comment that he "reckons there's something in this Armed Force business, after all." "Madeline of the Movies" is a photoplay done back into words, and depicts the confusion into which a "tottering old man of forty-six" is thrown upon witnessing a modern photo-play. "Follies in Fiction" and "Timid Thoughts on Timely Topics" provide further delicious foolishness. "Further Foolishness" is the seventh of a series of humorous stories, and bids fair to surpass its predecessors in popularity.

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*"The Light that Lies." By George Barr McCutcheon. New York City: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, $1.00 net.

†"The Wonder of Work." By Joseph Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, $2.00.

*"The Man without a Church." By Henry Hughes. Boston: Sherman French & Company. Price, $1.35 net.

†"Further Foolishness." By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company. Price, $1.25 net.

* * *

The world is not always privileged to read in detail the story of the boyhood of its notable men. So it is interesting to note the appearance of a small volume by Margaret Fuller on "A New England Childhood,"* the story of Edmund Clarence Stedman—poet, critic, wit, scholar, financier—as a boy in Connecticut. First-hand knowledge gives the story the charm of truth, and seldom has there been a more pleasing biography presented to the public than this.

* * *

A new novel, by Will Levington Comfort, has recently been published. It is entitled "The Last Ditch,"† and concerns the struggle between young and old China, and the part played therein by a young American, Romney. Establishing a new regime for government must ever be fraught with danger, and it is more so, perhaps, in the celestial republic than elsewhere, for intrigue and treachery are rife, and the old order must make a desperate attempt to preserve itself. So Romney found it. In his course of adventures he meets with two women, with whom he dallies. We could wish that his sense of duty had been stronger than his love for Anna Erivan. Duty, however, is more or less a matter of conscience; love often is not. Conscience depends somewhat on one's native land, and this hero, probably, did not hail from New England. Suffice it to say that Romney, after many delays, accomplished the mission upon which he had been sent by the leaders of the new movement, and escaped the intrigues against his life, tho his employers were not so fortunate.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT
Author of "The Last Ditch"

* * *

Compelling and thought-provoking is a volume by Agnes C. Laut, "The Canadian Commonwealth."* It is a picturesque interpretation of the people of Canada: their character, ideals and temper; their problems of trade, labor, immigration, government, and defense; their relations to England, America, and Japan; their development in the past, their expansion in the present, and their future big with opportunity. This great country in the north pulses with bigger life than the average person dreams of, and if it is not possible to study it by travel, one can gain an idea of its extent and resources by reading this notable interpretation of the great Dominion.

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*"A New England Childhood." By Margaret Fuller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, $1.50 net.

†"The Last Ditch." By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.35 net.

*"The Canadian Commonwealth." By Agnes C. Laut. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, $1.50 net.

* * *

Enjoyable and frequently mirth-provoking is Irvin Cobb's "Fibble, D. D.,"* recently published. The book is in three parts, each part a story complete in itself; all three stories relating episodes in the life of Fibble, a learned, but decidedly unworldly professor. He goes with a crowd of boys on a scouting expedition, and the account, as told by Fibble in his diary, is distinctly amusing. Naive and simple-minded is Fibble. The entire universe revolves about him and his doings—in his estimation, that is. The foibles and idiosyncrasies of Fibble are possessed by all of us to a greater or less degree, tho we dislike to confess to any of them. Fibble chaperons a class of young ladies on a tour to Europe, and complications of all sorts arise, as may be imagined. The last story tells of Fibble in love, and tho all who read are amused, there is a feeling of affection for him, which makes the happy denouement of his strange wooing not impossible of credence.

* * *

A book which will doubtless be in great demand among professional readers and monologists is "City Types,"† a collection of twenty-one sketches by Marian Bowlan. A varied range of characters is presented, the servant, the shop girl, the society girl —all depicted in such a way as to create the atmosphere desired. The gushing girl of the tea shop, we have all known, to our eternal amusement, and sometimes disgust. The harassed society editor registers "trouble" in a most convincing manner, and a touch of pathos is introduced in "Chink! Chink! Chinee!" Each type possesses the little mannerisms and idiosyncrasies that make it real. To be sure, there are other types, many and varied, to be found in a city, but they do not lend themselves so readily to characterization. That woman is devoid of a sense of humor, man has stoutly declared since time immemorial. Far be it from me to try to refute such a generally accepted belief, but the author has certainly emphasized traits in her own sex which, if wanting a sense of the ridiculous, at least, she would seek to hide. Besides being valuable for the purpose intended, the book makes very enjoyable reading, and lends itself to that all-but-lost practice—being read aloud.

* * *

Of great value to pianists in the making and to teachers of the pianoforte is "Piano Mastery"* by Harriette Brower. The volume is a series of talks with master pianists and teachers, and contains an account of a von Bülow class, besides hints on interpretation by two American teachers. Thirty-one of the world's foremost pianists and teachers, including Paderewski, von Bülow and Bauer, tell how they obtained piano mastery and of what it consists. Each describes his own methods of playing and teaching.

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*"Fibble, D. D." By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George S. Doran Company. Price, $1.25.

†"City Types." By Marian Bowlan. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Company. Price, postpaid, $1.25.

*"Piano Mastery." By Harriette Brower. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Price, $1.50 net.

Among the Theatres

by

Mary Everett Carroll

AFTER a year—or was it longer?—in New York, and a run of six months in Chicago, the Viennese operetta, "The Blue Paradise," has at last come to Boston. Cecil Lean, with his sunny smile and hearty voice, sings just as attractively as he always does, and Miss Vivienne Segal, the young Philadelphia girl who became a prima donna virtually over night, is the same charming Mizzi and Gaby.

Musical comedies are frequently devoid of logical plot, but there is a well-defined story to "The Blue Paradise." Rudolph Stoecher, son of a wealthy Vienna merchant, is to leave for a lengthy residence in Chicago, U. S. A., for business training. He bids farewell to Mizzi, his sweetheart, and other old friends, at the Blue Paradise Inn. Twenty-four years later he returns to Vienna to find his former sweetheart married to Hempel, one of his old friends. Their daughter Gaby is a perfect replica of the mother in her girlhood days. Rudolph meets his old chums and they arrange a party in his honor at the Blue Paradise, now owned by Hempel. Gaby appears on the scene, and for a while, Rudolph can scarcely realize that she is not his old-time sweetheart. He learns that the girl loves his nephew, and accepting things as they are, returns to America, probably to marry the widow of his partner, who, incidentally, has followed him to Vienna from Chicago.

Hazel Cox as the widow and Cleo Mayfield as Hazel Jones, an ex-telephone girl, are especially clever, and adding much to the zest of the piece is a well trained and particularly pulchritudinous chorus. Attractive of setting, replete with sparkling lines and haunting melody, "The Blue Paradise" will doubtless add Boston's seal of approval to its other conquests.

* * *

Everyone is on the *qui vive* at a "first night" in New York, and especially a Belasco "first night." The audience has the appearance of a diplomatic reception, for in the Belasco following are many of the most prominent people in New York. The filmy curtain, which reminds you of the hangings about grandmother's bed, is drawn aside by two little pages, and the play is on. Behind the scenes, nerves are tense and suppressed excitement is rife, for this is a first night. Belasco is in the wings, with his watchful eye on every detail, attired in the simple costume of his working day, distinctive from the conventional black.

On the entrance of the dainty "little lady in blue," the wave of expectation heightens. Here and there are evidences of the playwright's previous work, "Grumpy," even tho the two pieces are altogether unlike. As the play progressed, I could see in the eyes of the critics that it was due for a thrust, with, undoubtedly, a modifying tribute to Belasco's genius, and the artistic work of the "little lady in blue." It was plain that the play itself would come in for the criticism, rather than its production.

Then came the question—is Frances Starr at her best in comedy? Many thought yes, but others protested that they love her better in more tragic and dramatic roles. It was somewhat of a shock to the audience when this little lady, after winning and saving the heir of the Admiral, confessed herself an adventuress. Somehow that one line seemed to strike a discordant note to those who, with the heir, had fallen in love with the "little lady in blue," piquant, vivacious, and attractive as she was. And it seemed to me there was lacking that touch which, whether hidden or declared, thrills the heart. It is indefinable, but indispensable.

FRANCES STARR AND JEROME PATRICK
In "The Little Lady in Blue," a new comedy by Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval, at the Belasco Theatre in New York

FRANCES STARR
One of the younger American actresses, who plays leading roles for David Belasco. A few years ago, she came to Mr. Belasco, wishing to play under his management, no matter how small the part. He gave her the chance she sought, and she has fully justified his expectations

Emotion must be stirred—you must either love or loathe the central figure in a play, otherwise it leaves you cold and indifferent to the outcome.

Charming of setting and costume, David Belasco's latest production, "Little Lady in Blue," scored an artistic triumph from its initial performance. With its three acts laid in France and England in the early part of the nineteenth century—every appointment and detail perfect, as is a habit with Mr. Belasco—the old-world atmosphere, redolent of romance, was enhanced by the attractive personality and really notable performance of Miss Frances Starr, as "Anne Churchill."

The story revolves around this young English girl of beauty and refinement, who has fled from the unwelcome attentions of a man in whose house she has been a governess. Driven to desperation by poverty, and knowing that only drastic measures will save her from the then much-to-be-dreaded state of spinsterhood, she decides to assume the arts and wiles of an adventuress in order to capture a fortune—incidentally, be it said, a husband, also.

Young Anthony Addenbrooke is due to fall heir to some sixty thousand pounds, provided—and there is the difficulty—he gives up his dissipated life and is reinstated in the Navy by a certain date. Anne learns of these conditions, which are unknown to the young man himself, and she undertakes to reform him in order to possess herself of the money. As is the way with story-book women, and with some in everyday life, also, perhaps, she falls in love with the young man, and is therefore unable to carry out her plan. In the end, to be sure, Anne and Addenbrooke are brought together, and supposedly, live happily ever after.

In Miss Starr's portrayal of "Anne Churchill" is a world of dainty charm, an appealing quality which is quite refreshing. This young woman, of comparatively recent advent to stardom, has taken her place as one of the most able emotional actresses in the country. With "Little Lady in Blue" she has essayed into the realms of romantic comedy. Her first role under Mr. Belasco's management was that of "Helen" in the well-remembered "Music Master." Her next Belasco success was "The Rose of the Rancho," followed by perhaps her most notable triumph, "The Easiest Way." Locke's "The Case of Becky" gave Miss Starr splendid opportunity to display her versatility, this piece giving place to a delineation of an entirely different character in Henri Bernstein's "The Secret." "Marie-Odile" is too recent a success to require additional comment.

An earnest and sincere worker, and a young woman whose head has not been turned by the triumphs that have come to her, much is yet to be expected of Frances Starr. Not long ago, I met a young man who went to school with her in Oneonta, New York. He remembers her as a quiet and demure little miss, who always knew her lessons, and was always called upon when "recitation" time arrived on Friday. She was named for her father, Frank Starr, and was called "Frank" in those days by her schoolmates.

This young actress holds some very definite opinions on the requisites for success "on the stage," and I've been told that she gives very sound advice to the numerous stage-struck girls who besiege her with letters. "The girl who hopes to become an actress must learn how to use her voice," said Frances Starr, when I talked to her in her artistic dressing room, as she stepped off the stage after the second act of "Little Lady in Blue." "And she absolutely *must*"—decisively—"learn to speak correctly, to speak pure English. In a very pretty girl in private life, tricks and mannerisms of speech may pass as 'cuteness,' but on the stage the tools with which an actress works are words—nothing but words."

After hearing Frances Starr's voice on the stage, and in conversation, one could wish that her advice might be heeded, not only by those with theatrical aspirations, but by men and women in all walks of life. In the restaurants, and during intermissions at the theatre, the discordant buzz of conversation would sometimes almost drive one to distraction. I have frequently striven to listen to the entr'acte music at the theatre, but have concluded that Mr. Belasco is wise in dispensing with this so little appreciated feature of the evening's entertainment.

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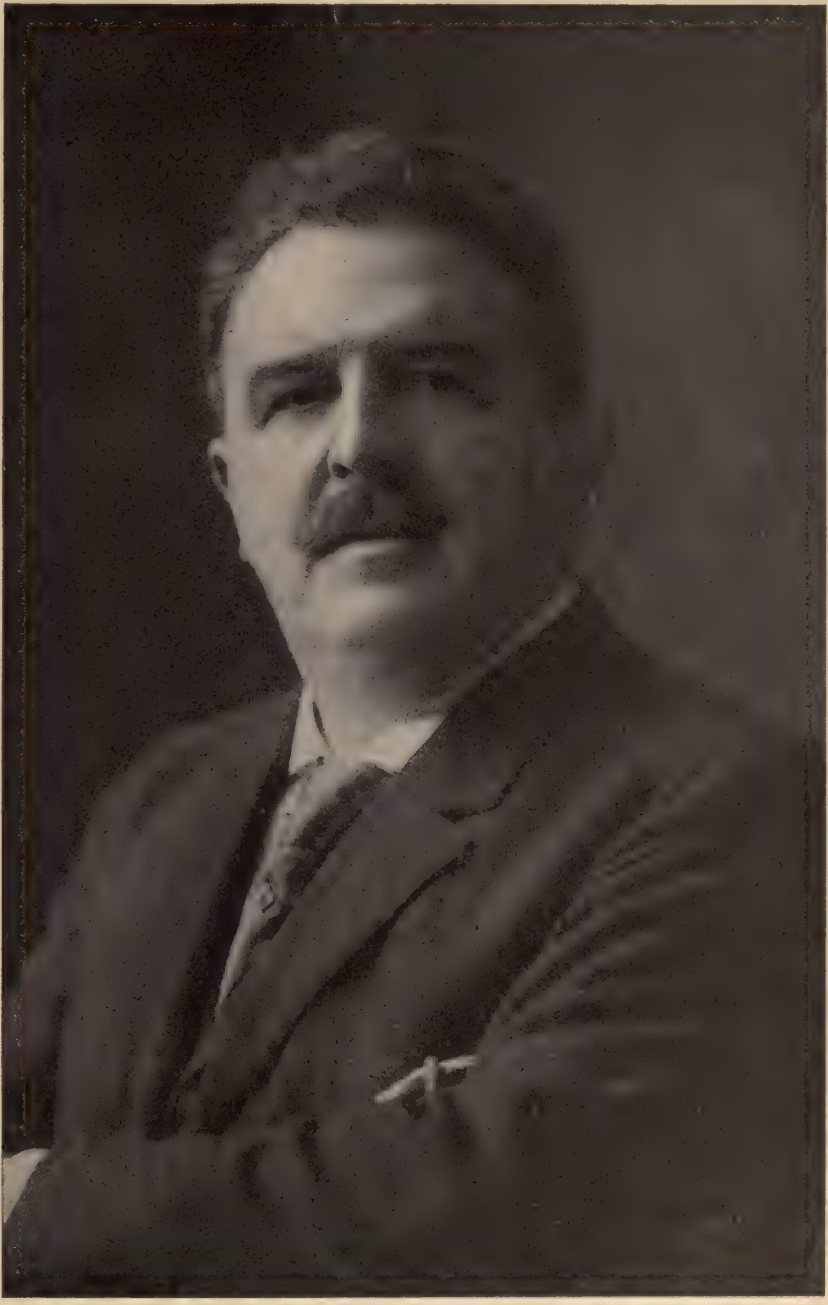
During a season noted for its various musical productions, Victor Herbert's latest and most pretentious light opera, "Eileen," opened at the Shubert Theatre, Boston, as something of an innovation. With a suggestion of Gilbert and Sullivan treatment, "Eileen" tells a story of the Emerald Isle in the latter part of the eighteenth century, dealing with the fortunes and misfortunes of the young Irish patriot, Barry O'Day. This role is capably sung by Mr. Vernon Stiles, a recent recruit from grand opera. Barry's narrow escapes from capture by the British soldiers lead to many exciting situations. Lady Maude Estabrooke, the chatelaine of the castle, who is secretly in love with Barry, allows him to disguise himself as her footman, and aids him to elude Captain



VICTOR HERBERT

Whose most pretentious effort, "Eileen," a light opera with scene laid in Ireland during the eighteenth century, is notable for its eminently worth-while music and the excellent entertainment it affords

GRACE GEORGE
Her recent presentation of Sardou's "Divorcons," and Barrie's "Half an Hour" was enthusiastically endorsed by Boston playgoers

Lester, the Englishman who is determined upon his capture.

"Eileen" is the niece of Lady Maude, who, after twice being saved from injury by Barry O'Day, falls in love with him, and unwittingly betrays him to the English Captain. After Barry's thrilling escape, he returns to the castle to bid his sweetheart farewell, when he is apprehended by the Captain, and by a stratagem, forced to surrender. All is apparently over for Barry when there comes a thundering at the gates, and a messenger arrives with a pardon from the English King.

Always a wizard at instrumentation, Mr. Herbert has in "Eileen," surpassed all previous efforts. His music glows with color and charm, and is of wide emotional scope, from the tender and appealing "Reveries"—which, by the way, is a piece of exquisitely melodious writing, charmingly sung by Miss Grace Breen in the role of "Eileen"—to the stirring song, "When Ireland Stands Among the Nations of the World."

From its premier, "Eileen" has been a success, if applause and capacity houses are an indication of popular approval. "The Irish Have a Great Day Tonight," sung by Scott Welsh, followed by a "shillelagh" dance, appeals especially to Celtic members of an audience. A most attractive substitute for the usual acrobatic dancing song was the duet, "Life's a Game at Best," an old-fashioned minuet by Lady Maude (Olga Roller) and Captain Lester (Edward Martindel). Rosie Flynn, a rollicking bit of an Irish colleen, was played by Louise Allen, whose sprightly dancing in Boston early this season attracted much favorable comment. The usual "comedy" was furnished in a somewhat unusual and altogether delightful way by Algernon Grieg as "Sir Reggie Stribling," who sighed for an opportunity to lay down his life for Lady Maude.

To the dialog, Mr. Blossom has given some good lines, and particularly has he endowed the speech of Lady Maude with a sparkling wit. The Irish costumes and the scenes of village and medieval castle are a welcome change from the almost too-lavish display of the modern musical production. All in all, "Eileen" is the most enjoyable and best worth-while musical production Boston has witnessed in many a long day.

* * *

At the Plymouth Theatre during the latter part of January, Miss Grace George presented her Playhouse Company in "Major Barbara" and, for the last two weeks, Sardou's "Divorcons," with Barrie's "Half an Hour." Always a capable actress, Miss George has found her *metier* in these two short pieces, the first, giving her splendid opportunities as a comedienne—however unconscious—and the second, showing her ability as an emotional actress. As the name would indicate, the French piece has for a theme the red-rag question of divorce, wherein the husband, knowing that his wife is receiving the attentions of his cousin, sets a trap for him.

By apparently forcing the two together, and feigning a preference for an attractive widow, the husband finally wins again the wandering affections of his wife, and after three delicious scenes, sparkling with clever lines, she slaps the face of her erstwhile lover, and walks away at the side of her husband.

In "Half an Hour," the wife, whose husband tells her she is a mere spineless creature thinking only of her own comfort, leaves her luxurious home to join her lover, just then preparing to embark for Egypt. She leaves just at seven-thirty, and shortly after her arrival at her lover's rooms, he is run down and killed by a motor truck. A doctor, who is called in, finds her there, and, shrewdly suspecting that she is not the wife of the dead man, advises her to leave. At her home, guests have assembled for dinner, and the lady of the house is late. Shortly after the arrival of the last guest, who is the doctor and an acquaintance of her husband, she appears, and is introduced to him. He has told the story of the fatal accident, and at her coming, recognizing her, hesitates to go on with the tale. Pressed by her husband, and the other guests, he finishes it. A tragic moment is when the husband asks the doctor if he has ever met Lady Garson before, and is answered in the negative. She is saved, but at the cost of her self-respect, and gains the disdain of the doctor, whose falsehood has exonerated her.

BLIND

By ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL

I SHALL not see the budding of the Spring,
  I shall not see the Summer's glory pale,
The flash of painted breast and soaring wing,
  The poppy's piquant face beside the trail.

All masked for me—the sunny, wind-swept space,
  The mists that wrap the valley like a shroud,
The hills where Autumn drapes her orient lace,
  The visions limned in lifting smoke and cloud.

Yet not alone nor stricken utterly
  Tho thrust to sudden darkness and apart—
I have your face and smile in memory,
  The wonder of you warm against my heart.

Not all for sorrow marked nor all unblessed;
  A sweetness lingers in the bitter bowl,
A meaning in all things before unguessed,
  And shapen in the stillness of the soul.

Glimpses Into Borderland

By

Russell Kelso Carter

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Dr. Carter sends our readers the first of two remarkable studies in a fascinating field. Nothing he has done yet is quite so original and thought-suggestive. Here is an author, absolutely fearless, but not rash—an author who measures evidence with a keen, logical mentality, and who sees no reason why man should not ask "Why?" even on the confines of Borderland*

WE stand on tiptoe under the shadow of a great question mark, peeping, peering, wondering. We can see shadows that are more than shadows; we discern tremulous shapes thru the clouds. It may be hazy and often indefinite, but there is enough of it to excite our interest and to command our respect.

Superstition retreats before the marshaled facts of this practical day, and Ignorance, intrenched in the imagination, no longer rules. The dominant note is reason, just plain, common-sense reason, whether it leads us under clear bright skies along the age-old paths, or crosses boldly into Borderland itself and penetrates the mists of the hereafter.

It has taken a long time for man to understand and to concede that law is not changed by a change of viewpoint. Two and two make four in earth, in heaven and in hell may sound rather trite to some, but it is still doubted by many. It falls to the lot of those whose temperament has caught the eternal courage of the vanguard to cheer and lead the main body, and to bring as many as possible of the stragglers into line. But as yet the number is small of those who dare to press the when, the where, and the how unflinchingly, and to challenge the universe, or that small part of it with which mortal man now has sensible contact, to reveal the simple science of the truth.

Is there another state, another life? This means plainly, are there other beings besides the race of man and the animals upon the earth? Are there other creatures about us whom we do not see with our ordinary eyes, or hear with our human ears? But our questions press farther, and we ask, Is it necessary to attribute strange effects that seem to transcend known law to these "other creatures"? Do we have to drag in a "spirit" as an explanation for anything uncanny or strange?

* * *

Just possibly we have studied the actions and the possible and probable actors, and have not studied the laws themselves under which the actions occur. It may be that ignorance has been too ready to support imagination, and what we need most is not more knowledge, but greater wisdom; that is, the understanding of the knowledge we already possess. Facts are many, but interpretations are few. Science, Nature, God have written in hieroglyphics. Instead of searching for more characters, let us more carefully study those we have on hand.

Not very long ago any sober recognition of telepathy or mind reading mind was apt to be pronounced rank heresy. Now it is admitted that some minds can at times "pick up" facts or ideas from other minds at close quarters.

* * *

Years ago I was conversing with the celebrated Irving Bishop, the mind reader. He related one instance when he consented to employ his gift in catching a murderer. He said it occurred in Russia. A man had disappeared, and it was believed that he had been murdered. A suspect had been arrested and imprisoned on circumstantial evidence that was rather weak, and someone who knew Bishop's powers urged that he be persuaded to try what he could do. After considerable resistance, the mind reader consented, and in company with several friends and the officials, visited the accused in his cell. The man was told positively that this strange gentleman was going to take him to the spot where the body of the missing one was concealed. He was placed upon the back seat of the vehicle, and Bishop sat beside him, his hand on the suspect's wrist, and his eyes blindfolded. Two officers accompanied them, and the driver guided his team according to the directions of the mind reader. The carriage soon passed into the country and reached a wild spot in the woods. Here Bishop left the conveyance and dragged the unwilling man into a thick copse, where he came to a stop and directed the officers to dig, which they did, and unearthed the body of the missing man. The culprit broke down and confessed. I asked the mind reader why he had not done more of such work. His reply was: "Because my life would not be safe a day when it became generally known that I could do such things."

This form of telepathy does not always depend upon actual physical contact. In Bishop's case contact appeared to be necessary. So also with that eccentric mind reader, Tyndal, whom I saw on the Pacific Coast. But later performers have demonstrated their power to sit back in a carriage and be guided by reading the mind of a man sitting up on the box with the driver.

It is quite common for two minds to grasp the same thought when separated physically by a number of feet, and occasionally by miles. My wife and I have often experienced this. A case or two in point:

E was visiting a friend in New York. C came in one morning as if from shopping. She did not mention anyone at all, but suddenly E saw what appeared to be a strip of muslin on the wall over C, and upon it, in large, black letters, the words: "H and C have been to look at a lot." E felt uncomfortable and rose to go, and when C insisted on knowing why, replied: "I know something you do not wish me to know." Pressed for an explanation, she described what she had seen. C at once admitted its correctness, saying she had not wished E to know just then, but intended to tell her later. E often "picked up" facts from C in this way.

A friend, R, was spending a week at Atlantic City with her husband, D. One morning she related a curious dream, saying that she wanted to see if any of it came true. She dreamed she saw D alight from a trolley in New York, and ascend the steps at No. — West Side. At the door he was met by a cousin, M, from whom they had been expecting a visit. M said: "Well, D, I had to make different arrangements. I could not come next month as we expected. Nobody could stay with mother. But I can come in three days, if it suits you and R. Can you take care of me?" D at once remarked, "That's impossible, for M must be in Buffalo now. That afternoon he was called to New York by a telegram. Attending to a business matter, he was taken to the very number on the West Side, was met at the door by M, who said to him just what R had dreamed. The visit took place under the altered arrangements as foreshadowed in the dream.

* * *

Now, if this was ordinary telepathy, it certainly worked at an unusual distance. If R's mind "picked up" the facts from M about one hundred miles lay between them. It would be interesting to know if any letter had been received that day or the day before, written by M. It is certain that clairvoyant subjects will "go after" anyone when in the trance state, if they are given some object that has belonged to the person in question. Just as a hunter shows his hound a shoe and lets him smell it, and then says "Seek him!" so the hypnotist puts his subject to sleep and gives her a handkerchief or glove and commands her to "go find that person." The subject will talk of going, and describe what she sees on the way, sometimes with remarkable accuracy. For example, when the learned Dr. Gregory of Edinboro University was investigating mesmerism with the Duke of Argyle and other scientists, an American operator gave them sittings in which a good subject went to the doctor's house, described the approaches, the number of steps, the pictures in the hall, but tripped up on the position of a certain article of furniture. However, when the doctor went home, he found that his housekeeper had moved that identical article that very day to the exact position insisted on by the subject.

This question of distance is an important one. At first thought we are prompted to inquire, Why not twenty miles as well as twenty feet? Why not a thousand miles? When I stand close to another man and try to look into his brain and read his thoughts, the general blank impossibility leads me to conclude that the mind which really can perform the feat ought to find increased distance no bar. The difficulty appears to be the getting into that other mind at all, not the difference between three feet and three hundred.

Turning to our other senses, we see that distance does make considerable difference in most cases. Sight stands away in the lead. We can see almost to an infinite distance if only the object is big enough and has sufficient light. Hearing soon reaches its limit, a few miles at best and the most terrific sounds fail to affect the ear. In both these cases the waves of light or of sound must reach and touch the sensory nerves. To that extent there must be contact. The sense of smell seems to require the contact of the material particles of the odoriferous substance with the olfactory nerves. Finally the sense of touch, in the most sensitive subjects, only reaches out fractions of an inch. With most people there must be absolute contact.

Reasoning from these facts, it is conceivable that there may be a sort of sixth sense, telepathic in nature, which, in well-developed subjects, may reach from mind to mind. By analogy we infer that such a sense will act best at short distances, just as the other senses do. Why not?

Several years ago I corresponded with the late Mr. Stead upon this subject. I then reasoned that if Mr. Stead really received communications from "Julia," or any other spirit, and it is true, as he claimed, that such spirits can and do "think themselves" instantly, anywhere, Miss "Julia" ought to be able to read a sealed paper in my desk, containing an original verse known only to myself, just as easily as if it was in London, and that she could communicate its contents through Mr. Stead in the way narrated in his wonderfully interesting little book, "After Death." But Mr. Stead wrote that "Julia" was too busy with their "bureau of communication," and could not turn aside for any special tests. Not long after this Stead was lost on the Titanic.

* * *

That remarkable student of the occult, Miss Katharine Bates, she who wrote "Seen and Unseen" and other intensely interesting and convincing books, replied very courteously to my inquiry, but declared herself unable to submit to any scientific tests, as all the extraordinary manifestations that have occurred to her during her life have been entirely spontaneous and not subject to her will. Miss Bates thought it very likely that some one of the many professional mind readers might manage the little stunt of reading that sealed paper in my desk in Pennsylvania, and altho I did not share her confidence in this particular, I tried one of the most gifted of that class—a young man from Vermont. He frankly admitted that the feat is most difficult, but promised to attempt it during his coming vacation; he never wrote me again.

In passing, it may be said that this indisposition to submit to exact tests is one of the chief difficulties that the scientific searcher after truth has to combat. We are constantly told that the conditions are not right, the atmosphere is antagonistic, the spirits can't get thru—when it is a case of "spirits," and that the phenomena are not to be judged like other things material. To those whose minds work along the lines of plain reason and common scientific sense, it appears most appropriate and simple to ask that "Julia" should give a few such sharp, exact, conclusive evidences of her ability. If she really guided the pencil in Stead's hand to write that beautiful little book, "After Death," which, by the way, everyone who takes the smallest interest in the things of Borderland should read at the very start, it would certainly be easy enough for her to take a peep at my paper and reveal it to others. So we naturally reason, but this Borderland is a new and strange place, and its climate is peculiar, to say the least.

* * *

Finally I wrote to Mr. Robert Houdon, who was giving exhibitions in Baltimore at the time, and questioned him on the subject. I stated that I was engaged in studying mental phenomena in a scientific way, and asked an interview with him. Not receiving any reply, I went to the hall and witnessed his performance at close range. About fifty persons of the better class were present.

I soon recognized the fact that Houdon was superior to any similar performer I had ever seen. One test I will describe in detail.

We were requested to write questions upon small slips of paper, and to fold the same. These papers were collected by a small boy, son of a gentleman and lady in the audience, dropped into a hat, and carried to the stage, always in full view. Houdon stood by a small table near the front of the small stage, and the hat was placed upon the table. Nobody else touched it. There was no "palming" or exchange of papers, in fact, no sleight of hand trick, with which I have long been familiar. The small boy, at Houdon's request, drew out a paper, folded and twisted as it was, and handed it to the performer. He received it between his fingers and thumb, held it in plain view every moment, touched it to his forehead, and at once read its contents. He then called for endorsement from the audience, and the lady or gentleman who had written that particular paper at once pronounced his reading absolutely correct. This was continued until nearly all the papers had been read.

Just as I was concluding that mine was not to appear, I caught sight of the peculiar twist I had given the ends of my paper, and the boy handed it to Houdon. The latter said at once:

"This paper was written by a scientific gentleman, one who has given a great deal of time and thought and study to this subject. His name is Carter, R. K. Carter. Is that right?"

I held up my hand and nodded assent. Mr. Houdon continued:

"He asks: 'Can you read a folded paper?' Then, after a moment's hesitation, he said: "Ah! I did not see it before, the name is Dr. R. K. Carter." He then answered the question by saying that he could read such papers at times, under certain circumstances. Rather a lame reply, I thought at the time. A month later, having secured an interview with him, I asked why he did not answer my query by saying, "What have I just done?" He laughed quietly and said, "Well, I never thought of that."

Shortly after this reading of my question he hesitated a moment, took another paper, hesitated again, and said quietly that he could not go on. He explained to me during our interview that his mind suddenly grows tired, and he is compelled to stop. When I asked him how far away he had ever accomplished this kind of reading, he replied that once, in Pennsylvania, in the presence of ex-Governor Pollock, of Pennsylvania, and other gentlemen of like standing, he had read a paper which was three and a half miles distant. He expressed his belief that I cannot find a mind reader who can perform the feat at a distance of hundreds or thousands of miles. Our interview was all too short, and I am hoping to meet this remarkable man again. (Anyone who will put me in communication with him will receive my warmest thanks.)

* * *

Mr. Houdon could not give me any special light on the laws governing his remarkable gift. He gave intelligent replies as to the facts, but had very little theory to offer. But evidently here we have a sixth sense, perhaps the same as that exhibited by some somnambulists. A student under me at the Pennsylvania Military College, years ago, often rose from his bed soon after retiring and made eccentric excursions in his room and along the corridors. His eyes were generally closed, yet if anyone stood still in his path, he walked deliberately around the obstruction without touching it. Clearly there is a sense which perhaps we all possess in embryo. There is nothing miraculous about it, but our sources of information are exceedingly imperfect.

* * *

There is one point worthy of notice in Houdon's case, as differentiated from many others. His will appears to have some power in the matter. But with many others the phenomena seem to be accidental. An aunt of my wife's once lost a valuable ring. After searching for it in vain for some days, she dreamed that she rose, lighted a candle, and looked under the bed and under the edge of the carpet at a certain spot. There she found the ring. She waked up in a little while, at once arose, lighted the candle, pulled the bed away from the wall, looked under the carpet's edge and there was the ring. Now this whole thing was entirely outside the range of her will. At the same time I suggest that she had been sleeping right over the lost jewel for several nights. It was upon her mind all the time. Perhaps propinquity had something to do with the dream. The ring was not touching her, but it was very near. Would she have dreamed so telepathically if the ring had been a thousand miles off? I think not. Such a dream is not an ordinary one; it is a sort of visualization produced by mental pressure. And this pressure is greatly intensified by propinquity or contact with some material connecting link.

* * *

A remarkable case of personal visualization in broad daylight was given me some years ago by that elect lady of missionary fame, she who opened the Hindu Zenanas to the female missionaries—Miss Harriette Brittain. She was sensible and practical, not at all nervous or imaginative. Miss Brittain said:

"I was working in East Africa years ago. We had no news from home except as it was brought by a ship which made the trip in several months. I was doing my hair in my room one morning when I happened to look out of the window up the quadrangle. There, to my great surprise, I saw my father, dressed in his ministerial robes, his head bent down, and his hands crossed on his breast. In a moment he was not there. I soon concluded it was a mere imagining, and finished my toilet and went to breakfast. Shortly after morning school had opened, I was teaching my class, sitting so I could see along the quadrangle. Suddenly, as I lifted my eyes, I saw my father again, turning the corner and coming toward me. The sun was shining brightly, and I saw him as plainly as I ever saw anyone. This time I was so startled that I cried out, and was somewhat unnerved for a time. I felt sure my father had died, but was compelled to wait for news till the ship came in.

"The afternoon of its arrival I went down and met the captain a short distance from the pier. Before he spoke at all I said: 'I know what you have to tell me. My father is dead.' Greatly surprised, the captain handed me my mail, and I learned that father had died the very morning of the two appearances to me. Just before he died he spoke of me, and seemed to have me specially on his mind."

* * *

A somewhat similar experience once occurred to my dear friend, the late Dr. Charles Cullis, of Boston, the man who conducted the remarkable work of faith in that city, very much like the famous work of George Mueller of Bristol, England. Dr. Cullis was walking the deck of an ocean liner, returning from Europe. He was conversing with a friend, and was not thinking of anyone in America. Suddenly he stopped short in his walk, put out his hand and exclaimed, "My father has just died!" Nothing could shake his conviction; the impression was too vivid. The next afternoon they met the pilot boat, and in Cullis' mail was a despatch telling him of his father's death the day before at the very time of the doctor's telepathic impression.

Another case in point is so remarkable that all ordinary telepathy as an explanation breaks down. It is attested as strongly as such a case can be. A meeting of a learned theological society was held in a certain city. One of the delegates, a D. D., LL. D., was taken ill and returned to his home, where he shortly died. His wife found a letter in his pocket which plunged her into the deepest distress. It was written by a woman in a distant part of the country, and couched in the most affectionate language, showing undoubtedly the existence of an "affair" between the writer and the man to whom the letter was addressed. The address was unmistakable, the rather unusual initials, the full title, and all being exactly correct, and the hotel name the very one in which her husband had been taken ill. The wife was almost crazy about it for several days and nights, but soon she had a dream in which her husband suddenly stood by her bed, and regarded her with a sad and earnest expression. Presently he said: "Don't grieve so, dear, don't. That letter was not for me. There was another man of the same name at that hotel. Write and see." She lost no time, wrote to the hotel proprietor, and received an answer at once, telling her that there had been two LL. D's of exactly the same name, guests at his hotel at the time specified.

In this case it is difficult to avoid the wife's conclusion that this revelation of the truth came as a direct answer to her passionate prayers. May we not, however, honestly and reverently ask the question, How?

The Author of all law certainly works by, or in accord with, law. It does not appear irreverent or sinful to trace out the laws as far as we can. I saw a sort of locomotive engine or car a short time ago run along steadily on a single line of wheels, and even stand for hours on a single rail. Men clambered up on one side and moved freight from side to side, yet the car stood like a rock, and moved off at a touch on the proper lever, as erect and steady as the Chicago limited express.

Certainly this is a wonder; but I do not see that the wonder of it is affected by my learning the exact law by which it was done. I learned it in a word—the law of the gyroscope. I understand it perfectly, but I have not trespassed upon the Divine rights or functions because, in this case, I understand.

May not the Author of the law of telepathy use that law? May not the concentrated intensity of the mind, wrestling in such a prayer, finally set in motion the forces which bridge the distance and enable one mind to touch and affect another? And if it be possible that one human mind may so touch another (and we have seen that is surely possible) is it not thinkable that the human mind may as scientifically and practically touch the Divine?

Yonder stands a rather complicated mass of iron and steel. Parts are made to revolve near other parts, and when all is adjusted properly, there suddenly springs forth an electric current, and we have the power that today moves half the world. It does not seem altogether foolish to imagine that certain revolutions and convolutions of mind with mind may suddenly shoot out a force in mental dynamics that may prove as much a wonder worker as electricity itself, and that mind may move mind or even move matter. A mental Edison will come along some day and discern the law. That is what we need. We are already touching it in the twilight.

For many instances, like the last, a reason appears or is suggested for the apparition, but at times there is no such reason; the whole thing appears as accidental and unexpected as most dreams.

* * *

On one occasion my wife, E, was dressing my mother's hair, and left the room for a few moments. As she returned she suddenly saw mother going down the small flight of stairs that led to the back building of the house, then turn and descend the long flight towards the parlor on the first floor. E felt a little irritated at the unexpected and unexplained interruption, but went to the bedroom where she had left mother, where, to her great surprise, she found that lady herself. When E exclaimed, "Why! I just saw you going down the stairs!" mother replied placidly, "No, E, I haven't been out of this room."

Now, of what use can such a visualization be to anyone? The only suggestion in sight appears to be that partly understood laws may act automatically, producing some of these odd phenomena whenever and wherever the necessary conditions fulfill themselves, which filling of conditions may happen without our intention, or without our intelligent co-operation. Before leaving this subject of apparitions, I will give one very marked case of precognition:

E dreamed that a relative, M, came home in a public cab. E was called down by a Miss T, who told her M was brought home by a strange cabman; that he had been taken ill in the street. She went down stairs, and there sat M all doubled up in a chair. Mrs. R, another friend, and the housemaid stood near. The cabman was by the door, and asked what doctor he should go for. E quietly kneeled down and prayed, and in a few minutes M was much better. That afternoon the whole thing was enacted in the order given, the only difference being that E, when informed by Miss T, exclaimed "Oh! my dream!"

Cases of precognition like this present a curious difficulty. If the knowledge is secured by telepathy from other minds, how can one mind extract from another a lot of circumstances that have not yet occurred, and even pick up words that have not been spoken? There are too many such cases, well authenticated, to be brushed aside. Unless all evidence is worthless, we must credit something of this kind. But how can there be precognition of what does not yet exist? Fearless questioning appears to drive us to the admission that there may be prophecy apart from special divine inspiration. There is evidently a law here other than ordinary telepathy, of whose workings we know almost nothing. Yet we do know a little, and its study profoundly interests the honest inquirer after truth.

* * *

The Deity possesses foreknowledge in perfection, as well as all other powers. He is unthinkable otherwise. Perhaps, to a slight degree, he may permit small echoes of certain powers to reside in or to touch mortal man-powers which we have commonly regarded as belonging solely to Him. The "god-like gift of reason" is certainly in a measure committed to us. It is by this gift that we are following this study. The animals have this gift in little; we have it in more; the Almighty has it in most. If He shares this power with His creatures, in any degree, why not another? Why not the power of precognition? How about the Prophets? Was it according to the law of precognition that Moses wrote and Elijah spoke? Was it according to the law of precognition that Jesus said, "Ye shall meet a man carrying a pitcher of water?" There is a law governing everything. No doubt of that. Our business is to discern these laws as far as possible, and to use them as far as practicable. We should not be terrified at the unknown, but rather at our failure to know. Perhaps we should be more ashamed of our laziness than of our ignorance.

(*To be concluded*)

WHY?

GOD makes no commotion
As He whirls his worlds around.
The greatest power conceivable
Is silent as the ground.
Why do men build cannon
And fortresses and guns?
Power is still;
Silently
God performs His will!

—*Margaret Babcock.*

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE suggestion came direct from the people. Several subscribers sent us some old books showing a record of the years and the important events that occurred during those years. Now, what has impressed me for many years is the futility of one man trying to make a book in which thousands or millions of people may be interested, so the idea was conceived to ask the people to assist in making a "Handbook of American History." The trend of the times is to have everything handy and convenient.

So we concluded to make a record of the events of every year since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The three hundred years of American history will be divided in periods of twenty-five years, and a prize will be awarded in each division. The chronicle of each year must contain not over three hundred words.

An installment, covering twenty-five-year periods of the country's history, will appear each month in the National Magazine. The divisions will be made as follows: 1620 to 1645, 1645 to 1670, 1670 to 1695, 1695 to 1720, 1720 to 1745, 1745 to 1770, 1770 to 1795, 1795 to 1820, 1820 to 1845, 1845 to 1870, 1870 to 1895, 1895 to March, 1918.

Now is the time to look up your history, and see what you can do toward giving a succinct account of a period of our country's history, to become part of one of the most popular handbooks ever known. It is desired that every reader of the National take part in this.

Prizes will be awarded each month. A complete set of Heart Songs, Heart Throbs, and the rest of the "books the people built," for the best; a year's subscription each to the next two, a copy of Heart Throbs to the next seven—ten prizes in all.

The material will be used each month in the National Magazine. Prizes will be awarded according to the verdict of the judges as to which is the most comprehensive and of best value for the particular years covered.

You remember in school the trouble you had in remembering dates, and how difficult it seemed. Here is something that all the boys and the girls can help to prepare. This book will be especially appropriate for the celebration of the tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth.

This handbook of history will contain a chronicle of events that not only have escaped your memory, but things that you never knew, no matter how thoro a student you may have been. This book will be a tabloid cyclopedia, as it were, as indispensable as a dictionary, containing every happening in the country's history, which every well-informed American ought to know. It will give an idea of the contemporaneous events of history, and show how the mental attitude of all nations seems much the same during different epochs.

Remember, it is not only the events chronicled, but the way in which the story is told that will count in awarding the prizes. To tell a story of twenty-five years with only three hundred words to the year, requires more ability than if you had volumes at your command to make some events stand out like beacon lights. On the other hand, it may require a vigorous search to find events in certain years that stand out from a historical point of view, for remember it is the selection of events, those things that are most important, that will count.

So let's have our history lesson for the coming year. Remember, it begins in April, and don't let it be said that you were too late. Just begin right now to take that first twenty-five years and make it a matter of study. It will not only be valuable in the making of a book, but will be invaluable to yourself in making you a real student of our own American history.

* * *

IN a corner of a bookstore, browsing among rare old books, I found my friend, Stephen W. Tener, of Cleveland, Ohio. He had just come across a play written by William Strode (born 1600, died 1645), a contemporary of Shakespeare. Together we looked it over, and found that in it modern inventions were foretold. Considered in the light of subsequent happenings, it is really a remarkable piece of imaginative writing. The passage in question occurs in Act III, Scene 3. Queen Fancie, in favor of whom the rightful monarch, Prudentius, has been deposed, expresses thus her desire for novel inventions:

Thus first ourselves must whet our own
Invention,
Else others will not stir. Men do not strive
Methinks to please me as they ought to do.
No other rarities these many Ages
But Powder, Printing, Seaman Card, and
Watches?
So much vain dotage for the fond Elixir?
Why are not yet my Crystals malleable,
To make our Gold no Gold, and soile the
Di'mond?
Why want I instruments to measure out
The Year, the Day, the Houre, without the
help
Of Sun, or turning of these tedious wheeles?
Nothing to carry me but Barges, Coaches?
Sedans and Litters? through the Aire I'd
passe
By some new waftage. I must have my house
Convey'd by wheeles and sailes and
plummets hung
In some deep pit, deep as the way is distant,
To hurry me, my Family, and it,
Whether I please. Ile travel like the Snaile
With all my house, but swifter than the
Faulcon.

Fuga.—Rare lady!

Conc.—Ravishing Inventions!

Fan.—Why have not I my beds stuff'd all
with wind,
Baths fill'd with Maydew, Flowers preserv'd
till winter,
As well as Snow till Summer: choicest fruits
Growing and ripe in midst of January?
Why have not I ponds running through my
Cellars,
For Bottles and for Fish call'd by their
names?
Why not in drought an artificial rain,
Scatter'd by spowtes, to cheer my Paradise?

Mem.—I wish you had these things: I nere
saw such.

Fan.—Cheape I can have Aeolian bellowes
made
Within the Bowles of Andirons, where the
water
Shall blow the fire by which 'tis rarified.
I will have Vaults which shall convey my
whispers
In steed of Embassies to foreign Nations;
Places for Ecchoes to pronounce a speech,
Or give a Suffrage like a multitude:
Consorts well play'd by water; Pictures
taught
By secret Organs both to move and speak:
We spend ourselves too much upon the
Taylour;
I rather would new mould, new fashion
Nature.

And truly, in these days of ours, when wonders never cease, it may honestly be said that mankind has "new-moulded" and "new-fashioned" Nature, and in many of the ways which Queen Fancie desired.

* * *

AN interesting parcel came in to me the other day from a subscriber in England. He had known of my visit to Hawarden Castle in 1894, and had sent me a cane used by William E. Gladstone. Well do I remember England's Grand Old Man as I saw him—can it be twenty-three years ago? Then eighty-five, still in his prime and vigor, with hawk-like nose, dark lustrous eyes, mellow voice, he sat in his library writing a note at his desk. He detested the modern typewriter and would not read a letter that was not hand-written.

Here was the same Hawarden Castle

where in years past he had felled the trees. When I visited him, tho bent somewhat with age, he was still the same Gladstone whose long and busy life was so interwoven with England's history. This was the man whose voice had been raised in behalf of the Union during the dark days of the Civil War. This was the man whose ears had ever been open to the cries for help and mercy.

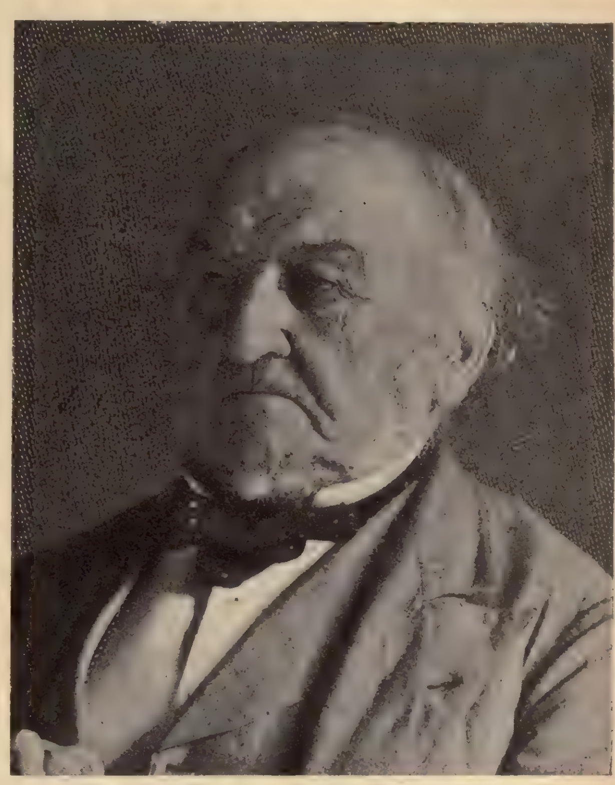
This cane I have, used by Gladstone, towering Midlothian oak that he was, redolent with memories associated with the grand old man, a cane typical of himself, sturdy and strong. He was rather tall, and very properly I have to reach up to place my hand upon the stick that Gladstone grasped when taking those walks among the trees at Hawarden Castle to the old ruined castle, overlooking the Dee, where a cloud of smoke on the peninsula indicated the location of Liverpool.

Gladstone of glorious memory—Gladstone who wielded more power than even a king! Premier of England twice and thrice, and even as the dark shadows of disappointment gathered about him in the closing years, he remained to the last keenly active in following the culmination of events, which he followed in his long lifetime.

Now when I take my walks with Gladstone's cane I feel as if, in fancy, I am again conversing with that great soul whose love and admiration for America and Americans never abated, and who died as he lived, loving a combat for human rights.

* * *

ABBREVIATED words? Simplified spelling? Why not? The clipping process is not wholly modern, and has been carried on for several centuries. In the days of Chaucer, Spenser, John Lylys and others, words often carried useless "e's" and doubled letters—forms which we do not see at the present time. How strange and unwieldy seem these words: "warres," "hadde," "songes," and "beddes." But that is the way Chaucer spelled them, tho when he used "well" it often appeared with but one "l."



THE LATE WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

In reading thru this issue of the magazine, it will be noticed that, in common with the Associated Press of New York, and many newspapers and magazines thruout the country, the NATIONAL has decided to adopt the simplified spelling of these twelve words in ordinary use: Program, catalog, decalog, prolog, demagog, pedagog, tho, altho, thoro, thorofare, thru, and thruout.

The movement has also been endorsed by the National Editorial Association, which has adopted these words for use in their printed matter and correspondence. Dr. Abram Gideon, of the Simplified Spelling Board, is to be congratulated for the success which has crowned his efforts in this direction.

Of course it will be hard for those who have grown up with through, though, etc., to entertain as intimate and loyal feelings toward thru, tho, and the others, as toward the old forms. When they realize, tho, that $100,000,000 a year is wasted in useless letters (so estimated by a New York publisher), and that the shorter forms take up so much less space, they will doubtless approve them. So, in spelling as in everything else, efficiency is the watchword. As an ardent alliterative assistant acutely averred: "Simplified spelling seems somehow so sensible, saving, sane."

THE OFFICIAL BOARD OF HISTORIANS OF THE SANTA FE
(*Left to right*) Andrew Traynor, J. W. Maynard, Samuel I. Jeter, Robert Reed, John Trench, John J. Curtis, Charles C. Cope, Walter Morris, F. C. Bullock

* * *

IMPRESSIVE of the splendor of life's sunset years was a peep into the clubrooms of the Union Pacific Mutual Pensioners' Association, located in the Union Pacific Building at Omaha, Nebraska. These rooms, fitted up by President E. E. Calvin of the Union Pacific, are indicative of the spirit of present-day railroad management toward giving unmeasured appreciation to faithful and loyal service. There are three hundred and forty-four members of this club. Carrying out the plan established in 1903 by the late E. H. Harriman, the pension board has already paid out over three-quarters of a million dollars in annuities to old and disabled employes, and maintains for them a monthly payroll of over $11,000.

When President Calvin announced at the opening of the clubrooms that he had arranged something for the members to do, he was greeted with hearty applause. The lonesomeness of men who have led active lives cannot be assuaged by mere pensions. Bundles of magazines, newspapers and books on the tables indicated the work that was in progress. The "Official Board of Historians" were collecting data connected with the early history of the Union Pacific, to be used for the exposition which is planned to be held in Ogden, Utah, in 1919, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the driving of the golden spike which marked the completion of the Union Pacific—the first transcontinental railroad.

President Calvin is a believer in democracy in its broadest sense. The first man to be given a pension by the Union Pacific was a nut-tapper in the Omaha car shops. On the rolls are a number of men who once held responsible official positions with the line. Andrew Traynor, at one time general baggage agent of the Union Pacific, is president of the association, and J. W. Maynard, for more than a quarter of a century ticket agent at Council Bluffs, is secretary. The comradeship among the

Photo by Thos. H. Merritt, Boston

A FINANCIAL MAN RECREATING

A recent photograph of Mr. James C. McCormick of Boston, Treasurer of the United Drug Company, astride his new mount, the beautiful saddle horse, "Highland Lass." "Highland Lass" was recently purchased for Mr. McCormick by the well-known horseman, Mr. George D. Flynn, of Fall River, who is recognized as one of the most expert judges of horseflesh in the country. "Highland Lass" was selected after a vigorous search for the ideal mount. The scowl on Mr. McCormick's face is not natural; it is just emblematic of the cold steel that is necessary in modern business. When it comes to business or recreation, Mr. McCormick is the personification of concentration. On fine Saturday afternoons the horse and rider may be seen streaking (that's the word) thru Boston's Park System. This photograph was taken in the famous Fenway Park

members of the association is inspiring. There is no suggestion of a philanthropic institution, but it seems like a sort of an Army and Navy Club, where these men are held in high esteem for having served the public with a devotion and thoroness that is equal in its way to any public service rendered the people.

IN an alphabetical list of American cities there is a distinction in being in the Z's, for it is sometimes as distinctive to be last as first. Zanesville, Ohio, is not only unique in name, but in its developments. When I arrived it was raining and my friend (Seavy) told me the same weather prevailed the day Zanesville was discovered. The first settlers had been soldiers of the Revolution located there in 1798, a few years after a colony was established at Marietta, where the Northwest Territory was organized. From this territory was created eleven states. Early in the nineteenth century the National Road—a part of the Old Trails road, which, it is believed, will some day rival the Lincoln Highway—was put through.

In building this road an important part was played by John McIntire, who received as his reward what was then considered the poorest parcel of the land given out. It was located at the junction of the Licking and the Muskingum Rivers. John McIntire married Sally Zane, daughter of Ebenezer Zane. McIntire and Zane, who organized the Zanesville Canal and Manufacturing Company, and built the first dam across the Muskingum River, established the first industries in the town of Zanesville, the name having been changed from Westbourne shortly after the beginning of the nineteenth century. John McIntire died just one hundred years ago, but his work went bravely on in Zanesville. The Y bridge that he built has been supplanted by a handsome concrete structure.

When I was in Zanesville with the rollicking Rotarians, I learned that Zanesville had been the second capital of the state of Ohio; that there, in 1809, on the site of the present court house, was erected the first building to be known as a state house in Ohio. It was dedicated to John McIntire. The capital was located in Zanesville until 1811, when it was moved to Chillicothe, where it remained until 1816, when it was removed to Columbus.

John McIntire's will provided that if his adopted daughter died without heirs, his entire estate was to be conducted by a board of directors for the benefit of the poor children of Zanesville. This provision held good, for the estate, now valued at $350,000, supports the McIntire Children's Home. Beautiful McIntire Park in which playgrounds are established, is a part of the estate; the John McIntire library is another monument to his name, while in many other ways the benevolence of Zanesville's patron saint is noted.

The city has had a steady growth, and is one of the industrial centers in Ohio that never depends on outside capital. While millions are spent on diversified manufacturing, most of it is owned in Zanesville. The population is only thirty thousand, but with its natural and transportation advantages, the people have visions of a hundred thousand in the near future—and there is an aggressive and lively citizenship in Zanesville that does not start things with the last letter of the alphabet.

* * *

THE young man had been reading a funny paper, and his face was all a-gloom. The average joke page of today is a joke. Humor is nothing more than a mental surprise, and little unexpected incidents will provoke the risibilities as nothing else. For instance, I am going to tell you a story. It is the story of the trail of the lonesome garter. I had been induced to try a new kind of garters, and somehow, they were not as adjustable as might be expected. I was invited to a dinner at a very fashionable restaurant—you know the kind—where they sit on either side of peacock alley and look up and down at the young men as well as the young women, as they float by.

The innocent and guileless editor noticed them looking at him fixedly, and thereat he inflated his chest. A long streak of white dragging behind him was irresistible, and the next in line stepped on the elastic garter now and then, causing it to snap back with a queer noise. After having run the gauntlet of every eye in the room, with sublime unconsciousness of anything wrong, I looked about and my company of friends looked about. Then the "murder was out." Now the problem was whether to gather the garter up and adjust it according to rules of etiquette, or to fling it aside, but then was when I found that the clasp was a real clasp. The sock was torn to tatters, while the spectators waited, and then I sat at that table with the consciousness of one sock down. This is the sad tale of why no longer can anyone tempt me with newfangled garters.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

FORM GOOD HABITS YOUNG

By H. M. MARCH

IT is of the utmost importance to form good habits at an early age. One may form a habit quite readily in later life, but to uproot a bad habit and grow a good one in its place is a hard thing to do. The habit already formed makes the undesirable action, or lack of action, automatic, and it is very hard to form a contrary automatic habit.

The mind is much more plastic in youth. The brain cells may be compared to unseeded fertile soil. That which is put into the youthful mind has, like seed in the soil, unobstructed room in which to take root and develop, while later the brain, like the soil, has become filled with other growth, good or bad, and substituting a new growth of a different nature requires much time and effort and is not often so perfect a growth as that grown on virgin soil.

When I was a child I lived in a home that was always at "sixes and sevens." My mother's health was not good, and as she lacked system and orderliness, no doubt because she was not trained to these virtues in youth, I also followed the example before me, which was the line of least resistance. I rose in the morning when inclination prompted; I left my belongings where it was easiest to drop them; I left doors, bureau drawers and boxes half closed as I saw them all around me; if I had a task to perform I put it off as long as possible, and, if possible, did it not at all; the work I began I often left half done. In short, I did the things I ought not to have done and left undone the things I ought to have done. At school I did better, but when I was thru school reverted to my slovenly ways.

All my life, which is more than half

lived, I have been hampered by this lack of system and orderliness. I have often envied my friends who work so easily from one finished task to another, who close doors and boxes without thinking, who always return a used article to its proper place when done using it. They accomplish much more than I do, and work with much less expenditure of energy.

If I follow my inclination, I must go over the ground twice, once to pick up and put right that which I left undone or out of place the first time I passed over the ground; or, if I accomplish it all at one trip, I must do the work with mind fixed strongly upon the detail of it, which is very fatiguing. I endeavor to cultivate orderliness, system and "stick-to-itiveness," but I have never uprooted the old habit thoroly enough to make the new one easy. A bit of hurry that takes my mind will throw me back into the old rut again. The early habit is automatic; the later one is not.

The habits formed by a child in its home become a part of its nature. They sink into the subconsciousness and remain with one thru life. How important it is that they be habits that will help and not hinder in the life work ahead!

LITTLE HELPS

LABELS ON GLASS

BY N. C. S.

Anyone who has tried pasting labels on glass knows how difficult it is to make them stick. I have found that by first coating the space for the label with tincture of benzoin, allowing it to dry thoroly, then using glue in the ordinary way, the difficulty is removed.

Old-Fashioned Rhubarb Pie

A favorite dish, when May-birds fly,
Is simple, old-time rhubarb pie.
To hinder heaviness, you must
Spread white of an egg on undercrust.
Then, layers of rhubarb, sliced from stem,
With buttered sugar flecking them.
On top, one cup of sugar shower,
A little nutmeg, salt and flour,
No juice in oven, if you thrust
In slit of wet-edged upper-crust,
Pressed down, a paper funnel. Pray
Bake quickly, and this *entremets*
Of crystal cubes in flakes encased
Will please the most fastidious taste.

CLEANSING FLUID

BY C. H. L.

Four ounces of ether, four ounces of ammonia, four ounces of alcohol, and four ounces of pulverized castile soap. Dissolve soap on the stove in a little hot water. Then add three quarts of cold water, then the ether, ammonia and alcohol, and bottle tight. It will be found to be the most convenient thing in the house, especially if there are boys around, who are liable to need spots of dirt or stain taken from their garments.

A Recipe for Cooking Clams

(*Given by a French cook*)

Steam some long clams and remove from the shells, then make a moist dressing, using poultry seasoning to season same, and roll each clam in the dressing. Put back in shell, and add a tablespoonful of broth to each one. Place a bit of butter on top. Put in dripping pan, with a little water to prevent burning pan, and bake one-half hour.

GRANDMOTHER'S CORN MUFFINS

BY M. A. P.

Sometimes I ask, "What shall we have for supper?" and they all answer in chorus, "Grandmother's Corn Muffins." To prepare them, use two eggs, well beaten, and a pinch of salt. Add gradually one and a half cups of milk; stir together one cup of wheat flour, one cup of Indian meal, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, and one tablespoonful of sugar; beat these all together for several minutes, then add one tablespoonful of melted lard or butter. Beat well and pour into well-greased gem pans; bake about one-half hour in a hot oven. These are fine.

SAVING THE PEACE OF THE FAMILY

BY C. J. C.

When one of my children has done something wrong, I send him to his room to think about it, especially if he is cross and nervous; he soon comes down ready to talk to me about it and determined not to repeat the offense. I think this much better than whipping, especially if the child is nervous.

Mexican Chilli

One pound lean beef (ground), one can red kidney beans, one small can tomatoes, one or two red chilli peppers, salt to flavor. Boil all together two hours. (The Mexicans use eight or ten peppers.) More water can be added to that which is left over, using it for soup.

MAY 1966

ESBY